

LITTELL'S
LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

'These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away.'

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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GEORGE ODGER.

1820-1877.

THE first rough month that ends the flowerless time

Has come, and in this worldly city of ours
The churches slowly peal their Lenten chime,
Till Easter-day shall deck their shrines with flowers;

But to the mourners these are leaden hours,
Sad, sad the hours that have no chime to tell
Of coming happiness, nor music hid
Behind the clangor of the wasting bell.

No priest hath bent above this coverlid,
No sacerdotal mercies have made light
The pangs of dying to this heart to-night;

Forlorn of flowers this wintry bier must be,
And yet will I be bold to lay thereon
A fading yellow daffodil that shone

In some far western orchard where the dead
Perchance has wandered in his infancy;

For he, too, who lies worn on that dim bed,
He, too, was once, like us, a lover true
Of flowers and verse and the spring's wonders new,

Until the chilling shadow came between,
And all the sorrow that his eyes had seen,
Blanched to those eyes the tender heavens and blue.

No gift of ours is immortality;

We cannot bid the soul that dies to-day
Revive in all men's memories when we die.

The destiny that bids one fame decay,
Another flourish, we must all obey;
Disease, and disappointment, and the worm
Of benefits forgotten, like a deer
Hunted him down; the spirit of reform
Passed him upon his upward pathway drear.
Others more fortunate shall win their way
Into success, but let their strength revere
The shattered virtue that lies weak to-day.

Temperate he was and calm, whom the world
judged

Most violent; loving the people best,
Some idle pleasures that the rich possessed
He, for their reckless pride and folly, grudged
Those whom of all men he was last to hate.

Early he learned, by bitter ways of toil—
Labor that teaches men to bear and wait—
That he who will not be the fool of fate,
Whirled in life's undistinguishable coil,
Must struggle with both hands and haply bleed.

In such a school Time sowed a hardy seed,
That overgrew the garden of the heart,
And bid its bearer choose no thornless part
In the world's warfare. It may be indeed
That, heavy with all the burden of all the pain

That wept around him, and the great wrongs borne

By men and women in the social strain,
He less than others of soft words was fain,
And knew the scathing power of sudden scorn.
Yet was he true and good, fed by desires
Pure as the dreams of some Utopian sage,

Who towards a visioned heaven on earth
aspires.

Somewhat behind, in much before his age,
Honor be his, that when the tides ran high
Of rank with rank, inflamed with creed and lie,
He, suffering most, yet bravely strove to
assuage

The sea of pain, and hush the gathering cry.

Songs there have been enough in lofty phrase
On men who all the heights of fame had
scaled;

Let this one rhyme suffice to sing the praise
Of one who wrestled with his fate, and
failed.

March 4, 1877. EDMUND W. GOSSE.
Examiner.

SWEET LOVE IS DEAD.

SWEET Love is dead:

Where shall we bury him?
In a green bed,
With no stone at his head,
Nor tears nor prayers to worry him.

Do you think he will sleep,
Dreamless and quiet?
Yes, if we keep
Silence, nor weep
O'er the grave where the ground-worms riot.

By his tomb let us part.
But hush! he is waking!
He hath winged his dart,
And this mock-cold heart
With the woe of want is aching.

Feign we no more
Sweet Love lies breathless;
All we forswore
Be as before!
Death may die, but Love is deathless.
January, 1877. ALFRED AUSTIN.

EIGHT LINES FROM PROPERTIUS.

[Book v., El. xi.]

TEND thou our children, Paulus, take this care
That stirs my charred bones with lingering
pain;
Thy hands, unwont, must learn a mother's arts,
Thy neck must bend to burthens once in
twain.

And when—for all the house will look to
thee—

From thine embrace the children comfort
seek,
Add to thy kisses mine; thine own grief hide,
As fain to cheat their lips with tearless
cheek.

Spectator.

E. WELSH.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FIELDING'S NOVELS.

A DOUBLE parallel has often been pointed out between the two pairs of novelists who were most popular in the middle of our own and of the preceding century. The intellectual affinity which made Smollett the favorite author of Dickens is scarcely so close as that which commended Fielding to Thackeray. The resemblance between "Pickwick" and "Humphrey Clinker," or between "David Copperfield" and "Roderick Random," consists chiefly in the exuberance of animal spirits, the keen eye for external oddity, the consequent tendency to substitute caricature for portrait, and the vivid transformation of autobiography into ostensible fiction which are characteristic of both authors. Between Fielding and Thackeray the resemblance is closer. The peculiar irony of "Jonathan Wild" has its closest English parallel in "Barry Lyndon." The burlesque in "Tom Thumb" of the Lee and Dryden school of tragedy may remind us of Thackeray's burlesques of Scott and Dumas. The characters of the two authors belong to the same family. "Vanity Fair" has grown more decent since the days of Lady Bellaston, but the costume of the actors has changed more than their nature. Rawdon Crawley would not have been surprised to meet Captain Booth in a sponging-house; Shandon and his friends preserved the old traditions of Fielding's Grub Street; Lord Steyne and Major Pendennis were survivals from the more congenial period of Lord Fellamar and Colonel James; and the two Amelias represent cognate ideals of female excellence. Or, to take an instance of similarity in detail, might not this anecdote from the *Covent Garden Journal* have rounded off a paragraph in the "Snob Papers"? A friend of Fielding saw a dirty fellow in a mudcart lash another with his whip, saying, with an oath, "I will teach you manners to your betters." Fielding's friend wondered what could be the condition of this social inferior of a mudcart-driver, till he found him to be the owner of a dustcart driven by asses. The great butt of Fielding's satire is, as he tells us, affectation; the affectation which he spe-

cially hates is that of straitlaced morality; Thackeray's satire is more generally directed against the particular affectation called snobbishness; but the evil principle attacked by either writer is merely one avatar of the demon assailed by the other.

The resemblance, which extends in some degree to style, might perhaps be shown to imply a very close intellectual affinity. I am content, however, to notice the literary genealogy as illustrative of the fact that Fielding was the ancestor of one great race of novelists. "I am," he says expressly in "Tom Jones," "the founder of a new province of writing." Richardson's "Clarissa" * and Smollett's "Roderick Random" were indeed published before "Tom Jones;" but the provinces over which Richardson and Smollett reigned were distinct from the contiguous province of which Fielding claimed to be the first legislator. Smollett (who comes nearest) professed to imitate "Gil Blas" as Fielding professed to imitate Cervantes. Smollett's story inherits from its ancestry a reckless looseness of construction. It is a series of anecdotes strung together by the accident that they all happen to the same person. "Tom Jones," on the contrary, has a carefully constructed plot, if not, as Coleridge asserts, one of the three best plots in existence (its rivals being "*Ædipus Tyrannus*" and "The Alchemist"). Its excellence depends upon the skill with which it is made subservient to the development of character and the thoroughness with which the working motives of the persons involved have been thought out. Fielding claims—even ostentatiously—that he is writing a history, not a romance; a history not the less true because all the facts are imaginary; for the fictitious incidents serve to exhibit the most general truths of human character. It is by this seriousness of purpose that his work is distinguished from the old type of novel, developed by Smollett, which is but a collection of

* Richardson wrote the first part of "Pamela" between November 10, 1739, and January 10, 1740. "Joseph Andrews" appeared in 1742. The first four volumes of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Roderick Random" appeared in the beginning of 1748; "Tom Jones" in 1749.

amusing anecdotes ; or from such work as De Foe's, in which the external facts are given with an almost provoking indifference to display of character and passion. Fielding's great novels have a true organic unity as well as a consecutive story, and are intended in our modern jargon as genuine studies in physiological analysis.*

Johnson, no mean authority when in his own sphere and free from personal bias, expressly traversed this claim; he declared that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a letter of "Clarissa" than in the whole of "Tom Jones;" and said more picturesquely, that Fielding could tell the hour by looking at the dial-plate, whilst Richardson knew how the clock was made. It is tempting to set this down as a Johnsonian prejudice, and to deny or retort the comparison. Fielding, we might say, paints flesh and blood; whereas Richardson consciously constructs his puppets out of frigid abstractions. Lovelace is a bit of mechanism; Tom Jones a human being. In fact, however, such comparisons are misleading. Nothing is easier than to find an appropriate ticket for the objects of our criticism, and summarily pigeon-hole Richardson as an idealist and Fielding as a realist; Richardson as subjective and morbid; Fielding as objective and full of coarse health; or to attribute to either of them the deepest knowledge of the human heart. These are the mere banalities of criticism; and I can never hear them without a suspicion that a professor of æsthetics is trying to hoodwink me by a bit of technical platitude. The cant phrases which have been used so often by panegyrists too lazy to define their terms, have become almost as meaningless as the complimentary formulæ of society.

Knowledge of the human heart in particular is a phrase which covers very different states of mind. It may mean that power by which the novelist or dramatist identifies himself with his characters; sees through their eyes and feels with their senses: it is the product of a rich nature, a vivid imagination, and great

powers of sympathy, and draws a comparatively small part of its resources from external experience. The novelist knows how his characters would feel under given conditions, because he feels it himself; he sees from within, not from without; and is almost undergoing an actual experience instead of condensing his observations on life. This is the power in which Shakespeare is supreme; which Richardson proved himself, in his most powerful passages, to possess in no small degree; and which in Balzac seems to have generated fits of absolute hallucination.

Fielding is not devoid of this power, as no great imaginative work can be possible without it; but the knowledge for which he is specially conspicuous differs almost in kind. This knowledge is drawn from observation rather than intuitive sympathy. It consists in great part of those weighty maxims which a man of keen powers of observation stores up in his passage through a varied experience. It is the knowledge of Ulysses, who has known

cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments; the knowledge of a Machiavelli, who has looked behind the screen of political hypocrisies; the knowledge of which the essence is distilled in Bacon's "Essays;" or the knowledge of which Polonius seems to have retained many shrewd scraps even when he had fallen into his dotage. In reading "Clarissa" or "Eugénie Grandet" we are aware that the soul of Richardson or Balzac has transmigrated into another shape; that the author is projected into his character, and is really giving us one phase of his own sentiments. In reading Fielding we are listening to remarks made by a spectator instead of an actor; we are receiving the pithy recollections of the man about town; the prodigal who has been with scamps in gambling-houses, and drunk beer in pothouses and punch with country squires; the keen observer who has judged all characters, from Sir Robert Walpole down to Betsy Canning;* who

* See some appreciative remarks upon this in Scott's preface to "The Monastery."

* Fielding blundered rather strangely in the celebrated Betsy Canning case, as Balzac did in the *affaire Peytel*; but the story is too long for repetition in this place.

has fought the hard battle of life with unflagging spirit, though with many falls; and who, in spite of serious stains, has preserved the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his head. The experience is generally given in the shape of typical anecdotes rather than in explicit maxims; but it is not the less distinctly the concentrated essence of observation, rather than the spontaneous play of a vivid imagination. Like Balzac, Fielding has portrayed the *comédie humaine*; but his imagination has never overpowered the coolness of his judgment. He shows a superiority to his successor in fidelity almost as marked as his inferiority in vividness. And, therefore, it may be said in passing, it is refreshing to read Fielding at a time when this element of masculine observation is the one thing most clearly wanting in modern literature. Our novels give us the emotions of young ladies, which, in their way, are very good things; they reflect the sentimental view of life, and the sensational view, and the commonplace view, and the high philosophical view. One thing they do not tell us. What does the world look like to a shrewd police-magistrate, with a keen eye in his head and a sound heart in his bosom? It might be worth knowing. Perhaps (who can tell?) it would still look rather like Fielding's world.

The peculiarity is indicated by Fielding's method. Scott, who, like Fielding, generally describes from the outside, is content to keep himself in the background. "Here," he says to his readers, "are the facts; make what you can of them." Fielding will not efface himself; he is always present as chorus; he tells us what moral we ought to draw; he overflows with shrewd remarks, given in their most downright shape, instead of obliquely suggested through the medium of anecdote; he likes to stop us as we pass through his portrait-gallery; to take us by the button-hole and expound his views of life and his criticisms on things in general. His remarks are often so admirable that we prefer the interpolations to the main current of narrative. Whether this plan is the best must depend upon the idiosyncrasy of the author; but it goes some way

to explain one problem, over which Scott puzzles himself, namely, why, Fielding's plays are so inferior to his novels. There are other reasons, external and internal; but it is at least clear that a man who can never retire behind his puppets is not in the dramatic frame of mind. He is always lecturing where a dramatist must be content to pull the wires. Shakespeare is really as much present in his plays as Fielding in his novels; but he does not let us know it; whereas the excellent Fielding seems to be quite incapable of hiding his broad shoulders and lofty stature behind his little puppet-show.

There are, of course, actors in Fielding's world who can be trusted to speak for themselves. Tom Jones, at any rate, who is Fielding in his youth, or Captain Booth, who is the Fielding of later years, are drawn from within. Their creator's sympathy is so close and spontaneous that he had no need of his formulæ and precedents. But elsewhere he betrays his method by his desire to produce his authority. You will find the explanation of a certain line of conduct, he says, in "human nature, page almost the last." He is a little too fond of taking down that volume with a flourish; of exhibiting his familiarity with its pages, and referring to the passages which justify his assertions. Fielding has an odd touch of the pedant. He is fond of airing his classical knowledge; and he is equally fond of quoting this imaginary code which he has had to study so thoroughly and painfully. The effect, however, is to give an air of artificiality to some of his minor characters. They show the traces of deliberate composition too distinctly, though the blemish may be forgiven in consideration of the genuine force and freshness of his thinking. If manufactured articles, they are not second-hand manufactures. His knowledge, unlike that of the good Parson Adams, comes from life, not books.

The worldly wisdom for which Fielding is so conspicuous had indeed been gathered in doubtful places, and shows traces of its origin. He had been forced, as he said, to choose between the positions of a hackney coachman and of a hackney writer. "His genius," said Lady M. W.

Montague, who records the saying, "deserves a better fate." Whether it would have been equally fertile, if favored by more propitious surroundings, is one of those fruitless questions which belongs to the boundless history of the might-have-beens. But one fact requires to be emphasized. Fielding's critics and biographers have dwelt far too exclusively upon the uglier side of his Bohemian life. They have presented him as yielding to all the temptations which can mislead keen powers of enjoyment, when the purse is one day at the lowest ebb and the next overflowing with the profits of some lucky hit at the theatre. Those unfortunate yellow liveries which contributed to dissipate his little fortune have scandalized posterity as they scandalized his country neighbors. He has come to be one of the examples of that sagacious school who hold that a man of genius ought to be a scamp. But it is essential to remember that the history of the Fielding of later years, the Fielding to whom we owe the novels, is the record of a manful and persistent struggle to escape from the mire of Grub Street. During that period he was studying the law with the energy of a young student; redeeming the office of magistrate from the discredit into which it had fallen in the hands of fee-hunting predecessors; considering seriously and making practical proposals to remedy the evils which then made the lowest social strata a hell upon earth; sacrificing his last chances of health and life to put down with a strong hand the robbers who then infested the streets of London; and clinging with affection to his wife and children. He never got fairly clear of that lamentable slough of despond into which his follies had plunged him. His moral tone lost what delicacy it had once possessed; he had not the strength which enabled Johnson to gain elevation even from the temptations which then beset the unlucky "author by profession." Some literary hacks of the day escaped only by selling themselves, body and soul; others sank into misery and vice, like poor Boyce, a fragment of whose poem has been preserved by Fielding, and who appears in literary history scribbling for pay in a sack arranged to represent a shirt. Fielding never let go his hold of the firm hand, though he must have felt through life like one whose feet are always plunging into a hopeless quagmire. To describe him as a mere reckless Bohemian is to overlook the main facts of his story. He was manly to the last, not in the sense in

which man means animal; but with the manliness of one who struggles bravely to redeem early errors, and who knows the value of independence, purity, and domestic affection. The scanty anecdotes which do duty for his biography reveal little of his true life. We know indeed, from a spiteful and obviously exaggerated story of Horace Walpole's, that he once had a very poor supper in doubtful company; and from another anecdote, of slightly apocryphal flavor, that he once gave to "friendship" the money which ought to have been given to the collector of rates. But really to know the man, we must go to his books.

What did Fielding learn of the world which had treated him so roughly? That the world must be composed of fools because it did not bow before his genius, or of knaves because it did not reward his honesty? Men of equal ability have drawn both those and the contradictory conclusions from experience. Human nature, as philosophers assure us, varies little from age to age; but the pictures drawn by the best observers vary so strangely as to convince us that a portrait depends as much upon the artist as upon the sitter. One can see nothing but the baser, and another nothing but the nobler, passions. To one the world is like a masque representing the triumph of vice; and another placidly assures us that virtue is always rewarded by peace of mind, and that even the temporary prosperity of the wicked is an illusion. On one canvas we see a few great heroes stand out from a multitude of pygmies; on its rival, giants and dwarfs appear to have pretty much the same stature. The world is a scene of unrestrained passions, impelling their puppets into collision or alliance without intelligible design; or a scene of domestic order, where an occasional catastrophe interferes as little with ordinary lives as a comet with the solar system. Blind fate governs one world of the imagination, and beneficent Providence another. The theories embodied in poetry vary as widely as the philosophies on which they are founded; and to philosophize is to declare the fundamental assumptions of half the wise men of the world to be transparent fallacies.

We need not here attempt to reconcile these apparent contradictions. As little need we attempt to settle Fielding's philosophy, for it resembles the snakes in Ireland. It seems to have been his opinion that philosophy is, as a rule, a fine word for humbug. That was a common convic-

tion of his day; but his acceptance of it doubtless indicates the limits of his power. In his pages we have the shrewdest observation of man in his domestic relations; but we scarcely come into contact with man as he appears in presence of the infinite, and therefore with the deepest thoughts and loftiest imaginings of the great poets and philosophers. Fielding remains inflexibly in the regions of common-sense and every-day experience. But he has given an emphatic opinion of that part of the world which was visible to him, and it is one worth knowing. In a remarkable conversation, reported in Boswell, Burke and Johnson, two of the greatest of Fielding's contemporaries, seem to have agreed that they had found men less just and more generous than they could have imagined. People begin by judging the world from themselves, and it is therefore natural that two men of great intellectual power should have expected from their fellows a more than average adherence to settled principles. Thus Johnson and Burke discovered that reason, upon which justice depends, has less influence than a young reasoner is apt to fancy. On the other hand, they discovered that the blind instincts by which the mass is necessarily guided are not so bad as they are represented by the cynics who have concentrated their experience into the one maxim, Keep your pockets buttoned. In spite of much that has been said, that kind of wisdom is very easily learnt, and is more often the product of the premature wisdom affected by youth than of a ripened judgment. Good-hearted men, like Johnson and Burke, shake off cynicism whilst others are acquiring it.

Fielding's verdict seems to differ at first sight. He undoubtedly lays great stress upon the selfishness of mankind. He seldom admits of an apparently generous action without showing its alloy of selfish motive, and sometimes showing that it is a mere cloak for selfish motives. In a characteristic passage of his "Voyage to Lisbon" he applies his theory to his own case. When the captain falls on his knees, he will not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain for a moment in that posture, but forgives him at once. He hastens, however, utterly to disclaim all praise, on the ground that his true motive was simply the convenience of forgiveness. "If men were wiser," he adds, "they would be oftener influenced by that motive." This kind of inverted hypocrisy, which may be graceful in a man's own case (for nobody will doubt

that Fielding was less guided by calculation than he asserts), is not so graceful when applied to his neighbors. And perhaps some readers may hold that Fielding pitches the average strain of human motive too low. I should rather surmise that he substantially agrees with Johnson and Burke. The selfishness of most men's actions is one of the primary data of life. It is a thing at which we have no more right to be astonished than at the fact that even saints and martyrs have to eat and drink like other persons, or that a sound digestion is the foundation of much moral excellence. It is one of those facts which people of a romantic turn of mind may choose to overlook, but which no honest observer of life can seriously deny. Our conduct is determined through some thirty points of the compass by our own interest; and, happily, through at least nine-and-twenty of those points is rightfully so determined. Each man is forced, by an unavoidable necessity, to look after his own and his children's bread and butter, and to spend most of his efforts on that innocent end. So long as he does not pursue his interests wrongfully, nor remain dead to other calls when they happen, there is little cause for complaint, and certainly there is none for surprise.

Fielding recognizes, but never exaggerates, this homely truth. He has a hearty and generous belief in the reality of good impulses, and the existence of thoroughly unselfish men. The main actors in his world are not, as in Balzac's, mere hideous incarnations of selfishness. The superior sanity of his mind keeps him from nightmares, if its calmness is unfavorable to lofty visions. With Balzac women like Lady Bellaston become the rule instead of the exception, and their evil passions are the dominant forces in society. Fielding, though he recognizes their existence, tells us plainly that they are exceptional. Society, he says, is as moral as ever it was, and given more to frivolity than to vice * — a statement judiciously overlooked by some of the critics who want to make "graphic" history out of his novels. Fielding's mind had gathered coarseness, but it had not been poisoned. He sees how many ugly things are covered by the superficial gloss of fashion, but he does not condescend to travesty the facts in order to gratify a morbid taste for the horrible. When he wants a good man or woman he knows where to find them, and paints from Allen or his own wife with

* See "Tom Jones," book xiv. chap. i.

obvious sincerity and hearty sympathy. He is less anxious to exhibit human selfishness than to show us that an alloy of generosity is to be found even amidst base motives. Some of his happiest touches are illustrations of this doctrine. His villains (with a significant exception) are never monsters. They have some touch of human emotion. No desert, according to him, is so bare but that some sweet spring blends with its brackish waters. His grasping landladies have genuine movements of sympathy; and even the scoundrelly Black George, the gamekeeper, is anxious to do Tom Jones a good turn, without risk, of course, to his own comfort, by way of compensation for previous injuries. It is this impartial insight into the ordinary texture of human motive that gives a certain solidity and veracity to Fielding's work. We are always made to feel that the actions spring fairly and naturally from the character of his persons, not from the exigencies of his story or the desire to be effective. The one great difficulty in "Tom Jones" is the assumption that the excellent Allworthy should have been deceived for years by the hypocrite Blifil, and blind to the substantial kindness of his ward. Here we may fancy that Fielding has been forced to be unnatural by his plot. Yet he suggests a satisfactory solution with admirable skill. Allworthy is prejudiced in favor of Blifil by the apparently unjust prejudice of Blifil's mother in favor of the jovial Tom. A generous man may easily become blind to the faults of a supposed victim of maternal injustice; and even here Fielding fairly escapes from the blame due to ordinary novelists who invent impossible misunderstandings in order to bring about intricate perplexities.

Blifil is perhaps the one case (for "Jonathan Wild" is a satire, not a history, or, as M. Taine fancies, a tract) in which Fielding seems to lose his unvarying coolness of judgment; and the explanation is obvious. The one fault to which he is, so to speak, unjust, is hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, indeed, cannot well be painted too black, but it should not be made impossible. When Fielding has to deal with such a character he for once loses his self-command, and, like inferior writers, begins to be angry with his creatures. Instead of analyzing and explaining, he simply reviles and leaves us in presence of a moral anomaly. Blifil is not more wicked than Iago, but we seem to understand the psychological chemistry by which an Iago is compounded; whereas Blifil can only be regarded as

a devil (if the word be not too dignified) who does not really belong to this world at all. The error, though characteristic of a man whose great intellectual merit is his firm grasp of realities and whose favorite virtue is his downright sincerity, is not the less a blemish. Hatred of pedantry too easily leads to hatred of culture, and hatred of hypocrisy to distrust of the more exalted virtues. Fielding cannot be just to motives lying rather outside his ordinary sphere of thought. He can mock heartily and pleasantly enough at the affectation of philosophy, as in the case where Parson Adams, urging poor Joseph Andrews, by considerations drawn from the Bible and from Seneca, to be ready to resign his Fanny "peaceably, quietly, and contentedly," suddenly hears of the supposed loss of his own little child, and is called upon to act instead of preaching. But his satire upon all characters and creeds which embody the more exalted strains of feeling is apt to be indiscriminate. A High Churchman, according to him, is a Pharisee who prefers orthodoxy to virtue; a Methodist a mere mountebank, who counterfeits spiritual raptures to impose upon dupes; a freethinker is a man who weaves a mask of fine phrases, under which to cover his aversion to the restraints of religion. Fielding's religion consists chiefly of a solid homespun morality, and he is more suspicious of an excessive than of a defective zeal. Similarly he is a hearty Whig, but no revolutionist. He has as hearty a contempt for the cant about liberty* as Dr. Johnson himself, and has very stringent remedies to propose for regulating the mob. The bailiff in "Amelia," who, whilst he brutally maltreats the unlucky prisoners for debt, swaggers about the British Constitution, and swears that he is "all for liberty," recalls the boatman who ridiculed French slavery to Voltaire, and was carried off next day by a pressgang. Fielding, indeed, is no fanatical adherent of our blessed Constitution, which, as he says, has been pronounced by some of our wisest men to be too perfect to be altered in any particular, and which a number of the said wisest men have been mending ever since. He hates cant on all sides impartially, though, as a sound Whig, he specially hates Papists and Jacobites as the most offensive of all Pharisees, marked for detestation by their tastes for frogs and French wine in preference to punch and roast beef. He is a patriotic Briton,

* See "Voyage to Lisbon" (July 21st) for some very good remarks upon this word, which, as he says, no two men understand in the same sense.

whose patriotism takes the genuine shape of a hearty growl at English abuses, with a tacit assumption that things are worse elsewhere.

The reflection of this quality of solid good sense, absolutely scorning any alimment except that of solid facts, is the so-called realism of Fielding's novels. He is, indeed, as hearty a realist as Hogarth, whose congenial art he is never tired of praising with all the cordiality of his nature, and to whom he refers his readers for portraits of several characters in "Tom Jones." His scenery is as realistic as a photograph. Tavern kitchens, sponging-house parlors, the back slums of London streets are drawn from the realities with unflinching vigor. We see the stains of beer-pots and smell the fumes of stale tobacco as distinctly as in Hogarth's engravings. He shrinks neither from the coarse nor the absolutely disgusting. It is enough to recall the female boxing or scratching matches which are so frequent in his pages. On one such occasion his language seems to imply that he had watched such battles in the spirit of a connoisseur in our own day watching less inexpressibly disgusting prize-fights. Certainly we could wish that, if such scenes were to be depicted, there might have been a clearer proof that the artist had a nose and eyes capable of feeling offence.

But the nickname "realist" slides easily into another sense. The realist is sometimes supposed to be more shallow as well as more prosaic than the idealist; to be content with the outside where the idealist pierces to the heart. He gives the bare fact, where his rival gives the idea symbolized by the fact, and therefore rendering it attractive to the higher intellect. Fielding's view of his own art is instructive in this as in other matters. Poetic invention, he says, is generally taken to be a creative faculty; and if so, it is the peculiar property of the romance writers, who frankly take leave of the actual and possible. Fielding disavows all claim to this faculty; he writes histories, not romances. But, in his sense, poetic invention means, not creation, but "discovery;" that is, "a quick, sagacious penetration into the true essence of all objects of our contemplation." Perhaps we may say that it is chiefly a question of method whether a writer should portray men or angels; the beings, that is, of everyday life or beings placed under a totally different set of circumstances. The more vital question is whether, by one method or the other, he shows us a man's heart

or only his clothes, whether he appeals to our intellects or imaginations, or amuses us by images which do not sink below the eye. In scientific writings a man may give us the true law of a phenomenon, whether he exemplifies it in extreme or average cases, in the orbit of a comet or the fall of an apple. The romance writer should show us what real men would be in dreamland, the writer of "histories" what they are on the knife-board of an omnibus. True insight may be shown in either case, or may be absent in either, according as the artist deals with the deepest organic laws or the more external accidents. "The Ancient Mariner" is an embodiment of certain simple emotional phases and moral laws amidst the phantasmagoric incidents of a dream, and De Foe does not interpret them better because he confines himself to the most prosaic incidents. When romance becomes really arbitrary, and is parted from all basis of observation, it loses its true interest and deserves Fielding's condemnation. Fielding conscientiously aims at discharging the highest function. He describes, as he says in "Joseph Andrews," "not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species." His lawyer, he tells us, has been alive for the last four thousand years, and will probably survive four thousand more. Mrs. Tow-ouse lives wherever turbulent temper, avarice, and insensibility are united; and her sneaking husband wherever a good inclination has glimmered forth, eclipsed by poverty of spirit and understanding. But the type which shows best the force and the limits of Fielding's genius is Parson Adams. He belongs to a distinguished family, whose members have been portrayed by the greatest historians. He is a collateral descendant of Don Quixote, for whose creation Fielding felt a reverence exceeded only by his reverence for Shakespeare.* The resemblance is, of course,

* In his interesting "Life of Godwin," Mr. Paul claims for his hero (I believe rightly) that he was the first English writer to give a "lengthy and appreciative notice" of "Don Quixote." But when he infers that Godwin was also the first English writer who recognized in Cervantes a great humorist, satirist, moralist, and artist, he seems to me to overlook Fielding and perhaps others. Fielding's frequent references to "Don Quixote" (to say nothing of his play, "Don Quixote in England") imply an admiration fully as warm as that of Godwin. "Don Quixote," says Fielding, for example, is more worthy the name of history than Mariana, and he always speaks of Cervantes in the tone of an affectionate disciple. Fielding, I will add, seems to me to have admired Shakespeare more heartily and intelligently than ninety-nine out of a hundred modern supporters of Shakespeare societies; though these gentlemen are never happier than when depreciating English eighteenth-century critics to exalt

distant, and consists chiefly in this, that the parson, like the knight, lives in an ideal world, and is constantly shocked by harsh collision with facts. He believes in his sermons instead of his sword, and his imagination is tenanted by virtuous squires and model parsons instead of Arcadian shepherds, or knight-errants and fair ladies. His imagination is not exalted beyond the limits of sanity, but only colors the prosaic realities in accordance with the impulses of a tranquil benevolence. If the theme be fundamentally similar, it is treated with a far less daring hand.

Adams is much more closely related to Sir Roger de Coverley, the Vicar of Wakefield, or Uncle Toby. Each of these lovable beings invites us at once to sympathize with and to smile at the unaffected simplicity which, seeing no evil, becomes half ludicrous and half pathetic in this corrupt world. Adams stands out from his brethren by his intense reality. If he smells too distinctly of beer and tobacco we believe in him more firmly than in the less full-blooded creations of Sterne and Goldsmith. Parson Adams, indeed, has a startling vigor of organization. Not merely the hero of a modern ritualist novel, but Amyas Leigh or Guy Livingstone himself might have been amazed at his athletic prowess. He stalks ahead of the stage-coach (favored doubtless by the bad roads of the period) as though he had accepted the modern principle about fearing God and walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. His mutton fist and the crabtree cudgel which swings so freely round his clerical head would have daunted the contemporary gladiators, Slack and Broughton. He shows his Christian humility not merely by familiarity with his poorest parishioners, but in sitting up whole nights in tavern kitchens, drinking unlimited beer, smoking inextinguishable pipes, and revelling in a ceaseless flow of gossip. We smile at the good man's intense delight in a love-story, at the simplicity which makes him see a good Samaritan in Parson Trulliber, at the absence of mind which makes him pitch his Æschylus into the fire, or walk a dozen miles in profound oblivion of the animal which should have been between his knees; but his contemporaries were provoked to a horse-laugh, and when we remark the tremendous practical jokes which his innocence suggests to them, we admit that he requires his whole athletic vigor to bring so

tender a heart safely through so rough a world.

If the ideal hero is to live in fancy-land and talk in blank verse, Adams has clearly no right to the title, nor, indeed, has Don Quixote. But the masculine portraiture of the coarse realities is not only indicative of intellectual vigor, but artistically appropriate. The contrast between the world and its simple-minded inhabitant is the more forcible in proportion to the firmness and solidity of Fielding's touch. Uncle Toby proves that Sterne had preserved enough tenderness to make an exquisite plaything of his emotions. "The Vicar of Wakefield" proves that Goldsmith had preserved a childlike innocence of imagination, and could retire from duns and publishers to an idyllic world of his own. "Joseph Andrews" proves that Fielding was neither a child nor a sentimentalist, but that he had learnt to face facts as they are, and set a true value on the best elements of human life. In the midst of vanity and vexation of spirit he could find some comfort in pure and strong domestic affection. He can indulge his feelings without introducing the false note of sentimentalism, or condescending to tone his pictures with rose-color. He wants no illusions. The exemplary Dr. Harrison in "Amelia" held no action unworthy of him which could protect an innocent person or "bring a rogue to the gallows." Good Parson Adams could lay his cudgel on the back of a villain with hearty good will. He believes too easily in human goodness, but there is not a maudlin fibre in his whole body. He would not be the man to cry over a dead donkey, whilst children are in want of bread. He would be slower than the excellent Dr. Primrose to believe in the reformation of a villain by fine phrases, and if he fell into such a weakness his biographer would not, like Goldsmith, be inclined to sanction the error. A villain is induced to reform, indeed, by the sight of Amelia's excellence, but Fielding is careful to tell us that the change was illusory, and that the villain ended on a gallows. We are made sensible that if Adams had his fancies they were foibles, and therefore sources of misfortune. We are to admire the childlike character, but not to share its illusions. The world is not made of moonshine. Hypocrisy, cruelty, avarice, and lust have to be stamped out by hard blows, not cured by delicate infusion of graceful sentimentalisms.

So far Fielding's portrait of an ideal character is all the better for his masculine

vapid German philosophizing. Fielding's favorite play seems from his quotations to have been "Othello."

grasp of fact. It must, however, be admitted that he fails a little on the other side of the contrast. He believes in a good heart, but scarcely in very lofty motive. He tells us in "Tom Jones" * that he has painted no perfect character, because he never happened to meet one. His stories, like "Vanity Fair," may be described as novels without a hero. It is not merely that his characters are imperfect, but that they are deficient in the finer ingredients which go to make up the nearest approximations of our imperfect natures to heroism. Colonel Newcome was not perhaps so good a man as Parson Adams, but he had a certain delicacy of sentiment which led him, as we may remember, to be rather hard upon Tom Jones, and which Fielding (as may be gathered from Bath in "Amelia") would have been inclined to ridicule. Parson Adams is simple enough to become a laughing-stock to the brutal, but he never consciously rebels against the dictates of the plainest common sense. His theology comes from Tillotson and Hoadly; he has no eye for the romantic side of his creed, and would be apt to condemn a mystic as simply a fool. His loftiest aspiration is not to reform the world or any part of it, but to get a modest bit of preferment (he actually receives it, we are happy to think, in "Amelia"), enough to pay for his tobacco and his children's schooling. Fielding's dislike to the romantic makes him rather blind to the elevated. He will not only start from the actual, but does not conceive the possibility of an infusion of loftier principles. The existing standard of sound sense prescribes an impassable limit to his imagination. Parson Adams is an admirable incarnation of certain excellent and honest impulses. He sets forth the wisdom of the heart and the beauty of the simple instincts of an affectionate nature. But we are forced to admit that he is not the highest type conceivable, and might, for example, learn something from his less robust colleague, Dr. Primrose.

This remark suggests the common criticism, expounded with his usual facile brilliancy by M. Taine. Fielding, he tells us, loves nature, but he does not love it "like the great impartial artists, Shakespeare and Goethe." He moralizes incessantly, — which is wrong. Moreover, his morality appears to be very questionable. It consists in preferring instinct to reason. The hero is the man who is born generous

as a dog is born affectionate. And this, says M. Taine, might be all very well were it not for a great omission. Fielding has painted nature, but nature without refinement, poetry, and chivalry. He can only describe the impetuosity of the senses, not the nervous exaltation and the poetic rapture. Man is with him "a good buffalo; and perhaps he is the hero required by a people which is itself called John Bull." In all which, there is an undoubted vein of truth. Fielding's want of refinement, for example, is one of those undeniable facts which must be taken for granted. But, without seeking to set right some other statements implied in M. Taine's judgment, it is worth while to consider a little more fully the moral aspect of Fielding's work. Much has been said upon this point by some who, with M. Taine, take Fielding for a mere "buffalo," and by others who, like Coleridge — a far safer and more sympathetic critic — hold "Tom Jones" to be, on the whole, a sound exposition of healthy morality.

Fielding, on the "buffalo" view, is supposed to be simply taking one side in one of those perpetual controversies which has occupied many generations and never approaches a settlement. He prefers nature to law, instinct to reasoned action; he is on the side of Charles as against Joseph Surface; he admires the publican, and condemns the Pharisee without reserve; he loves the man who is nobody's enemy but his own, and despises the prudent person whose charity ends at his own doorstep. Such a doctrine — so absolutely stated — is rather a negation of all morality than a lax morality. If it implies a love of generous instincts, it denies that a man should have any regard for moral rules, which are needed precisely in order to control our spontaneous instincts. Virtue is amiable, but ceases to be meritorious. Nothing would be easier than to quote passages in which Fielding expressly repudiates such a theory; but, of course, a writer's morality must be judged by the conceptions embodied in his work, not by the maxims scattered through it. Nor, for the same reason, can we pay much attention to Fielding's express assertion that he is writing in the interests of virtue; for Smollett, and less scrupulous writers than even Smollett, have found their account in similar protestations. Yet anybody, I think, who will compare "Joseph Andrews" with that intentionally most moral work, "Pamela," will admit that Fielding's morality goes deeper than this. Fielding

* Book x., chap. i.

at least makes us love virtue, and is incapable of the solecism which Richardson commits in substantially preaching that virtue means standing out for a higher price. That Fielding's reckless heroes have a genuine sensibility to the claims of virtue, appears still more unmistakably when we compare them with the heartless fine gentleman of the Congreve school and of his own early plays, or put the faulty Captain Booth beside such an unredeemed scamp as Peregrine Pickle.

It is clear, in short, that the aim of Fielding (whether he succeeds or not) is the very reverse of that attributed to him by M. Taine. "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" have, ostensibly at least, a most emphatic moral attached to them; and not only attached to them, but borne in mind and elaborately preached throughout. That moral is the one which Fielding had learned in the school of his own experience. It is the moral that dissipation bears fruit in misery. The remorse, it is true, which was generated in Fielding and in his heroes was not the remorse which drives a man to a cloister or which even seriously poisons his happiness. The offences against morality are condoned too easily, and the line between vice and virtue drawn in accordance with certain distinctions which even Parson Adams could scarcely have approved. Vice, he seems to say, is objectionable only when complicated by cruelty or hypocrisy. But, if Fielding's moral sense is not very delicate, it is vigorous. He hates most heartily what he sees to be wrong, though his sight might easily be improved in delicacy of discrimination. The truth is simply that Fielding accepted that moral code which the better men of the world in his time really acknowledged, as distinguished from that by which they affected to be bound. That so wide a distinction should generally exist between these codes is a matter for deep regret. That Fielding in his hatred for humbug should have condemned purity as puritanical is clearly lamentable. The confusion, however, was part of the man, and, as already noticed, shows itself in one shape or other throughout his work. But it would be unjust to condemn him upon that ground as antagonistic or indifferent to reasonable morality. His morality is at the superior antipodes from the cynicism of a Wycherley; and far superior to the prurient sentimentalism of Sterne or the hot-pressed priggishness of Richardson, or even the reckless Bohemianism of Smollett.

There is a deeper question, however,

beneath this discussion. The morality of those "great impartial artists" of whom M. Taine speaks differs from Fielding's in a more serious sense. The highest morality of a great work of art depends upon the power with which the essential beauty and ugliness of virtue and vice are exhibited by an impartial observer. The morality, for example, of Goethe and Shakespeare appears in the presentation of such characters as Iago and Mephistopheles. The insight of true genius shows us by such examples what is the true physiology of vice; what is the nature of the man who has lost all faith in virtue and all sympathy with purity and nobility of character. The artist of inferior rank tries to make us hate vice by showing that it comes to a bad end precisely because he has an inadequate perception of its true nature. He can see that a drunkard generally gets into debt or incurs an attack of *delirium tremens*, but he does not exhibit the moral disintegration which is the underlying cause of the misfortune, and which may be equally fatal, even if it happens to evade the penalty. The distinction depends upon the power of the artist to fulfil Fielding's requirement of penetrating to the essence of the objects of his contemplation. It corresponds to the distinction in philosophy between a merely prudential system of ethics—the system of the gallows and the gaol—and the system which recognizes the deeper issues perceptible to a fine moral sense.

Now, in certain matters, Fielding's morality is of the prudential kind. It resembles Hogarth's simple doctrine that the good apprentice will be lord mayor and the bad apprentice get into Newgate. So shrewd an observer was indeed well aware, and could say very forcibly,* that virtue in this world might sometimes lead to poverty, contempt, and imprisonment. He does not, like some novelists, assume the character of a temporal Providence, and knock his evildoers on the head at the end of the story. He shows very forcibly that the difficulties which beset poor Jones and Booth are not to be fairly called accidents, but are the difficulties to which bad conduct generally leads a man, and which are all the harder when not counterbalanced by a clear conscience. He can even describe with sympathy such a character as poor Atkinson in "Amelia," whose unselfish love brings him more blows than favors of fortune. But it is true that he is a good deal more sensible

* Tom Jones, book xv., chap. i.

to what are called the prudential sanctions of virtue, at least of a certain category of virtues, than to its essential beauty. So far the want of refinement of which M. Taine speaks does, in fact, lower, and lower very materially, his moral perception. A man of true delicacy could never have dragged Tom Jones into his lowest degradation without showing more forcibly his abhorrence of his loose conduct. This is, as Colonel Newcome properly points out, the great and obvious blot upon the story, which no critics have missed, and we cannot even follow the leniency of Coleridge, who thinks that a single passage introduced to express Fielding's real judgment would have remedied the mischief. It is too obvious to be denied without sophistry that Tom, though he has many good feelings, and can preach very edifying sermons to his less scrupulous friend Nightingale, requires to be cast in a different mould. His whole character should have been strung to a higher pitch to make us feel that such degradation would not merely have required punishment to restore his self-complacency, but have left a craving for some thorough moral ablution.

Granting unreservedly all that may be urged upon this point, we may still agree with the judgment pronounced by the most congenial critics. Fielding's pages reek too strongly of tobacco; they are apt to turn delicate stomachs; but the atmosphere is, on the whole, healthy and bracing. No man can read them without prejudice and fail to recognize the fact that he has been in contact with something much higher than a "good buffalo." He has learnt to know a man, not merely full of animal vigor, not merely stored with various experience of men and manners, but also in the main sound and unpoisoned by the mephitic vapors which poisoned the atmosphere of his police office. If the scorn of hypocrisy is too fully emphasized, and the sensitiveness to ugly and revolting objects too much deadened by a rough life, yet nobody could be more heartily convinced of the beauty and value of those solid domestic instincts on which human happiness must chiefly depend. Put Fielding beside the modern would-be satirists who make society — especially French society * — a mere sink of nastiness, or beside the more virtuous persons whose favorite affectation is simplicity, and who labor most spasmodically to be masculine, and his native vigor, his mas-

sive common sense, his wholesome views of men and manners, stand out in solid relief. Certainly he was limited in perception, and not so elevated in tone as might be desired; but he is a fitting representative of the stalwart vigor and the intellectual shrewdness evident in the best men of his time. The English domestic life of the period was certainly far from blameless, and anything but refined; but, if we have gained in some ways, we are hardly entitled to look with unqualified disdain upon the rough vigor of our beer-drinking, beef-eating ancestors.

We have felt, indeed, the limitations of Fielding's art more clearly since English fiction found a new starting-point in Scott. Scott made us sensible of many sources of interest to which Fielding was naturally blind. He showed us especially that a human being belonged to a society going through a long course of historical development, and renewed the bonds with the past which had been rudely snapped in Fielding's period. Fielding only deals, it may be roughly said, with men as members of a little family circle, whereas Scott shows them as members of a nation rich in old historical traditions, related to the past and the future, and to the external nature in which it has been developed. A wider set of forces is introduced into our conception of humanity, and the romantic element, which Fielding ignored, comes again to life. Scott, too, was a greater man than Fielding, of wider sympathy, loftier character, and, not the least, with an incomparably keener ear for the voices of the mountain, the sea, and the sky. The more Scott is studied, the higher, I believe, the opinion that we shall form of some of his powers. But in one respect Fielding is his superior. It is a kind of misnomer which classifies Scott's books as novels. They are embodied legends and traditions, descriptions of men, and races, and epochs of history; but they are novels, as it were, by accident, and modern readers are often disappointed because the name suggests misleading associations. They expect to sympathize with Scott's heroes, whereas the heroes are generally dropped in from without, just to give ostensible continuity to the narrative. The apparent accessories are really the main substance. The Jacobites and not Waverley, the Borderers, not Mr. Van Beest Brown, the Covenanters, not Morton or Lord Evandale, are the real subject of Scott's best romances. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is almost the sole exception to the general rule.

* For Fielding's view of the French novels of his day see "Tom Jones," book xiii., chap. 9.

Now Fielding is really a novelist in the more natural sense. We are interested, that is, by the main characters, though they are not always the most attractive in themselves. We are really absorbed by the play of their passions and the conflict of their motives, and not merely taking advantage of the company to see the surrounding scenery or phases of social life. In this sense Fielding's art is admirable, and surpassed that of all his English predecessors as of most of his successors. If the light is concentrated in a narrow focus, it is still healthy daylight. So long as we do not wish to leave his circle of ideas, we see little fault in the vigor with which he fulfils his intention. And therefore, whatever Fielding's other faults, he is beyond comparison the most faithful and profound mouthpiece of the passions and failings of a society which seems at once strangely remote and yet strangely near to us. When seeking to solve that curious problem which is discussed in one of Hazlitt's best essays — what characters one would most like to have met? and running over the various claims of a meeting at the Mermaid with Shakespeare and Jonson, a "neat repast of Attic taste" with Milton, a gossip at Button's with Addison and Steele, a club-dinner with Johnson and Burke, a supper with Lamb, or (certainly the least attractive) an evening at Holland House, I sometimes fancy that, after all, few things would be pleasanter than a pipe and a bowl of punch with Fielding and Hogarth. It is true that for such a purpose I provide myself in imagination with a new set of sturdy nerves and with a digestion such as that which was once equal to the horrors of an undergraduates' "wine party." But, having made that trifling assumption, I fancy that there would be few places where one would hear more good mother wit, shrewder judgments of men and things, or a sounder appreciation of those homely elements of which human life is in fact chiefly composed. Common sense in the highest degree — whether we choose to identify it or contrast it with genius, is at least one of the most enduring and valuable of qualities in literature as everywhere else; and Fielding is one of its best representatives. But perhaps one is unduly biassed by the charm of a complete escape in imagination from the thousand and one affectations which have grown up since Fielding died and we have all become so much wiser and more learned than all previous generations.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIRESIDE.

It is very hard to be obliged to alter our relationships with our friends, and still more hard to alter the habits which have shaped our lives. Mr. Beresford, when he was forbidden to continue his visits to his neighbor, was like a man stranded, not knowing what to make of himself. When the evening came he went to his library as usual, and made an attempt to settle to his work, as he called it. But long before the hour at which with placid regularity he had been used to go to Mrs. Meredith's, he got uneasy. Knowing that his happy habit was to be disturbed, he was restless and uncomfortable even before the habitual moment came. He could not read, he could not write — how was he to spend the slowly moving moments, and how to account to her for the disturbance of the usual routine? Should he write and tell her that he was going out, that he had received a sudden invitation or a sudden commission? When he was debating this question in his mind, Edward came in with a very grave face to say that his mother was ill and unable to see any one.

"She said you had better be told," said Edward; "she has gone to her room. She has a — headache. She cannot see any one to-night."

"Mr. Sommerville has been with you; has he anything to do with your mother's headache?"

"I think so," said Edward, angrily — "old meddler; but she seems to think we must put up with him. I wish my father would come home and look after his own affairs."

"It was a mission from your father, then?" Mr. Beresford was silent for a moment, thinking with somewhat sombre dissatisfaction of the absent Meredith. Would it be so pleasant to see him come home? Would the unaccustomed presence of the master be an advantage to the house? He could not be so insincere as to echo Edward's wish; but he was moved sympathetically towards the youth, who certainly was quite unsuspecting of him, whatever other people might be. "Go up-stairs and see Cara," he said; "she is in the drawing-room."

The young man's face brightened. Oswald was absent; he was not as usual in

his brother's way; and though Edward had agreed loyally to accept what he supposed to be the state of affairs and school himself to look upon Cara as his future sister, that was no reason — indeed it was rather the reverse of a reason — for avoiding her now. He went up-stairs with a kind of sweet unhappiness in his heart. If Cara was not for him, he must put up with it; he must try to be glad if she had chosen according to her own happiness. But in the mean time he would try to forget that, and take what pleasure heaven might afford him in her society — a modified imperfect happiness with an after-taste of bitterness in it — but still better than no consolation at all.

Cara was with her aunt in the drawing-room, and they both welcomed him with smiles. Miss Cherry, indeed, was quite effusive in her pleasure.

"Come and tell us all the news and amuse us," she said; "that is the chief advantage of having men about. My brother is no good, he never goes out; and if he did go out, he never comes up-stairs. I thought Oswald would have come this evening," Miss Cherry said, in a tone which for her sounded querulous; and she looked from one to the other of the young people with a curious look. She was not pleased to be left out of Cara's confidence, and when they excused Oswald with one breath, both explaining eagerly that they had known of his engagement, Miss Cherry was if anything worse offended still. Why should not they be open, and tell everything? she thought.

"Besides," said Cara, very calmly, "Oswald never comes here in the evening: he has always so many places to go to, and his club. Edward is too young to have a club. Why should people go out always at night? Isn't it pleasant to stay at home?"

"My dear, gentlemen are not like us," said Miss Cherry, instinctively defending the absent, "and to tell the truth, when I have been going to the play or to a party — I mean in my young days — I used to like to see the lighted streets — all the shops shining, and the people thronging past on the pavement. I am afraid it was a vulgar taste; but I liked it. And men, who can go where they please — I am very sorry that your mamma has a headache, Edward. She is not seeing any one? I wonder what James —" Here she stopped abruptly and looked conscious, feeling that to discuss her brother with these young persons would

be very foolish. Fortunately they were occupied with each other and did not pay much attention to what she said.

"Oh, Edward," said Cara, "stay and read to us! there is nothing I like so much. It is always dull here in the evenings, much duller than at the Hill, except when we go out. And Aunt Cherry has her work, and so have I. Sit here — here is a comfortable chair close to the lamp. You have nothing particular to do, and if your mother has a headache, she does not want you."

"I don't require to be coaxed," said Edward, his face glowing with pleasure; and then a certain pallor stole over it as he said to himself, "She is treating me like her brother;" but even that was pleasant, after a sort. "I am quite willing to read," he said; "what shall it be? Tell me what book you like best."

"Poetry," said Cara; "don't you like poetry, Aunt Cherry? There is a novel there; but I prefer Tennyson. Mr. Browning is a little too hard for me. Aunt Cherry, Edward is very good when he reads out loud. You would like to hear 'Elaine'?"

"Ye-es," said Miss Cherry. She cast a regretful glance at the novel, which was fresh from Mudie's; but soon cheered up, reflecting that she was half through the second volume, and that it would not be amusing to begin it over again. "In my young days stories would bear reading two or three times over," she said, unconsciously following out her own thought; "but they have fallen off like everything else. Yes, my dear, I am always fond of poetry. Let me get my work. It is the new kind of art-needlework, Edward. I don't know if you have seen any of it. It is considered a great deal better in design than the Berlin work we used to do, and it is a very easy stitch, and goes quickly. That is what I like in it. I must have the basket with all my crewels, Cara, and my scissors and my thimble, before he begins. I hate interrupting any one who is reading. But you are only hemming, my dear. You might have prettier work for the drawing-room. I think girls should always have some pretty work in hand; don't you think so, Edward? It is pleasanter to look at than that plain piece of white work."

"I should think anything that Cara worked at pretty," said Edward, forgetting precaution. Miss Cherry looked up at him suddenly with a little alarm, but Cara, who was searching for the crewels, and the thimble and the scissors, on a dis-

tant table, fortunately did not hear what he said. "H-hush!" said Miss Cherry, "we must not make the child vain;" but, to tell the truth, her lively imagination immediately leaped at a rivalry between the brothers. "I suppose we must consider her fate sealed, though she is not so frank about it as I could wish," she added, in an under-tone.

"Here are your crewels, Aunt Cherry; and here is the book, Edward. What were you talking about?" said Cara, coming back into the warm circle of the light.

"Nothing, my darling — about the art-needlework, and Edward thinks it very pretty; but I am not sure that I don't prefer the Berlin wool. After all, to work borders to dusters seems scarcely worth while, does it? Oh yes, my dear, I know it is for a chair; but it looks just like a duster. Now we used to work on silk and satin — much better worth it."

"Aunt Cherry, you always talk most when some one is beginning to read."

"Do I, dear?" said Miss Cherry, in a wondering, injured tone. "Well, then I shall be silent. I do not think I am much given to be talkative. Have I got everything? — then, my dear boy, please go on."

It was a pretty scene. The rich warm centre of the fire, the moon-lamps on either table, filled the soft atmosphere with light. Miss Cherry, in her grey gown, which was of glistening silk, full of soft reflections, in the evening, sat on one side, with her crewels in her lap, giving points of subdued color, and her face full in the light, very intent over the work, which sometimes puzzled her a little. Cara and Edward had the other table between them; he with his book before him, placed so that he could see her when he raised his eyes; she with the muslin she was hemming falling about her pretty hands — a fair white creature, with a rose light shed upon her from the fire. The rest of the room was less light, enshrining this spot of brightness, but giving forth chance gleams in every corner from mirrors which threw them forth dimly, from china and old Venetian glass, which caught the light, and sent flickers of color about the walls. Mr. Beresford, who, deprived of his usual rest, was wandering about, an *âme en peine*, looked in for a moment at the door, and paused to look at them, and then disappeared again. He never spent a moment longer than he could help in that haunted room; but to-night, perhaps, in his restlessness, might have found it a relief to take his natural place there, had

he not been checked by the quiet home-like aspect of this pretty group, which seemed complete. It did not look like any chance combination, but seemed so harmonious, so natural to the place, as if it had always been there, and always must possess the warm fireside, that he was incapable of disturbing them. Better to bear the new life alone. This genial party — what had he to do with it, disturbing it by his past, by the ghosts that would come with him? He shut the door noiselessly, and went back again, down to his gloomy library. Poor Annie's room, in which everything spoke of her — how the loss of her had changed all the world to him, and driven him away forever from the soft delight of that household centre! Strangely enough, the failure of the refuge which friendship had made for him, renewed all his regrets tenfold for his wife whom he had lost. He seemed almost to lose her again, and the bitterness of the first hours came back upon him as he sat alone, having nowhere to go to. Life was hard on him, and fate.

The party in the drawing-room had not perceived this ghost looking in upon them: they went on tranquilly; Miss Cherry puckering her soft old forehead over her art design, and the firelight throwing its warm ruddiness over Cara's white dress. Barring the troubles incident upon art-needlework, the two ladies were giving their whole minds to the lily maid of Astolat and her love-tragedy. But the reader was not so much absorbed in "Elaine." Another current of thought kept flowing through his mind underneath the poetry. He wondered whether this would be his lot through his life, to sit in the light of the warmth which was for his brother, and be the tame spectator of the love which was his brother's, and make up for the absence of the gay truant who even for that love's sake would not give up his own pleasures. Edward felt that there would be a certain happiness touched with bitterness even in this lot; but how strange that this, which he would have given his life for, should fall to Oswald's share, who would give so little for it, and not to him. These thoughts ran through his mind like a cold undercurrent below the warm sunlit surface of the visible stream; but they did not show, and indeed they did not much disturb Edward's happiness of the moment, but gave it a kind of poignant thrill of feeling, which made it more dear. He knew (he thought) that Oswald was the favored and chosen, but as yet he had not been told of it, and the

uncertainty was still sweet, so long as it might last.

"Ah!" said Cara, drawing a long breath: the poetry had got into her head — tears were coming into her eyes, filling them and then ebbing back again somehow, for she would not shed them. She had no thought but for "Elaine," yet felt somehow, as youth has a way of doing, a soft comparison between herself and Elaine, a wavering of identity — was it that she too was capable of that "love of the moth for the star"? Edward watching her, felt that there was more poetry in Cara's blue eyes than in the laureate; and no shame to Mr. Tennyson. Is it not in that tender emotion, that swelling of the heart to all lofty, and sorrowful, and beautiful things, that poetry takes its rise? Cara being truly the poet's vision, even to her own touched and melting consciousness, was all Elaine in her young lover's eyes.

"But, my dear, my dear!" said Miss Cherry, "if poor Elaine had only loved some one like herself, some young knight that could respond to her and make her happy, oh, how much better it would have been! It makes my heart ache: for Lancelot, you know, never could have loved her; though indeed I don't know why not, for men being middle-aged is no guarantee," Miss Cherry added, with a little sigh, "against their making fools of themselves for young girls; but it would have been far more natural and happier for her had she set her heart on some one of her own age, who would have made her —"

"Oh," cried Cara, "don't say it over again! made her happy! did Elaine want to be made happy? She wanted what was the highest and noblest, not asking what was to become of her. What did it matter about her? It was enough that she found out Lancelot without even knowing his name. I suppose such a thing might be," said Cara, sinking her voice in poetic awe, "as that Lancelot might come to one's very door, and one never know him. That would be worse, far worse, than dying for his sake."

"Oh, Cara, Lancelot was not such a very fine character after all," said Miss Cherry, "and though I am not so clever about poetry as you are, I have seen many a young girl taken in with an older man, who seemed everything that was noble, but had a very sad past behind him that nobody knew of; but after they are married, it is always found out. I would

rather, far rather, see *you* with a young man of your own age."

"Aunt Cherry!" cried the girl, blushing all over with the hot, sudden, overwhelming blush of her years, and then Cara threw a glance at Edward, seeking sympathy and implying horror at this matter-of-fact view, and caught his eye and blushed all the more; while Edward blushed too, he knew not why. This glance of mutual understanding silenced them both, though neither knew what electric spark had passed between them. Cara in her confusion edged her chair a little further off, and Edward returned to his book. It was an interruption to the delicious calm of the evening. And Miss Cherry began to look at her watch and wonder audibly to find that it was so late. "Past ten o'clock! almost time for bed. I thought it was only about eight. Are you really going, Edward? I am sure we are very much obliged — the evening has passed so quickly. And I hope your mamma will be better to-morrow. Tell her how very very sorry we are, and give her my love."

Edward went away with his heart beating loud. To think that the rightful enjoyment of all this belonged not to himself, but to Oswald, who was out dining, perhaps flirting somewhere, caring so little about it. Was it always so in this world — what a man most wanted he never got, but that which he prized little was flung to him like a crust to a dog? How strange it was! Edward did not go in, but lit a pensive cigar, and paced up and down the square, watching the lights rise into the higher windows. He knew which was Cara's, and watched the lighting of the candles on the table, which he could guess by the faint brightening which showed outside. What was she thinking of? Perhaps of Oswald, wondering why he had not come; perhaps kindly of himself as of a brother, in whose affection she would trust. Yes! said Edward to himself, with pathetic enthusiasm; she should always be able to trust in his affection. If Oswald proved but a cool lover, a cooler husband, Edward would never fail her as a brother. She should never find out that any other thought had ever entered his mind. She should learn that he was always at her command, faithful to any wish of hers; but then he recollected, poor fellow, that he was going to India, in Oswald's place, who would not go. How could he serve her — how could he be of use to her then?

Miss Cherry lingered a little after she had sent Cara to bed. She wanted to look over the end of that novel, and the fire was too good to be left, John having imprudently heaped on coals at a late hour. Before she opened the book she paused to think that if it had not been Oswald, she almost wished that it had been Edward; but it was Cara, of course, who must choose. She had not read much more than a page, however, when her studies were disturbed. Her brother came suddenly into the room, in his slippers, a carelessness of toilette which was quite unusual to him. He came in making her start, and poked the fire with a sort of violence without saying anything. Then he turned his back to the mantelpiece, and gave a glance round the room, in all its dim perfections, and sighed.

"Cherry," he said, "if you are not busy, I should like to ask you a question. I came up-stairs a little while ago, but you were too much occupied to notice me."

"James! indeed, I never saw you."

"I know you did not. I did not mean to blame any one. Tell me what you meant the other morning, when you advised me to stay at home after dinner — not to leave Cara? Was it for Cara's sake?"

"Cara was lonely, James; she has never — been used — to be left alone."

"Was it for Cara's sake?"

"Oh, James," said Miss Cherry, faltering, "don't think I wish to interfere! You are more able to judge than I am. It is not my place to make any remarks upon what you do."

"Cherry, don't evade the question; why did you speak to me so? Was it entirely for Cara's sake?"

Miss Cherry grew red, and grew white. She clasped her hands together in unconscious supplication. "I must say what I think if I say anything, James. It was a little for — dear Mrs. Meredith too. One must think of her as well. Her husband is a long way off; she is a very kind woman — kindness itself. Even if she thought you came too often, she would not like to say anything. Women understand women, James. She would say to herself, that to send you away would hurt your feelings, and she would rather bear a little annoyance herself."

"Do you mean to say she has had any annoyance on my account?"

"She might have, James dear. She has not taken me into her confidence; but people talk. I suppose if she was a widow and you could — marry —"

"Charity!"

He had scarcely ever called her by that formal name before, and Miss Cherry was frightened. "Oh!" she cried, once more clasping her hands. "Do not punish me for it! It is not my fault. I know better, for I know you both; but people will say so; and you should deny yourself for her sake."

"Does *she* wish it?" he said hoarsely. It took him a strenuous effort to keep down his fury; but indeed there was no one to assail.

"She would not wish anything for herself; it would be her nature to think of you first," said Miss Cherry. "It is not what she wishes, but what you, me, everybody, ought to wish for her, James."

He looked round the room with a cloud upon his face. "Do you know what I see here?" he said; "my past life, which I cannot recall. Am I to come here disturbing the new life that is beginning in it — filling the place with gloom. That does not matter, does it? Better to think of a few malicious words, and make them the rule of one's conduct, than strive to follow nature and common sense."

"James!" said Miss Cherry, "all the malicious words in the world will do no harm to *you*!"

"What do you mean?" he said.

"You are free, so far as that is concerned," said his timid sister, rising from her seat. She looked at him with a mild contempt strange to be seen in the eyes of so gentle a woman. "You can do what you like, James; it is not *you* who will suffer. Good-night," she said.

And though Miss Cherry's heart beat loudly, she had the courage to go away and leave him there, transfixed with that bold dart thrown by her most timid, faltering hand. He stood still for some time after she had left him, unable to move with pain and astonishment. The ass of Balaam was nothing to this tremendous *coup* from Miss Cherry. He was struck prostrate. Almost he forgot to think of the room and its recollections, so entirely was he slain by this blow.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OLD FOLK AND THE YOUNG.

THE intercourse between the two houses went on for some time in that uncomfortable and embarrassing way which comes between the sudden pause of a domestic crisis and the inevitable but delayed explanation. The evening after that on which Mrs. Meredith had a headache, Mr.

Beresford had an engagement. Next night she went to the opera, which had just re-opened; the next again he had a meeting of his society; and thus they continued, avoiding the meeting at which something would require to be said, and suffering intensely each with a sense of unkindness on the part of the other. James Beresford could not but feel that to cut him off thus, demonstrated a coolness of interest on the part of his friend which went against all those shows of kindness which made her so beloved — those soft ministrations of sympathy which, he supposed bitterly, any body might have for the asking, but which were withdrawn as easily as they were given; while she, on her part, with a certain wondering resentment, felt his tame withdrawal from her, and uncourageous yielding of her friendship to the first suggestion of conventional faultfinding. But this could not go on forever between two people of honest feeling. There came a time when he could not bear it, and she could not bear it. Mr. Beresford's return to the house which he had visited daily for so long attracted naturally as much observation as the cessation of his visits had done. While these visits were habitual there might be private smiles and comments; but the sudden stoppage of them naturally aroused all the dormant criticism; and when, after a ten-days' interval, he knocked at Mrs. Meredith's door again, all her servants and his own, and the houses next door on each side, were in a ferment of curiosity. What was going to happen? He walked up-stairs into the drawing-room with his elderly heart beating a little quicker than usual. Hearts of fifty are more apt to palpitate in such cases as this than in any other. James Beresford was not in love with his neighbor's wife, but he had found in her that tender friendship, that healing sympathy which men and women can afford to each other, better, perhaps, than men can to men, or women to women — a friendship which is the most enduring charm of marriage, but not necessarily confined to it; which is the highest delight of fraternal intercourse, yet not always to be found in that. The loss of it without fault on either side makes one of those rents in life which are as bad as death itself, even when accompanied by full understanding, on both sides, of the reason for the separation; and very rarely can these reasons be accepted and acknowledged on both sides alike without pangs of injury or development of other and less blameless sentiments. Vulgar

opinion with one unanimous voice has stigmatized the relationship as impossible; from which it may be conceded that it is dangerous and difficult; but yet solitary examples of it are to be found all over the world; occurring here and there with delicate rarity like a fastidious flower which only some quintessence of soil can suit; and it flourishes most, as is natural, among those to whom the ordinary relationships of life have not been satisfactory. Beresford, bereft half-way on the hard road of existence of his natural companion, and Mrs. Meredith deserted by hers, were of all people in the world, the two most likely to find some compensation in such a friendship; but I do not say it is a thing to be permitted or encouraged, because here were two for whom it was a kind of secondary happiness. They were as safe from falling into the sin which neither of them were the least inclined to, as if they had been two rocks or towers; but others might not be so safe; and social laws must, so long as the world lasts under its present conditions, be made for vulgar minds. Perhaps, too, Cara would have occupied a different place as her mother's representative had not her father found a confidant and companion of his own age, who was so much to him; and the boys might have found their mother more exclusively their own, had not so confidential a counsellor been next door. But it is doubtful whether in the latter particular there was anything to be regretted, for boys must go out into the world, according to the same vulgar voice of general opinion, and have nothing to do with their mother's apron-string. Still it was not a thing to be permitted, that those two should be such friends; and now at last the world's will had been fully signified to them; and after an attempt to elude the necessity of explanation, the moment had come at which they must obey the fiat of society, and meet to part.

He walked into the room, his heart thumping with a muffled sound against his bosom — not like the heart-beats of young emotion — heavier, less rapid, painful throbs. She was seated in her usual place by the fire, a little table beside her with a lamp upon it, and some books. She had her knitting in her hand. She did not rise to receive him, but raised her eyes in all the old friendly sweetness, and held out her hand. She was agitated too, but she had more command over herself. There are cases in which a man may, and a woman must not, show emotion.

"Well?" she said, in a voice with a

falter in it, taking no notice of his absence, or of any reason why they should not meet. "Well?" half a question, half a salutation, betraying only in its brevity that she was not sufficiently at her ease for many words.

He went up and stood before her, putting out his hands to the fire with that want of warmth which all unhappy people feel. He could not smile or take no notice as she tried to do. "I have come to ask what is the meaning of this?" he said; "and whether there is no resource. If it must be —"

"The meaning of what?" she said, falteringly; then again a pause: "I have nothing to do with it, Mr. Beresford; I do not understand it. These people speak a strange language."

"Don't they?" he cried; "a vile language made for other ears than yours. Are we to be ruled by it, you and I, to whom it is a jargon of the lower world?"

She did not make any answer; her fingers trembled over her knitting, but she went on with it. That he should speak so, gave her a little consolation; but she knew very well, as perhaps he also knew, that there was nothing for it but to yield.

"What harm can I do you?" he said, with a kind of aimless argument. "I am not a man to harm people by the mere sight of me, am I? I am not new and untried, like a stranger whom people might be doubtful of. All my antecedents are known. What harm can I do you? or the boys — perhaps they think I will harm the boys."

"Oh, do not talk so," she said; "you know no one thinks of harm in you. It is because everything that is unusual must be wrong; because — but why should we discuss it, when there is no reason in it?"

"Why should we obey it, when there is no reason in it?" he said.

"Alas! we cannot help ourselves now; when a thing is said it cannot be unsaid. After this we could not be the same. We should remember, and be conscious."

"Of what?"

"Oh, of — nothing, except what has been said. Don't be angry with me. I have so many things to think of — the boys first of all; there must be no talking for them to hear. Don't you think," she said, with tears in her eyes, which glistened and betrayed themselves, yet with an appealing smile, "that least said is soonest mended? To discuss it all is impossible. If you would come — now and then — as other people come."

Then there was a pause. To come

down to the level of other people, — to confess that their intercourse must be so restricted, — was not that of itself a confession that the intercourse was dangerous, impossible, even wrong? "Other people!" Mr. Beresford repeated, in a low tone of melancholy mockery, with a resenting smile. If it had come to that, indeed! — and then he stood with his head bent down, holding his hands to the fire. She was silent, too: what could they say to each other? So many times they had sat in this room in tranquil companionship, sometimes talking, sometimes silent, no bond of politeness upon them to do one thing or the other, understanding each other. And now all at once this comradeship, this brotherhood, (are all these nouns of alliance masculine?) had to be dropped, and these two friends become as other people. Not a word was said now — that was the tolling of the dead bell.

"I think I shall go away," he said, after a pause. "Life has not so much in it nowadays, that it can have the best half rent off, and yet go on all the same. I think I shall go away."

"Where will you go to?" she asked softly.

"What do I care?" he said, and then there was another long pause. All this time, on the other side of the wall, by the fire which corresponded like one twin to another with this, Edward was reading to Cara and Miss Cherry. There is no time in his life in which a young man is so utterly domestic, so content with the little circle of the fireside, as when he is in love. All the amusements and excitements of life were as nothing to Edward in comparison with the limited patch of light in which Miss Cherry and her niece did their needlework. He was very unhappy, poor young fellow; but how sweet it was to be so unhappy! He thought of all that Oswald was relinquishing, with a sense of semi-contempt for Oswald. Nothing would he have done against his brother's interests, however his own were involved; but he could not help the rising sense that in this case at least it was he who was worthy rather than his brother. And it was a never-ceasing wonder to him that Cara took it so placidly. Oswald went to her in the morning and held long conversations with her, but in the evening he pursued his ordinary course, and in the present disorganized state of the two houses all the mutual dinners and evening meetings being made an end of, they scarcely saw each other, except in the morning. This, however, the girl seemed

to accept as the natural course of affairs. She was not gay, for it was not Cara's habit to be gay; but she went seriously about her little world, and smiled upon Edward with absolute composure as if Oswald had no existence. It was a thing which Edward could not understand. He sat at the other side of the table and read to her, whatever she chose to place before him, as long as she chose. He was never weary; but he did not derive much intellectual advantage from what he read. While he was giving forth some one else's sentiments, his own thoughts were running on a lively under-current. Why was Oswald never here? and why did Cara take his absence so quietly? These were the two leading thoughts with which he perplexed himself; and as he never made out any sort of answer to them, the question ran on forever. That evening on which Mr. Beresford had gone to have his parting interview with Mrs. Meredith, Miss Cherry was more pre-occupied than usual. She sighed over her crewels with more heaviness than could be involved in the mere difficulties of the pattern. To be sure, there was enough in that pattern to have driven any woman out of her senses. And as she puckered her brows over it, Miss Cherry sighed; but this sigh told of a something more heavy which lay upon her mind, the distracted state of which may be best described by the fact that when they were in the middle of their reading, Cara hemming on with a countenance absorbed, Miss Cherry made the communication of which she was full, all at once, without warning, breaking in, in the middle of a sentence, so that Edward's voice mingled with hers for a line or so, before he could stop himself, —

"Your papa is thinking of going away."

"What?" cried Cara and Edward in a breath.

"Your papa," said Miss Cherry, with another great sigh, "is thinking of shutting up his house again, and going away."

"Aunt Cherry!" cried Cara, with the color rushing suddenly to her face, as it had a way of doing when she was moved; and she half turned and cast a glance at Edward of wonder and sudden dismay. As for him, he had not leisure to feel the strange delight of this confidential glance, so entirely struck dumb was he with the appalling news. He grew pale as Cara grew red, and felt as if all the blood was ebbing out of his heart.

"It is not that we will not be happy — oh! happy beyond measure — to have you

again, my darling," said Miss Cherry; "but I would be false if I did not say what a disappointment it is to think, after all our hopes for my poor James, that he is not able to settle down in his own house. I can't tell you what a disappointment it is. So far as we are concerned — Aunt Charity and I — it will be new life to us to have you home. But we did not wish to be selfish, to think of our own comfort, and it will be such a shock to dear Aunt Charity. She always said, as you know, Cara, what a comfort it was to think that the only man of the family was at hand, whatever happened. I don't know how I am to break it to her, and in her weak state of health."

"But, Aunt Cherry — what does it mean? What has made him change? Are you sure you are not mistaken? Don't you think you have misunderstood? It does not seem possible. Are you quite, quite certain?"

"I am not so silly as you think me, my dear," said Miss Cherry, half offended. "I know the meaning of words. Yes, there are reasons. He is not so happy as he thought he might be. No, my darling, I don't think you are to blame. He does not blame you; he only says it is not possible. If you could get him to move perhaps to another house — but not here; he could not possibly stay here."

Now it was Cara's turn to grow pale and Edward's to grow red. She looked at him again with a wondering, questioning glance, but he did not reply.

"I hope it has nothing to do with the folly of any busybody — making mischief between him and his friends," Edward said with indignation. "Mr. Beresford ought to have some philosophy — he ought not to mind."

"Ah — he might not mind for himself — but when others are concerned," said Miss Cherry, mysteriously. "But so it is, my dear, whether we approve or not. I meant to have gone back to poor dear Aunt Charity, but now I am to stay on to shut up the house and settle everything. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," she added, with a smile; "we shall have you back again, Cara; and that will be like the spring to the flowers. We gave you up without grumbling — but it is not in nature that we should not be glad to have you back."

This gentle piece of self-congratulation was all, however, that was said. Cara had grown quite still and pale. She turned her eyes to Edward once more, and looked at him with a sort of woful appeal that

made his heart beat. "This is dreadful news," he said, with his voice trembling; and then true to his brotherly generosity, added as steadily as he could, "It will be dreadful news for poor Oswald." Cara clasped her hands together in a kind of mute prayer.

"Do you think nothing can be done?" she said.

Now it was Miss Cherry's turn to feel a little, a very little wounded. "You have soon forgotten your old home," she said. "I thought, though you might be sorry, you would be glad too — to get home."

"It is not that," said Cara, with tears in her voice. What a break was this of the calm happiness of the evening, the pleasure of being together, the charm of the poetry, all those "influences of soul and sense" that had been stealing into the girl's innocent soul and transforming her unawares! No doubt she might have outlived it all, and learned to look back upon that first shock with a smile — but nevertheless it was the first shock, and at the moment it was overwhelming. She looked at Edward again amazed, appealing to him, asking his sympathy; ought he to thrust in Oswald between them once more? Between love and honor the young man did not know what to do or say. His heart was wrung with the thought of parting, but it was not to him the same shock and unforeseen, unbelievable calamity — under which she turned appealing to earth and heaven.

"And I am going to India," he said, with a kind of despairing smile and quivering lips.

The elder pair on the other side of the wall were not moved by these ineffable visionary pangs. They did not stand aghast at the strange thought that their happiness was being interfered with, that heaven and earth had ceased to favor them — nor did they think that everything was over and life must come to a standstill. Their feelings were less full of the rapture of anguish; yet perhaps the heavy oppression of pain that troubled them was more bitter in its way. They knew very well that life would go on just as before and nothing dreadful happen. They would only miss each other — miss the kind look and kind word, and simple daily consolation and quiet confidence each in the other. Nobody else could give them that rest and mutual support which they were thus forced to give up without cause. It was a trouble much less to be understood by the common eye, and appealing a great deal less to the heart

than those pangs of youth which we have all felt more or less, and can all sympathize with — but it was not a less real trouble. After the interval of silence which neither of them broke, because neither of them had anything to say, James Beresford sank upon his knees and took her hands into his — not in any attitude of sentimental devotion, but only to approach her as she sat there. They looked at each other through tears which to each half blurred the kind countenance which was the friendliest on earth. Then he kissed the hands he held one after the other. "God bless you," she sobbed, her tears falling upon his sleeve. Why was it? Why was it? yet it had to be. And then they parted; he going back to his gloomy library, she sitting still where he had left her in her lonely drawing-room, wiping away the tears, few but bitter, which this unlooked-for parting had brought to her eyes. They would not complain nor resist — nor even say what the separation cost them — but the young ones would cry out to heaven and earth, sure at least of pity and perhaps of succor. That made all the difference. When her father came in with his latch-key, and shut his door, shutting himself up with his thoughts, Cara was lifting the mute anguish of her sweet eyes to Edward, disturbing his very soul, poor fellow, with the question, whether it was only his sympathy she asked as a spectator of her misery in parting with his brother, whether it was — When he said that about going to India, with that tremulous smile and attempt to mock at his own pain, the tears fell suddenly in a little shower, and a sob came from Cara's oppressed bosom. For whom? Such distracting tumults of excitement do not rise in the maturer being — he was almost out of himself with wonder and anxiety, and hope and dread, dismay and terror. Was it for Oswald? Was it only his sympathy she asked for — was it but a pang of sisterly pity intensified by her own suffering, that she gave to him?

The same roof, divided only by a partition, stretched over all those agitated souls, old and young. The only quite light heart it covered was that of Oswald, who came in rather late from a merry party, and lingered still later, smoking his cigar, and thinking what was the next step to be taken in his pursuit of that pretty frightened Agnes, who was no doubt suffering for his sake. It did not hurt Oswald to think that she was suffering for him — rather it brought a smile on his

face, and a pleasurable sensation. He had got a hold on her which nothing else could have given him. When they met again he would have a right to inquire into it, to give her his tender sympathy. After all, a scolding from Sister Mary Jane was not very tragical suffering. On the score of that it might be permitted to him to say a great many things that otherwise he could not have said, to suggest conclusions more momentous. And he did not think Agnes would be hard to move. He believed that she would pardon him, and not take away her favor from him—rather perhaps, even in her own despite, look upon him with eyes more kind. Oswald smoked at least two cigars in her honor, wondering if perhaps she was crying over the catastrophe of the evening, and feeling assured that there would be sweetness in her tears. He was apt to be very sure of the favor of all he cared to please, and that everything would go well with him. And as for the troubles that were under the same roof with him, he knew nothing of them, and would not have thought much had he known. He would have laughed—for of course each of these commotions had its ludicrous side, and Oswald would have made fun of them quite successfully. But they were much less important anyhow than his own pre-occupations—full of which, with confidence in his heart and a smile on his lips, he went cheerfully up-stairs, past the door within which his mother lay awake in the dark, thinking over all her life, which had not been, in external circumstances, a very bright one; and that which was closed upon Edward's conflict and confusion. Neither conflict nor confusion was in the mind of Oswald as he went smiling up-stairs with his candle. All was likely to turn out well for him at least, whatever might happen to the rest of the world.

CHAPTER XXX.

A REBELLIOUS HEART.

CARA was busy in the drawing-room next morning, arranging a basketful of spring flowers which had come from the Hill, when Oswald came in with his usual budget. He was light-hearted, she was very sad. Oswald was gay because of the triumph he foresaw, and Cara was doubly depressed because she felt that her depression was ungrateful to the kind aunts whom she had been so sorry to leave, though she was so unwilling to go back. Why was it that the thought of going home made her so miserable? she asked

herself. Miss Cherry's delusion about Oswald, which had almost imposed upon Cara herself, had floated all away from her mind, half in laughter half in shame, when she found out that Oswald's object was to make her the confidant of his love for another girl, not to make love to her in her own person. Cara had been ashamed of the fancy which her aunt's suggestion had put into her mind, but the *désillusion* had been a relief—and a more sympathetic confidant could not have been. She was interested in every step of the nascent romance, eager to hear all about the romantic intercourse, consisting chiefly of looks and distant salutations, which he confided to her. No suspicion that she knew who his Agnes was had crossed Cara's mind, for Agnes Burchell was just so much older than herself as to have removed her above the terms of intimacy which are so readily formed between country neighbors. It was Liddy, the third girl of the family, who was Cara's contemporary, and it was to Miss Cherry that Agnes talked when she went to the Hill. But Cara was less interested than usual to-day; her mind was occupied with her own affairs, and that future which seemed, for the moment, so dim and deprived of all the light and brightness of life. When Oswald took the basket of crocuses out of her hand, and bid her to sit down and listen to him, she complied languidly, without any of the bright curiosity and interest which were so pleasant to him. At first, however, occupied by his own tale, he did not even notice this failure. He told her of all that had happened, of the sudden apparition of Sister Mary Jane, and the fright in which his companion had left him. Oswald told the story with a smile. It amused him, as if it had happened, Cara said to herself, being in a state of mind to judge more harshly than usual, to some one else.

"But it would not be pleasant for her," said Cara. "I don't think she would laugh, Oswald. Even if there was nothing wrong in talking to you, she would feel as if there was when she saw the sister. Do you think it is—quite—nice? That is a stupid word, I know, but it is the one that comes easiest; quite—quite—kind——"

"To what, Cara?"

"Get a girl into trouble like that, and walk away and smile? indeed, I don't think it is. They could not say anything to you, but they might say a great many things that would not be pleasant to her—they would say it was not—nice: they would say it was not like a lady: they

would say—oh,” said Cara, with great gravity, “there are a great many very disagreeable things that people can say.”

“You look as if you had felt it,” said Oswald, with a laugh—“but what does it all mean? Only that the old people cannot amuse themselves as we do, and are jealous. You may be a little tender-conscienced creature, but you don’t suppose really that girls mind?”

“Not mind!” cried Cara, growing red, “to be called unwomanly, unladylike! What should one mind then? Do you think nothing but beating us should move us? Most likely she has not slept all night for shame—and you, you are quite pleased! you laugh.”

“Come, Cara, you are too hard upon me. Poor little darling! I would save her, if I could, from ever shedding a tear. But what does a scolding of that kind matter? She will cry, I daresay—and next time we meet she will tell me about it, and laugh at herself for having cried. But I must find out who she is, and get introduced in proper form.”

“Could I go, or Aunt Cherry? I am not hard, Oswald—I would do anything for you or for her—but you should not be so unfeeling. If she is only a teacher and poor, she might get into disgrace, she might be turned away; for, after all,” said Cara, with gentle severity, “I do not suppose she was to blame—but girls should not talk to gentlemen in the streets. Oh, yes, I know it was your fault—but, after all——”

“What a little dragon!” cried Oswald. “You! why, I should have thought you would have sympathized with a girl like yourself—that is what comes of being brought up by old maids.”

Cara gave him a look of superb yet gentle disdain. She rose up and got her flowers again, and began to arrange the golden crocus-cups among the moss which she had prepared to receive them. She had nothing to reply to such an accusation—and, to tell the truth, Oswald felt, notwithstanding his fine manly conscious superiority to old maids and prudish girls, and all the rules of old-fashioned decorum, somewhat sharply pricked by the dart of that quiet contempt.

“I recant,” he said. “Miss Cherry would be less hard than you, my lady Cara.”

“Aunt Cherry would go if you wished it, and tell the sister not to be angry,” said Cara. “So would I—though perhaps I am too young. We could say that it was entirely your fault—that you *would*

talk to her—that you wished to know her friends.”

“Oh, thanks, I can manage all that myself,” he said, with a mixture of amusement and irritation. “Remember, I talk to you in confidence, Cara. I don’t want my private affairs to travel to Miss Cherry’s ears, and to be the talk of all the old ladies. Well, then, I beg your pardon, I will say I am fond of old ladies, if you like; but I think we can manage for ourselves without help. She is a darling, Cara—her pretty eyes light up when she says anything, and she will not stand the conventional things that everybody says any more than you will. I am lucky to have got two such clever girls—one for my friend, the other——”

“Oswald, it is so difficult to know when you are in earnest and when you are making fun. I do not feel so sure of you as I used to do. Are you only making fun of her, or are you really, truly in earnest?”

“Making fun of her! did not I tell you she had made me serious, pious even? You are a little infidel. But, Cara, look here, I am not joking now. You don’t think very much of me, I know; but there is no joke in this; I am going now to try to find out who she is, and all about her, and then I shall make my mother go, or some one. I did not mean any harm in laughing. Nobody thinks seriously of such affairs; and don’t you see we have a secret between us now, we have a link—we are not like strangers. But, as for being serious, if she is not my wife in three months——?”

“In three months!” cried Cara, astounded by his boldness.

“In less than that. She likes me, Cara. I can see it in her pretty eyes, though she will never look at me if she can help it. You are a horrid little cold-hearted wretch and mock me, but most people do like me,” said the young man with a laugh of happy vanity in which just enough half-modesty was mingled to make it inoffensive; “everybody I may say but you. Oh, I am serious; serious as a judge. In three months; but for heaven’s sake not a word about it, not a syllable to my mother, or any one!”

“I am not a telltale,” said Cara; “and I am very glad to see that you can be serious sometimes,” she added with a sigh.

He looked up alarmed. The first idea, indeed, that crossed Oswald’s mind was that Cara, though she had borne it so well, was now giving in a little, and feeling the bitterness of losing *him*; which was an idea slightly embarrassing but agreeable,

for it did not occur to him in the first place as it might to some men that such an occurrence would be humbling and painful to Cara if pleasant and flattering to himself. "What is the matter?" he asked, looking at her curiously. "You are not so cheerful as usual."

"Oh, Oswald!" she said, with the tears coming to her eyes. "Papa is going away again! I don't know why. I don't even know where he is going. It appears that he cannot make himself comfortable at home as he once thought, and the house is to be shut up and I am going back to the Hill with Aunt Cherry. It is ungrateful—horribly ungrateful of me to be sorry—but I am, I cannot help it. I thought that papa would have settled and stayed at home, and now all that is over."

"Ah!" said Oswald. "So! I did not think it would be so serious; it is about my mother, I suppose."

"About your mother!"

"Yes. People have interfered; they say he is not to come to see her every day as he has been in the habit of doing. It is supposed not to be liked by the governor out in India. It is all the absurdest nonsense. The governor out in India is as indifferent as I am, Cara—you may take my word for that—and only a set of busybodies are to blame. But I am very sorry if it is going to bother you."

Cara did not make any answer. A flush of visionary shame came over her face. What did it mean? Such questions pain the delicate half-consciousness of a girl that there are matters in the world not fit for her discussion, beyond anything that elder minds can conceive. The suggestion of these hurts her, as elder and stouter fibres are incapable of being hurt, and this all the more when the parties involved are any way connected with herself. That there could be any question of the nature of her father's regard for any woman, much less for Mrs. Meredith, a woman whom she knew and loved, cut Cara like a knife. Her very soul shrank within her. She changed the subject eagerly.

"Were you ever at the Hill, Oswald? You must come. It will soon be spring now! look at the crocuses! and in the primrose time the woods are lovely. I was almost brought up there, and I always think of it as home."

"But I must ask some more about this—about your father. It ought to be put a stop to——"

"Oh, don't say any more," cried Cara, hurriedly, with another blush. "You must let me know how your own affairs go on,

and what happens; and, Oswald, oh! I hope you will take care and not let *her* get into trouble about you. If she was to lose her home and her comfort—or even to get scolded——"

"Getting scolded is not such a dreadful punishment, Cara."

"But it is to a girl," said Cara, very gravely, and she became so absorbed in the arrangement of her crocuses, setting them in the green moss, which had packed them, that he yielded to her preoccupation, being one of the persons who cannot be content without the entire attention of any one to whom they address themselves. He did not make out how it was that he had failed with Cara on this special morning, but he felt the failure, and it annoyed him. For the first time he had lost her interest. Was it that she did not like his devotion to Agnes to go so far, that she felt the disadvantage of losing him? This idea excited and exhilarated Oswald, who liked to be first with everybody. Poor Cara, if it was so! he was very sorry for her. If she had shown any inclination to accept him, he would have been very willing to prove to her that he had not given her up, notwithstanding his love for the other; but she would not pay any attention to his overtures, and nothing was left for him but to go away.

Cara's whole frame seemed to tingle with her blushing, her fancy fled from the subject thrust upon her attention even when excitement brought her back to it and whispered it again in her ears. Her father! Never since the scene which she had witnessed in her mother's sick-room, had Cara felt a child's happy confidence in her father. She had never analyzed her sentiments towards him, but there had been a half-conscious shrinking, a sense as of something unexplained that lay between them. She had gone over that scene a hundred times and a hundred to that, roused to its importance only after it was over. What had been the meaning of it? Never to this day had she been quite able to make up her mind,—nobody had talked to her of her mother's death. Instead of those lingerings upon the sad details, upon the last words, upon all the circumstances which preceded that catastrophe, which are usual in such circumstances, there had been a hush of everything, which had driven the subject back upon her mind, and made her dwell upon it doubly. Time had a little effaced the impression, but the return to the square had brought it back again in greater force, and in those lonely hours which the girl

had spent there at first, left to her own resources, many a perplexed and perplexing fancy had crowded her mind. The new life, however, which had set in later, the companionship, the gentle gaieties, the new sentiment, altogether strange and wonderful, which had arisen in her young bosom, had quietly pushed forth all painful thoughts. But now, with the pang of parting already in her heart, and the sense, so easily taken up at her years and so tragically felt, that life never could again be what it had been, — a certain pang of opposition to her father had come into Cara's mind. Going away! — to break her heart and alter her life because he would not bear the associations of his home! was a man thus, after having all that was good in existence himself, to deprive others of their happiness for the sake of his recollections? but when this further revelation fell upon his conduct, Cara's whole heart turned and shrank from her father. She could not bear the suggestion, and yet it returned to her in spite of herself. The shame of it, the wrong of it, the confused and dark ideas of suspicion and doubt which had been moving vaguely in her mind, all came together in a painful jumble. She put away her flowers, flinging away half of them in the tumult of her thoughts. It was too peaceful an occupation and left her mind too free for discussion with herself. The girl's whole being was roused, she scarcely knew why? Love! she had never thought of it, she did not know what it meant, and Oswald, whom her aunt supposed to entertain that wonderful occult sentiment for her, certainly did not do so, but found in her only a pleasant *confidante*, a friendly sympathizer. Something prevented Cara from inquiring further, from asking herself any questions. She did not venture even to think in the recesses of her delicate bosom, that Edward Meredith was anything more to her, or she to him, than was Miss Cherry. What was the use of asking why or wherefore? She had begun to be happy, happier certainly than she had been before; and here it was to end. The new world, so full of strange, undefined lights and reflections, was to break up like a dissolving view, and the old world to settle down again with all its old shadows. The thought brought a few hot, hasty tears to her eyes whenever it surprised her as it did now. Poor inconsistent child! She forgot how dull the square had been when she came, how bitterly she had regretted her other home in those long dreary evenings when there was no

sound in the house except the sound of the hall-door closing upon her father when he went out. Ah! upon her father as he went out! He who was old, whose life was over (for fifty is old age to seventeen), he could not tolerate the interruption of his habits, of his talk with his friend; but she in the first flush of her beginning was to be shut out from everything, banished from *her* friends without a word! And then there crept on Cara's mind a recollection of those evening scenes over the fire: Aunt Cherry bending her brows over her needlework, and Edward reading in the light of the lamp. How innocent it was; how sweet; and it was all over, and for what? Poor little Cara's mind seemed to turn round. That sense of falsehood and insincerity even in the solid earth under one's feet, which is the most bewildering and sickening of all moral sensations, overcame her. It was for her mother's sake, because of the love he bore her, that he could not be at ease in this room, which had been so specially her mother's; all those years while he had been wandering, it was because the loss of his wife was fresh upon his mind, and the blow so bitter that he could not resume his old life; but now what was this new breaking up of his life? Not for her mother's sake, but for Mrs. Meredith's! Cara paused with her head swimming and looked round her to see if anything was steady in the sudden whirl. What was steady? Oswald, whom everybody (she could see) supposed to be "in love," whatever that was, with herself, was, as she knew, "in love," as he called it, with somebody else. Cara did not associate her own sentiments for any one with that feeling which Oswald expressed for Agnes, but she felt that her own position was false, as his position was false, and Mrs. Meredith's and her father's. Was there nothing in the world that was true?

The next day or two was filled with somewhat dolorous arrangements for breaking up again the scarcely established household. Miss Cherry occupied herself with many sighs in packing away the silver, shutting up the linen, all the household treasures, and covering the furniture with pinafores. Cara's clothes were in process of packing, Cara's room was being dismantled. Mr. Beresford's well-worn portmanteaux had been brought out, and John and cook half pleased at the renewed leisure which began to smile upon them, half vexed at the cessation of their importance as purveyors for and managers of their master's "establish-

ment," were looking forward to the great final "cleaning up," which was to them the chief event of the whole. All was commotion in the house. The intercourse with the house next door had partially ceased; Oswald still came in the morning, and Edward in the evening; but there had been no communication between the ladies of the two houses since the evening when Mr. Beresford took final leave of Mrs. Meredith. To say that there were not hard thoughts of her in the minds of the Beresfords would be untrue, and yet it was impossible that any one could have been more innocent than she was. All that she had done was to be kind, which was her habit and nature. "But too kind," Miss Cherry said privately to herself, "too kind! Men must not be too much encouraged. They should be kept in their place," and then the good soul cried at the thought of being hard upon her neighbor. As for Cara she never put her thoughts on the subject into words, being too much wounded by the mere suggestion. But in her mind, too, there was a sense that Mrs. Meredith must be wrong. It could not be but that she must be wrong; and they avoided each other by instinct. After poor James was gone, Miss Cherry promised herself she would call formally and bid good-by to that elderly enchantress who had made poor James once more an exile. Nothing could exceed now her pity for "poor James." She forgot the darts with which she herself had slain him, and all that had been said to his discredit. He was the sufferer now, which was always enough to turn the balance of Miss Cherry's thoughts.

When things had arrived at this pitch, a sudden and extraordinary change occurred all at once in Mr. Beresford's plans. For a day no communications whatever took place between No. 7 and No. 8 in the square. Oswald did not come in the morning — which was a thing that might be accounted for; but Edward did not appear in the evening — which was more extraordinary. Miss Cherry had brought out her art-needlework, notwithstanding the forlorn air of semi-dismantling which the drawing-room had already assumed, and Cara had her hemming ready. "It will only be for a night or two more," said Miss Cherry, "and we may just as well be comfortable;" but she sighed; and as for Cara, the expression of her young countenance had changed altogether to one of nervous and impatient trouble. She was pale, her eyes had a fitful glim-

mer. Her aunt's little ways fretted her as they had never done before. Now and then a sense of the intolerable seized upon the girl. She would not put up with the little daily contradictions to which everybody is liable. She would burst out into words of impatience altogether foreign to her usual character. She was fretted beyond her powers of endurance. But at this moment she calmed down again. She acquiesced in Miss Cherry's little speech and herself drew the chairs into their usual places, and got the book which Edward had been reading to them. The ladies were very quiet, expecting their visitor; the fire sent forth little puffs of flame and crackles of sound, the clock ticked softly, everything else was silent. Cara fell into a muse of many fancies, more tranquil than usual, for the idea that he would not come had not entered her mind. At least they would be happy tonight. This thought lulled her into a kind of feverish tranquillity, and even kept her from rousing, as Miss Cherry did, to the sense that he had not come at his usual hour and might not be coming. "Edward is very late," Miss Cherry said at last. "Was there any arrangement made, Cara, that he was not to come?"

"Arrangement? that he was not to come!"

"My dear," said good Miss Cherry, who had been very dull for the last hour, "you have grown so strange in your ways. I don't want to blame you, Cara; but how am I to know? Oswald comes in the morning and Edward in the evening; but how am I to know? If one has said more to you than the other, if you think more of one than the other, you never tell *me*. Cara, is it quite right, dear? I thought you would have told me that day that Oswald came and wanted to see you alone; of course, we know what that meant; but you evaded all my questions; you never would tell me."

"Aunt Cherry, it was because there was nothing to tell. I told you there would be nothing."

"Then there ought to have been something, Cara. One sees what Edward feels, poor boy, and I am very sorry for him. And it is hard upon him — hard upon us all to be so treated. Young people ought to be honest in these matters. Yes, dear, it is quite true. I am not pleased. I have not been pleased ever since —"

"Aunt Cherry," said the girl, her face crimson, her eyes full of tears, "why do you upbraid me now — is this the mo-

ment? As if I were not unhappy enough. What does Edward feel? Does *he* too expect me to tell him of something that does not exist?"

"Poor Edward! All I can say is, that if we are unhappy, he is unhappy too, and unhappier than either you or me, for he is—— Poor boy! but he is young and he will get over it," said Miss Cherry with a deep sigh.

"Oh, hush, hush! but tell me of him — hush!" said Cara eagerly; "I hear him coming up the stairs."

There was some one certainly coming up-stairs, but it was not Edward's youthful footstep, light and springy. It was a heavier and slower tread. They listened, somewhat breathless, being thus stopped in an interesting discussion, and wondered at the slow approach of these steps. At last the door opened slowly, and Mr. Beresford, with some letters in his hand, came into the room. He came quite up to them before he said anything. The envelope which he held in his hand seemed to have contained both the open letters which he carried along with it, and one of them had a black edge. He was still running his eyes over this as he entered the room.

"I think," he said, standing with his hand upon Cara's table, at the place where Edward usually sat, "that you had better stop your packing for the moment. An unfortunate event has happened, and I do not think now that I can go away — not so soon at least; it would be heartless, it would be unkind!"

"What is it?" cried Miss Cherry, springing to her feet. "Oh, James, not any bad news from the Hill?"

"No, no; nothing that concerns us. The fact is," said Mr. Beresford, gazing into the dim depths of the mirror and avoiding their eyes, "Mr. Meredith, the father of the boys, has just died in India. The news has come only to-day."

From The Contemporary Review.

PRUSSIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

THE history of Prussia during the present century naturally divides itself into five great periods: first, what I shall call the period of fall and humiliation, 1806-1812; then the period of rise and regeneration, 1813-1815; after that the period of reaction and red-tape, 1816-1830; then from 1830 to 1866, an epoch of ten-

tative liberalism and constitutionalism; and lastly, from 1866 to the present hour, the period of nationality and empire. The object of the present paper is shortly to sketch the character and significance of these five epochs in the great drama of European politics.

I.

AMONG the many external consequences of the military preponderance of France which arose out of the French Revolution, not the least notable was the sudden breakdown of Prussia by the battle of Jena in 1806. Of the accidental causes that may have contributed to this unexpected result, it were of no use to discourse. The essential causes which it is instructive to note were: (1.) The military genius of Napoleon, coupled with the unity of action, energy, and complete organization, which arose out of his political position and the authority with which he was invested. (2.) The democratic inspiration of the French people, and the high spirit and military temper of the French army thence resulting. No doubt that democratic impulse, though strong, was far from pure, and became ever more impure the farther it proceeded from its well-head. But it was unquestionably there; and enabled the most absolute despot that modern history has seen to put himself forward on the great stage of European politics as "the armed apostle of a democratic movement" which there was nothing in old Europe strong enough to resist. (3.) The political division of Germany, which prevented common action among its members; and specially the hereditary hostility betwixt Prussia and Austria, which had enabled the thundering Corsican to strike first one and then the other with a force that, in his hands, was irresistible. The eventful campaign of 1806-7, presenting, in some respects, an exact opposite to the recent campaign, which ended even more suddenly in the humiliation of France, was not a trial of strength between France and Germany; but the real antagonistic powers were France in alliance with one-third of Germany, and inspired by the genius of Napoleon, against one-third of Germany, without a great military head; while the other third — viz., Austria — remained neuter. (4.) The fourth cause that contributed largely to the sudden downfall of Prussia was the entire want of popular institutions and a popular spirit among the Prussian people. When the army did not happen to be commanded by a military genius like Frederick the

Great, and once got a sound beating, there was nothing behind to break its fall: no people; only pipeclay and facings; red tape, long pedigrees, and petty privileges; in a word, nobility without noblemen, and soldiership without citizenship.

So much for the first epoch of the fall.

II.

THE rise and regeneration of Prussia took place very soon after its fall, chiefly by the happy occasion of the Russian expedition of Napoleon in 1812, and the terrible precipitation which had followed at last as the necessary consequence of his own portentous pride and unblushing insolence; but the real cause that enabled Prussia so triumphantly to shake off the hated yoke of Gaul is to be sought for in the great political and military reforms which were introduced mainly by the Baron von Stein. Stein was one of those strong and courageous, direct, decided, and altogether manly characters that cannot be present in any age, when there is a call for noble action, without putting their stamp on it. The great need does not always bring with it the great man; but if the great man is there he can scarcely fail to show himself. The great idea which inspired Stein's statesmanship was to create what had hitherto not existed in Prussia, a free people; and this he did by two bold measures, the one of which gave emancipation to the peasant by turning him into a proprietor, and the other created citizenship by restoring the free municipal constitutions which in the Middle Ages had given wealth and enterprise to the towns.

Along with these two great regenerative measures went the new organization of the army under the masterly direction of Scharnhorst, one of those thorough-trained soldiers whose manly forms in the great public places of Berlin so significantly proclaim to the stranger the history of the country. Under his direction, instead of professional drill and pipeclay dressing for a body of mere technical soldiers, the whole people were taught to wield arms in defence of a country in which they now rejoiced to exercise the rights of full citizenship; and there seems certainly to be no more important truth in political economics than this, that if a nation is to be saved from a weighty yoke of foreign oppression, it can only be as Greece and Rome were saved on the great occasions of their world-renowned heroism, by the effective soldiership of the whole people. This system of national

arming, which was the main cause of the grand political regeneration of Prussia in 1813-14, as all the world knows, enabled that power, in the recent Franco-German struggle, to bring into the field an embattled array of patriotic citizens, against which even the soldiers of the early French Revolution, under the guidance of the famous captain of those days, might have contended in vain; and I, for one, am decidedly of opinion that a compulsory military drill of the whole people has not only been the salvation of Prussia on two great occasions during the present century, but is the best guarantee for the independence of all nations at all times and at all places, and not less certainly in commercial Britain than in military Prussia. I can have no doubt that the general adoption of the Prussian system in this country would not only afford a stronger bulwark of national liberty than we at present possess, but would work along with our national schools and our national Churches,—I do not mean the Established Churches alone, but all Christian Churches in the land,—in potentiating the patriotism, in improving the physical fibre, and in giving firmness to the reins of a healthy social discipline. But whatever people may think of the application of the system of compulsory soldiership to this native-seat of rank individualism and inorganic liberty, there can be no doubt that it is owing mainly, if not altogether, to this admirable system of national soldiership that Prussia—not two centuries ago a petty electorate on the extreme march of the least lovely part of Germany—is now that great power to whose decision all other powers naturally look, as controlling with firm hand the fortunes of the present, and shaping by its bold and manly policy the destinies of no distant future.

I now pass to the third epoch, which I have called the period of reaction and red-tape.

III.

THE battles of Leipzig and Waterloo, which restored Prussia to her old position as a European power of high consideration, had been gained not only by gunpowder, and an accumulation of material forces, but mainly, as just indicated, by the creation of a popular spirit, and the raising of a national and truly German enthusiasm among the people. After the peace it was natural, and indeed necessary, that the fervid enthusiasm which had overthrown the French despotism should occupy itself further with the reconstruction of popular

citizenship, and the shaping forth of some sort of political unity for a free Germany. And the then king, Frederick William III. — who was a thoroughly honest man, and a most excellent private character — no doubt sincerely intended, as soon as possible after the blood had been washed from the hands of stern warriors and the tears wiped from the cheeks of weeping mothers, to inaugurate a system of social policy, which should in its salient features be exactly the reverse of that whose woful weakness had mainly caused the downfall of 1806-7. Accordingly, in the articles agreed to by the diplomatic gentlemen who, in 1816, were found assembled round a green table at Vienna, to attempt such a political reconstruction of Germany as seemed possible under the circumstances, we find one which distinctly states that there shall be introduced into all the States of the Fatherland a constitutional government, with freedom of the press. This, for internal liberty; and to secure the common action of all the German States against any future encroachments of France, or other ambitious neighbor, the States were constituted into a board, diet, or confederation, of which Austria was perpetual president. The presidency of Austria did not promise much for the cause of popular freedom; and the action of a body composed as the Diet was, to those who could look beneath the surface, afforded no sure guarantee for the future existence of a strong and a united Germany; but with good-will on the part of the minor States, and a touch of manly decision on the part of Prussia, important movements, both in respect of social progress and political position, might rationally have been looked for.

But this touch of manly decision was just the very thing that was not found. It was not to be expected, indeed, that fair general promises of liberalism and constitutionalism, made at Vienna, under the wing of Prince Metternich, would be in any hurry to ripen into sweet fruits. On the contrary, the great law of reaction, of which the operation can be traced everywhere, so potent in the flow and ebb of social movements, set in almost immediately after the green table, round which the diplomatists had deliberated, was left vacant. The hopeful anticipations of a flaming enthusiasm were met by a host of obstinate old habits in a stout army of official people not to be abolished in a day. Behind and before, and all around the throne of the well-meaning old king, not the prophets of the future, but the office-bearers of the

past, were encamped. And not the old men only were there, but the old machinery (for new machinery could not be made in an hour); and so public government in Prussia returned with perfect ease into its old grooves; and the old bureaucracy of red tape, whose motto was stolen from the magnificent French Louis of the seventeenth century, to do everything for the people and nothing by the people, began forthwith to display a most fussy activity in plugging up the vents of the great political volcano, and plastering the rents which the sudden military earthquake that had recently shaken the old foundations of things had left in their old smoothly appointed and trimly furnished domiciles. Bones, after all, are firmer than blood; and so, having the reins in their hands, they contrived with very little trouble at Berlin, and with nods of assenting approval from Vienna, to have things their own way, to make the liberal articles of the Congress of Vienna a dead letter, and to prove to the world once more that the promises of politicians, like the vows of lovers, are made only that Jove may laugh at them. The liberal dog had indeed entered into the house; but it was possible to pull out his teeth, to flog him when he barked loudly; and if he dared to bite, strangle him outright. The pious old king also, who was not made for bold independent action, in the face both of old kingly traditions and a plausible amount of reputable proprieties, on reflection found that in an evil hour he had promised to raise the democratic devil; and, after considering the whole affair seriously, came to the conclusion that it was more pious in this case to break his word than to keep it.

The existence of this pious weakness on the part of the king was soon publicly indicated by some events of a rather grotesque character, but of a very sad significance. An assembly of enthusiastic young students, fresh from the wars, assembled in the Wartburg, where Luther had made his translation of the Bible, and with the imperial tricolor of gold, black, and crimson floating about their caps, and billowing forth patriotic songs about Hermann and Charlemagne, delivered over to the Moloch of a great jubilee bonfire some odious manifestoes of pamphleteering literary police inspectors in Berlin and Vienna. The popular dramatist Kotzebue, also, who had the character of being employed as a Russian spy, was, about the same time, foolishly shot by an excited young student named Sand; and this was

signal more than enough to throw all the bureaucratists of Berlin into a series of fits of conservative activity, which issued in throwing some of the finest spirits of Germany into the fortress of Spandau, in banishing others to Paris and New York, and in putting a violent extinguisher on all liberal and constitutional movements for an indefinite period. Of freedom of the press, of course, no more was heard; and as for the unity of Germany, it was soon discovered that the Diet was not a machinery in any way calculated to usher any such new political entity into existence. Practically, the board did not, and, as political nature is constituted could not, represent Germany at all, but either Prussia or Austria; and during this period of old wives, informers, policemen, and red tape, it practically represented Austria. For fifteen years, till 1830, the whole of that cumbrous and dilatory machine was twirled round the little finger of that arch-obscurantist Metternich, with a dexterity and a persistency that must command the admiration even of those who have the utmost abhorrence of the cause in which it was exercised; for the children of this world, we read, are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

IV.

THE French Revolution of 1830 sent, as French revolutions generally do, an electric shock through the whole of Europe, and not least through Germany, where much combustible matter had been accumulated, and curses, not loud but deep, against princedom and policedom, were eager for a vent.

The first explosion of this popular discontent took place in the trim little metropolis of Brunswick, where Duke Charles, hastening home from the French capital, planted himself before his angry burghers with the air of a man who was born to do something. But his calibre was by no means equal to his conceit. He no doubt doubled his body-guard, and planted sixteen pieces of cannon in front of his palace, with an attitude that looked heroic enough. But it was all in vain. The people rose in revolt; and the palace rose in flames; and the mighty duke was carried off in the smoke like a scroll of paper, and wafted where the wind might carry him. He was a mere braggadocio with a crown—or whatever dukes wear—on his head; a declared incapable pilot in such tempestuous times; so that even Metternich, in whose school he had been trained, pulling the wires of the Diet at

Frankfort, could not save him. A new duke was elected, and a constitution proclaimed in Brunswick on the 12th October, 1832.

In Hesse-Cassel, Saxony, and Hanover liberal triumphs of a similar nature were achieved; but a foolish popular outbreak at Frankfort, in the spring of 1831, served no purpose but to give the wily Metternich a just text for preaching his favorite gospel, that all liberalism means mob government, and mob government, of course, means anarchy and ruin and chaos. In Prussia affairs remained quiet. Personally the king was much respected, and there were no abuses in the routine of government so glaring as to vex the eyes of the common spectators into open revolt. Only people felt a strong desire to move their own legs, and their own arms, and their own tongues freely, which under a "paternal government" had hitherto been denied them. It was also a sad humiliation to intellectual and Protestant Prussia to be kept playing second fiddle to the great and proverbially stupid obscurantist people of the south. It was not and it could not be right, that the independence and political unity of the German people, as represented in the Diet, should mean only the subordination of Prussia to Austria, and of both to the pope. Some consolation for this sore affront was afforded by the regulations for freedom of trade among the German States, which Prussia introduced under the name of *Zoll-Verein*. A certain social and economical preponderance was thus given to Prussia which, under favorable circumstances, might lead to a thorough undermining of the political weight of Austria in the Diet.

In the year 1840 Frederick William III., the royal bearer of the great memories of 1813, died; and with his successor, Frederick William IV., a new era was expected to be inaugurated. The long-promised constitution, with freedom of the press, and other freedoms comprehended under the familiar term liberalism, would now surely at last make its epiphany in Berlin. But the new king, though a man of uncommon accomplishments, and fitted to adorn either a throne or an armchair in quiet times, was not a man to put a commanding bit into the mouth of the stout democracy of the nineteenth century. His ideas of governmental power were borrowed rather from the Middle Ages than from any existing government, whether in England or France. "No power on earth," he declared, "shall ever succeed in persuading me to change the natural

relation between king and people into a conventional and constitutional one; and never more will I yield to the demand that, between our Lord God in heaven and this country, a written paper shall interpose itself to take the place of the old sacred ties of loyalty by which people and prince are bound together." So the piece of written paper, called the Acts of the Congress of Vienna, and the vows that accompanied it, were trampled under foot by a second Frederick William; and the Prussian people were obliged to content themselves with the institution of provincial or local parliaments, and the shadow of a sort of national assembly called *der Vereinigte Landtag*, instituted in 1847, all under the sacred thumb of the old military and bureaucratic absolutism.

But matters could not continue in this state. The air of Europe was electric with liberalism; even aristocratic old England had had her Reform Bill; and grown-up men, rejoicing to stand on their own legs, would not be forever treated as minors. In 1848 another French revolution broke out, accompanied with the usual portents of fugitive kings and floating coronets, and altogether in a much more startling and explosive style than in the previous affair of 1832. Then only a little duke of Brunswick was blown into smoke; but now the mighty Metternich himself was exploded, and from his firm seat in Vienna, where he had controlled the whole diplomacy of Europe for half a century, wafted over the seas to England, the general house of refuge for the democratic and oligarchic destitute from all quarters. The sweet-blooded Viennese were fevered with a strange astonishment when they saw on one fine morning a mob of students flaming with wild notions, and troops of tatterdemalion artisans, marching through the streets, braying about liberty, and sitting on the seat of government for a year and a day.

But it could not last long: the firm front of Prince Windischgrätz's cannon, and the fair promise of a new kaiser on the 7th March, 1849, brought back the liberal chaos into the old conservative order. In middle and northern Germany outbreaks of the epidemic of democracy equally violent took place. At Baden, where German liberalism had long had its chief seat, even before the outbreak of republicanism in France, Bassermann, a distinguished deputy of the liberal party, had brought in a bill in the Chambers for summoning a general German Parliament in Frankfurt, to consider the best means of

breaking down the unkindly wall of partition that at present separated the people of Germany from the princes; and in obedience to this bold patriotic summons, the 18th of May saw three hundred and twenty deputies from all parts of Germany assembled in the Paul's Kirche at Frankfurt, to deliberate on the political state of the Fatherland, and, out of the ruins of petty principedom, to re-create the splendid mediæval empire of the Othos and the Barbarossas. And no doubt if mere German ideas and German patriotic talk could have produced a new German order of things, a German empire would have leapt into existence at the word of command in those days. But these things are not done by mere ideas, however just, and by mere debates, however eloquent. The Frankfort Chambers drew up a constitution for the new German empire, appointed a chancellor, the Archduke John of Austria, for the nonce; but when the articles of the constitution came to be realized it was found there was no power willing to enforce the decrees; and so the stentorian giant of German liberalism stood powerless in the old imperial city, a helpless trunk, without either legs to stand on or arms to strike with. The Frankfort Parliament, after oceans of wise talk, dwindled into a rump, and the rump, true to the destiny of all rumps, was dispersed into a nonentity by a Stuttgart minister named Roemer, who had a head hard enough and a hand firm enough to do it.

Meanwhile, at Berlin, a notable tragedy had been enacted. Mobs of people had started up before the palace in the Schlossplatz, brandishing knives and ropes in red revolutionary fashion; barricades were erected in the Königs Strasse, and grape-shot had been set to rake the citizens. Then suddenly repentance seized the heart of the monarch; and he was seen riding up the Linden with the imperial tricolor of black, red, and gold, and proclaiming with a loud voice, "*Von jetzt an geht Preussen in Deutschland auf*" (From this moment Prussia is swallowed up in Germany). But this was a rhetorical phrase which any word-monger, actor, or poet, or master of elocution, could use; to do the thing at that moment was possible only to a real king of men; and such Frederick William IV. was not. In the face of this grand speech, he afterwards (28th March, 1849) refused to accept of the imperial crown, when offered to him by the men of the Paul's Kirche in Frankfurt.

Nevertheless, the Berlin insurrection

remained not without fruit. A constitution, based on the democratic principle, was granted on the 3rd December, 1848; and since that period, Prussia ranks now historically — not, indeed, after John Bull's present ideal, but still in the eye of political philosophy *de facto* — as one of the great limited monarchies, whose existence forms one of the distinctive contrasts between the social organization of ancient and modern times.

v.

WE now wind up this great political drama by a short sketch of the fifth act, which we have designated "Nationality and Empire."

Frederick William IV., with all his fine speeches and romantic sentiments, died in the year 1861; and his successor, the present King William, being a soldier to the backbone according to old Prussian traditions, soon fell into a position of painful conflict with his Parliament, about the period of military service, and the equipment thereto belonging. According to his view of what the defence of the country required, he could not yield; and, according to their view of what liberal policy and economical retrenchment required, they could not yield. So affairs came to a dead-lock; and the king, in 1862, found himself in the same position that, about two centuries before, had cost England a civil war and the loss of a king's head. But Prussia was not England; and, at the very moment when the plot of the political drama seemed most perplexed, a god appeared on the scene, worthy in every way to untie the knot. This god was Bismarck, who, with a firm will and a strong hand, and the aid of favoring circumstances, piloted his sovereign triumphantly through the troubled seas of Parliamentary conflict, carrying on the government of the country on the budget of the previous years without asking Parliament for an annual vote. Bismarck boldly sketched out a line of policy, the success of which will be accepted as the best guarantee of its wisdom. It may be shortly summed in the following five points: (1) to destroy Austrian predominance in the Diet as prejudicial to the interests of Germany, and antagonistic to the spirit of social progress in the nineteenth century; (2) to kick the Diet from off the political stage altogether as an incumbrance and a sham; (3) to give political unity to Germany in the only practical way, by throwing the political and military guidance of the whole German people into the hands of Prussia

— a great Germany could be made only by a strong Prussia; (4) to give to Prussia a strong and a well-defensible boundary, wherever possible, by the absorption of the petty principalities; (5) to keep a sharp eye on the machinations, and a strong arm ready to strike against the ambitious encroachments of France. And all these points he had made up his mind to carry out, if not in the most scrupulous, certainly in the shortest and most effective way, not by talking or by the votes of majorities, according to the now fashionable democratic style, but by a firm will, a shrewd policy, and, when necessary, by "blood and iron."

And here, as in many similar cases, the old adage found itself true, that "fortune favors the brave." The policy of blood and iron effected more for the German cause in half-a-dozen years than any amount of talk and convocation would have done in as many centuries. The detachment of Holstein from the Danish monarchy, which followed naturally by the law of succession, just as Hanover fell off from England, to prevent which Denmark drew the sword, and Great Britain the pen, afforded Bismarck the desired opportunity at once of humbling Austria, strengthening the boundaries of Prussia, and blowing the Diet into smoke. Schleswig-Holstein was taken possession of jointly in the name of the German Diet by Austria and Prussia; but here the formal right ended and despotic expediency commenced. What any man, acquainted with the traditional policy of Prussia, and the maxims of politicians generally, might have predicted, took place. Holstein was not given to its rightful duke, in whose interest the war was ostensibly carried on; but Austria and Prussia, finding their interests in that quarter irconcilable, quarrelled about the plunder, divided the whole of Germany into two parties, and went to war. This was exactly what Bismarck wanted, and wisely wanted, as absolutely necessary for the double purpose of diverting the mind of the Prussian people from the stiff struggle between the crown and the Parliament, and as the only feasible way of at once abolishing the cumbrous machinery of the Bund, and placing Austria altogether outside of the great German game. This splendid double stroke Bismarck delivered in the campaign which ended with the battle of Sadowa, 3rd February, and the peace of Prague, 23rd August, 1866, — a campaign made possible, next to his own bold design and firm will, by the military

genius of Count Moltke on the one side, and on the other by the inactivity of the emperor of France, whose energy had already begun to be lamed by the difficulties, which never fail, sooner or later, to grow up in the path of an usurper.

Austria was now humbled, and Prussian pride, in the matter of national position in the Fatherland, gratified to the full. But there remained still the internal difficulty of coming to a compromise with the Parliament, whose beard Bismarck had plucked so rudely, not to mention the soothing of the thousands of fretful spirits in the provinces which the red hand of war had so rudely appropriated in the affair of 1866. Out of these difficulties Bismarck and the king were triumphantly helped by the folly of the French, who, with a display of vaporing gasconade unexampled in recent history, insisted on dictating to Germany in a matter of Spanish concern with which they had nothing to do. This insolent dictation arose naturally out of the national vanity of the French people, fostered by the ambition of the great Napoleon, and the soreness which they felt at the territorial aggrandizement of Prussia, as fixed by the peace of Prague. The breach with France, however, was so manifestly in the interest of Bismarck, and so much in harmony with his declared policy of "blood and iron," that French partisans were not slow to endeavor to lay on his shoulders the guilt of the bloody struggle. But it was not so. Bismarck knew that the ambition of the French emperor, the irritation of French politicians, and the vanity of the French people, equally pointed to a war with Germany, for the realization of their favorite dream of the Rhine boundary. He knew well, also, that a war with France, if successful, would tell in his favor with even more force than his recent triumph over Austria; but he was too wise a politician, and I believe, also, too good a man, to throw himself rashly into the risk of so terrible a struggle. The main points of his German policy had been already achieved; and, so far as France was concerned, his only duty was to keep out a habit-and-repute burglar from the German home. Though not, however, seeking war, he was always prepared for it; and in the moment of alarm he pounced upon the burglar in a style which astonished Europe, and himself too, we may well imagine, not a little. For there are always chances in war; and though Bismarck knew France and the emperor well, he never could have predicted that the splendid edifice of Napo-

leonic ambition would have fallen to pieces, like a castle of cards, so suddenly. But it did fall; and though the chapter of accidents may have been largely in favor of the Germans, yet the main causes of the wonderful campaign, which turned what might have been a bloody defence into a brilliant invasion, were the physical, intellectual, and moral forces on the German side, which, with wise accumulation, did not fail to reap their natural reward.

The completed Prusso-French war of 1870-1 stands now before the world as at once the most brilliant and solid achievement of modern history. Prussia has stoutly asserted herself as the natural head of Germany; German unity has been achieved after centuries of unhappy division by the willing submission to a Prussian hegemony; and Germany now stands firmly in the centre of the European political system, a massive bulwark against the encroachments of Russia on the east, and the aggression of France on the west. And this mighty change will be recorded for posterity as the fruit indirectly of the regenerative policy of the Baron von Stein, but directly of the far-sighted intelligence, manly purpose, firm will, strong hand, and astute management of Prince von Bismarck.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

From The Nineteenth Century.
FALKLAND.

"THE English are just, but not amiable." A well-bred Frenchman, who has recently travelled in India, and who has published in the *Revue des deux Mondes* an interesting account of what he saw and heard there, ends with this criticism. It conveys, he says, as to the English and their rule, the real mind of the best-informed and most intelligent of the natives of India with whom he conversed. They admitted the great superiority of the English rule in India to every other which had preceded it. They admitted the good intentions of the English rule — they admitted its activity, energy, incorruptibility, justice. Still, the final impression was this: something wanting in the English, something which they were not. *Les Anglais sont justes, mais pas bons*. "The English are just, but not kind and good."

It is proposed to raise, on the field of Newbury, a monument to a famous Englishman who was amiable. A meeting has been held at Newbury to launch the project, and Lord Carnarvon made there

an excellent speech. I believe the subscription to the monument does not grow very rapidly. The unamiable ones amongst us, the vast majority, naturally perhaps keep their hands in their pockets. But let us take the opportunity, as others, too, have taken it, for at least recalling Falkland to our memory. Let us give our attention for a moment to this phenomenon of an amiable Englishman.

At the battle of Newbury (says Clarendon) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so glowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed Civil War than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity. *Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.*

Clarendon's style is here a little Asiatic. And perhaps a something Asiatic is not wholly absent, either, from that famous passage — the best known, probably, in all the "History of the Rebellion" — that famous passage which describes Lord Falkland's longing for peace: —

Sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, he would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *peace, peace*; and would passionately profess, that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.

Clarendon's touch in the "Life" is simpler than in the "History." But we will not carp at this great writer and faithful friend. Falkland's life was an uneventful one, and but a few points in it are known to us. To Clarendon he owes it that each of those points is a picture.

In his speech at Newbury Lord Carnarvon said: "When we look back to the history of the Civil War, I can think of no character that stands out in higher, purer relief, than Falkland." "Of all the names," said Lord Carnarvon again, "which have come down to us from the Great Rebellion, none have come invested with higher respect and greater honor than the name of Lord Falkland." One asks oneself how this comes to be so. Falkland wrote both in verse and in prose. Both his verse and his prose have their interest, yet as a writer he hardly counts. He was a gallant soldier, but gallant soldiers were in his day not uncommon. He was an unsuccessful politician, and was reproached with deserting his party. He

was secretary of state for but two years, and in that office he accomplished, and could then accomplish, nothing remarkable. He was killed in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age. Horace Walpole pronounces him a much overrated man. But let us go through the scanty records of his life a little more deliberately.

Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, was born in 1610. His father, Sir Henry Cary, the first Lord Falkland, went to Ireland as lord deputy in 1622, and remained there until 1629. "The son was bred," says Clarendon, "in the court and in the university, but under the care, vigilance, and direction of such governors and tutors, that he learned all his exercises and languages better than most men do in more celebrated places." In 1629 the father, who appears to have been an able man, but violent and unfortunate, returned with broken fortunes to England. Shortly afterwards the son inherited from his maternal grandfather, the Lord Chief Baron Tanfield, who passed over his daughter and her husband the ex-lord deputy, a good estate at Burford and Great Tew, in Oxfordshire. At nineteen, then, the young Lucius Cary came into possession of "all his grandfather's land, with two very good houses very well furnished (worth about 2,000*l.* per annum), in a most pleasant country, and the two most pleasant places in that country, with a very plentiful personal estate." But, adds Clarendon, —

With these advantages he had one great disadvantage (which in the first entrance into the world is attended with too much prejudice) in his person and presence, which was in no degree attractive or promising. His stature was low, and smaller than most men; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting, that it had somewhat in it of simplicity; and his voice the worst of the three, and so untuned that instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was ever less beholden to nature for its recommendation into the world. But then no man sooner or more disappointed this general and customary prejudice. That little person and small stature was quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen, and a nature so fearless, that no composition of the strongest limbs and most harmonious and proportioned presence and strength ever disposed any man to the greatest enterprise; it being his greatest weakness to be too solicitous for such adventures. And that untuned tongue and voice easily discovered itself to be supplied and governed by a mind and understanding so excellent, that the wit and weight of all he said carried another kind of admiration in it, and even another kind of acceptance from the per-

sons present, than any ornament of delivery could reasonably promise itself, or is usually attended with. And his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him.

For a year or two he mixed in the gay life of London, rich, accomplished, popular, with a passion for soldiering, with a passion for letters. He was of Ben Jonson's society at the Apollo; he mixed with Suckling, Carew, Davenant, Waller, Sandys, Sir Kenelm Digby; with Selden and Hobbes; with Hales of Eton and Chillingworth — great spirits in little bodies, these two last, like Falkland himself. He contracted a passionate friendship with a young man as promising and as universally beloved as himself, Sir Henry Morison. Ben Jonson has celebrated it; and it was on Morison's early death that Jonson wrote the beautiful lines which every one knows, beginning, —

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make men better be.

Falkland married, before he was of age, Morison's sister. The marriage gave mortal offence to his father. His father had projected for the young Lucius, says Clarendon, a marriage which might mend his own broken fortunes and ruined credit at court. The son behaved admirably. He offered to resign his whole estate to his father, and to rely wholly upon his father's pleasure for his own maintenance. He had deeds of conveyance prepared to that effect, and brought them to his father for signature.

But his father's passion and indignation so far transported him (though he was a gentleman of excellent parts), that he refused any reconciliation and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate, so that his son remained still in the possession of his estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterwards to rejoice. But he was for the present so much afflicted with his father's displeasure that he transported himself and his wife into Holland, resolving to buy some military command, and to spend the remainder of his life in that profession. But being disappointed in the treaty he expected, and finding no opportunity to accommodate himself with such a command, he returned again into England; resolving to retire to a country life and to his books, that since he was not like to improve himself in arms he might advance in letters.

So began the *convivium philosophicum*, or *convivium theologicum*, of his life at Great Tew. With a great thoroughness of nature, with the high resolve to make

up his mind about the matters of most vital concernment to man, and to make it up on good grounds, he plunged into study. The controversy with Rome was then keen. Agents of conversion to the Romish Church, *corner-creeper*s as they were called, penetrated everywhere. Two young brothers of Falkland himself were won over by them. More and more, therefore, his thoughts and his studies took a theological turn. On his first retirement to the country he had declared, says Clarendon, that "he would not see London in many years, which was the place he loved of all the world." But his father's death, soon after, from an accident, forced him back for a time to London. Then, on his return to Oxfordshire he surrounded himself with friends from the university, who led with him the life which Clarendon's description has made memorable: —

His house where he usually resided (Tew or Burford, in Oxfordshire), being within ten or twelve miles of the university, looked like the university itself by the company that was always found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper where all still met. Otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house or to make them weary of staying there. So that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society. Here Mr. Chillingworth wrote and formed and modelled his excellent book against the learned Jesuit Mr. Nott ("The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation"), after frequent debates upon the most important particulars; in many of which he suffered himself to be overruled by the judgment of his friends, though in others he still adhered to his own fancy, which was sceptical enough even in the highest points.

From "this happy and delightful conversation and restraint" Falkland was in 1639 called away by "the first alarm from the north," Charles the First's expedition to suppress the disturbances in Scotland. After the return of that expedition Falkland sate in the short Parliament of 1640, which preceded the Long Parliament. The "Short Parliament" sate but a few weeks. Falkland was born a constitutionalist, a hater of all that was

violent and arbitrary. What he saw in the "Short Parliament" made a favorable and deep impression upon him. "From the debates which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and solemnity, he contracted (says Clarendon) such a reverence to Parliaments that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them."

In the next Parliament this faith in Parliaments was destined to be roughly shaken. The Long Parliament met at the end of 1640. Falkland had a warm admiration for Hampden, and a strong disapprobation of the violent proceedings of the court. He acted with the popular party. He made a powerful speech against ship-money. He was convinced of Strafford's guilt, and joined in his prosecution. He spoke vigorously for the bill to remove the bishops from the House of Lords. But the reason and moderation of the man showed itself from the first. Alone among his party he raised his voice against pressing forward Strafford's impeachment with unfair and vindictive haste. He refused to consider, like the Puritans, the order of bishops as a thing by God's law either appointed or forbidden. He treated it as a thing expedient or inexpedient. And so foolish had been the conduct of the High Church bishops and clergy, so much and so mischievously had they departed from their true province, that it was expedient at that moment, Falkland thought, to remove the bishops from the House of Lords. "We shall find them," he said of the High Church clergy, "to have tithed mint and anise, and have left undone the weightier works of the law. The most frequent subjects, even in the most sacred auditories, have been the *jus divinum* of bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of Puritanism." But he was careful to add: "We shall make no little compliment to those to whom this charge belongs, if we shall lay the faults of these men upon the *order* of the bishops." And even against these misdoing men he would join in no injustice. To his clear reason sacerdotalism was repulsive. He disliked Laud, moreover; he had a natural antipathy to his heat, fussiness, and arbitrary temper. But he refused to concur in Laud's impeachment.

The Lords threw out the bill for the expulsion of the bishops. In the same session, a few months later, the bill was

reintroduced in the House of Commons. But during this time the attitude of the popular party had been more and more declaring itself. The party had professed at first that the removal of bishops from Parliament was all that they wanted; that they had no designs against episcopacy and the Church of England. The strife deepened, and new and revolutionary designs emerged. When, therefore, the bill against the bishops was reintroduced, Falkland voted against it. Hampden reproached him with inconsistency. Hampden said, that "he was sorry to find a noble lord had changed his opinion since the time the last bill to this purpose had passed the House; for he then thought it a good bill, but now he thought this an ill one." But Falkland answered, that "he had been persuaded at that time by that worthy gentleman to believe many things which he had since found to be untrue, and therefore he had changed his opinion in many particulars as well as to things as persons."

The king's party availed themselves eagerly of this changed disposition in a man so much admired and respected. They pressed Falkland to come to the aid of the crown, and to take office. He was extremely loth to comply. He disapproved of the policy of the court party. He was for great reforms. He disliked Charles's obstinacy and insincerity. So distasteful, indeed, were they to him, that even after he had taken office it was difficult to him—to him, the sweetest-mannered of men—to maintain towards Charles the same amenity which he showed towards everybody else. Compliant as he was to others, yet towards the king, says Clarendon, "he did not practise that condescension, but contradicted him with more bluntness and by sharp sentences; and in some particulars (as of the Church) to which the king was in conscience most devoted; and of in this Majesty often complained." Falkland feared that, if he took office, the king would require a submission which he could not give. He feared, too, and to a man of his high spirit this thought was most galling, that his previous opposition to the court might be supposed to have had for its aim to heighten his value and to insure his promotion. He had no fancy, moreover, for official business, and believed himself unfit for it. Hyde at last, by earnestly pleading the considerations which, he thought, made his friend's acceptance of office a duty, overcame his reluctance. At the beginning of 1642

Falkland became a member of the king's council, and secretary of state.

We approach the end. Falkland "filled his place," says Clarendon, "with great sufficiency, being well versed in languages, to understand any that are used in business and to make himself understood." But in August, 1642, the Civil War broke out. With that departure of the public peace fled forever Falkland's own. He exposed himself at Edge-hill with even more than his ordinary carelessness of danger. As the war continued, his unhappiness grew upon him more and more. But let us quote Clarendon, who is here admirable:—

From his entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to. Yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor (which supposition and conclusion generally sank into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of), he resisted those indispositions, *et in luctu, bellum inter remedia erat*. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness. And he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habits, which he had minded before always with more industry and neatness and expense than is usual to so great a soul, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent.

In this mood he came to Newbury. Before the battle he told one of his friends that "he was weary of the times and foresaw much misery to his country, and did believe he should be out of it ere night." But now, as always, the close contact with danger reanimated him.

In the morning, before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when

there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man in the four-and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence. Whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

He fell on the 20th of September, 1643. His body was carried to Great Tew and buried in the churchyard there. But his grave is unmarked and unknown. The house, too, in which he lived, is gone and replaced by a new one. The stables and dovecote, it is thought, existed in his time; and in the park are oaks and limes on which his eyes may have rested. Falkland left his estates, and the control of his three children, all of them sons, to his wife, with whom he had lived happily and in great affection. But the lands of Tew and Burford have long passed away from his family.

And now, after this review of Falkland's life, let us ask whence arose that exalted esteem of him whereof Lord Carnarvon speaks, and whether it was deserved. In the first place, then, he had certainly, except personal beauty, everything to qualify him for a hero to the imagination of mankind in general. He had rank, accomplishment, sweet temper, exquisite courtesy, liberality, magnanimity, superb courage, melancholy, misfortune, early death. Of his accomplishment we have spoken. And he was accomplished, nay learned, "with the most dexterity and address," says Clarendon, "and the least pedantry and affectation, that ever man who knew so much was possessed with, of what quality soever." Of his amenity we have spoken also; of "his disposition so gentle and obliging, so much delighting in courtesy, that all mankind could not but admire and love him;" of "his gentleness and affability so transcendent and obliging, that it drew reverence, and some kind of compliance, from the roughest and most unpolished and stubborn constitutions, and made them of another temper of debate, in his presence, than they were in other places." Equally charming was his generosity and delicacy to all who stood in need of help, but especially to those "whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to, ordinary obligations." Such is Clarendon's euphe-

mistical phrase for poor and proud men of letters. His high-mindedness is well shown in his offer, which we have already mentioned, to resign his fortune to his father. Let me quote another fine instance of it. He never would consent, while he was secretary of state, to two practices which he found established in his office: the employment of spies and the opening of letters.

For the first, he would say, such instruments must be void of all ingenuousness and common honesty before they could be of use, and afterwards they could never be fit to be credited; and no single preservation could be worth so general a wound and corruption of human society, as the cherishing such persons would carry with it. The last he thought such a violation of the law of nature that no qualification by office could justify him in the trespass.

His courage, again, had just the characters which charm the imagination.

Upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged. And in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not by resistance made necessary. Insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away. So that a man might think, he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood.

At the siege of Gloucester, when Hyde

passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, as being so much beside the duty of his place (of secretary of state) that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merely that his office could not take away the privilege of his age, and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger; but withal alleged seriously, that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men, that all might see that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity or fear to adventure his own person.

To crown all, Falkland has for the imagination the indefinable, the irresistible charm of one who is and must be, in spite of the choicest gifts and graces, unfortunate — of a man in the grasp of fatality. Like the Master of Ravenswood, that most interesting by far of all Scott's

heroes, he is surely and visibly touched by the finger of doom. And he knows it himself; yet he knits his forehead, and holds on his way. His course must be what it must, and he cannot flinch from it; yet he loves it not, hopes nothing from it, foresees how it will end: —

He had not the court in great reverence, and had a presaging spirit that the king would fall into great misfortune; and often said to his friend that he chose to serve the king because honesty obliged him to it, but that he foresaw his own ruin by doing it.

Yes, for the imagination Falkland cannot but be a figure of ideal, pathetic beauty. But for the judgment, for sober reason? Lord Carnarvon insisted on the salutary example of Falkland's "moderation." The Dean of Westminster, who could not go to the Newbury meeting, wrote to say that in his opinion Falkland "is one of the few examples of political eminence unconnected with party, or rather equally connected with both parties; and he is the founder, or nearly the founder, of the best and most enlightening tendencies of the Church of England." And Principal Tulloch, whose chapter on Falkland is perhaps the most delightful chapter of his delightful book,* calls him "the inspiring chief of a circle of rational and moderate thinkers amidst the excesses of a violent and dogmatic age."

On the other hand, "The Spectator" pronounces Falkland to have been capricious and unstable, rather than truly moderate. It thinks that "he was vacillating, and did not count the cost of what he undertook." It judges his life to have been wasted. It says that "the heart of moderation is strength," and that it "seems to us easier to maintain that either Cromwell, or Pym, or Hampden, or Fairfax, presented the truer type of moderation than Falkland." Falkland recoiled, and changed sides; the others recognized the duty for a man "to take strong measures, if none less strong will secure an end which he deems of supreme importance."

Severe, too, upon Falkland, as might be expected, is the *Nonconformist*. It talks of his "amiable and hesitating inconsistency." It says that he was moved by "intellectual perception and spiritual sentiment" rather than by "moral impulse," while the Puritan leaders were "moved mainly by moral impulse." It adds that "the greatest reformers have always been

* Rational Theology in England in the Seventeenth Century.

those who have been swayed by moral feeling rather than by intellectual conceptions, and the greatest reforming movements have been those accomplished not by the enlightened knowledge of a few, but by the moral enthusiasm of the many." The Puritan leaders had faith. "They drew no complete picture of the ideal to be arrived at. But they were firmly and fixedly resolved, that, come what might, the wrongs of which they were conscious should not be endured." They followed, then, the voice of conscience and of duty; "and, broadly speaking, the voice of conscience is the voice of God." And therefore, while Falkland's death "has a special sadness as the end of an inconsistent, and in a certain sense of a wasted life, on the other hand the death of Hampden was a martyr's seal to truths assured of ultimate triumph."

Truths assured of ultimate triumph! Let us pause upon those words. The Puritans were victors in the Civil War, and fashioned things to their own liking. How far was their system at home an embodiment of "truth"? Let us consult a great writer, too little read. *Who now reads Bolingbroke?* asked Burke scornfully. and the right answer is, so far as regards, at any rate, the historical writings of Bolingbroke: "Far too few of us; the more's the pity!" But let us hear Bolingbroke on the success of Puritanism at home:—

Cavaliers and Roundheads had divided the nation, like Yorkists and Lancastrians. To reconcile these disputes by treaty became impracticable, when neither side would trust the other. To terminate them by the sword was to fight, not for preserving the constitution, but for the manner of destroying it. The constitution might have been destroyed under pretence of prerogative. It was destroyed under pretence of liberty. We might have fallen under absolute monarchy. We fell into absolute anarchy.

And to escape from that anarchy, the nation, as every one knows, swung back into the very hands from which Puritanism had wrested it, to the bad and false system of government of the Stuarts.

But the Puritan government, though it broke down at home, was a wise and grand government abroad. No praise is more commonly heard than this. But it will not stand. The Puritan government, Cromwell's government, was a *strong* government abroad; a wise and true-sighted government abroad it was not. Again let us hear Bolingbroke:—

Our Charles the First was no great politician, and yet he seemed to discern that the

balance of power was turning in favor of France, some years before the treaties of Westphalia. He refused to be neuter, and threatened to take part with Spain. Cromwell either did not discern this turn of the balance of power, long afterward when it was much more visible; or, discerning it, he was induced by reasons of private interest to act against the general interest of Europe. Cromwell joined with France against Spain; and though he got Jamaica and Dunkirk, he drove the Spaniards into a necessity of making a peace with France, that has disturbed the peace of the world almost fourscore years, and the consequences of which have well nigh beggared in our times the nation he enslaved in his.

Bolingbroke deals in strong language, but there can be no doubt that the real imminent danger of Europe, in Cromwell's time, was French ambition and French aggrandisement. There can be no doubt that Cromwell either did not discern this, or acted as if he did not discern it; and that Europe had to bear, in consequence, the infliction of the Grand Monarch and of all he brought with him.

But is it meant that the Puritan triumph was the triumph of religion—of conduct and righteousness? Alas! it was its defeat. So grossly imperfect, so false, was the Puritan conception and presentation of righteousness, so at war with the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humor of the English people, that it led straight to moral anarchy, the profligacy of the Restoration. It led to the court, the manners, the stage, the literature, which we know. It led to the long discredit of serious things, to the dryness of the eighteenth century, to the "irreligion" which vexed Butler's righteous soul, to the aversion and incapacity for all deep inquiries concerning religion and its sanctions, to the belief so frequently found now among the followers of natural science that such inquiries are unprofitable. It led, amidst the middle class where religion still lived on, to a narrowness, an intellectual poverty almost incredible. They "entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon their spirit there for two hundred years." It led to that character of their steady and respectable life which makes one shiver: its hideousness, its immense *ennui*.

But is it meant, finally, that, after all, political liberty re-emerged in England, seriousness re-emerged; that they re-emerged and prevail, and that herein, and in the England of to-day, is the triumph of Puritanism? Yes, this is what is really meant. It is very commonly believed and asserted. But let us imitate the society

of Great Tew, and make it our business "to examine and refine those grosser proportions which laziness and consent make current in vulgar conversation." Undoubtedly there has been a result from the long travail which England has passed through between the times of the Renaissance and our own. *Something* has come of it all; and that something is the England of to-day, with its seriousness, such as it is, with its undeniable political liberty. Let us be thankful for what we have, and to the Puritans for their share in producing it. But, in the first place, is it certain that the England of to-day is the best imaginable and possible result from the elements with which we started at the Renaissance? Because, if not, then by some other shaping of events, and without the Puritan triumph, we might conceivably have stood even yet better than we stand now. In the second place, is it certain that of the good which we admittedly have in the England of to-day — the seriousness and the political liberty — the Puritans and the Puritan triumph are the authors? The assumption that they are so is plausible — it is current; it pervades, let me observe in passing, Mr. Green's fascinating history. But is the assumption sound? When one considers the strength, the boldness, the self-assertion, the instincts of resistance and independence in the English nature, it is surely hazardous to affirm that only by the particular means of the Puritan struggle and the Puritan triumph could we have become free in our persons and property. When we consider the character shown, the signal given, in the thinking of Thomas More and Shakespeare, of Bacon and Harvey, how shall we say that only at the price of Puritanism could England have had free thought? When we consider the seriousness of Spenser, that ideal Puritan before the fanatical Puritans and without their faults; when we consider Spenser's seriousness and pureness, in their revolt against the moral disorder of the Renaissance, and remember the allies which they had in the native integrity and piety of the English race, shall we even venture to say that only at the price of Puritanism could we have had seriousness? Puritanism has been one element in our seriousness; but it is not the whole of our seriousness, nor the best in it.

Falkland was profoundly serious. He was "in his nature so severe a lover of justice and so precise a lover of truth, that he was superior to all possible temptations for the violation of either." Far from

being a man flighty and unstable, he was a man, says Clarendon, *constant and pertinacious*; "constant and pertinacious, and not to be wearied with any pains." And he was, as I have said, a born constitutionalist, a hater of "exorbitances" of all kinds, governmental or popular. He "thought no mischief so intolerable as the presumption of ministers of state to break positive rules for reasons of state, or judges to transgress known laws upon the title of convenience or necessity; which made him so severe against the Earl of Strafford and the Lord Finch, contrary to his natural gentleness and temper." He had the historic sense in politics; an aversion to root-and-branch work, to what he called "great mutations." He was for using compromise and adjustment, for keeping what had long served and what was ready to hand, but amending it and turning it to better account. "I do not believe bishops to be *jure divino*," he said; "nay, I believe them not to be *jure divino*." Still, he was not disposed to "root up this ancient tree." He had no superstition about it. "He had in his own judgment," says Clarendon, "such a latitude in opinion, that he did not believe any part of the order or government of it to be so essentially necessary to religion, but that it might be parted with and altered for a notable public benefit or convenience." On the other hand: "He was never in the least degree swayed or moved by the objections which were made against that government (episcopacy) in the Church, holding them most ridiculous; or affected to the other which those men (the Puritans) fancied to themselves." And there episcopacy and the Church of England had been for ages, and it was the part of a statesman, Falkland thought, rather to use them than to destroy them. All this is in the very spirit of English political liberty, as we now conceive it, and as, by the Revolution of 1688, it triumphed. But it is not in the spirit of the Puritans. The *truths assured of ultimate triumph* were, then, so far as political liberty is concerned, rather with Falkland than with the Puritans.

It was his historic sense, again, which made him, when compromise was plainly impossible, side with the king. Things had come, and by no fault of Falkland, to that pass, when the contention, as Bolingbroke truly says, was "not for preserving the constitution but for the manner of destroying it." In such a juncture Falkland looked for the best *power* or *purchase*, to use Burke's excellent expression, that he

could find. He thought he found it in the crown. He thought the Parliament a less available *power* or *purchase* than the crown. He thought renovation more possible by means of the triumph of the crown than by means of the triumph of the Parliament. He thought the triumph of the Parliament the greater leap into chaos. He may have been wrong. Whether a better result might have been got out of the Parliament's defeat than was got out of its triumph, we can never know. What is certain is that the Parliament's triumph did bring things to a dead-lock, that the nation reverted to the monarchy, and that the final victory was neither for Stuarts nor Puritans. And it could not be for either of them, for the cause of neither was sound. Falkland had lucidity enough to see it. He gave himself to the cause which seemed to him least unsound, and to which "honesty," he thought, bound him; but he felt that the truth was not there, any more than with the Puritans — neither the truth nor the future. This is what makes his figure and situation truly tragic. For a sound cause he could not fight; he could only fight for the least bad of two unsound ones. "Publicans and sinners on the one side," as Chillingworth said, "scribes and Pharisees on the other." And Falkland had, I say, the lucidity of mind and the largeness of temper to see it.

Shall we blame him for his lucidity of mind and largeness of temper? Shall we even pity him? By no means. They are his great title to our veneration. They are what make him ours; what link him with the *nineteenth century*. He and his friends, by their heroic and hopeless stand against the inadequate ideals dominant in their time, kept open their communications with the future, lived with the future. Their battle is ours too, and that we pursue it with fairer hopes of success than they did, we owe to their having waged it and fallen. To our English race, with its insularity, its profound faith in action, its contempt for dreamers and failers, inadequate ideals in life, manners, government, thought, religion, will always be a source of danger. Energetic action makes up, we think, for imperfect knowledge. We think that all is well, that a man is following "a moral impulse, if he pursues an end which he deems of supreme importance." We impose neither on him nor on ourselves the duty of discerning whether he is *right* in deeming it so. Hence our causes are often as small as our noise about them is great. To see

people busy themselves about Ritualism, that question of not the most strong-minded portion of the clergy and laity, or to see them busy themselves about that "burning question" of the fierce and acrimonious political dissenters, the burials, leading up to the "burning question" of disestablishment, one might sometimes fancy that the whole English nation, as in Chillingworth's time it was divided into two great hosts of "Publicans and sinners on the one side, scribes and Pharisees on the other," so in ours it was going to divide itself into two vast camps of simpletons here, under the command, suppose, of Mr. Beresford Hope, and of savages there, under the command of Mr. Henry Richard. And it is so notorious that great movements are always led by aliens to the sort of people who make the mass of the movement — by gifted outsiders — that I shall not be suspected of implying that Mr. Beresford Hope is a simpleton or Mr. Henry Richard a savage. But what we have to do is to raise and multiply in this country a third host, with the conviction that the ideals both of simpletons and savages are profoundly inadequate and profoundly unedifying, and with the resolve to win victory for a better ideal than that of either of them.

Falkland and his friends had in their day a like task. On the one hand was the royalist party, with its vices, its incurable delusions; on the other, the Puritans, with their temper, their false, old-Jewish mixture of politics with an ill-understood religion. I should have been glad to say not a word against Hampden in his honorable grave. But the lovers of Hampden cannot forbear to extol him at Falkland's expense. Alas! yet with what benign disdain might not Jesus have whispered to that exemplary but somewhat Philistine Buckinghamshire squire, *seeking the Lord* about militia or ship-money: "Man, who made *me* a judge or a divider over you?"

No; if we are to find a martyr in the history of the great Civil War, let it be Falkland. He was the martyr of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal. Like his friend Hales of Eton, who in our century will again, he too, emerge, after having been long obscured by the Lauds and the Sheldons, by Owen the dreariest of theologians and Baxter the king of bores — like Hales, Falkland in that age of harsh and rancorous tempers was "of a nature so kind, so sweet, that it was near as easy a task for any one to become so knowing as so oblig-

ing. Like Hales, too, Falkland could say: "The pursuit of truth hath been my only care ever since I fully understood the meaning of the word. For this I have forsaken all hopes, all friends, all desires which might bias me, and hinder me from driving right at what I aimed." Like Hales, and unlike our nation in general, Falkland concerned himself with the *why* of things as well as the *what*. "I comprise it all in two words: *what* and *wherefore*. That part of your burden which contains *what*, you willingly take up. But that other, which comprehends *why*, that is either too hot or too heavy; you dare not meddle with it. But I must add that also to your burden, or else I must leave you for idle persons; for without the knowledge of why, of the grounds or reasons of things, there is no possibility of not being deceived." How countless are the deceived and deceiving from this cause! Nay, and the fanatics of the *what*, the neglecters of the *why*, are not unfrequently men of genius; they have the temperament which influences, which prevails, which acts magnetically upon men. So we have the Philistine of genius in religion — Luther; the Philistine of genius in politics — Cromwell; the Philistine of genius in literature — Bunyan. All three of them, let us remark, are Germanic, and two of them are English. Mr. Freeman must be enchanted.

Let us return to Falkland — to our martyr of sweetness and light, of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper. Let us bid him farewell, not with compassion for him and not with excuses, but in confidence and pride. Slowly, very slowly, his ideal of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper conquers; but it conquers. In the end it will prevail, only we must have patience. The day will come when this nation shall be renewed by it. But O lime-trees of Tew, and quiet Oxfordshire field-banks where the first violets are even now raising their heads — how often, ere that day arrive for Englishmen, shall your renewal be seen!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

REPENTANCE.

BALFOUR was astounded when he learned that Lord Willowby and his daughter had left without bidding him good-by; and he was more astounded still when he found, on calling at their hotel next morning, that Lady Sylvia had gone home.

"What is the meaning of it?" said he, in amazement.

"You ought to know," said Lord Willowby. "I cannot tell you. I supposed she and you had had some quarrel."

"A quarrel!" he cried, beginning to wonder whether his reason had not altogether forsaken him.

"Well," said his lordship, with a shrug, "I don't know. She would come home last night, though I knew she had been looking forward to going to Lady —'s. And this morning, nothing would do but that she must get home at once. She and Anne started an hour ago."

"Oh, this is monstrous — this is unendurable," said Balfour. "There is some mistake, and it must be cleared up at once. Come, Lord Willowby, shall we take a run down into Surrey? You will be back by four or five."

Lord Willowby did not like the notion of being dragged down into Surrey and back by an impatient lover; but he was very anxious at this time to ingratiate himself with Balfour. And when they did set out, he thought he might as well improve the occasion. Balfour was disturbed and anxious by this strange conduct on the part of his sweetheart; and he was grateful to Lord Willowby for so promptly giving him his aid to have the mystery cleared up. He was talking more than usual. What wonder, then, that in the course of conversation Lord Willowby should incidentally allude to the opportunities which a man of means had of multiplying his wealth? If he had a few thousands, for example, how could he better dispose of them than in this project for the buying of land in the suburbs of New York? It was not a speculation; it was a certainty. In 1880 the population of New York would be two millions. The value of this land for the building of handsome boulevards

wards would be enormously increased. And so forth.

"I heard you were in that," said Balfour, curtly.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Lord Willowby, with some eagerness.

"I don't know," answered the younger man, absently looking out of the window. "I don't think there is any certainty about it. I fancy the Americans have been overspending and overbuilding for some time back. If that land *were* thrown on your hands, and you had to go on paying the heavy assessments they levy out there — it would be an uncommonly awkward thing for you."

"You take rather a gloomy view of things this morning," said Lord Willowby, with one of his fierce and suddenly vanishing smiles.

"At any rate," said Balfour, with some firmness, "it is a legitimate transaction. If the people want the land, they will have to pay your price for it: that is a fair piece of business. I wish I could say as much — you will forgive my frankness — about your Seven per Cent. Investment Association."

His lordship started. There was an ugly implication in the words. But it was not the first time he had had to practise patience with this Scotch boor.

"Come, Balfour, you are not going to prophesy evil all round?"

"Oh, no," said the younger man, carelessly. "Only I know you can't go on paying seven per cent. It is quite absurd."

"My dear fellow, look at the foreign loans that are paying their eight, ten, twelve per cent. —"

"I suppose you mean the South American republics!"

"Look how we distribute the risk. The failure of one particular investment might ruin the individual investor: it scarcely touches the association. I consider we are doing an immense service to all those people throughout the country who *will* try to get a high rate of interest for their money. Leave them to themselves, and they ruin themselves directly. We step in, and give them the strength of co-operation."

"I wish your name did not appear on the board of directors," said Balfour, shortly.

Lord Willowby was not a very sensitive person, but this rudeness caused his sallow face to flush somewhat. What, then: must he look to the honor of his name now that this sprig of a merchant — this tradesman — had done him the honor of propos-

ing to marry into his family? However, Lord Willowby, if he had a temper like other people, had also a great deal of prudence and self-control, and there were many reasons why he should not quarrel with this blunt-spoken young man at present.

They had not remembered to telegraph for the carriage to meet them; so they had to take a fly at the station, and await patiently the slow rumbling along the sweetly scented lanes. As they neared the hall, Balfour was not a little perturbed. This was a new and a strange thing to him. If the relations between himself and his recently-found sweetheart were liable to be thus suddenly and occultly cut asunder, what possible rest or peace was there in store for either? And it must be said that of all the conjectures he made as to the cause of this mischief, not one got even near the truth.

Lady Sylvia was sent for; and her father discreetly left the young man alone in the drawing-room. A few minutes afterwards the door was opened. Balfour had been no diligent student of women's faces; but even he could tell that the girl who now stood before him, calm, and pale, and silent, had spent a wakeful night, and that her eyes had been washed with tears; so that his first impulse was to go forward and draw her towards him, that he might hear her confession with his arms around her. But there was something unmistakably cold and distant in her manner that forbade his approach.

"Sylvia," he cried, "what is all this about? Your father fancies you and I have quarrelled."

"No, we have not quarrelled," she said, simply — but there was a tired look in her eyes. "We have only misunderstood each other. It is not worth talking about."

He stared at her, in amazement.

"I hear papa outside," she said; "shall we join him?"

But this was not to be borne. He went forward, took her two hands firmly in his, and said with decision, —

"Come, Sylvia, we are not children. I want to know why you left last night. I have done my best to guess at the reason; and I have failed."

"You don't know, then?" she said, turning the pure, clear, innocent eyes on his face with a look that had not a little indignation in it. It was well for him that he could meet that straight look without flinching.

"I give you my word of honor," said

he, with obvious surprise, "that I haven't the remotest notion in the world as to what all this means?"

"It is nothing, then?" said she, warmly, and she was going to proceed with her charge when her pride rebelled. She would not speak. She would not claim that which was not freely given. Unfortunately, however, when she would fain have got away, he had a tight grip of her hand; and it was clear from the expression on this man's face that he meant to have an explanation, there and then.

So he held her until she told him the whole story—the red blood tingling in her cheek the while, and her bosom heaving with that struggle between love and wounded pride. He waited until she had spoken the very last word; and then he let her hands fall, and stood silent before her for a second or two.

"Sylvia," said he, slowly, "this is not merely a lover's quarrel. This is more serious. I could not have imagined that you knew so little about me. You fancy, then, that I am a fresh and ingenuous youth, ready to have my head turned if a schoolgirl looks at me from under long eyelashes; or worse still, a philanderer—a professor of the fine art of flirtation. Well, that was not my reading of myself. I fancied I had come to man's estate. I fancied I had some serious work to do. I fancied I knew a little about men and women—at least I never imagined that any one would suspect me of being imposed on by a girl in her first season. Amused?—certainly I was amused—I was even delighted by such a show of pretty and delicate innocence. Could anything be prettier than a girl in her first season assuming the airs of a woman of the world: could anything be more interesting than that innocent chatter of hers, though I could not make out whether she had caught the trick of it from her brother or whether she had imparted to that precocious lad some of her universal information. But now it appears I was playing the part of a guileless youth. I was dazzled by the fascination of the schoolgirl eyes. Gracious goodness, why wasn't my hair yellow and curly, that I might have been painted as Cupid? And what would the inhabitants of Ballinascroon say if they were told *that* was my character?"

He spoke with bitter emphasis. But this man Balfour went on the principle that serious ills needed prompt and serious remedies.

"Presented to the town-hall of Ballinascroon," he continued, with a scornful

laugh, "a portrait of H. Balfour, M.P., in the character of a philanderer! The author of this flattering and original likeness—Lady Sylvia Blythe!"

The girl could stand this no longer. She burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, in the midst of which he put his arms round her, and hushed her head against his breast, and bade her be quiet.

"Come, Sylvia," said he, "let us have done with this nonsense at once and forever. If you wait until I give you real cause for jealousy—if you have no other unhappiness than that—your life will be a long and fairly comfortable one. Not speaking to you all through dinner? Did you expect me to bawl across the table, when you know very well your first desire was to conceal from those people the fact of our being engaged? Listening to no one but her? I hadn't a chance! She chattered from one end of the dinner to the other. But really, Sylvia, if I were you, I would fix upon some more formidable rival——"

"Please don't scold me any more," said she, with a fresh fit of crying.

"I am not scolding you," he said. "I am only talking common sense to you. Now dry your eyes, and promise not to be foolish any more, and come out into the garden."

After the rain the sunshine. They went out arm-in-arm, and she was clinging very closely to him, and there was a glad, bright, blushing happiness on her face.

Now this was the end of their first trouble, and it seemed a very small and trivial affair when it was over. The way was now clear before them. There were to be no more misunderstandings. But Mr. Hugh Balfour was a practical person, not easily led away by beautiful anticipations, and the more he pondered over the matter in those moments of quiet reflection that followed his evenings at the House, the more he became convinced that the best guarantee against the recurrence of misunderstandings and consequent trouble was marriage. He convinced himself that an immediate marriage, or a marriage as early as social forms would allow, was not only desirable, but necessary; and so clear was his line of argument, that he never doubted for a moment but that it would at once convince Lady Sylvia.

But his arguments did not at all convince Lady Sylvia. On the contrary, this proposal, which was to put an end to the very possibility of trouble, only landed them in a further trouble. For he, being greatly

occupied at the time — the Parliamentary session having got on into June — committed the imprudence of making this suggestion in a letter. Had he been down at Willowby Hall, walking with Lady Sylvia in the still twilight, with the stars beginning to tell in the sky, and the mist beginning to gather along the margin of the lake, he might have had another answer; but now she wrote to him that in her opinion so serious a step as marriage was not to be adventured upon in a hurry, and she added, too, with some pardonable pride, that it was not quite seemly on his part to point out how they could make their honeymoon trip coincide with the general autumn holiday. Was their marriage to appear to be a merely trivial or accidental thing, waiting for its accomplishment until Parliament should be prorogued?

He got the letter very late one night, when he was sorely fatigued, harassed, and discontented with himself. He had lost his temper in the House that evening; he had been called to order by Mr. Speaker; as he walked home he was reviling himself for having been betrayed into a rage. When he saw the letter lying on the table, he brightened up somewhat. Here, at least, would be consolation — a tender message — perhaps some gentle intimation given that the greatest wish of his heart might soon be realized. Well, he opened the letter and read it. The disappointment he experienced doubtless exaggerated what he took to be the coldness of its terms. He paid no attention to the real and honest expressions of affection in it; he looked only at her refusal, and saw temper where there was only a natural and sensitive pride.

Then the devil took possession of him, and prompted him to write in reply there and then. Of course *he* would not show temper, being a man. All the same, he felt called on to point out, politely but firmly, that marriage was after all only one among the many facts of life; and that it was not rendered any the more sublime and mysterious by making it the occasion for a number of microscopic martyrdoms and petty sacrifices. He saw no reason why the opportunity offered by the close of the session should not be made use of; as for the opinion of other people on the seemliness of the arrangement, she would have to be prepared for the discovery that neither on that point nor on any other was he likely to shape his conduct to meet the views of a mass of strangers. And so forth. It was a perfectly sensible letter. The line

of argument was clear. How could she fail to see her error?

But to the poor fluttering heart down there in the country these words came with a strange chill; and it seemed to her that her lover had suddenly withdrawn from her to a great distance, leaving the world around her dark enough. Her first impulse was to utter a piteous cry to him. She sat down and wrote, with trembling fingers, these words: —

"Dearest Hugh,

"I will do whatever you please, rather than have you write to me like that.

"Sylvia."

Probably, too, had she sent off this letter at once, he would have been struck by her simple and generous self-abnegation; and he would have instantly refused to demand from her any sacrifice of feeling whatever. But then the devil was abroad. He generally is about when two sweethearts try to arrange some misunderstanding by the perilous process of correspondence. Lady Sylvia began to recollect that, after all, something was due her womanly pride. Would it not seem unmaidenly thus to surrender at discretion on so all-important a point as the fixing of the wedding-day? She would not have it said that they were waiting for Parliament to rise before they got married. In any case, she thought the time was far too short. Moreover, was this the tone in which a man should ask a woman to fix the day of her marriage?

So she answered the letter in another vein. If marriage, she said, was only one of the ordinary facts of life, she at least did not regard it in that light at all. She cared for tittle-tattle as little as he; but she did not like the appearance of having her wedding-trip arranged as if it were an excursion to Scotland for grouse-shooting. And so forth. Her letter, too, was clever — very clever, indeed, and sharp. Her face was a little flushed as she sealed it, and bade the servant take it to the post-office the first thing in the morning. But apparently that brilliant piece of composition did not afford her much satisfaction afterwards; for she passed the night, not in healthful sleep, but in alternate fits of crying and bitter thinking, until it seemed to her that this new relationship into which she had entered with such glad anticipations was bringing her only sorrow after sorrow, grief after grief. For she had experienced no more serious troubles than these.

When Hugh Balfour received this letter,

he was in his bedroom, about eight o'clock in the evening; and he was dressed for the most part in shabby corduroy, with a wisp of dirty black silk round his neck. His man Jackson had brought up from the kitchen some ashes for the smearing of his hands and face. A cadger's basket stood on the table hard by.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE ALPS IN WINTER.

MEN of science have recently called our attention to the phenomena of dual consciousness. To the unscientific mind it often seems that consciousness in its normal state must be rather multiple than dual. We lead, habitually, many lives at once, which are blended and intercalated in strangely complex fashion. Particular moods join most naturally, not with those which are contiguous in time, but with those which owe a spontaneous affinity to their identity of composition. When in my study, for example, it often seems as if that part alone of the past possessed reality which had elapsed within the same walls. All else—the noisy life outside, nay, even the life, sometimes rather noisy too, in the next room, becomes dreamlike. I can fancy that my most intimate self has never existed elsewhere, and that all other experiences recorded by memory have occurred to other selves in parallel but not continuous currents of life. And so, after a holiday, the day on which we resume harness joins on to the day on which we dropped it, and the interval fades into a mere hallucination.

There are times when this power (or weakness) has a singular charm. We can take up dropped threads of life, and cancel the weary monotony of daily drudgery; though we cannot go back to the well-beloved past, we can place ourselves in immediate relations with it, and break the barriers which close in so remorselessly to hide it from longing eyes. To some of us the charm is worked instantaneously by the sight of an Alpine peak. The dome of Mont Blanc or the crags of the Wetterhorn are spells that disperse the gathering mists of time. We can gaze upon them till we "beget the golden time again." And there is this peculiar fascination about the eternal mountains. They never recall the trifling or the vulgarizing associations of old days. There are times when the bare sight of a letter, a ring, or an old house, overpowers some people

with the rush of early memories. I am not so happily constituted. Relics of the conventional kind have a perverse trick of reviving those petty incidents which one would rather forget. They recall the old follies that still make one blush, or the hasty word which one would buy back with a year of the life that is left. Our English fields and rivers have the same malignant freakishness. Nature in our little island is too much dominated by the petty needs of humanity to have an affinity for the simpler and deeper emotions. With the Alps it is otherwise. There, as after a hot summer day the rocks radiate back their stores of heat, every peak and forest seems to be still redolent with the most fragrant perfume of memory. The trifling and vexatious incidents cannot adhere to such mighty monuments of bygone ages. They retain whatever of high and tender and pure emotion may have once been associated with them. If I were to invent a new idolatry (rather a needless task) I should prostrate myself, not before beast, or ocean, or sun, but before one of those gigantic masses to which, in spite of all reason, it is impossible not to attribute some shadowy personality. Their voice is mystic and has found discordant interpreters; but to me at least it speaks in tones at once more tender and more awe-inspiring than that of any mortal teacher. The loftiest and the sweetest strains of Milton or Wordsworth may be more articulate, but do not lay so forcible a grasp upon my imagination.

In the summer there are distractions. The business of eating, drinking, and moving is carried on by too cumbrous and clanking a machinery. But I had often fancied that in the winter, when the whole region becomes part of dreamland, the voice would be more audible and more continuous. Access might be attained to those lofty reveries in which the true mystic imagines time to be annihilated, and rises into beatific visions untroubled by the accidental and the temporary. Pure undefined emotion, indifferent to any logical embodiment, undisturbed by external perception, seems to belong to the sphere of the transcendental. Few people have the power to rise often to such regions or remain in them long. The indulgence, when habitual, is perilously enervating. But most people are amply secured from the danger by incapacity for the enjoyment. The temptation assails very exceptional natures. We—the positive and matter-of-fact part of the world—need be no more afraid of dreaming too

much than the London rough need be warned against an excessive devotion to the fine arts. Our danger is the reverse. Let us, in such brief moments as may be propitious, draw the curtains which may exclude the outside world, and abandon ourselves to the passing luxury of abstract meditation; or rather, for the word meditation suggests too near an approach to ordinary thought, of passive surrender to an emotional current.

The winter Alps provide some such curtain. The very daylight has an unreal glow. The noisy summer life is suspended. A scarce audible hush seems to be whispered throughout the region. The first glacier stream that you meet strikes the keynote of the prevailing melody. In summer the torrent comes down like a charge of cavalry—all rush and roar and foam and fury—turbid with the dust ground from the mountain's flanks by the ice-share, and spluttering and writhing in its bed like a creature in the agonies of strangulation. In winter it is transformed into the likeness of one of the gentle brooks that creeps round the roots of Scawfell, or even one of those sparkling trout-streams that slide through a water meadow in the south. It is perfectly transparent. It babbles round rocks instead of clearing them at a bound. It can at most fret away the edges of the huge white pillows of snow that cap the boulders. High up it can only show itself at intervals between smothering snow-beds which form continuous bridges. Even the thundering fall of the Handeck becomes a gentle thread of pure water creeping behind a broad sheet of ice, more delicately carved and moulded than a lady's veil, and so diminished in volume that one wonders how it has managed to festoon the broad rock faces with so vast a mass of pendent icicles. The pulse of the mountains is beating low; the huge arteries through which the life-blood courses so furiously in summer have become a world too wide for this trickle of pellucid water. If one is still forced to attribute personality to the peaks, they are clearly in a state of suspended animation. They are spell-bound, dreaming of dim abysses of past time or of the summer that is to recall them to life. They are in a trance like that of the Ancient Mariner when he heard spirit voices conversing overhead in mysterious murmurs.

This dream-like impression is everywhere pervading and dominant. It is in proportion to the contrary impression of stupendous, if latent, energy which the Alps

make upon one in summer. Then when an avalanche is discharged down the gorges of the Jungfrau, one fancies it the signal gun of a volley of artillery. It seems to betoken the presence of some huge animal, crouching in suspense but in perpetual vigilance, and ready at any moment to spring into portentous activity. In the winter the sound recalls the uneasy movement of the same monster, now lapped in sevenfold dreams. It is the rare interruption to a silence which may be felt—a single indication of the continued existence of forces which are for the time lulled into absolute repose. A quiet sea or a moonlit forest on the plains may give an impression of slumber in some sense even deeper. But the impression is not so vivid because less permanent and less forcibly contrasted. The lowland forest will soon return to such life as it possesses, which is after all little more than a kind of entomological buzzing. The ocean is the only rival of the mountains. But the six months' paralysis which locks up the energies of the Alps has a greater dignity than the uncertain repose of the sea. It is as proper to talk of a sea of mountains as of a mountain wave; but the comparison always seems to me derogatory to the scenery which has the greatest appearance of organic unity. The sea is all very well in its way; but it is a fidgety uncomfortable kind of element; you can see but a little bit of it at a time; and it is capable of being horribly monotonous. All poetry to the contrary notwithstanding, I hold that even the Atlantic is often little better than a bore. Its sleep chiefly suggests absence of the most undignified of all ailments; and it never approaches the grandeur of the strange mountain trance.

There are dreams and dreams. The special merit of the mountain structure is in the harmonious blending of certain strains of emotion not elsewhere to be enjoyed together. The winter Alps are melancholy, as everything sublime is more or less melancholy. The melancholy is the spontaneous recognition by human nature of its own pettiness when brought into immediate contact with what we please to regard as eternal and infinite. It is the starting into vivid consciousness of that sentiment which poets and preachers have tried, with varying success, to crystalize into definite figures and formulæ; which is necessarily more familiar to a man's mind, as he is more habitually conversant with the vastest objects of thought; and which is stimulated in the mountains in proportion as they are less dominated by

the petty and temporary activities of daily life. In death, it is often said, the family likeness comes out which is obscured by individual peculiarities during active life. So in this living death or cataleptic trance of the mountains, they carry the imagination more easily to their permanent relations with epochs indefinitely remote.

The melancholy, however, which is shared with all that is sublime or lovely has here its peculiar stamp. It is at once exquisitely tender and yet wholesome and stimulating. The Atlantic in a December gale produces a melancholy tempered by the invigorating influence of the human life that struggles against its fury; but there is no touch of tenderness in its behavior; it is a monster which would take a cruel pleasure in mangling and disfiguring its victim. A boundless plain is often at once melancholy and tender, especially when shrouded in snow; but it is depressing as the vapors which hang like palls over a dreary morass. The Alps alone possess the merit of at once soothing and stimulating. The tender half-tones, due to the vaporous air, the marvellous delicacy of light and shade on the snow-piled ranges, and the subtlety of line, which suggests that some sensitive agent has been moulding the snow covering to every gentle contour of the surface, act like the media which allow the light-giving rays to pass, whilst quenching the rays of heat; they transmit the soothing and resist the depressing influences of nature. The snow on a half-buried chalet suggests a kind hand laid softly on a sick man's brows. And yet the nerves are not relaxed. The air is bright and bracing as the purest breeze on the seashore, without the slightest trace of languor. It has the inspiring quality of the notorious "wild north-easter," without its preposterous bluster. Even in summer the same delicious atmosphere may be breathed amongst the higher snow-fields in fine weather. In winter it descends to the valleys, and the nerves are strung as firmly as those of a race-horse in training, without being over-excited. The effect is heightened by the intensity of character which redeems every detail of a mountain region from the commonplace. The first sight of a pine-tree, bearing so gallantly — with something, one may almost say, of military jauntiness — its load of snow crystals destroyed to me forever the charm of one of Heine's most frequently quoted poems. It became once for all impossible to conceive of that least morbid of trees indulging in melancholy longing for a southern palm. It may

show something of the sadness of a hard struggle for life; but never in the wildest of storms could it condescend to sentimentalism.

But it is time to descend to detail. The Alps in winter belong, I have said, to dreamland. From the moment when the traveller catches sight, from the terraces of the Jura, of the long encampment of peaks, from Mont Blanc to the Wetterhorn, to the time when he has penetrated to the innermost recesses of the chain, he is passing through a series of dreams within dreams. Each vision is a portal to one beyond and within, still more unsubstantial and solemn. One passes, by slow gradations, to the more and more shadowy regions, where the stream of life runs lower and the enchantment binds the senses with a more powerful opiate. Starting, for example, from the loveliest of all conceivable lakes, where the Blümli Alp, the Jungfrau, and Schreckhorn form a marvellous background to the old towers of Thun, one comes under the dominion of the charm. The lake-waters, no longer clouded by turbid torrents, are mere liquid turquoise. They are of the color of which Shelley was thinking when he described the blue Mediterranean awakened from his summer dreams "beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's Bay." Between the lake and the snow-clad hills lie the withered forests, the delicate reds and browns of the deciduous foliage giving just the touch of warmth required to contrast the coolness of the surrounding scenery. And higher up, the pine forests still display their broad zones of purple, not quite in that uncompromising spirit which reduces them in the intensity of summer shadow to mere patches of pitchy blackness, but mellowed by the misty air, and with their foliage judiciously softened with snow-dust like the powdered hair of a last-century beauty. There is no longer the fierce glare which gives a look of parched monotony to the stretches of lofty pasture under an August sun. The perpetual greens, denounced by painters, have disappeared, and in their place are ranges of novel hue and texture which painters may possibly dislike — for I am not familiar with their secrets — but which they may certainly despair of adequately rendering. The ranges are apparently formed of a delicate material of creamy whiteness, unlike the dazzling splendors of the eternal snows, at once so pure and so mellow that it suggests rather frozen milk than ordinary snow. If not so ethereal, it is softer and more tender than its rival on the

loftier peaks. It is moulded into the same magic combination of softness and delicacy by shadows so pure in color that they seem to be woven out of the bluest sky itself. Lake and forest and mountain are lighted by the low sun, casting strange misty shadows to portentous heights, to fade in the vast depths of the sky, or to lose themselves imperceptibly on the mountain flanks. As the steamboat runs into the shadow of the hills, a group of pine-trees on the sky-line comes near the sun, and is suddenly transformed into molten silver; or some snow-ridge, pale as death on the nearest side, is lighted up along its summit with a series of points glowing with intense brilliancy, as though the peaks were being kindled by a stupendous burning-glass. The great snow mountains behind stand glaring in spectral calm, the cliffs hoary with frost, but scarcely changed in outline or detail from their summer aspect. When the sun sinks, and the broad glow of gorgeous coloring fades into darkness, or is absorbed by a wide expanse of phosphoric moonlight, one feels fairly in the outer court of dreamland.

Scenery, even the wildest which is really enjoyable, derives half its charm from the occult sense of the human life and social forms moulded upon it. A bare fragment of rock is ugly till enamelled by lichens, and the Alps would be unbearably stern but for the picturesque society preserved among their folds. In summer the true life of the people is obscured by the rank overgrowth of parasitic population. In winter the stream of existence shows itself in more of its primitive form, like the rivulets which represent the glacier torrents. As one penetrates further into the valleys, and the bagman element — the only representative of the superincumbent summer population — disappears, one finds the genuine peasant, neither the parasite which sucks the blood of summer tourists nor the melodramatic humbug of operas and picture-books. He is the rough athletic laborer, wrestling with nature for his immediate wants, reducing industrial life to its simplest forms, and with a certain capacity — not to be quite overlooked — for the absorption of *schnaps*. Even Sir Wilfred Lawson would admit the force of the temptation after watching a day's labor in the snow-smothered forests. The village is empty of its male inhabitants in the day, and towards evening one hears distant shouts and the train of sleighs emerges from the skirts of the forest, laden with masses of winter fodder, or with the

mangled trunks of "patrician trees," which strain to the utmost the muscles of their drawers. As the edge of an open slope is reached, a tumultuous glissade takes place to the more level regions. Each sleigh puts out a couple of legs in advance, like an insect's feelers, which agitate themselves in strange contortions, resulting by some unintelligible process in steering the freight past apparently insuperable obstacles. One may take a seat upon one of these descending thunderbolts as one may shoot the rapids of the St. Lawrence; but the process is slightly alarming to untrained nerves.

As the sun sinks the lights begin to twinkle out across the snow from the scattered cottages, more picturesque than ever under their winter covering. There is something pathetic, I hardly know why, in this humble illumination which lights up the snowy waste and suggests a number of little isolated foci of domestic life. One imagines the family gathered in the low, close room, its old stained timbers barely visible by the glimmer of the primitive lamp, and the huge beams in the ceiling enclosing mysterious islands of gloom, and remembers Macaulay's lonely cottage where

The oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit.

The goodman is probably carving lopsided chamois instead of "trimming his helmet's plume;" but it may be said with literal truth that

The goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,

and the spinning-wheel has not yet become a thing of the past. Though more primitive in its arrangements, the village is in some ways more civilized than its British rival. A member of a school board might rejoice to see the energy with which the children are making up arrears of education interrupted by the summer labors. Olive branches are plentiful in these parts, and they seem to thrive amazingly in the winter. The game of sliding in miniature sleighs seems to be inexpressibly attractive for children of all ages, and may possibly produce occasional truancy. But the sleighs also carry the children to school from the higher clusters of houses, and they are to be seen making daily pilgrimages long enough to imply a considerable tax upon their pedestrian powers. A little picture comes back to me as I write of a string of red-nosed urchins plodding vigorously up the deep tracks which lead

from the lower valley to a remote hamlet in a subsidiary glen. The day was gloomy, the light was fading, and the grey hill-ranges melted indistinguishably into the grey sky. The form of the narrow glen, of the level bottom in which a few cottages clustered near the smothered stream, of the sweeps of pine forests rising steeply to the steeper slopes of alp, and of the ranges of precipitous rock above was just indicated by a few broad sweeps of dim shadow distinct enough to suggest, whilst scarcely defining, the main features of the valley and its walls. Lights and shadows intermingled so faint and delicate that each seemed other; the ground was a form of twilight; and certainly it looked as though the children had no very cheerful prospect before them. But, luckily, the mental coloring bestowed by the childish mind upon familiar objects does not come from without nor depend upon the associations which are indissoluble for the older observer.

There is no want, indeed, of natural symbols of melancholy feeling, of impressive bits of embodied sadness, recalling in sentiment some of Bewick's little vignettes of storm-beaten crag and desolate churchyard. Any place out of season has a certain charm for my mind in its suggestions of dreamful indolence. But the Alpine melody deepens at times to pathos and even to passionate regret. The deserted aspect of these familiar regions is often delicious in its way, especially to jaded faculties. But it is needless to explain at length why some familiar spots should now be haunted, why silence should sometimes echo with a bitter pang the voices of the past, or the snow seem to be resting on the grave of dead happiness. The less said on such things the better; though the sentiment makes itself felt too emphatically to be quite ignored. The sadder strains blend more audibly with the music of the scenery as one passes upwards through grim gorges towards the central chain and the last throbs of animation begin to die away. In the calmest summer day the higher Aar valley is stern and savage enough. Of all congenial scenes for the brutalities of a battle-field, none could be more appropriate than the dark basin of the Grimsel, with nothing above but the bleakest of rock, and the most desolate of snow-fields, and the sullen lake below, equally ready to receive French or Austrian corpses. The winter aspect of the valley seems to vary between two poles. It can look ghastly as death when the middle air is thick with falling snow, just re-

vealing at intervals the black bosses of smoothed cliff that glare fantastically downwards from apparently impassable heights, whilst below the great gash of the torrent-bed looks all the more savage from the cakes of thick ice on the boulders at the bottom. It presents an aspect which by comparison may be called gentle when the winter moonlight shows every swell in the continuous snowfields that have gagged the torrent and smoothed the ruggedness of the rocks. But the gorge is scarcely cheerful at the best of times, nor can one say that the hospice to which it leads is a lively place of residence for the winter. Buried almost to the eaves in snow, it looks like an eccentric grey rock with green shutters. A couple of servants spend their time in the kitchen with a dog or two for company, and have the consolations of literature in the shape of a well-thumbed almanac. Doubtless its assurance that time does not actually stand still must often be welcome. The little dribble of commerce, which never quite ceases, is represented by a few peasants, who may occasionally be weather-bound long enough to make serious inroads on the dry bread and frozen ham. Pigs, for some unknown reason, seem to be the chief article of exchange, and they squeal emphatic disapproval of their enforced journey. At such a point one is hanging on to the extremest verge of civilization. It is the last outpost held by man in the dreary regions of frost. One must generally reach it by floundering knee-deep, with an occasional plunge into deeper drifts through hours of severe labor. Here one has got almost to the last term. The dream is almost a nightmare. One's soul is sinking into that sleep

Where the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity.

There is but a fragile link between ourselves and the outer world. Taking a plunge into deep water, the diver has sometimes an uncomfortable feeling, as though an insuperable distance intervened between himself and the surface. Here one is engulfed in abysses of wintry silence. One is overwhelmed and drenched with the sense of mountain solitude. And yet it is desirable to pass yet further, and to feel that this flicker of life, feeble as it may be, may yet be a place of refuge as the one remaining bond between yourself and society. One is but playing at danger; but for the moment one can sympathize with the Arctic adventurer

pushing towards the pole, and feeling that the ship which he has left behind is the sole basis of his operations. Above the Grimsel rises the Gallenstock, which, though not one of the mightiest giants, is a grand enough peak, and stands almost at the central nucleus of the Alps. The head waters of the Rhone and the Rhine flow from its base, and it looks defiantly across a waste of glaciers to its great brethren of the Oberland. It recalls Milton's magnificent phrase, "The great vision of the guarded mount," but looks over a nobler prospect than St. Michael's. Five hours' walk will reach it in summer, and it seemed that its winter panorama must be one of the most characteristic in the region. The accident which frustrated our attempt gave a taste of that savage nature which seems ready to leap to life in the winter mountains. The ferocious element of the scenery culminated for a few minutes, which might easily have been terrible.

We had climbed high towards the giant backbone of the mountain, and a few minutes would have placed us on the top. We were in that dim upper stratum, pierced by the nobler peaks alone, and our next neighbor in one direction was the group of Monte Rosa, some sixty miles away, but softly and clearly defined in every detail as an Alpine distance alone can be. Suddenly, without a warning or an apparent cause, the weather changed. The thin white flakes which had been wandering high above our heads changed suddenly into a broad black veil of vapor, dimming square leagues of snow with its shadows. A few salmon-colored wreaths that had been lingering near the furthest ranges had vanished between two glances at the distance, and in their place long trailers of cloud spread themselves like a network of black cobwebs from the bayonet point of the Weisshorn to the great bastion of the Monte Rosa, and seemed to be shooting out mysterious fibres, as the spider projects its nets of gossamer. Though no formed mass of cloud had showed itself, the atmosphere bathing the Oberland peaks rapidly lost its transparency, and changed into a huge blur of indefinite gloom. A wind, cold and icy enough, had all day been sucked down the broad funnel of the Rhone glacier, from the limiting ridges; and the light powdery snow along the final parapet of the Gallenstock had been blowing off in regular puffs, suggestive of the steady roll of rifle smoke from the file-firing of a battalion in line. Now the wind grew louder

and shriller; miniature whirlwinds began to rollick down the steep gullies, and when one turned towards the wind, it seemed as if an ice-cold hand was administering a sharp blow to the cheek. In our solitude, beyond all possible communication with permanent habitation, distant by some hours of walk even from our base at the Grimsel, there was something almost terrible in this sudden and ominous awakening of the storm spirit. We had ventured into the monster's fastness and he was rousing himself. We depended upon the coming moon for our homeward route, and the moon would not have much power in the thick snowstorm that was apparently about to envelope us.

Retreat was evidently prudent, and when the dim light began to fade we were still climbing that broad-backed miscellaneous ridge or congeries of ridges which divides the Grimsel from the Rhone glacier. In summer it is a wilderness of rocky hummocks and boulders, affording shelter to the most ambitious stragglers of the Alpine rose, and visited by an occasional chamois—a kind of neutral ground between the kingdom of perpetual snow and the highest pastures—one of those chaotic misshapen regions which suggest the world has not been quite finished. In winter, a few black rocks alone peep through the snowy blanket; the hollows become covered pitfalls; and some care is required in steering through its intricacies, and crossing gullies steep enough to suggest a possibility of avalanches. Night and storm might make the work severe, though there was no danger for men of average capacity, and with first-rate guides. But, suddenly and perversely, the heaviest and strongest man of the party declared himself to be ill. His legs began to totter, and he expressed a decided approbation of sitting in the abstract. Then, I must confess, an uncomfortable vision flitted for a moment through my brain. I did not think of the spirited description of the shepherd, in Thomson, lost in the snowdrifts,

when, foul and fierce,

All winter drives along the darkened air.

But I did recall a dozen uncomfortable legends—only too authentic—of travellers lost, far nearer to hospitable refuges, in Alpine storms; of that disgusting museum of corpses, which the monks are not ashamed to keep for the edification of travellers across the St. Bernard; of the English tourists frozen almost within reach of safety on the Col du Bonhomme; of

that poor unknown wanderer, who was found a year or two ago in one of the highest chalets of the Val de Bagne, having just been able to struggle thither, in the winter, with strength enough to write a few words on a bit of paper, for the instruction of those who would find his body when the spring brought back the nomadic inhabitants. Some shadowy anticipation suggested itself of a possible newspaper paragraph, describing the zeal with which we had argued against our friend's drowsiness, of our brandy giving out, and pinches, blows, and kicks gradually succeeding to verbal remonstrance. Have not such sad little dramas been described in numberless books of travel? But the foreboding was thrown away. Our friend's distress yielded to the simplest of all conceivable remedies. A few hunches of bread and cheese restored him to a vigor quite excluding even the most remote consideration of the propriety of applying physical force. He was, I believe, the freshest of the party when we came once more, as the moonlight made its last rally against the gathering storm, in sight of the slumbering hospice. It certainly was as grim as ever — solitary and gloomy as the hut of an Esquimaux, representing an almost presumptuous attempt of man to struggle against the intentions of nature, which would have bound the whole region in the rigidity of tenfold torpor. To us, fresh from still sterner regions, where our dreams had begun to be haunted by fierce phantoms resentful of our intrusion, it seemed an embodiment of comfort. It is only fair to add that the temporary hermit of the place welcomed us as heartily as might be to his ascetic fare, and did not even regard us as appropriate victims of speculation.

After this vision of the savageness of winter, I would willingly venture one more description; but I have been already too daring, and beyond certain limits I admit the folly of describing the indescribable. There are sights and scenes, in presence of which the describer, who must feel himself to be, at best, a very poor creature, begins to be sensible that he is not only impertinent but profane. I could, of course, give a rough catalogue of the beauties of the Wengern Alp in winter; a statement of the number of hours' wading in snow across its slopes; a rhapsody about the loveliness of peaks seen between the loaded pine-branches, or the marvelous variety of sublimity and tender beauty enjoyed in perfect calm of bright weather on the dividing ridge. But I refrain. To

me the Wengern Alp is a sacred place — the holy of holies in the mountain sanctuary, and the emotions produced when no desecrating influence is present and old memories rise up, softened by the sweet sadness of the scenery, belong to that innermost region of feeling which I would not, if I could, lay bare. Byron's exploitation of the scenery becomes a mere impertinence; Scott's simplicity would not have been exalted enough; Wordsworth would have seen this much of his own image; and Shelley, though he could have caught some of the finer sentiments, would have half spoilt it by some metaphysical rant. The best modern describers cannot shake off their moralizing or their scientific speculations or their desire to be humorous sufficiently to do justice to such beauties. A follower in their steps will do well to pass by with a simple confession of wonder and awe.

The last glorious vision showed itself as we descended from Lauterbrunnen; in the evening, regretting the neglect of nature to provide men with eyes in their backs. The moonlight reflected from the all-enveloping shroud of snow, slept on the lower ridges before us, and gave a mysterious beauty to the deep gorge of the white Lübschine; but behind us it turned the magnificent pyramid of the Jungfrau from base to summit into one glowing mass of magical light. It was not a single mass — a flat continuous surface, as it often appears in the more emphatic lights and shades of daytime; but a whole wilderness of peak, cliff, and glacier, rising in terrace above terrace and pyramid above pyramid, divided by mysterious valleys and shadowy recesses, the forms growing more delicate as they rose, till they culminated in the grand contrast of the balanced cone of the Silberhorn and the flowing sweep of the loftiest crest. A chaos of grand forms, it yet suggests some pervading design, too subtle to be understood by mortal vision, and scorning all comparison with earthly architecture. And the whole was formed, not of vulgar ice and earth, but of incarnate light. The darkest shadow was bright against the faint cliffs of the shadowy gorge, and the highest light faint enough to be woven out of reflected moonshine. So exquisitely modulated, and at once so audacious and so delicate in its sumptuous splendors of design, it belonged to the dream region, in which we appear to be inspired with supernatural influences.

But I am verging upon the poetical. Within a few hours, we were again strug-

gling for coffee in the buffets of railway stations and forgetting all duties, pleasures, and human interests amongst the tumbling waves of the "silver streak." The winter Alps no longer exist. They are but a vision—a faint memory intruding itself at intervals, when the roar of commonplace has an interval of stillness. Only, if dreams were not at times the best and most solid of realities, the world would be intolerable.

From The Revue Des Deux Mondes.
THE LETAWITZA.

A GALLICIAN TALE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. SARAH F. DEAN.

IT was an unlucky day for the chase: two hazel-hens and a big vulture comprised the whole booty. "It is the fault of that confounded sorceress!" exclaimed the gamekeeper, taking off his hat, and wiping the large drops of perspiration on his forehead on the puffed sleeves of his shirt; then he handed me some brandy in a gourd, yellow and chubby as a Barbary ape.

At dawn we had, it is true, in starting out on our expedition, met a little old woman, all withered up, who was searching for mushrooms in the brushwood; and now evening was falling, and there was nothing left for us but to return to the house. The sun was setting, red and angry, behind the huge blocks of granite that like great crumbling towers overhang the gray, jagged sides of the Carpathian Mountains. Nothing else to be seen, unless it were an old stunted trunk, which, stretching out from the rubbish over the slippery declivity, seemed to reach towards us its long, gnarled arms. It stood projected against the sky, with its bent back, its hanging *chevelure* and mossy beard, absolutely like our Jew; but it clings, firm and immovable, to the rock, as he also knows how to hold on energetically to whatever his thin bony hands have once seized.

We descended rapidly by a path draped with bilberries and rhododendrons, our dog panting painfully behind us, and passed under the green canopy of pines. The subdued noise of a distant waterfall accompanied us. The tall, green, feathery tree-tops, which shot up toward heaven with solemn majesty, began to mingle with the golden, rosy horizon, while from their slender trunks escaped their amber-colored resinous juice. Red and purple

berries, with the large forest flowers, made designs like a many-colored embroidery upon the velvety moss which spread among the interlacing roots; and deep shadows fell from above upon the branches, like black drops between the motionless needles.

A few minutes longer, little clouds hovered in the west, bathing themselves in the rosy sea; then a line of purple extended along the horizon. Above the ground the soft, tremulous air was filled with innumerable little flies transparent as spun glass, and vapors, that might have been taken for white veils of an impalpable material, ascended with brilliant reflections from the tranquil valley, already plunged in night. The bushes, the trees, the mountains, seemed to shoot up in the golden atmosphere and lose themselves in the infinite, while their shadows stretched out ever farther. In the west, a star glittered above the pines, which stood erect against the sky like black swords, or like iron pickets around a park. The songs of birds had ceased. Here and there, only, a whistling sound pierced the forest, and some affrighted animal fled among the branches. The pearly sky had become blue, and gradually darkened. The shadows closed around, and at last were inextricably mingled with the impenetrable mass of slowly thickening gloom. Having, at this moment, reached the foot of the wooded hill, we followed a narrow path which wound around between common pastures and potato-fields. Suddenly the dark space between two rocks towards the west was illuminated, and began to flame as if some village were on fire; then, after a moment, the moon unmasked her golden disk, suspended majestically in the obscurity of the heavens, and diffused over the country her mild, consoling light. A current of cool air passed over the stalks, the grasses, the leaves of the trees, and the dismal summits of the pine forest; everything began to swarm, to flutter, to murmur. Far in advance of us the lights of a village gleamed like glow-worms lying in the grass, and overhead the immense vault was strewn with innumerable stars, like the bivouac fires of a grand army. The moonlight lay along the branches like threads of silver, and all the hills, all the ravines, were swimming in this magical reverberating light, which produces in us at the same time such calm and such melancholy.

As we reached a little cluster of birches, a flashing rocket traversed the sky and disappeared in space. The gamekeeper

crossed himself, and stopped short. "Too late, the evil has come," said he.

"What evil?"

"Didn't you see the star stooped?"

"Certainly."

"It will be transformed into a *letawitza*."

"How is that?"

"In every shooting star there lives a demon which falls upon the earth," replied the gamekeeper in a troubled voice. "If at the instant when one perceives it he recites a certain formula, the witchcraft is conjured away, but if the star touches the earth it takes the form of a woman of great beauty, with long blonde hair which flows and glistens like stars. This beautiful creature is gifted with a strange power over every human soul. She draws young persons to her in the golden network falling over her white shoulders. At night, when all sleep, she bends over them and embraces them,—embraces them pitilessly, until they fall dead."

The gamekeeper had not finished his recital when we seemed to hear afar off, as it were, a deep sigh. This wail burst upon the solemn silence which hung over this sombre copse in the midst of the birches with their perpetually agitated leaves, whose trunks, white as the dead in their winding-sheets, seemed to stand upright around us, mute, and pointing the finger at us.

"What was that?" I asked.

"An undine, or possibly a *roussalka*; * perhaps even the *letawitza*."

"I thought it was a bittern, rather."

"Well, call it so, it is a bittern," returned the gamekeeper with a sort of pity. "In any case we'd better continue our course."

We had taken but a few steps when a flame about the height of a man rose up beside us in a thicket of dwarf alders. It waved to us, bowed down to the earth, and then began to leap before us as if it had a mind to accompany us.

"A will-o'-the-wisp!"

"The good Lord grant it may be only a will-o'-the-wisp!" said the gamekeeper in a low tone; "but I'm afraid the day will not end well."

"Are there some marshes near here?"

"Yes, certainly. There is even a pond. It must be off here to our right."

Reaching the end of our path, we saw, through the thicket, what seemed a mirror reflecting the light of tapers. I went towards it.

* The siren of the Little Russians.

"You are not going to expose your soul to such danger?" groaned the gamekeeper.

Without replying to him, I parted the branches and opened for myself a way to the edge of the pool. The will-o'-the-wisp had disappeared, but the bittern renewed its melancholy cry. The gamekeeper recited his conjuration aloud. We stood upon the border of a large sheet of water, which, lighted by the moon, stretched out at our feet. Some alder-bushes, erect among the brambles, were mirrored mysteriously in the lake. Their roots bathed in it, their long branches trailed in it like floating hair. It was both sad and impressive.

Suddenly, a childish laughter burst forth, pure, clear, and mocking like the tinkling of a silver bell. Bubbles rose to the surface of the water. Luminous little waves agitated it, a thousand sparkles played about each other on the pool, and, in the midst of a whirl of foam, we saw come forth a young woman of strange beauty. Her thick blonde hair, overflowing her marble shoulders, diffused itself in a starry shower. She fixed upon us two large black eyes, radiant and full of mockery.

"God have mercy on my poor soul!" cried the gamekeeper. "Shut your eyes!" and he drew me along. "We must fly!" repeated he in a trembling voice, "fly! or it is all up with us."

A second burst of laughter, yet more Satanic than the first, resounded harshly in our ears.

I followed the gamekeeper. An unknown power, which I could not explain to myself, gave me wings. We traversed, always running, thickets, marshes, meadows. Arrived at an orchard, we arrested our course to take breath.

"You are nothing but an ass!" said I, by way of conclusion.

"Much better be an ass than be damned."

"Fly before a pretty woman!"

"Ah, yes! she was pretty," returned the gamekeeper; "but she does not belong to earth. It is the *letawitza*, the shooting star which has assumed a human form. You did not, then, observe her hair? Wouldn't you have called it a trail of stars floating on the surface of the water?"

"I am going back down there! I must see that woman."

"Are you, then, possessed by a devil?" said the gamekeeper, petrified; "if you laid before me a hundred ducats, if you

offered me the whole world, I would not stir an inch from here."

"But, if I offered you a glass of brandy, would you accompany me?"

"Brandy? what brandy? not rye brandy, I hope."

"Some *slivowitz*, if you like."

The good man heaved a sigh, whistled to his dog, and slowly directed his course towards the pond. I followed in his path, several steps to the rear. A gold-colored will-o'-the-wisp accompanied us, as if to lighten our way. While we followed the fantastic flamelet, which passed sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, whirling under the branches, lengthening itself out on the moss like a snake, or hovering in the air above us, we found ourselves up to the knees in the swamp.

The moon was hidden behind a cloud, as if she were in a conspiracy with the elves to mystify us. The alders, until now motionless and silent, rocked with a dull, rustling sound. The jarring cry of the bittern struck harshly on the ear. Then the water plashed almost over us. It was the dog, which plunged in and with sturdy barks announced to us that we had reached the end. I leaped precipitately over the thick branches, and found myself on the edge of the lake, where the moon, smiling and disentangled from her veils, seemed to contemplate its peaceful face.

The woman with golden hair had disappeared. We saw her neither in the waves where just before she had glittered like a star, nor on the shore, where her white form had stood in relief like a luminary against the blackness of the alders. Now all reposed in mournful silence: not a ripple upon the water, not a breath among the leaves. And in the middle of the pool rose majestically towards heaven a pale water-lily, mounting upward like a white flame.

The gamekeeper drew a long breath.

"God has protected us," murmured he, "but let no one say now that it was not the *letawitza*."

SACHER MASOCH.

From The Spectator.

THE HYPOCRISIES OF NATURE.

It is a curious fact that the severest school of natural history has confirmed rather than undermined the favorite notion of idealist and mystical schools that in the world of plants and animals there are all sorts of types and anticipations, on a lower

plane, of the passions, weaknesses, subterfuges, and craft of men, and especially that the cunning and hypocrisy of nature — practised without any consciousness by the creatures who profit by them — are much more elaborate and perfect than the cunning and hypocrisy of men. It is very curious, too, that it is in the lower region of animal life that this cunning appears to play the most important part. The writers on "natural selection" show us that for one case in which the effects of illusion are used to protect the higher races of animals, there are scores in which those effects are used to protect the lower races. The reptiles and the insects are, as it were, especially under the shield of nature's most elaborate deceptions. There are insects which live, as it were, by hypocrisy, by getting themselves mistaken — so perfect is their costume and acting — for the withered leaves or dried-up twigs amongst which they habitually feed. There are butterflies, again, innocent themselves of any bitter flavor, which are saved by their happy resemblance to other butterflies so bitter in flavor that all the insect-eating birds avoid them. Then, again, there is another favorite device of nature for protecting reptiles and insects, namely, to dress the sheep in wolves' clothing, — in other words, to make creatures which are quite incapable of doing any other animal a serious mischief, assume an air so alarming that they get all the credit of weapons of offence which they do not possess. Thus there are some perfectly harmless snakes in Central America, described by Mr. Wallace, whose protection consists in a gay collar, closely resembling that of one of the most deadly snakes of the forest. Like Patroclus clad in the armor of Achilles, this harmless creature scares away his enemies by the terror of a false repute. But the most curious, perhaps, of all these protecting illusions, because the most utterly deceptive, is one explained by Sir John Lubbock in another of those many lively studies of natural history with which he instructs and amuses us in these dreary days. It is that which he quotes from Weissmann, concerning the fear inspired in small birds by the caterpillar of the sphinx or hawk-moth. The creature is very good food for birds, and quite helpless against them, but it is protected partly by its likeness to a snake, and partly by false eyes upon it, which are merely spots, and nothing else, but which have a very ugly, glaring look when the creature retracts its head, as it does when in danger.

Every one must have observed that these large caterpillars have a sort of uncanny, poisonous appearance; that they suggest a small, thick snake or other evil beast, and the eyes do much to increase the deception. Moreover, the segment on which they are placed is swollen, and the insect, when in danger, has the habit of retracting its head and front segments, which gives it an additional resemblance to some small reptile. That small birds are, as a matter of fact, afraid of these caterpillars (which, however, I need not say, are in reality altogether harmless) Weissmann has proved by actual experiment. He put a caterpillar in a tray in which he was accustomed to place seed for birds. Soon a little flock of sparrows and other small birds assembled to feed as usual. One of them lit on the edge of this tray, and was just going to hop in, when she spied the caterpillar. Immediately she began bobbing her head up and down, but was afraid to go nearer. Another joined her, and then another, until at last there was a little company of ten or twelve birds, all looking on in astonishment, but not one ventured into the tray, while one which lit in it unsuspectingly beat a hasty retreat in evident alarm as soon as she perceived the caterpillar. After watching for some time, Weissmann removed the caterpillar, when the birds soon attacked the seeds. (*Journal of the Society of Arts*, February 23, 1877, p. 284.)

When Shakespeare said that all the world was a stage, and men and women merely players, he never thought, probably, that the remark might be extended, and that many a good comedy — though a comedy of which there are too frequently no intelligent spectators — is acted in spheres far beneath the human. This hawk-moth caterpillar, with the mock-terrors of its mock-eyes, keeping a dozen little birds at bay by merely wriggling beneath its uncomely mask of fear, was surely as remarkable an actor, as skilful a player on nervous fears, as ever turned the threatenings of tragedy into comedy by an improvised impersonation.

It is somewhat remarkable that these protective illusions, though they take effect through the impression they produce on higher organizations, like the organization of birds, are much seldomer found to be protective of such organizations than of the lower organizations of reptiles and insects. It is only while positive resources are wanting that these negative resources for the protection of creatures preyed on by higher animals, are used. The reptile and the insect are protected by their resemblance either to the vegetation they are habitually found amongst, or to other creatures which are more dangerous than they. But the

deceived are not protected so elaborately as the deceivers. The sparrows which were so alarmed by the sphinx caterpillars, though they were not acute enough to see through the illusion, were far superior in intelligence to the creature which gained by the illusion; and partly no doubt for that reason, they are not protected from their enemies by the same kind of artifices. These elaborate artifices are the rudest resorts of nature for the protection of life, not the most advanced. As organization becomes more complex, and resources of all kinds open, the hypocrisy of nature begins to play a less important part, and is, indeed, pretty nearly confined to wrapping otherwise dangerously exposed lives in cloaks of a color so like that of their environment, that they are unobtrusive, and pass without notice, — just as the plumage of certain birds, for instance, in bare countries, conforms itself to the summer or winter hue of the ground they frequent.

Still, true as this is, it is certain that the hypocrisies of nature repeat themselves with more or less completeness and consciousness in the mental life of man. What is the vast force exerted by habit in moulding us into the likeness of the society to which we belong, except a device for making us safe by preventing us from being conspicuous, just as the small green caterpillar is made safe and unobtrusive by its resemblance to the color of the leaves on which it feeds? And it is of course, as in the animal world, the most passive of our species in whom this device of nature for veiling the peculiarities of the moral personality, — always in some respects dangerous things, — is applied with the most elaborate success. The "spectre insect," the "walking-stick" insect, the "praying insect," — as the *Mantis religiosa* is called, from the stiff attitude in which it keeps its forelegs in the air, partly from the instinct which makes it imitate the position of the withered twig, and partly that it may be ready to catch any unwary insect which comes within its grasp, — have all their analogies among the feebler-natured members of our race, amongst the beggars, for instance, who prey upon society while they appear to be merely fixed in attitudes of patient endurance. How closely, for instance, the *Mantis religiosa*, lying in wait for prey, resembles our pious Bible-readers of the streets, quite unconscious of the halfpence they attract. But is there any human analogy for the harmless snake and the sphinx caterpillar, which

succeed by appearing to possess dangerous qualities which they have not, or more dangerous qualities than any they really have? To some extent, we think that even these little hypocrisies of nature have their analogies in the mental world. Lord Thurlow, of whom it was said that no one could really *be* as wise as Lord Thurlow always *seemed*, unquestionably succeeded to some extent through the majestic air which gave a rather commonplace shrewdness such enormous advantages of mien and bearing, — and there are plenty of such successes; and, again, the caterpillar holding a dozen little birds at bay by the contortions of its body and the uncanny glare of its mock-eyes is not at all a bad apologue for Turkey persuading all the powers of Europe that she is so dangerous that none of them dare approach her, though she is a creature without vision and without political vitality. But just as it is in the main the lower forms of animal life that nature protects by these little hypocrisies, so it is in the main in the lowest aspects of mental life that this imitative skill in assuming the air of something better or more powerful than we can really boast of, gains for us social or political advantages. The more there is of us, the less need we have of these humble devices of nature for imposing upon others a false appearance of capacities which we do not possess. It is the insects and the reptiles, not the nobler creatures, which astound us most by their feats of histrionic skill. And it is the poorest elements in man, not his highest qualities, which gain for him the false repute of a wisdom or a courage which he does not possess.

From All The Year Round.

MY SECOND SCHOOL.

ONE of the brothers Smith, in a lively essay, exhorted his reader to catch opportunity by the forelock, if ever he found himself in the company of a set of "wretches" who had never heard of Joe Miller, but yet were perfectly capable of appreciating him. Such an opportunity might never occur again, and the most, consequently, ought to be made of it. Without the remotest chance of balk or hindrance, the man well posted up in his "Joe" is bound, if for the first and only time in his life, to find himself generally amusing.

It is not with the slightest suspicion

that the rare combination of ignorance with appreciativeness to which Mr. Smith refers is to be found among the readers of *All the Year Round*, that I now venture to repeat a very ancient jest. I ward off the sneers with which it will be received, because it singularly symbolizes the somewhat dismal narrative which will presently follow.

Well, then: An amateur painter, who was repairing his house, told a friend that he had been struck by a bright notion. The ceiling of his library was very dirty, so he purposed to whitewash it, and then paint upon it a picture, representing Apollo and the nine Muses. The friend, who had his own views as to the proficiency of the amateur, suggested, as an improvement, that the ceiling should be painted first, and whitewashed afterwards.

Of my second school, which was simply a day-school, and which I entered at the age of ten, I can safely say that it was apparently designed to answer the purpose of the whitewash in the above story, supposing the advice of the friend to have been accurately followed. Whatever we had been taught at my preparatory school, the second school appeared to have been framed with the express purpose of washing out; and in this case, the picture to be obliterated was not only not bad, but very good. I am bound, however, in justice to say, that I and my fellow-pupils had tolerable memories. Our previous knowledge was not obliterated. Simply, we made no progress. Learning was made easy, because it was made small.

Stop! don't let me be incorrect. Objects become somewhat indistinct, when one looks at them through a vista of more than fifty years, unless one takes great pains to secure accuracy. Though we made no progress, we made a great show of making progress; and that was something to the credit of Dr. Saunders, our reverent preceptor. A Dissenting minister of considerable repute in a suburb of London, in the immediate vicinity of that inhabited by Mr. Jackson, he had none of that hatred of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," to which Lord Macaulay refers as prevalent among the early Puritans. If he called upon *paterfamilias*, with the intention of securing some young hopeful as a pupil, he would roll jauntily in an armchair, and talk merrily of the achievement of learning sixty lines of Horace with a minimum of labor, if only his method of instruction was conscientiously followed. What that method was, I never found out; and although, with two or

three others, I was indubitably at the top of the school, I never read any Horace.

The strict attention paid to the rudiments of the English tongue, in a school apparently classical, might to some appear excessive; and I must own that, having been taught under Mrs. Jackson to spell quite as correctly as I spell now, I was not a little surprised when I was requested to learn a column of three syllables in an English spelling-book. Indeed, I was dissatisfied with the proceeding, and had the audacity to ask Dr. Saunders whether we were not going to do any Latin that afternoon. He was openly displeased with the question, and told me that if I liked it I might pursue my Latin at once, instead of getting money by sticking to the spelling-book. The appeal to the pocket implied that, if we had gone through our three syllables in a satisfactory manner, we might each have received a penny.

The employment of pence as stimulants to the acquisition of a mastery over the difficulties of the Latin accidence was remarkable. Dr. Saunders would frequently burst into the school-room, arresting attention by smartly striking his desk with his cane, and cheerfully crying out, —

“Boys, boys, hear! Of a most blue pig in a most green field! The first who will turn that into Latin shall receive a penny!”

Responsive shouts were heard on all sides, and the first shouter, if correct, duly received his penny, which was euphemistically called “merit money.”

I have here to explain that, in spite of its spasmodic manifestations, the genial offer of merit money was part of a system. As quarter-day approached, Trowel, a very big boy, appointed to the office by the doctor, would walk round the schoolroom, armed with a pencil and a slip of paper, and would ask the pupils questions as to the extra items to be inserted in the bill; how many books they had had, and so on. Among the questions was one relating to the probable amount of merit money. The boy, who had received his penny at very irregular intervals, had not the slightest notion on the subject; but the ever-ready Trowel would assist his memory by saying: “Well, half-a-crown won’t be too much, will it?” The boy thought not; and Trowel pursued his quest elsewhere, sometimes eliciting five shillings as the possible figure. Certain I am that the aggregate number of pence, received by any one boy during any one quarter, never approached half-a-crown.

When I say that we seemingly did learn Greek under the auspices of Dr. Saunders, some readers may be of opinion that I contradict myself. But the opinion will cease when they learn what an utter sham our Greek was. A Scotch element, from some unknown reason or other, prevailed in the school. We had Dalzel’s Greek and Ruddiman’s Latin grammar, while our contemporaries looked up to Eton — all bad enough, when compared with the elementary books which, in obedience to a German impulse, are constantly published now. We had, also, Dalzel’s “*Analecta Minora*” made up of presumably easy Greek excerpts; but the crack book was a Glasgow edition of Anacreon.

I suppose this book is still in vogue on the other side of the Tweed; for whenever I have referred to it in the course of conversation with north-country friends, I have invariably found that they recognized the article. It was a very thin volume, clad in that irrepressible sheepskin which was once regarded as the proper clothing for spelling-books and “Tutors’ Assistants,” and at the bottom of each page was a literal prose translation of the Greek above.

Now, only imagine two years of Greek study culminating with Anacreon! There is no need to enquire here how far the pretty poems, attributed to the old debauchee of Teos, are spurious; but any one who knows anything about the matter knows that, if there is one author least fitted among others to familiarize a student with the peculiarities of the Greek language, that one is Anacreon.

But with our Latin, of course, we did something. Did we? As far as I myself am concerned, I can safely report that, if the Greek I learned was little, the Latin was still less. I had learned no Greek at Mrs. Jackson’s, and I will do Dr. Saunders the justice to say that under him I did learn the alphabet; but as for Latin, all I could do was to keep up the amount I had brought with me from the preparatory establishment. In cultivating the language of Cicero — to whom, be it remarked, not the slightest allusion was ever made — we were bound tight to that eminent classic Eutropius, with occasional deviations into the second book of Virgil’s *Æneid*, in which latter region we were most liberally assisted.

All respect to Eutropius! Within the last few years he has shot up into something like celebrity as the historian who, in the most lucid manner, recorded the foundation of the Dacian colony by Trajan, to which the Roumanians trace their

origin; and of late the Danubian provinces have figured among the threads which are entangled in that great knot, the Eastern question. But, half a century ago, there were no Roumanians bearing that name, and the youth of twelve must have been a marvel of geographical erudition if he knew anything about Moldavia and Wallachia in connection with ancient history. The fact was, Eutropius, still known as very useful in his way, is remarkably easy, and was made even easier by the addition of an *ordo*; that is to say, an arrangement of the Latin words, in English order, placed under the proper text, as in the Delphin editions. Even this would not do; that the task might be easier still, a boy read not the text but the *ordo*, and this, be it repeated, was our crack book. There was a vague tradition that somebody had once studied Cornelius Nepos; but I set that down among the myths of the place.

Many books were not purchased; but, thanks to the financial genius that pervaded the establishment, and which, I think, was embodied in the person of Trowel, some of those that were sold must have fetched high prices. The boys, as a rule, were of that happy-go-lucky kind who, when they quit school, do not care to be burdened with reminiscences, but leave their books behind them. In that case the volumes were invariably sold over again; and he was a lucky youth, on the fly-leaf of whose Eutropius the name of a former schoolfellow was not inscribed.

There are many worthy people now living who are of opinion that, at our "great schools," too much time is expended on the study of the dead languages; and if they have followed me to this point they are probably admiring Dr. Saunders for the quantity of sound useful knowledge that he diffused, while thus lightly skimming over the surface of Greek and Latin. If so, they are egregiously mistaken. If the reverend doctor aspired to anything besides the reputation of a popular preacher, it was to the character of a promulgator of classical lore. No head master at Eton or Harrow, in the good old days, had stronger views in this matter than he. We all, indeed, learned writing and arithmetic under the guidance of an authorized assistant, but when some ill-fated wretch was compelled, at the request of his ignoble parents, to solve a few problems in Bonnycastle's "Geometry," I well recollect with what contempt the pursuit was regarded by his fellows. Geometry was all very well for a future carpenter, but

what possible interest could be taken in it by any one who aspired to the character of a gentleman? Of course the vulgar science fell into the province of the assistant, for never would the august Dr. Saunders have been seen with a pair of base mechanical compasses in his hands. Did they think highly of mathematics at Cambridge? If so, so much the worse for Cambridge.

But the royal road to French discovered by the Rev. Dr. Saunders was a masterpiece. Two of us were placed side by side at a desk, with an old-fashioned French novel (warranted harmless) before us. This we were expected simply to puzzle out together, without being subject to any examination, either by the doctor, or by any other third party. That, in this irresponsible position we ever looked at the novel at all is to me a matter for marvel, but, most assuredly, we did so; though, it must be owned, the narrative was frequently interrupted by conversation on our own private affairs. On one occasion, the illicit discourse was interrupted by the doctor, who, with considerable ingenuity, had contrived to place his head, unobserved, between ours, and harshly commented on our abuse of the trust with which we were so handsomely and so unacademically honored. We mildly pleaded that the novel was "dry," and—wonder of wonders!—when we returned to the schoolroom after the half-hour spent in the play-ground habitually conceded to the boys in the course of a day, which lasted from about half-past nine to one, our plea was thought feasible, and the triumphant doctor placed before our eyes the more amusing "Hermann of Unna," a work translated from the German, and of which an English version was eagerly read at a time when Mrs. Anne Radcliffe was at the height of her popularity. I am able to affirm that we did find this book more entertaining than its predecessor. On what ground, with our very imperfect mastery over the French tongue, we found one book more amusing than another, I can't conjecture.

Even our studies of the vernacular were sometimes pursued after a *laissez-aller* fashion, which scarcely accorded with the importance attached to them. Dr. Saunders had an aged father-in-law, who had cut off whatever communication was left between himself and the outer world by taking strong and frequent pinches of coarse black rappee, and this respectable but somewhat dingy gentleman was occa-

sionally entrusted with the superintendence of a body of readers. One day, I observed from a distance that the boys, who were ostensibly reading by turns Goldsmith's "Abridged History of Rome," were all shaking with laughter, which they scarcely attempted to suppress, but which was utterly unnoticed by their auditor. What could it mean? To my delight I was summoned to take a place in the class, and the boy whom I found next to me immediately solved the mystery by whispering into my ear, —

"Such fun! Whenever a word ends with 'ing,' say 'ink' instead. We're all doing it, and he don't find it out."

I entered at once into the scheme, which was, indeed, productive of much amusement. When we had to utter such words as "approachink" or "considerink," the mirth was mild; but when it fell to the lot of one fortunate youth to state that Tarquin was "kink" of Rome, there was almost a roar. Still our excellent old gentleman never discovered that anything abnormal had occurred; and, when we were dismissed, no doubt he confessed, in his inward heart, like England in the old sea-song, "that every man that day had done his duty."

As might be supposed, corporal punishment was not much in vogue at a school so extraordinarily lax in discipline. What would have been the fate of the audacious "kink-maker" under the rule of Mrs. Jackson I dread to conjecture. But the learned doctor did not wholly ignore the use of the cane, though it might be observed that this was regulated rather by the state of the doctor's own temper than by the degree of a boy's delinquency. One peculiarity showed at least that he had studied his Roman history to some advantage, and had taken the elder Brutus for his model. Among the pupils were his two sons; and if ever the cane was in requisition with an exceptional vigor, what clouds of dust rose from the jackets of those devoted lads! If we — chosen few — who stood at the head of the classical scholars, had been passed into the first part of the *Æneid*, we should at once have been reminded of the illustrious Trojan concealed in a cloud by his divine mother. But we knew of no book but the second.

All things considered, I am of opinion that, if any of the pupils at the academy which I have tried to describe, and of which I saw the end, are alive now, they still look back with a kindly feeling upon the figure of Dr. Saunders himself. His notions of instruction were detestable;

but, in spite of occasional outbursts of anger, he was essentially a good-natured, kindly man, endowed with much native humor; and, in his most cheerful moods, he loved to tell droll stories that would make the benches rock with laughter. And as for his gloomier moments, it must be remembered that he had a very large family, and that he was very poor.

From The Saturday Review.

THE ORIGIN OF RANK.

WHAT is the origin of the divinity which "doth hedge a king"? Why is it that in some countries kings and chiefs are fabled to be descendants of the gods, or to have power to hold converse with the gods, or to be able to control the weather, or, even in recent history, to heal with their touch certain diseases? No one answer will suffice to settle all these questions. The sacredness of royalty, and of other ranks lower than that of royalty, has been an affair of slow growth. Among different peoples different causes have contributed to the belief. The transcendent attributes ascribed to the king of England were partly derived from ecclesiastical ideas and ceremonies, partly from an adoption of the notions of Roman imperialism. But these notions, again, had grown out of instincts still further back in the development of the human mind, and we may perhaps trace the divinity of Divus Julius and the rest to the superstitions which serve savages for physics and metaphysics.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's last volume has some matter bearing on this topic; but an important worker in the field is almost forgotten. Towards the end of the last century a learned and ingenious writer, Professor Millar of Glasgow, composed, at the suggestion of his friend Adam Smith, a treatise on the origin of rank. Millar adopted the comparative method now so fashionable, though he was of course guiltless of the word sociology. "By real experiments," he wrote, "not by abstracted metaphysical theories, human nature is unfolded." For his real experiments he went to a collection of the reports of travellers: "When illiterate men, ignorant of the writings of each other, and who, unless upon religious subjects, have no speculative systems to warp their opinions, have in different ages and countries described the manners of people in similar circumstances, the reader has an opportunity of comparing their several descriptions, and, from their agreement or dis-

agreement, is enabled to ascertain the credit that is due to them." Reasoning on data thus obtained, Millar concluded that the earliest form of authority in human society, if not that of mothers in groups where marriage was not yet introduced, was that of the father in the family circle. As the family grew into the village, precedence and honor were allotted to old age and experience; and, still later, when rival villages become hostile, courage and strength marked the chief. Now that his authority was increased and established by the institution of property, his power was at once displayed and strengthened by the share he took in distributing tribal land. His good services, too, in dealing out justice were acknowledged, and next "the dispositions which gave rise to hero-worship led mankind to regard their princes, while still alive, as sprung from a heavenly original."

Without following Millar's account of later monarchy in Europe, it must be noticed that the divinity ascribed to chiefs, which he notices at so late a stage of the evolution of the idea of rank, was probably present much earlier. At the same time, though he allows too little influence to superstition in building up the fabric of society, he allots just importance to the factor of property. Property and divine rank seem to have been essential to each other in the making of social order; and where one is absent among contemporary savages, there we do not find the other. As an example of this we might take the case of two people who, like the Homeric Ethiopians, are the outermost of men and dwell far apart at the ends of the world. The Eskimo and the Fuegians, at the extreme north and south of the American continent, agree in having no private property and no chiefs. The bleak plains of ice and rock are, like Attica, "the mother of men without master or lord." Among the "house-mates" of the smaller settlements there is no head-man, and in the larger gatherings Dr. Rink says that "still less than among the house-mates was any one belonging to such a place to be considered a chief." The songs and stories of the Eskimo contain the praises of men who have risen up and killed any usurper who tried to be a ruler over his "place-mates." No one could possibly establish any authority on the basis of property, because "superfluous property in implements, etc., rarely existed." If there are three boats in one household, one of the boats is "borrowed" by the community, and reverts to the general fund.

If we look at the account of the Fuegians, described in Admiral Fitzroy's cruise, we find a similar absence of rank produced by similar causes. "The perfect equality among the individuals composing the tribes must for a long time retard their civilization. . . . At present even a piece of cloth is torn in shreds and distributed, and no one individual becomes richer than another. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how a chief can arise till there is property of some sort by which he might manifest and still increase his authority." In the same book, however, we get a glimpse of one means by which authority can be exercised; "the doctor-wizard of each party has much influence over his companions." Among the Eskimo this element in the growth of authority also exists. A class of wizards called *angakuts* have power to cause fine weather, and by the gift of second sight and magical practices, can detect crimes, so that they necessarily become a kind of civil magistrates. The *angakuts* use a peculiar official language chiefly made up of allegorical expressions. Here, then, we have no chiefship, nor sacred rank, for the excellent reason that, though superstitious respect for certain people is felt, yet these people lack a material basis for their power in the shape of wealth. How important this basis is may be gathered from Sir Henry Maine's remark about ancient Irish nobility, — "Personal wealth was the principal condition of the chief's maintaining his position and authority." The same remark holds true of Homeric Greece and early societies in general."

It is now necessary to pass from examples of tribes who have superstitious respect for certain individuals, but who have no property and no chiefs, to peoples who exhibit the phenomenon of superstitious reverence attached to wealthy rulers or to judges. To take the example of Ireland, as described in the "*Senchus Mor*," we learn that the chiefs, just like the *Angakuts* of the Eskimo, had "power to make fair or foul weather" in the literal sense of the words. At the same time, there was no country in which the power to pass out of the common run of men and rise to chief's estate by mere increase of wealth, and after a due number of generations, was more fully recognized than in Ireland. "While the Brehon laws suggest that the possession of personal wealth is a condition of the maintenance of chieftainship, they show with much distinctness that, through the acquisition of such wealth, the road was always open to chieftainship."

("Early History of Institutions," p. 135.) In Africa, in the same way, as Bosman, the old traveller, says, "As to what difference there is between one negro and another, the richest man is the most honored," yet the most honored man has the same magical power as the poor *angatuks* of the Eskimo. The king of Loango, according to Abbé Proyart, "has credit to make rain fall on earth." Among the Zulus, the chief is lord of the air, and has power to make fair or foul weather, as in early Ireland. "It happens among black men," according to one of Canon Callaway's converts, "that when the chief has called out an army, and has collected all his bands, he addresses them, and then they sing a song which excites their passions, that their hearts burn with the desire of seeing the enemy; and though the heaven is clear it becomes clouded by the great wind which arises. . . . Therefore it was affirmed among the great chiefs that the heaven is the chief's." No doubt these examples might be largely increased. In New Zealand, for example, private property almost looks like an extension of the superstitious respect paid to certain men of the privileged class. Whatever the chief has touched is *tapu*, and no one else may lay hands on it without running serious risk of supernatural punishment. All *rangatiras*, or men of noble birth, possess this power of securing their goods, and few natives, according to the lively author of "Old New Zealand," "can resist the shadowy terror of the *tapu*." Thus it is just possible that the sacred element in rank was not only prior to, but even produced, or helped to produce, the element of wealth, which later became the more powerful and the really essential element in aristocracy. It only needs a moment's reflection to show that the right of property in a superfluous stick or a handy sharp stone is not a very simple idea, especially before the invention of pockets. The moment the owner lays down his chattel the community absorbs it. Even if the proprietor is a strong man, he cannot protect his fishing-rod when it is out of his sight; and the extension of his own personal sacredness to his goods and chattels was thus an extremely important step in the history of society, and a step, if we may judge by the Fuegians and the Eskimo, which was resisted by the democratic instincts of the community.

It would not be difficult to multiply instances of the connection between personal powers of divination or magic and right over property. Mr. E. W. Robertson has

noticed how, in early Scotland and in Sweden, divination and property in land went together; and Schoolcraft remarks that in some of the American tribes "priests and jugglers are the persons that make war and have a voice in the sale of land." It would also be possible, perhaps, to show how the original influence gained by magical pretensions was differentiated as the influence obtained by property and by distinction in war increased. Thus we have seen that the diviner in Eskimo tribes becomes a kind of civil magistrate, with an unintelligible jargon of his own, and with the knowledge of certain magical devices by which he contrives to detect the guilty. It appears from a passage in "*Senchus Mor*" that the Irish Brehons at a very early date used magical modes of discovering guilt — afterwards condemned as heathen — and employed a hopeless sort of slang in the delivery of their judgments. The chiefs, who had advanced on the secular line of accumulating wealth, although still credited with power over the weather, ceased to comprehend the members of the sacred caste who had confined themselves to the development of their more ancient divining functions. "The Brehons," said the chiefs, "have their judgment and their knowledge to themselves. We do not in the first place understand what they say." ("*Sen. Mor.*" iii. xxxi.) The chiefs then demanded a reform in legal terminology, which was reluctantly granted by the more conservative Brehons.

Supposing the kings of northern European nations to have sprung from the successful chiefs of earlier tribal associations, it is easy to see that they would inherit the powers of their distant predecessors. Their divinity is drawn, among other sources, from the ancient beliefs in divination and human power over the weather, and other attributes of the medicine-man. This religious sentiment, in a less high degree, had attached to the person of inferior chiefs. At the same time the divine descent of the Greek heroes, and of the northern rulers who trace their line to Woden, has been perhaps too hastily explained by Mr. Spencer, and by the author of the pedigrees of Æthelwulf in the "Chronicles." It would need a very large amount of evidence to convince us that Odin was a man, or "manifestly a medicine-man." There is far more in the greater myths of the race than can be accounted for by facts selected from the lowest conditions of human belief. But, just as many aristocracies have been

founded by conquering races, so no doubt the peculiar sacredness of *δῖος Μενέλαος* and the rest may be partly derived from the confusion which leads the inferior races to regard victorious foreigners as distinct and divine. That stream of tendency has mingled with others of more native origin to make up the transcendent attributes of kings. In advanced civilizations, the flattery of courtiers and theologians has fallen back on the *naïve* exaggerations of savages. From the early Greek adventurer who, landing on the coast that was to be Hellas, found, like Mr. Wallace in the Aru Islands, that he was believed by the simple folk to be able to control the weather, or from the diviner, with his magical drum and jar and sacred person, to the deified emperors of Rome or to the divine right of the Stuarts, is a

long step in human history. Through it all the little germ of a childish delusion must have been working to ends of the utmost value in the construction of society — to ends of extraordinary importance when contrasted with the slightness of the means. The science which busies itself with these matters is not so new as we are apt to suppose. Professor Millar, in Adam Smith's time, worked by its method, as we have seen, and anticipated a great deal of what has since been advanced as original. But his investigation of the origin of rank omitted what, by the light of later researches, looks like a most important factor, the factor which now exists as superstition, but in an immeasurably distant age was part of as rational a scheme of the universe as was within reach of our ancestors.

A COURT RECEPTION IN TURKEY. — In Europe social life is diversified by court receptions, the opera, the theatre, balls, dinner-parties, garden-parties, rides and drives, walks, shopping, church-going, and foreign travel. All these have their counterpart more or less true or grotesque in Turkey. Take, first, court receptions. These, it is true are rare, but they are very magnificent when they do occur. The grandest was that held in 1868 at the *fête* of the circumcision of Youssouff Izzeddin Effendi. As this was a public occasion, answering to our court drawing-rooms, the wives and daughters of all the great pashas were obliged to present their congratulations in person to his Majesty; and, the strictest rule of all Turkish etiquette being for the time superseded by another even more stringent, no woman, whatever her rank, dare veil her face in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful. I leave it to the imagination of those ladies who have undergone the ordeal of preparing a train and a curtsy for our own court, what anxious cares were bestowed on ugly green and garnet-colored satin gowns, puffed pantaloons to match, on huge wadded paletots worn over the dress, and on French satin shoes. But, above all, the head-dress was the most difficult to arrange, many of the ladies having short-cropped hair. Everything depends on the set of the *hôtose* or coiffure of colored silk gauze, and on the blaze of jewels affixed to it; crescents of diamonds, aigrettes of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, pearls almost the size of strawberries, pear-shaped diamond earrings as large as hazel-nuts, or coronets resembling old-fashioned imperial crowns. Moreover, the head-dress must be most firmly attached, for, as with us, a court *débutante* has to exercise

herself in the most graceful manner of bending low before royalty; there a lady has to practise how she may best advance demurely with a long square train passed between her feet, drop suddenly on her knees, dip her forehead three times to the ground, kiss the hem of the august personage's *keurk*, or furred robe, if that happens to be worn at the time, and, after all this, retreat with good grace, and without losing her jewelled cap at the feet of her imperial sovereign. Some of the younger married ladies were courageous enough to adopt the European corsage, combined with Turkish train and trousers; but the most amusing of all were three young khanums who appeared in white court dresses made in faultless Parisian style, trimmed with wreaths of white roses gemmed with dew, and very simple coiffures to match. These youthful princesses looked altogether lovely, and when they advanced up the crowded presence-chamber they excited murmurs of admiration; they also saluted the sultan by a deep curtsy only, he standing; but on passing to where the Validé Soultan was seated near her son, they made to her the customary acknowledgments. His Majesty was evidently much charmed by the grace and dignity of the sisters, and showed them marked attention by insisting that they should be seated — a sign of condescension and respect not extended to any other lady present. The Validé humored her son's whim, saying to the eldest of the young princesses, while patting her on the shoulder, and motioning her to be seated on the low cushions beside her, "*Ghel, kiss'm, ghel! K'hosh gueldiniz, safa gueldiniz! Buyuruniz oturuniz!*" (Come, my child, come! Be welcome. Sit beside me.) Cornhill Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
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1670-83.

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NOW that the Turks have vindicated their right to "do what they like with their own," and declare the present state of the Ottoman empire to be quite satisfactory (in which opinion a certain part of English society seems to agree), it is interesting to turn to the record of a time when there seemed considerable danger that the greater part of Europe might have been subjected to the blessings of their rule, and to recall the terror and dismay with which their advance was regarded, and the desperate efforts made to avert what was then considered as the greatest misfortune that could happen to civilization and Christianity.

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The advance of the Turks continued — four times in eleven years, between 1672 and 1683, irruptions of immense hordes of barbarians threatened the centre of Europe, and in each case they were repelled chiefly, if not entirely, by the genius for war of Sobieski, and the influence which his noble character obtained.

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HÆMONY.

"Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil; . . .
He called it Hæmony." — MILTON.

A LITTLE dust the summer breeze
Had sifted up within a cleft,
A slanted raindrop from the trees,
A tiny seed by chance airs left, —
It was enough, the seedling grew,
And from the barren rock-heart drew
Her dimpled leaf and tender bud,
And dews that did the bare rock stud;
And crowned at length her simple head
With utter sweetness, breathed afar,
And burning like a dusky star, —
Sweetness upon so little fed,
Ah me! ah me!
And yet hearts go uncomforted.

For hearts, dear love, such seedlings are,
That need so little, ah, so less
Than little on this earth, to bear
The sun-sweet blossom, happiness;
And sing, — those dying hearts that come
To go, — their swan-song flying home.
A touch, a tender tone, no more,
A face that lingers by the door
To turn and smile, a fond word said,
A kiss, — these things make heaven; and yet
We do neglect, refuse, forget,
To give that little, ere 'tis fled,
Ah me! ah me!
And sad hearts go uncomforted.

I asked of thee but little, nay,
Not for the golden fruit thy bough
Ripens for thee and thine who day
By day beneath thy shadow grow;
Only for what, from that full store,
Had made me rich, nor left thee poor,
A drift of blossom, needed not
For fruit, yet blessing some dim spot.
A touch, a tender word soon said,
Fond tones that seem our dead again
Come back after long years of pain,
Lonely, for these my sick heart bled —
Ah me! ah me!

Sad hearts that go uncomforted.
Macmillan's Magazine. ELLICE HOPKINS.

TO THE COMING FLOWERS.

AWAKE, dear sleepers, from your wintry
tombs;
The sun has turned the point of Capricorn,
And 'gins to pluck from winter's wings the
plumes
Of darkness, and to wind his silver horn
For your return. Come to your homes, for-
lorn

In absence of your odors and your faces;
Like Rachel weeps for you the reaved morn,
As often as she views your empty places,
Erewhile the daily scene of her and your em-
braces.

Come, pensile snowdrop, like the earliest
star
That twinkles on the brow of dusky night;
Come, like the child that peeps from door
ajar,
With pallid cheek, upon a wasteful sight:
And shouldst thou rise when all around is
white,
The more thou'lt demonstrate the power of
God
To shield the weak against the arms of
might,
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load,
And sinking hearts 'mid ills they could not full
forebode.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year,
Come and illumine our green, as similes
Light up the poet's song. And O ye dear
March violets, come near, come breathing
near!
You too, fair primroses, in darksome woods
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations
clear;
And come, ye daisies, throng in multitudes,
And whiten hills and meadows with your
saintly hoods.

Come with thy lilies, May; thy roses, June;
Come with your richer hues, autumnal
hours;
O tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,
Your dewy drops, your soft refreshing show-
ers,
To lift their blessing hands in Flora's bow-
ers,
Nor e'en to scorn the bindweed's flossy gold,
Nor foxglove's banner hung with purple
flowers,
Nor solitary heath that cheers the wold,
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's
cold!

Chambers' Journal.

NOT YET.

NOR yet, not yet, the light;
Under ground, out of sight,
Like moles, we blindly toil
On, — though we know not where;
Some day the upper air,
The sun, and all things fair,
We reach through the dark soil.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

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Flushed by success, Mahomet IV. and his grand vizier Achmet Kiuprili, who was of Greek origin, now entertained the most magnificent projects of conquest. The empire touched the Caspian Sea, the Adri-

atic, the Indian Ocean, and stretched south towards the upper waters of the Nile; it was now advancing on the Baltic, and would soon, they trusted, possess fleets on the north seas and the Indian Ocean alike, while the Archipelago and the Red Sea would have counted only as inland lakes in his dominion. "He hoped to reign over the Christian world." The present preparations were directed against Poland, which had always been the chief barrier to the subjugation of the north by the Turks. With the exception of a small subsidy from the pope, she was left to bear the brunt of the attack alone.

The preparations of the Porte were enormous: Tartars were arriving in hordes, Moldavia was full of battalions of strange men from the heart of Asia, the immense siege trains from Candia, consisting of between three and four hundred pieces of cannon, a number hitherto unheard of, were being carried up the Danube, and a numerous fleet was collecting in the Black Sea; seven hundred camels had arrived in Thrace with corn from Egypt; soldiers from Attica and the Peloponnesus, from east and west, filled a vast camp near Adrianople where Mahomet and his vizier held perpetual reviews. But their destination was still uncertain.

The Hungarians had long been making ineffectual attempts to defend their hereditary privileges against the tyranny of the emperor, who ruled over them by an elective right along. At length they rose in rebellion, headed by the chief nobles of the country. The revolt was put down with much cruelty, but the insurgents sought the assistance of the Porte, master already of two-thirds of the country, and were ready to join in any attack upon Austria if its arms were turned in that direction.

The Polish king refused to believe in any danger, and opposed Sobieski's exertions to collect the scattered troops. Thwarted at home and abroad by the jealousy of the emperor and of Louis XIV., he could only get together six or eight thousand men, young, ill-armed, undisciplined, and without provisions. There were soldiers enough in the country to trouble its peace, but not enough to make

war with safety. After a short and brilliant campaign against the Cossacks, Tartars, and wild hordes under the khan, the allies and what might be called the advanced guard of the Turk, finding that no money and no help were to be had for the impending invasion, Sobieski fell dangerously ill with anxiety and fatigue, and the army, which for many years had received from him their only pay and rations, and had been led on to constant victory, indignant now at his treatment by the king, disbanded, and declared they would only serve under a chief of their own choice.

For a whole year the anarchy and confusion of Poland went on increasing, but when news arrived that the sultan had started on his march towards Poland, the soldiers returned to their quarters and swore to follow their old leader to death. The Turks by forced marches advanced on Kaminiak, a fortress situated on the frontier of Moldavia and the Ukraine. It was almost the only strong place possessed by the Poles, and Sobieski had in vain tried to persuade the Diet to keep up its defences. After a siege of less than a month the Turks carried a place concerning which it was said that "God alone could have built it, and He only could take it."

Even then the only help which the Polish king thought fit to give in the struggle was to accuse his protector, the "great hetman," of being "an impostor and a traitor." Sobieski, however, not heeding the insult, threw himself with his scanty forces on the weak points of the Turkish lines, pursued the Tartars who had invaded the kingdom and were carrying off immense booty, overtook them in the Carpathian defiles, and almost exterminated them, liberating nearly thirty thousand captives who were being carried off into slavery. He turned next on the advanced guard of the sultan's army, which had advanced on the Vistula with forty thousand men. Mahomet had arranged a camp for himself at Boudchaz among the mountains, where, accompanied by his seraglio, he amused himself with hunting. Sobieski, by a *coup de main*, crossed the river, rushed on the camp "intoxicated with

pleasure and pillage," penetrated even to the imperial tents and the women's quarters, and "the young lord who ruled at Athens and Memphis, Jerusalem and Babylon," on this his first campaign was obliged to fly to save his life.

But the miserable Polish king suddenly gave up the struggle and threw himself on the mercy of the invaders, abandoning the Ukraine and Podolia to the Turk, and reducing his country to the condition of a vassal state by promising an annual tribute.

Sobieski retired to his estates disgusted and nearly broken-hearted. He had not long been there, when the "Terror of the Turks," as he was surnamed, was accused in the Diet of having sold his country to the infidel for a bribe of twelve million florins. Enraged at such an attack on his honor, he returned to Warsaw immediately, while his army, furious at such a libel on their beloved chief, swore to avenge the insult in blood. After calming them with much difficulty he proceeded to the Diet, where the very sight of him produced such an impression that when he claimed the punishment of his calumniator from the assembly, and excuses from all members who could for a moment have listened to such an accusation, his demands were accepted in a transport of enthusiasm. The Diet in a pressing message entreated his help against the Turks, and in the strangely hyperbolical language so often used in Poland, termed him "the hero of whom it might be believed, according to the system of Pythagoras, that all the souls of the great captains and good citizens lived again, as not one of their virtues was wanting in him."

The miserable informer confessed that he had been bribed to make the accusation, and was condemned to death, but Sobieski would not allow the sentence to be carried out.

The Diet pursued its course until the end of the session with unaccustomed calm under his influence, and at its close the president declared in the same semi-Oriental style, that "the wisdom of a divinity, or, if Sobieski could be considered as a man, the excellence of a hero, had saved the liberty of his country by his virtues

and its independence by his exploits. No such man had ever before been formed by nature, and probably never would be so in future!"

The Diet then decreed a levy of sixty thousand men, and committed full power over it to the "great hetman."

The summer was spent in preparations such as might be expected from Poland; "no men, no material of war, no money, were to be had."

For the time, however, disorders in Constantinople, and an insurrection in the Peloponnesus, had checked the projects of the vizier. In November, 1673, however, seven bridges were by his orders thrown across the Dniester, and eighty thousand veterans advanced under the command of the Seraskier Hussein Pasha.

A division of Sobieski's small army was sent forward to carry the Turkish outposts; but when they found that they were required to cross a river full of floating ice, to put such a barrier between themselves and their homes, that they were being led into a country without towns or villages, and surrounded by innumerable Turks, they broke out into open mutiny. Once before Sobieski had quelled a similar revolt; now with his imperious eloquence he called upon his men in the name of their duty and their country to follow him, and, as always was the case both with friends and foes, he gained the day. He led them to the battle of Kotzim, on the other side of the Dniester, where Hussein had established himself in a camp defended by strong fortifications, natural and artificial, and by rocks and marshes. To attack such a position with such troops as Sobieski could command, at such a time of year, without provisions and with weak artillery, seemed an impossible task in all eyes but his own. Fifty years before, however, the Poles, under his father, James Sobieski, had conquered at the same spot, and the good omen gave them courage. The weather was dreadful, and the snow was falling thickly, when he disposed his troops for the attack. All night long the preparations went on. "Comrades!" cried he, passing along the ranks, his dress, his arms, his thick moustache covered with hoarfrost, "you have

suffered, but the Turks are worn out; these men from Asia are half conquered already by the cold. The last twenty-four hours have fought for us. We shall save the republic from shame and vassalage. Soldiers of Poland, fight for your country, and remember that Jesus Christ fights for you!" Sobieski himself had heard three masses since daybreak, the army had been blessed by a priest, and now getting off his horse, sabre in hand, he led his infantry across the trenches. The Turks, who had believed an attack impossible in such weather, alarmed at the triumphant shouts of the Poles, defended themselves but ill; charge after charge of the young Polish cavalry, in full armor, cut to pieces their best troops; they turned to fly, but the bridge of boats had been broken down by Sobieski's orders; twenty thousand men were believed to have fallen in attempting to cross the rapid, half-frozen river; "the water ran with blood and corpses for miles."

In the camp the carnage was frightful; under the axes, the lances and scimitars of their assailants lay thousands of dead bodies, half of them Janissaries and Spahis. The green standard of Hussein, given him by the sultan, was seized, sent to the pope, and still hangs in St. Peter's. The victory was complete; all the Turkish garrisons of the neighboring towns retired, leaving devastation and fire as monuments of their passage; and thanks were given in almost all the churches in Europe for the "most memorable battle gained against the infidel for three hundred years."

The Polish king died the night before the fight, and, by an act of tardy death-bed repentance, named John Sobieski as one of his executors.

It was now necessary to elect another monarch — a difficult and dangerous operation in Poland, even in the calmest times. The Poles were the only people in Europe who still preserved the ancient usage of a national assembly where the deliberations were carried on by a whole nation in arms. The difficulty of feeding two hundred thousand citizens thus collected together had constantly obliged them to separate without having settled affairs, and on this occasion a Diet, composed of the senate and of members elected by the country, was directed to choose the new chief of the nation. All the princes in Europe who were tired of living on the steps of a throne became candidates. Every species of intrigue was brought to bear upon the electors; the

ambassadors of the different powers had each their faction; they gave money; they made great promises; the meanest motives were appealed to, and the most undisguised corruption prevailed. Warsaw became one vast camp for six leagues round, where the whole equestrian order had established itself; an innumerable population of servants, often noble like their masters; almost all the army, Jews merchants, doctors, the creditors of the nobles, the lawyers, had all collected there; the different palatinates were nearly deserted except by the peasants.

The plain of Vola had been chosen for the electoral camp; a great wooden pavilion, the *szopa*, occupied the centre, where the senate and the great nobles sat, but the deliberations were held in the open air, that the equestrian order might have an eye upon its representatives.

The noise and excitement were tremendous; tournaments and jousts, with javelins and lances; regiments of soldiers, Wallachs, Cossacks, Tartars, crossing and recrossing; innumerable stands of arms; immense tables, round which each faction collected its clients; trains of noble ladies on horseback, the wives of the palatines and senators, distributing exhortations and presents; cavalcades of gentlemen, battle-axe in hand, galloping past; fiery encounters, begun in drunkenness and ending in blood; "scenes of tumult, pleasure, discussion, and war, a true image of Poland herself, filled the plain," observes Salvandy. A vast circle of white tents surrounded the whole space — those belonging to the nobles were built like sham fortresses, castles, towers, or long galleries, containing stables, bath-rooms, kitchens, council-chambers, formed of silk and rich stuffs, often booty taken from the Turk, with a profusion of golden crescents, balls, and ornaments, rivalling each other in expense and savage and inordinate luxury. The magnificence of the dresses was as great; almost all wore Eastern costumes; caftans and robes of brocade and fur, embroidered, or edged and lined with rare furs, and clasped with diamonds; splendid arms, jewelled belts, swords, daggers, and pistols ("many diamonds and little linen," was Madame de Motteville's observation on the Polish nobles a few years before); sixty or seventy thousand gentlemen were there, any one of whom might, by law, be chosen king the next day, and whose demeanor showed their pride in this vain and hurtful privilege. Sobieski himself was absent, but the tents taken from the vizier of Ma-

homet IV., bearing his shield, were there, and were the pride of the assembly.

The competitors for the throne bid high, many of them intending to repudiate their offers later. They were now reduced practically to two, one representing the emperor, the other Louis XIV. Charles of Lorraine proposed himself to pay the army for nine months, to raise five thousand fresh men for the war against the Turks, to take five hundred gentlemen as his guard of honor, to build two fortresses on the frontier, and open a military school for officers. The old Duke of Neubourg promised still more largely for his son Philip, aged fourteen.

Sobieski had hitherto confined himself to his duty of keeping order as chief marshal, while all present inquired anxiously what part he would take. As soon as he arrived, he was received almost in triumph; the shouts, the noise of arms, the flashing of javelins, lances, and scimitars, the flowers thrown in his way, made his entry almost a triumph. He then declared himself for the Great Condé. And the influence of the "great hetman" was such that there seemed for some time every chance that his counsels would be followed, but the Lithuanian party of the Paz would not hear of the French prince. The confusion became still greater; the *szopa* was like a citadel besieged by armies of men half drunk with pride and rage. For twenty-nine days the destinies of the nation only grew more and more perplexing, and the furious parties seemed on the point of a civil war, when to avert such a frightful peril the Bishop of Cracow gave the signal for the hymns and prayers to be begun, which showed that the debates were closed, and the palatinates separated for the vote.

The president, Jablonowski, a man of great courage and capacity, began his discourse; he entered on the qualities of the two chief candidates, and rejected both, as the nominees of France and Germany. He discussed the qualities of the Great Condé, and then declared that "a Pole ought to reign in Poland."

There is a man among us who has saved the republic time after time by his counsels and his victories, whose patriotism and genius would maintain our country in the rank she should hold in the universe. Nothing in such a choice would be left to chance; *he* will not make us a vassal of the infidels. If we have a country at all, if men of illustrious dynasties care to rule over us, remember to whom we owe it, and take John Sobieski as your king!

The speech was received with furious

acclamations by the assembly. "The finger of God is here, it was on a Saturday as to-day that Kotzim was taken," cried the governor of Lemberg; "I vote for Sobieski." The tumult was tremendous; it was nine o'clock at night, but the long day of the north still gave sufficient light, and they would have proceeded immediately to the vote, but Sobieski would not suffer it. "I will not accept the crown," said he, "when no one has had the time to consider his vote, at the approach of night when opposition might be stifled or constrained. I will raise my veto against it if no one else will do so."

The next day the agitation became still greater. Austria did not yet consider herself beaten; every possible calumny was disseminated against Sobieski, while the jealousy of the great Polish ladies was excited against his wife, Marie Casimire, daughter of a French marquis, captain of the guard to the brother of Louis XIV. Would they consent that a foreigner should be queen when no Pole had ever attained to such honor? At all events if Sobieski were elected he should be required to marry the widow of the last king; but at such a price he absolutely refused the crown. His great qualities, however, carried the day. Cries of "Sobieski or death!" were heard in the camp; the assembly would hear of no delay. Again, however, he declared that if his election was not legal, and therefore unanimous, he would not accept the crown. Throughout the night the camp was illuminated with innumerable lanterns, while the firing of muskets, pistols, and arquebuses testified the excitement and the joy of the public at the thought of the election which they had resolved on making. The next day Sobieski, almost against his will, was proclaimed king at the Kolo or Assembly; the vote was now only a form, but it was gone through. Three times did the bishop regent, on horseback, demand if there were any opposition to the election. Three times did the nobles and the people repeat the cry proclaiming that John Sobieski should be their king.

All the standards of the palatinates and of the foreign contingents, the bells of the town, the salvoes of artillery, the shouts of the people, saluted their hero as king. Then at a sign from the bishop came a sudden silence, the banners were lowered, a sacred hymn was sung by the people, led by a choir of bishops, and the acclamations began again as Sobieski was led in triumph to the cathedral, where thanks were offered up to God for the choice

which had been made. Poland, indeed, believed herself to be saved from anarchy and invasion alike. "The Cossacks will no longer ravage our fields, the infidel will no longer exact tribute," cried the women.

As soon as he was proclaimed, Sobieski made magnificent gifts to the nation, greater indeed than the foreign princes had promised, and which they were not likely to have performed: one hundred thousand florins went to the support of the Lithuanian part of the army, two hundred thousand for that of the Polish half, sixty thousand for the fortifications of Lemberg, three hundred thousand to buy back the jewels of the crown, pledged to the Jews of Vienna and Warsaw. All this was out of his private purse, and gives some measure of the resources of a great Polish noble at this time. Refusing a coronation on account of the expense and delay it would entail, Sobieski declared that his "mission was to make war on the Turks. I am placed on the throne to fight, not for representation. Festivals may come later."

High-minded, brave, pious, disinterested, caring much for the interests of his country, and little for his own grandeur, with a love of books which contrasted strangely with his military tastes and the life of incessant movement which fate had forced him to lead, Sobieski was indeed one of the rare instances where the highest qualities had led a man to great fortune.

His statesmanship as well as his great military qualities are insisted on in all the contemporary accounts; his love of science and of books, and his power of speaking German, Italian, French, English, and Turkish almost as well as his own language.

One of the handsomest men of his time [said the official French *Gazette*] his countenance is such that he inspires at the same time respect and affection. Enlightened, kind, he is so forgiving that it has been always said that he only revenged himself for the calumnies of his enemies by his great actions. [His picture, in armor, fully bears out this description.]

Achmet Kiuprili was not likely to leave the new sovereign time to settle himself firmly on the throne. He regarded Poland as a good position to take up between the Muscovites, whom he despised, and Austria, whose flank would thus have been turned. The ports of the Baltic tempted him onward, and Europe in this manner would have been cut in two, when the

Turks might soon have dominated the whole continent.

In 1674, Mahomet himself again joined the army, which was once more to march on Kotzim. The enormous supplies of men which the Turks were able to draw from their provinces in Asia, Africa, and Europe, after the tremendous defeats which they had undergone and the waste of life, are surprising in our eyes, with whom the want of men to supply even the demands of an army in times of peace is sometimes found impossible to meet.

Sobieski, who had been called the Whirlwind, from the rapidity of his marches and the vigor of his onslaughts, was carrying all before him, when the intrigues of Leopold deprived him of half his army; the Lithuanian grand hetman Paz, who had opposed Sobieski's election, suddenly left the camp with his troops, and the winter was lost in vain attempts to restore order, for the disbanded soldiers spent their time in pillaging their own country instead of fighting the enemy.

Gradually Sobieski, by dint of patient courage, tact, and skill, collected an army again in the central position of Lemberg. He alone preserved his courage and confidence in the midst of the universal alarm. "He fears nothing who has foreseen all," said the Poles afterwards. He was at the same time attempting to form a political coalition to assist his military manœuvres, in spite of the enmity of Leopold, who strove to keep Poland weak, calculating that it might thus occupy the Porte in the north and prevent any attack being made in his direction.

The Turks, under Ibrahim the Seraskier, began the siege of Zbaras; a number of Russian peasants had taken refuge in the town, and treacherously gave it up to the enemy, when Ibrahim cut to pieces the whole population except the women, who were reserved for the seraglios. The old, the children, perished in the flames or by the sword, and the Turks moved on to other sieges, where the same horrible cruelties were exercised. Von Hammer, after repeated descriptions of barbarities on such occasions which make one's blood run cold, and indeed are sometimes quite unreadable, at length seems to grow weary of such horrors, and merely writes, "The town was taken; the usual cruelties ensued;" or, "The city was sacked with the atrocities used by barbarian troops." The love of pillage was so great among them that the army was delayed, so that their advantage in numbers was lost, and the fine season passed away, while So-

bieski destroyed their communications, seized their plunder, and cut to pieces the troops whom he encountered.

A second army was sent across the Dnieper, and the sultan put himself at the head of a third body which collected at Adrianople. The seraskier then determined on the course with which he should have begun—he left the fortresses alone, and advanced on Lemberg, the strongest place in Poland. If this was carried there would be an end to the republic, and Sobieski was resolved to defend it or die under the ruins.

The terror of his name counted for a host in itself against the Turks, while among the Poles, if some of the peasants cried, "All is lost," the answer was, "John Sobieski is there still, he will save us." A few days after great fires in all directions announced the arrival of the Mussulman host. The king had arranged his little army with consummate skill among the defiles near the town, the artillery on the low hills, while the hussars with their lances defended the vineyards and rough ground. The nobles fought with sabres and pistols. A storm of hail and snow, though it was only August, troubled the infidel. The king, the father of his country, having given his blessing to the army, rushed at the head of his troops with the cry, "Jesus!" three times repeated, to which came the threefold answer of "Allah!" The cavalry wavering for a moment, he brought them up himself again to the charge: "Remember," cried he, "that we must conquer or you will leave me here;" and he reminded them that he had brought his wife and children into the midst of the danger. The Turks, in spite of their enormous numerical preponderance, were driven back terrified, their divisions were broken, their ranks were confused. Sobieski fell like a thunderbolt upon the parts of the field where he was least expected. The victory of Lemberg was considered to have been a miracle, even considering the reputation of the king. "Five thousand Poles have beaten one hundred and fifty thousand Turks and Tartars!" cried the *Gazette de France* of September, 1674, with pardonable exaggeration. "That the king should have conquered such powerful enemies by his astonishing courage, reducing the infidels to make a precipitate retreat, . . . shows that heaven itself has defended this bulwark of Christendom."

An interval of quiet now ensued, and Sobieski employed his breathing-time in attempting to bring about a better state of

things for Poland, and in reorganizing the army; but the people would endure no fresh taxes, and he made little progress. Revolts, however, at Memphis, at Babylon, and Damascus, the doubtful fidelity of the Tartars, and a superstitious dread in the Mussulman army at the thought of contending against "King John," had made the Porte desire an interval of quiet.

In September, 1676, however, just two hundred years ago, the untiring Turk poured again up the banks of the Dniester, and Poland had now to withstand one hundred and twenty thousand Tartars and twenty thousand Turks. The terror of Sobieski's name was, however, so great that there was difficulty in getting them forward, even under the command of a fierce pasha of Damascus, surnamed Shaitan (Satan). At length, after some preliminary combats, the two armies came face to face. Sobieski had entrenched himself with his small handful of men between the Dniester and the protection of some woods and marshes; the immense body of Ottomans almost encircled them. For twenty days they continued thus opposite each other, and the extremity of the danger was considered such in Poland that prayers for the dead were recited in all the churches. From time to time the Mussulman army came forth from their camp, sounded the charge, pushed forward their horsetails and camels, apparently to excite the Christians to fight or to deride their weakness. At length the Poles one day were tempted out in pursuit of some Tartars, the whole right was engaged, and the centre left uncovered; the Turks brought up their artillery and made fearful ravages among the ranks, which began to yield, when the king flung himself on the victorious Moslems, who were pursuing their success in some disorder, killed hundreds of men and horses, overthrew their first redoubts, took or spiked a number of guns, and brought back his men in safety. He lost, however, six hundred gentlemen in the charge, and his own horse was wounded under him; his exploits read like those of a hero in one of the old romances of chivalry.

Ibrahim, "the Devil," now brought up his siege artillery, mines and countermines were dug, and great galleries formed where battles were fought underground; but the Poles were not sufficiently numerous for such work, and the Turks believed themselves at the point of victory, when Sobieski in a most brilliant action again turned the day. The Spahis had thrown themselves between him and his camp, when

the king, with his terrible hussars, rushed upon the lines, which were crowded by their very numbers and soon fell back. The seraskier sent next day to propose peace. He said that he knew to what a state of starvation the besieged were reduced, that the Sublime Porte would rather have such a king as their ally than their captive, and all they asked was the ratification of King Michel's treaty promising to pay tribute and an offensive alliance against Russia.

"Tell the aga," said Sobieski, "that if such propositions are again addressed to the king of Poland, he will hang the messenger." The bombardment now became terrible; neither by night nor day had the Poles any rest, and the entrenchments were continually attacked. The Christian camp had become a prison, the soldiers had hardly any food or ammunition, and discontent and even mutiny began to appear among them. Sobieski rode along the ranks. "I have brought you out of worse straits than this," said he; "do you think my head is weaker because you have placed a crown upon it?" A successful skirmish raised the spirits of the troops, the Turks fancied he must have received reinforcements, and, when at last he came out of the town with his whole army, they were seized with a panic terror, and declared that magic was being used against them. They all dreaded the approach of winter; Shaitan Pasha knew that a reverse would cost him his head, and he prudently offered an honorable peace. A part of the Ukraine and Kaminiek were given up; but the strength of the Ottoman empire was increasing, while Poland became weaker in men and money each year. To regain their fortresses, the prisoners, the frontier of the Dniester, and get rid of all pretensions to tribute, was better than a victory in such circumstances. One of the most pious of men, Sobieski stipulated that the custody of the tabernacle at Bethlehem and of the holy sepulchre should be restored to the monks who had held them before. As this favor had been long demanded in vain by Europe, the glory of Poland and her king was all the more greatly extolled.

Madame de Sévigné, a great admirer of his, writes, November, 1676, enthusiastically of his deeds:—

Peace is concluded in Poland, *romantically*. This hero, at the head of fifteen thousand men, surrounded by two hundred thousand, has forced them to sign a treaty, sword in hand. Since the days of the Calprenède [in a novel

of Mlle. de Scuderi] such a thing has never been heard of.

The Ottoman army, who were in desperate straits, made ready for departure, and defiled before the king, demanding to see the "invincible lion" with whom they had contended so often on the field of battle; at the same time giving into his hands fifteen thousand Russian prisoners destined to slavery.

For thirty years the Ottoman empire, at the height of its power, had been kept at bay by Poland: what might not have happened, if, masters of Buda and of the Adriatic, they had been able to turn their whole force upon Italy and Austria?

A general peace now ensued. Sobieski's grand object was to form an alliance against the Turk among the kingdoms most liable to be attacked. "Not to attempt to conquer or restrain the monster should be our object," said he, "but to fling it back to the deserts from whence it came; to exterminate it, and raise once more on its ruins a Byzantine empire. This is the only Christian, worthy, wise, and decisive course;"* and for this he only required the concurrence of the four threatened powers. Innocent promised assistance "to the new Godfrey of Bouillon." But except from the pope, he could get no help from any one of them. The czar was playing a double game, as usual, and sent embassy after embassy to Warsaw, only to obtain better terms for himself at Constantinople. Leopold refused all alliance with or help to Poland; Venice would not even allow his envoy to cross her frontier; Louis XIV. ordered back a small body of French gentlemen who had been fighting for the mere love of war by Sobieski's side; Poland was again abandoned to herself to fight the battles of Christendom.

The next two years, however, there was a pause among the exhausted combatants again; and they were spent by Sobieski in trying to discipline his army, and restore order and law, which under his rule reigned in Poland to an extent unknown before.

Again in 1683, however, the indefatigable Porte prepared for another invasion, as a preliminary to which the sultan recognized Count Tekeli as prince of Hungary under his vassalage, while a confederation of Christian states, Transylvania, Wallachia, Hungary, and the

* There is a curious similarity between Sobieski's expressions and those of many much-reprobated speeches and writings at the present crisis.

Ukraine, under his protectorate, reached from the Danube to the Carpathian Mountains. The tide of war was evidently now to be turned on Austria.

The emperor took fright, but it was in vain that he sought help in his peril. France was his deadly enemy; the elector of Brandenburg rejoiced in his humiliation; a child of nine years old, afterwards to be known as Peter the Great, reigned in Russia. Poland only remained; Leopold had treated Sobieski as a personal enemy; he had refused all help in the perils of Poland, but now he literally implored the king to come to his assistance, and the Austrian envoy positively flung himself at his feet in the fervency of his entreaties. It was difficult to say whether Leopold was meanest in adversity or prosperity. Sobieski now indeed commanded the position, and his alliance was sought on all sides. Louis XIV. offered his aid in securing the inheritance of Poland for his son, and promised to assist him in obtaining Hungary for himself. Leopold had recourse to the great argument of the house of Austria in all times, the hand of an archduchess for the young prince, his son; Mahomet solicited his friendship, and declared that the armaments he was preparing were not intended to be used against him.

Sobieski refused all offers for himself, and, after long considering what would be most advantageous to his country, threw in his lot with the empire. He did his best to persuade Leopold to treat the Hungarians with fairness, if only to detach them from the Porte, but with small success, Leopold could not do the right, even when it was his interest. At length it was announced that the sultan and his grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, were marching from Constantinople, where the standard of Mahomet had been unfurled with great pomp at the Seraglio. The whole of Europe and Asia seemed to be in movement; Christianity and Islamism, civilization and barbarism, were preparing for a decisive battle. The first blow was to be struck on Austria, the second on Italy. "The vizier will never be satisfied till he has stabled the horses of the sultan in the Basilica of St. Peter," said one of the defenders of Candia.

The Turkish preparations had lasted nearly seven years, and were equally gigantic and minute. All the provinces had furnished their contingents of soldiers from the Euphrates and the Nile; whole Arab tribes, Kourds, Mamelukes, Greeks, Albanians, and Tartars, were marching

under the same flag. The merchant vessel of all nations which came within reach were seized to bring munitions of war from Smyrna, Aleppo, and Alexandria; two thousand camels had been employed for years in the transport of corn, etc., from the Ægean Sea to the Danube; the river itself was covered with boats; ten thousand wagons were collected to convey stores through Hungary, which began to suffer under the burden of her ally as much as under that of her oppressor.

Sobieski would have made any efforts to detach Hungary from the Turks, and had an interview with Tekeli, but without success, as he could give no pledges for Leopold's good faith. He made an alliance with Sweden and the Ukraine, and attempted negotiations with the czar, with Persia, Venice, and Louis XIV. His cabinet was said to be the best served in Europe, the East was open to his spies, and he had friends even in the Divan; and he now warned the emperor that the Porte was marching on Vienna, and that the suburbs ought to be demolished lest they should afford shelter to the enemy; but Leopold judged his defender by himself, mistrusted him, and refused to follow his counsels. Between Belgrade and Buda the sultan stopped, and confided to Kara Mustapha with great pomp the double aigrette of heron's feathers, the golden robe and quiver of diamonds, signs of sovereign power, and the standard of Mahomet, an emblem that the contest was in the cause of Islam. He then returned to his beloved chase, where thousands of men were employed in driving game, on the slopes of the Balkan.

Louis XIV.,* utterly regardless of anything but his own fancied interest and pique against the empire, chose this opportunity of making an alliance with Tekeli, and sent his fleet to the Baltic to attack the allies of the emperor. Sobieski was therefore obliged to divide his troops, while Leopold could only collect thirty thousand men on the Danube, and even threw every obstruction in the way of his deliverer. But the cause was everything

* Among the multitude of petty meannesses to which the great Louis condescended was a letter which he wrote to Tekeli at this time. In describing the blessing which had been given to Hungary, he praised the entire liberty of religion which was enjoyed there. In the same official *Gazette*, appeared a declaration that the property of any Protestant who had escaped from the kingdom would be confiscated, and all contracts they had entered into annulled. The governor of Poitou, in the same paper, announced that he had made 39,849 conversions, adding an edict by which any of the "converts" found entering a Protestant church were condemned to the galleys.

in Sobieski's eyes, and with a magnanimous disregard of all personal feelings he devoted himself to what he considered to be his duty.

The last series of letters to his wife begins in August, 1683. Marie Casimire was a bad, ambitious, intriguing Frenchwoman, intent only on her own aggrandizement and her own pleasure, who used and abused her influence over her hero in the worst way and for the most selfish ends. In spite, however, of her continual provocations, he continued faithful to her until the end of his life. "*Mon incomparable,*" he continually calls her in his letters, which all begin, "*Seule joie de mon âme, charmante et bien aimée Mariette.*" They are often dated in the middle of the night; in spite of the fatigue and anxiety he was enduring, and of his sufferings from acute rheumatism, he never fails to sacrifice the rest so necessary to him, to sending off long and entertaining letters to his exacting and selfish wife, who complains of his not writing enough, and of what he writes, with singular cynicism. She forgets to give him important information which he asks her for, to convey his orders, even to date her letters, while she sends him all the injurious gossip she can pick up, intrigues with his enemies, and publishes letters he has desired to be kept secret.

You finish by telling me, dear heart, that you are very discontented with me. Yet I tell you everything in my letters. It is my fate. What consolation do I get in my troubles? I try and unravel something pleasant in your cyphers and to find some comfort from my heart, and get only the old and eternal complaints [he writes pitifully].

The difficulty we have had in crossing the Danube at three in the morning opposite the Turkish camp was immense; the bridges broke down under the weight of artillery and baggage wagons; we had to seek out fords, which we found luckily on the smaller branches of the river, but the current was too rapid in the main stream; there is no river which can compare with the Danube in violence. After this important passage we have had to cross a line of mountains, or, more strictly speaking, to climb them. A furious wind blew straight into our teeth; it seemed as if the "powers of the air" were unchained against us; the vizier is said to be a great magician! We had left our baggage behind us, and I have only with me two light carts; since Friday we have neither eaten nor slept — more than the horses. We can see from here the immense camp of the Turks and the town of Vienna in the distance, but we are separated from it by forests, precipices, and a very big mountain, of which no one had told us a word. The horses have

nothing to eat but the leaves of the trees; we have neither food nor forage [which had been promised but never furnished by the emperor].

Humanly speaking, however, and putting all our trust in God, I must believe that the chief of an army who, like the grand vizier, has not thought of entrenching himself or collecting his scattered troops, but has encamped there as if he were a hundred miles off, is predestined to be beaten.

I have passed the night on the extreme right; we could see the whole Turkish camp, and the noise of the cannon prevented all sleep. This letter is my eighth; it has taken me till daylight.

At last the emperor discovered a remedy for the fearful state of his affairs: "it was forbidden, under pain of death to speak of 'present circumstances'!" as they were euphuistically called at Vienna. The march of Kara Mustapha had been a stroke of genius; in those days an army generally lost much time during a campaign by attempting to subdue the strong places, while he aimed straight at the heart of the country, threw his bridges of boats across the Danube, and appeared before Vienna in the shortest possible time. The fortifications of the town had been much neglected, and there were but few troops to man them. In twenty-four hours the emperor became aware of the approach of the Turks by harsher signs than words; he took flight immediately by night, with all his court and family, leaving his cousin, the Duke of Lorraine, to do his best in defending the kingdom — the same prince who had contested the throne of Poland with Sobieski, and now acted with great loyalty towards him. For four days the enormous crescent of the enemy was seen forming round the city, with an extraordinary noise of bells, trombones, and cymbals; tents, horsetails without number, troops of camels and mules, armies of bullocks and sheep going to drink at the Danube, the tent of executions, which, as usual, was placed in the most conspicuous position, could all be seen from the walls. At night the watch-fires and lanterns all over the camp lighted up the sky, the noise of artillery never ceased, and the cries of the muezzin summoning the Moslems to prayer made all sleep impossible.

But the vizier, instead of carrying the town, as he could have done, by a *coup de main*, was afraid of losing the valuable booty of Vienna by fire, and consumed the whole month of August striving to reduce the city by famine, and thus lost his prize. Surrounded by his harem, his one hundred and fifty valets, even his menagerie, he spent his time in his tents

of silk and gold, which covered a larger extent than the town of Buda, and refused to believe in the advance of Sobieski.

Suddenly he heard that the king was upon him, when a panic terror took possession of the army—a bad preparation for the next day's work.

At eight in the morning the action began. Sobieski and his allies descended from the hills in five columns, like great torrents, and were met at first by the Spahis, who, being on horseback, became embarrassed in the broken ground, the narrow lanes, vineyards, and woods which surrounded Vienna, and gave way on all sides. The defenders of the city took courage and fired from the walls, while Kara Mustapha, still not believing in the imminence of his danger, attempted to continue the battle with the town before him, at the same time that he marched himself to the rear, to meet King John, now at the head of seventy thousand men, the finest army he had ever commanded, eighteen thousand of whom were Poles.

The heat was intense. The Christian army stopped for a moment to eat, without, however, putting down their muskets and lances; then in a great semicircle the allied force continued its march, Sobieski passing from column to column, encouraging the troops, and speaking to each in the language of their country.

The Turks had profited by this halt to form a new line on the glacis of the camp. The vizier commanded here in person, with all his best troops; the king was in front. It was nearly five o'clock, and the work before them seemed too great an undertaking for tired men; he determined therefore to sleep on the field, and put off the battle till the next day. The grand vizier, in his contempt for the Christians, and his indomitable pride, treated the whole matter so lightly that at this moment he retired to his crimson tent, to drink coffee with his sons.

At the sight, the king's choler rose; although his infantry had not yet marched up, he pointed two or three cannon upon the tent; and the ammunition having not yet arrived, a French officer stuffed into one gun his gloves, his wig, and a packet of *Gazettes de France* which he had with him. Sobieski, as soon as his troops appeared, ordered them to take a neighboring height. Kara Mustapha in defending himself left his flanks bare, the whole line was troubled. The king cried aloud that the enemy was lost, and surrounded by his squadrons, distinguished afar by his bril-

liant aigrette, his bow, his golden quiver, and the magnificent buckler carried before him, he rushed straight on the crimson tent, crying, "*Non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo des gloriam.*" The Tartars and Spahis recognized him and drew back. The name of the king of Poland ran through the ranks. "By Allah, the king is with them," repeated they. An eclipse of the moon made the "crescent" grow pale in the sky, and appeared to the excited armies as an omen from on high. "Heaven is against us," cried the Turks.

The vizier, at last, after trying to rally his troops in vain, was obliged to take flight himself, weeping, it was said, bitterly. Sobieski's next letter is dated "from the tents of the vizier in the night."

God be praised; he has given our nation such a victory as has never been known in any former century.

All the artillery, the camp of the Mussulmans, infinite riches, have fallen into our hands. The victory has been so sudden and extraordinary that in the town as in the camp there have been constant alarms that the enemy was returning upon us. They have left powder and munitions to the value of a million of florins, but half of this was set fire to and the explosions were like the last judgment.

The vizier abandoned everything except his coat and his horse. I have constituted myself his heir. The private tents alone cover as much space as Warsaw. I have sent the great standard to the pope, but have hardly had time even to look at the multitude of rich tents, superb equipages, and a thousand beautiful and costly trifles, such as quivers mounted with rubies and sapphires, which are said to be worth thousands of ducats.

Night put an end to the pursuit, for the Turks defended themselves desperately. They made the finest possible retreat. The Janisaries were forgotten in the trenches, and were all cut to pieces. Such was their pride and presumption that one part of the army was assaulting the town while the other gave us battle, and their forces were enough for both. Without the Tartars I believe they amounted to three hundred thousand men. One hundred thousand tents were counted. In flying they left a number of captives, particularly women, after having massacred as many as they could. Many were killed, but also many were only wounded and may recover. I saw yesterday a charming little boy of three years old whose head one of these cowards had split open from the mouth. It is impossible to describe the refinements of luxury which the vizier had collected in his tents—baths, little gardens with fountains, even a rabbit-warren. . . . He had taken possession of a fine ostrich found in one of the

emperor's country houses, but he cut off its head that it might not fall again into the hands of the Christians. . . . I have been in to see the town; it could not have held out five more days. The imperial palace is honey-combed with bullets, the bastions in a terrible state with great pieces of the walls about to fall over, like masses of rock. All the troops of the allies have done their duty well; they attribute the victory to God and to us. The greatest shock of the battle was just opposite where I was, in front of the vizier; and at the moment the enemy began to yield, the elector of Bavaria, the prince of Waldeck, and the other generals crowded round me embracing me, the soldiers and officers on foot and horseback crying, "Our brave king!" and kissing my feet. In the town they called me their "saviour." I went into two churches, where the people kissed my hands and feet and coat, crying, "Let us touch your victorious hands."

He does not mention the text of a sermon preached in Vienna on that day—"There was a man sent by God, and his name was John."

But the day is just beginning to break, and I must finish this letter. God is indeed great. Let us render glory and honor to him for it now and forever. I cannot longer enjoy this pleasant *tête-à-tête* with you. We have lost a great number of men, but we shall march to-day to pursue the enemy into Hungary: the electors say they will accompany me. The heat is most oppressive.

The princes of Bavaria and Saxony will follow me to the end of the world, but we must get over the first two miles quickly, for the smell and infection from so large a number of corpses of men, horses, and camels, is insupportable.

The emperor is a mile and a half away. I perceive that he has no great wish to see me, so I shall make room for him, and am very glad to escape all the ceremonies that are going to take place in Vienna.

To-day we are pushing on, but I feel sure that the Germans will not budge. I have sent the elector of Saxony, as a remembrance, two richly caparisoned horses, two Turkish standards, etc., etc. He is gone back with his army after having expressed his resentment against the emperor very vehemently.

Sept. 17. — I have had my interview with the emperor yesterday. He arrived at Vienna some hours after my departure. Not expecting to see him after so many delays, I sent him, as a compliment in memory of our victory, one of the standards of the vizier.

Leopold had taken every pains to show that he felt no gratitude to or interest in his deliverer, but finding that Sobieski had literally begun his march from Vienna, he sent an awkward message to him intimating that he did not know how etiquette would allow him to receive an elected

king. When the dilemma was laid before Charles of Lorraine, he replied, "With open arms if he has saved the empire!" But Sobieski does not mention this little passage at arms.

I proposed that we should meet on horseback, I in front of my army, he before his and his capital. I need not describe him to you; his appearance is well known; he wore an embroidered surcoat and a hat with white and red plumes. I made my compliments in Latin in very few words. He replied in the same way. [Sobieski again does not give his answer to the emperor's cold and awkward address—"I am very glad, sire, to have rendered you this little service."] I presented my son; the emperor did not even put his hand to his cap. To avoid scandal I said a few words more to him, and then turned my horse; we saluted, and I went back to my camp. He then went on to look at our army with the palatine of Russia, but our people are extremely piqued, and complain openly that the emperor did not deign to thank them for all the privations and pains they have endured, even by saluting them.

Our sick have nothing but dung to lie on; the wounded, of whom there are a great number, cannot obtain boats to go down the river to Presburg, where I could have them nursed at my own cost. They refuse to allow our dead to be buried in the cemeteries of Vienna, even the superior officers. They pillage our baggage and carry away the horses following us. A German dragoon struck one of my pages on the face and brought blood, at four steps from me; another tore away my cloak from one of my people. Some of my body-guard, left near the Turkish cannon we have taken, lost their cloaks, their clothes, and their horses. We have never been in such bad case, and if it had not been for the oats found in the Turkish camp we should have lost all the horses; the misery is so great everywhere that it is difficult to find a truss of hay or any fresh grass; bare fields are all that remain after the passage of these clouds of pagans.

Several of our men having pressed into the town to find some food, as we are dying of hunger in the country, the commandant gave orders to fire upon them. . . . After such a battle, where we have lost so many men, and officers of our highest families, we are to lose our horses and baggage, and to be left to perish of misery. We are treated as if we had the plague, while before the battle my tents, which, thank God, are spacious enough, could not contain the crowds. We are marching on a still greater famine, but I want to get away from this town of Vienna, where they fire on our people. But tell no one of these subjects of complaint—the old adage says, "*Qui ne sait cacher son ennui apprête à rire à l'ennemi.*" We are like the Israelites by the waters of Babylon, we weep the loss of our horses, the ingratitude of those we have saved, and so many chances of success thrown away.

Sept. 18th. — We are only three miles from Presburg. The roads are full of corpses; at one of the fords of the river the Turks lost nearly two thousand men, killed partly by our people, partly by the peasants. The Germans have not stirred from Vienna.

It has been hinted to me by the imperial equerry that I should do well to offer some fine saddle-horses to the emperor. This is a very pretty compliment when I have hardly any for myself, but I shall try and see whether any can be found in the army, as it is my fate to have to oblige everybody and to have nothing to expect except from God. . . . It is not the least extraordinary thing we have experienced that we do not know what is going to become of us. It would only have been right, I think, to ask me how I intend to go on with the war, but they have no communication with me. If they would at least declare frankly that they do not want us any more, I should be free to go where I please.

The Turks are marching day and night in a straight line on Belgrade, where is the sultan, abandoning their baggage at the defiles or river-fords.

The soldiers and officers are suffering from fever and dysentery, brought on by fatigue, the want of nourishment, and the excessive heat. The Duke of Lorraine comes often to see me; *le pauvre diable* has neither spoils from the enemy nor honors from the emperor.

Ingratitude was the order of the day at Vienna, and generals, feudatories, and allies were all treated with the same coldness.

Sept. 19. — We hope to cross the Danube to-morrow on a bridge which has still to be made, in order to enter the enemy's country, where we hope to find forage for the horses. The Turks have stopped nowhere, and leave stragglers behind in all directions, dying of hunger. I should wish to march directly on Buda, and so finish the war, but . . . These military details, however, will not have much interest for you, my love, for I often observe that when you hear them, you take no notice. . . . What a beautiful country this is, and how these pagans have maltreated it! . . . I have sent the emperor some fine horses, according to the hint which he sent me; I put on them harness mounted with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. He has replied by a tolerably handsome sword. I have given presents [to the officers who had fought by his side], and shall be reduced, most likely, to come home with nothing left but buffaloes and camels for my own share. People are coming to me every moment — I have not a moment of rest night nor day. You know, *chère dame*, how much I love reading; well, upon my honor, I have not ever had a book in my hands since Ratibor.

A week ago the greater part of the Turkish army disbanded, and neither halter nor cold steel could stop the men. The vizier has caused the pasha of Buda to be strangled in

his presence because his soldiers refused to fight. He was a brave, honest old man, who had married a Pole, and had been wounded at the affair of Vienna. Many other executions have taken place, and more are to be carried out near Buda. All their treasures are taken by the vizier.

Presburg. — We have lost a number of men lately, some from wounds, many from dysentery. I have brought them down here, where the inhabitants are kind and hospitable, like our own Poles. . . . I have devoted my life to the glory of God and of his holy cause and I shall go on with it [he adds in answer to some of his wife's complaints]. I too care for my life, I care for it for the service of Christendom and my country, for you, dear heart, for my children, my family, and my friends, but honor must be dear to me also.

It is sad to hear the officers talk. They even regret that we came to the emperor's help, and wish we had left this proud race to perish, never to rise again; everybody is discouraged and out of heart. The intense heat brings with it fever and something like plague. [Leopold, indeed, seemed bent on showing by his consistent meanness and ingratitude how little worth saving he had been.]

I send a list of the munitions of war taken in the Turkish camp, which are to be divided; but there was much more — this was only taken after three days of pillage. I forbade anything to be touched after the battle till night, thinking the Turks might return; but many of the soldiers have become great lords, they have grown so rich with plunder. Belts set with diamonds have been seen among them. Watches with diamonds, rich poyngards, and knives, and quivers, etc., are in the list; carpets, coverlids, furs, the most beautiful in the world.

I can't think what the Turks intended to do with them, as they do not wear such. Perhaps they were intended for the ladies of Vienna! I send you one of the vizier's coverlids in white satin, embroidered with gold flowers — nothing can be warmer or more delicate — and a cushion embroidered by the vizier's chief wife; also two purple carpets woven with gold. I beg you graciously to receive these bagatelles.

And now came the only reverse which Sobieski ever encountered in his life. In the hot pursuit of the Turks, the advanced guard, without the king's knowledge or orders, advanced to the Danube, and found that the Ottoman army had just crossed. The Poles had neither infantry nor cannon, and the Turk charged furiously upon them; they were not quite five thousand men, and the Duke of Lorraine had not come up as was expected.

The Turks charged them a second and a third time; our centre and left wing began to fly. I cried and ordered in vain, all abandoned me. I ordered Fanfan [his son] to go

on with them, and not knowing what had become of him I thought I should have died of grief. I was very near losing my life; my hands, my thighs, all my body is as black as coal, bruised by the press of the flyers. The poor palatine of Pomerania was pushed off his horse and fell with many others near me. A cavalry soldier saved my life; two Turks were close upon me; he killed one and wounded the other. I had hoped to recompense the man largely, but he did not come alive out of the fight. Let particular mention be made of him in the service for the dead. I was supposed to be among the dead, and it is almost a miracle it was not so. Almost all my pages perished in the action, and I can hardly sit on my horse from the fatigue and grief I have endured. The body of the poor palatine has been found, but headless—these barbarians make no prisoners.

Two days after, however, he had his revenge: Kara Mustapha returned in great force from Buda, with troops, inspired by the false news of the death of the king, and gave battle at Parkany, on the 10th October, with the usual results.

Oh, how good God is, my dear Mariette, to have given us in compensation for a little confusion, a victory greater than that of Vienna! In the name of your love for me do not cease thanking him, entreat him to continue his mercies to his faithful people. I am quite well, thank God, and feel twenty years younger since our victory—everything is repaired.

Kara Mustapha had been promised the aid of Tekeli and forty thousand Hungarians; the Ottoman army had recovered its vigor, and was posted so as to stretch from Parkany to the foot of the mountains, the right resting on the gorges by which the Hungarians were to arrive. By this time, however, King John had received his contingents and Cossacks. Before day he had arranged his army in three lines; he led the first himself, the Duke of Lorraine the second, and Jablonowski the third; the Turks charged this last furiously as usual, but were driven back in disorder. The king meantime advanced on the walls of the fort; the broken squadrons were alarmed; the two wings of the Christian army, forming a vast crescent, rested on the Danube; Sobieski came down on the disordered troops and drove them into the river. "It was a diverting spectacle (!)," said an eyewitness; "those who would not dare this dangerous passage were cut to pieces on the banks, and heaps of them, a fathom high, formed a sort of parapet on the edge." The bridge below broke, five pashas and a number of generals perished there, and the slaughter was tremendous.

The Hungarians arrived too late, purposely it was said, and that Tekeli grieved equally over the check to Sobieski, which left him at the mercy of the Turks, and at the destruction of the Turks, which left him at the mercy of the Austrians. The king attempted in vain to save him from the consequences of his own indecision.

When Sobieski heard that Kara Mustapha had fled to Belgrade his joy was great. "Here is Hungary at last delivered from the infidel after three hundred years. Belgrade is not in Hungary but in Servia," he explains. "I know you are not strong in geography," he observes several times. "The Turks now have only five or six of the principal fortresses left, and it would only require fourteen days to deliver this great and beautiful kingdom entirely."

He had all along desired to attack Buda, but was persuaded by the Duke of Lorraine to besiege Gran. It was the first time that the Turks had had to defend places since the foundation of their empire, and a new art for them to learn; they had hitherto done nothing but attack, but now, after three hundred years, they were conquered and invaded in their turn. He writes from within the town, October 21st:—

Although pressed by the bad weather and the want of forage, I resolved to attack the fortress against the advice of every one. The town has yielded; the garrison, two pashas, and five thousand troops have marched out with arms but without baggage or artillery; it was the strongest place in Hungary. Mass has been celebrated for the first time these one hundred and fifty years in the church, which had been converted into a mosque. We have taken five mosques in this way from the pagans during the year. No one, however, speaks either of our present or our past. God and glory are our reward.

We see nothing but sickness, pillage, towns on fire, and ruined churches, in this miserable country, where every sod of earth would yield blood, it seems, if it were pressed.

We are bivouacking in the open air, we cannot even use our tents, the ground is so frozen that it is impossible to drive in the tent-pegs.

Desertion, brigandage, and sickness were ravaging the ranks on both sides; but still Sobieski went on with his self-imposed task, and the Turks had such confidence in his honor that they would surrender to him at discretion, as at Schetzin, when they would trust no one else.

The rain had made the roads now impracticable; the snows which followed determined the end of the campaign for the allies, although Sobieski yet desired

to carry Buda, which would have driven the Turks out of Hungary, and thus concluded the war.

With a last effort to save Tekeli, and do something for Hungary, if possible, Sobieski wrote to the pope in their favor, after having vainly attempted to obtain terms for them with the emperor. Then, to the great delight of his army, he turned homewards, through mud and snow, and hardships of all kinds. On Christmas eve he reached Cracow, after only four months' absence, which had been one series of successes and triumphs. He was received with the acclamations of his people, who were half mad with pride and joy.

On the very day after, an aga of the Janissaries presented himself to Kara Mastapha at Belgrade, on the part of the sultan, to demand his head. It was said that Mahomet would have saved him, but that the exasperation of the army and the people was such that he was afraid for his own life; despots are often the greatest slaves. The disgraced vizier was sent for to Constantinople after attempting to save his treasures, by burying them and killing the Albanian workmen who had done the work. He saw from his windows the aga approaching with a numerous escort, received him calmly, kissed the *hatti-scherif* of death, made his prayer, washed his hands, face, and head, to "receive martyrdom pure in body and soul," and then, kneeling down, adjusted the cord round his own neck. His head a few days after decorated the gates of the Seraglio, "another trophy to John Sobieski."

The tide of conquest had turned; the Turks were driven back never again to trouble Europe by their invasions. We have forgotten the political and religious horror which followed the long series of triumphs that carried the standard of Mahomet from Mecca, Jerusalem, and Damascus, into the very heart of Europe. Sobieski was spoken of as a second Maccabeus who had saved Christianity itself, as well as the Holy Land. In three months he had recovered all that the Porte had conquered during two hundred years. The decline of the empire of the Mahomets and Solymans dates from the utter defeat of the Turks by King John at Vienna, and the battles which succeeded it. Since that time the Porte has never gained a foot of territory in Europe.

The extraordinary genius for war possessed by the Turkish race, the manner in which such bodies of men and masses of material of war were collected in those roadless days in such short periods of

time, and from such distances, is almost inconceivable. Inspired by religious fanaticism, these were hurled on the foe with a force which for a time carried all before it. But although their powers of destruction were enormous, the utter absence of all capacity for ruling or amalgamating with their subject races is even more remarkable. The Turks have never been able to use their acquisitions, except to derive tribute from them. Their existence has always and everywhere been that of a garrison in a conquered country — aliens in faith, in race, and manners, they have continued apart to the present day. Literature they have none, trade they have left to the despised Giaour: they seem incapable of progress, in the European sense of the word. The fierce hordes which have overrun so large a portion of the world have apparently been urged on by the blind instinct that leads the locust or the soldier-crab afield, more than by any more human feeling. Von Hammer, at the end of one of his volumes, summing up the principal invasions of the thirty previous years, mentions six in Styria, six in Carinthia, nine in Carniola, without counting the great number of smaller attempts, twenty-seven in Carniola alone from 1460 to 1518.

The Turk has lost his savage energy of conquest since those days, but though the common people are said to be brave, sober, and trustworthy, the hopeless corruption of the ruling class in Constantinople and the provinces is as great or greater than ever, the social conditions are utterly rotten, and the general disorganization complete.

The problem of our dealings with the Porte is, however, of course complicated by the fact that it is only the advanced guard of the enormous Mussulman population scattered over the world, and that our queen rules over a greater number of Mahometans than does any other sovereign, even the sultan and the shah.

The history of Sobieski has a peculiar interest at the present moment, as helping to interpret that present which has its roots, as ever, in the past. The "Bulgarian atrocities," which have shocked the world, are seen to be merely "a survival" (as Mr. Tylor would call it) of the ordinary usages of the Turks in war and in the suppression of rebellion. The antagonism between the Porte and "Muscovy," the friendly feeling between Turkey and Hungary, which has helped to paralyze Austria at the present crisis, existed in the days of King John as now. If the jealous-

ies of the European powers had not prevented the formation of that great confederation which he strove so earnestly to organize, and he had been able to carry on his victorious campaign after the relief of Vienna as he desired, the "Turkish difficulty" would not have been troubling Europe at the present moment. It is almost the only consolation in the conduct of the Conference that, though the Porte continues much as she was two hundred years ago, the great powers have certainly been acting a more Christian part. Such conduct as that of Louis XIV. and Leopold would at least be now impossible in the face of international public opinion; and we may therefore still entertain a faint hope that the honest efforts of the Christian nations combined may bring about a better result than has followed the campaigns of 1670-83, successful as they were. But the time for action is indeed short.

F. P. VERNEY.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

THE next day the reading was resumed, and for several days was regularly continued. Each day, as their interest grew, longer time was devoted to it. They were all simple enough to accept what the author gave them, nor, had a critic of the time been present to instruct them that in this last he had fallen off, would they have heeded him much: for Malcolm, it was the first story by the Great Unknown he had seen. A question however occurring, not of art but of morals, he was at once on the alert. It arose when they reached that portion of the tale in which the true heir to an earldom and its wealth offers to leave all in the possession of the usurper, on the one condition of his ceasing to annoy a certain lady, whom, by villainy of the worst, he had gained the power of rendering unspeakably miserable. Naturally enough, at this point Malcolm's personal interest was suddenly excited: here were elements strangely correspondent with the circumstances of his present position. Tyrrel's offer of acquiescence in things as they were, and abandonment of his rights, which in the story is so amazing to the man of the world to whom it is first

propounded, drew an exclamation of delight from both ladies — from Clementina because of its unselfishness, from Florimel because of its devotion: neither of them was at any time ready to raise a moral question, and least of all where the heart approved. But Malcolm was interested after a different fashion from theirs. Often during the reading he had made remarks and given explanations — not so much to the annoyance of Lady Clementina as she had feared, for since his rescue of the swift she had been more favorably disposed toward him, and had judged him a little more justly; not that she understood him, but that the gulf between them had contracted. He paused a moment, then said, "Do you think it was right, my ladies? Ought Mr. Tyrrel to have made such an offer?"

"It was most generous of him," said Clementina, not without indignation, and with the tone of one whose answer should decide the question.

"Splendidly generous," replied Malcolm; "but I so well remember when Mr. Graham first made me see that the question of duty does not always lie between a good thing and a bad thing: there would be no room for casuistry then, he said. A man has very often to decide between one good thing and another. But indeed I can hardly tell, without more time to think, whether that comes in here. If a man wants to be generous, it must at least be at his own expense."

"But surely," said Florimel, not in the least aware that she was changing sides, "a man ought to hold by the rights that birth and inheritance give him."

"That is by no means so clear, my lady," returned Malcolm, "as you seem to think. A man *may* be bound to hold by things that are his rights, but certainly not because they are rights. One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up; except, of course, they involve duties with the performance of which the abnegation would interfere."

"I have been trying to think," said Lady Clementina, "what can be the two good things here to choose between."

"That is the right question, and logically put, my lady," rejoined Malcolm, who from his early training could not help sometimes putting on the schoolmaster. "The two good things are — let me see — yes — on the one hand the protection of the lady to whom he owed all possible devotion of man to woman, and on the other what he owed to his tenants, and perhaps

to society in general — yes — as the holder of wealth and position. There is generosity on the one side and dry duty on the other."

"But this was no case of mere love to the lady, I think," said Clementina. "Did Mr. Tyrrel not owe Miss Mowbray what reparation lay in his power? Was it not his tempting of her to a secret marriage, while yet she was nothing more than a girl, that brought the mischief upon her?"

"That is the point," said Malcolm, "that makes the one difficulty. Still, I do not see how there can be much of a question. He could have no right to do fresh wrong for the mitigation of the consequences of preceding wrong — to sacrifice others to atone for injuries done by himself."

"Where would be the wrong to others?" said Florimel, now back to her former position. "What could it matter to tenants or society which of the brothers happened to be earl?"

"Only this, that in the one case the landlord of his tenants, the earl in society, would be an honorable man; in the other a villain — a difference which might have consequences."

"But," said Lady Clementina, "is not generosity something more than duty — something higher, something beyond it?"

"Yes," answered Malcolm, "so long as it does not go against duty, but keeps in the same direction — is in harmony with it. I doubt much, though, whether, as we grow in what is good, we shall not come soon to see that generosity is but our duty, and nothing very grand and beyond it. But the man who chooses to be generous at the expense of justice, even if he give up at the same time everything of his own, is but a poor creature beside him who for the sake of the right will not only consent to appear selfish in the eyes of men, but will go against his own heart and the comfort of those dearest to him. The man who accepts a crown *may be* more noble than he who lays one down and retires to the desert. Of the worthies who do things by faith, some are sawn asunder and some subdue kingdoms. The look of the thing is nothing."

Florimel made a neat little yawn over her work. Clementina's hands rested a moment in her lap, and she looked thoughtful. But she resumed her work and said no more. Malcolm began to read again. Presently Clementina interrupted him. She had not been listening.

"Why should a man want to be better than his neighbors, any more than to be richer?" she said, as if uttering her thoughts aloud.

"Why, indeed," responded Malcolm, "except he wants to become a hypocrite?"

"Then why do you talk for duty against generosity?"

"Oh!" said Malcolm, for a moment perplexed. He did not at once catch the relation of her ideas. "Does a man ever do his duty," he rejoined at length, "in order to be better than his neighbors? If he does, he won't do it long. A man does his duty because he must: he has no choice but to do it."

"If a man has no choice, how is it that so many men choose to do wrong?" asked Clementina.

"In virtue of being slaves and stealing the choice," replied Malcolm.

"You are playing with words," said Clementina.

"If I am, at least I am not playing with things," returned Malcolm. "If you like it better, my lady, I will say that in declaring he has no choice the man with all his soul chooses the good, recognizing it as the very necessity of his nature."

"If I know in myself that I have a choice, all you say goes for nothing," persisted Clementina. "I am not at all sure I would not do wrong for the sake of another. The more one preferred what was right, the greater would be the sacrifice."

"If it was for the grandeur of it, my lady, that would be for the man's own sake, not his friends."

"Leave that out, then," said Clementina.

"The more a man loved another, then — say a woman, as here in the story — it seems to me the more willing would he be that she should continue to suffer rather than cease by wrong. Think, my lady: the essence of wrong is injustice: to help another by wrong is to do injustice to somebody you do not know well enough to love, for the sake of one you do know well enough to love. What honest man could think of that twice? The woman capable of accepting such a sacrifice would be contemptible."

"She need not know of it."

"He would know that she needed but to know of it to despise him."

"Then might it not be noble in him to consent for her sake to be contemptible in her eyes?"

"If no others were concerned. And

then there would be no injustice, therefore nothing wrong, and nothing contemptible."

"Might not what he did be wrong in the abstract, without having reference to any person?"

"There is no wrong man can do but is a thwarting of the living right. Surely you believe, my lady, that there is a living power of right, whose justice is the soul of our justice, who *will* have right done, and causes even our own souls to take up arms against us when we do wrong?"

"In plain language, I suppose you mean, Do I believe in a God?"

"That is what I mean, if by a God you mean a being who cares about us and loves justice—that is, fair play—one whom therefore we wrong to the very heart when we do a thing that is not just."

"I would gladly believe in such a being if things were so that I could. As they are, I confess it seems to me the best thing to doubt it. I do doubt it very much. How can I help doubting it when I see so much suffering, oppression, and cruelty in the world? If there were such a being as you say, would he permit the horrible things we hear of on every hand?"

"I used to find that a difficulty. Indeed, it troubled me sorely until I came to understand things better. I remember Mr. Graham saying once something like this—I did not understand it for months after: 'Every kind-hearted person who thinks a great deal of being comfortable, and takes prosperity to consist in being well off, must be tempted to doubt the existence of a God.—And perhaps it is well they should be so tempted,' he added."

"Why did he add that?"

"I think, because such are in danger of believing in an evil God. And if men believed in an evil God, and had not the courage to defy him, they must sink to the very depths of savagery. At least that is what I ventured to suppose he meant."

Clementina opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. Religious people, she found, could think as boldly as she.

"I remember all about it so well!" Malcolm added thoughtfully. "We had been talking about the Prometheus of Æschylus—how he would not give in to Jupiter."

"I am trying to understand," said Clementina, and ceased: and a silence fell

which for a few moments Malcolm could not break. For suddenly he felt as if he had fallen under the power of a spell. Something seemed to radiate from her silence which invaded his consciousness. It was as if the wind which dwells in the tree of life had waked in the twilight of heaven and blew upon his spirit. It was not that now first he saw that she was beautiful: the moment his eyes fell upon her that morning in the park he saw her beautiful as he had never seen woman before. Neither was it that now first he saw her good: even in that first interview her heart had revealed itself to him as very lovely. But the foolishness which flowed from her lips, noble and unselfish as it was, had barred the way betwixt his feelings and her individuality as effectually as if she had been the loveliest of Venuses lying uncarved in the lunar marble of Carrara. There *are* men to whom silliness is an absolute freezing-mixture—to whose hearts a plain sensible woman at once appeals as a woman, while no amount of beauty can serve as sweet oblivious antidote to counteract the nausea produced by folly. Malcolm had found Clementina irritating, and the more irritating that she was so beautiful. But at the first sound from her lips that indicated genuine and truthful thought the atmosphere had begun to change; and at the first troubled gleam in her eyes, revealing that she pursued some dim seen thing of the world of reality, a nameless potency throbbed into the spiritual space betwixt her and him, and embraced them in an æther of entrancing relation. All that had been needed to awake love to her was, that her soul, her self, should look out of its windows; and now at length he had caught a glimpse of it. Not all her beauty, not all her heart, not all her courage, could draw him while she would ride only a hobby-horse, however tight its skin might be stuffed with emotions. But now who could tell how soon she might be charging in the front line of the Amazons of the Lord—on as real a horse as any in the heavenly army? For was she not thinking, the rarest human operation in the world?

"I will try to speak a little more clearly, my lady," said Malcolm. "If ease and comfort and the pleasures of animal and intellectual being were the best things to be had, as they are the only things most people desire, then that Maker who did not care that his creatures should possess or were deprived of such could not be a good God. But if the need with the lack

of such things should be the means, the only means, of their gaining something in its very nature so much better than —”

“But,” interrupted Clementina, “if they don’t care about anything better — if they are content as they are?”

“Should he, then, who called them into existence be limited in his further intents for the perfecting of their creation by their notions concerning themselves who cannot add to their life one cubit, such notions being often consciously dishonest? If he knows them worthless without something that he can give, shall he withhold his hand because they do not care that he should stretch it forth? Should a child not be taught to ride because he is content to run on foot?”

“But the means, according to your own theory, are so frightful!” said Clementina.

“But suppose he knows that the barest beginnings of the good he intends them would not merely reconcile them to those means, but cause them to choose his will at any expense of suffering? I tell you, Lady Clementina,” continued Malcolm, rising, and approaching her a step or two, “if I had not the hope of one day being good like God himself, if I thought there was no escape out of the wrong and badness I feel within me, and know I am not able to rid myself of without supreme help, not all the wealth and honors of the world could reconcile me to life.”

“You do not know what you are talking of,” said Clementina coldly and softly, without lifting her head.

“I do,” said Malcolm.

“You mean you would kill yourself but for your belief in God?”

“By life I meant *being*, my lady. If there were no God, I dared not kill myself, lest worse should be waiting me in the awful voids beyond. If there be a God, living or dying is all one — so it be what he pleases.”

“I have read of saints,” said Clementina, with cool dissatisfaction in her tone, uttering such sentiments” (“*Sentiments!*” said Malcolm to himself), “and I do not doubt such were felt or at least imagined by them; but I fail to understand how, even supposing these things true, a young man like yourself should, in the midst of a busy world, and with an occupation which, to say the least —”

Here she paused. After a moment Malcolm ventured to help her: “Is so far from an ideal one, would you say, my lady?”

“Something like that,” answered Clem-

entina, and concluded, “I wonder how *you* can have arrived at such ideas?”

“There is nothing wonderful in it, my lady,” returned Malcolm. “Why should not a youth, a boy, a child — for as a child I thought about what the kingdom of heaven could mean — desire with all his might that his heart and mind should be clean, his will strong, his thoughts just, his head clear, his soul dwelling in the place of life? Why should I not desire that my life should be a complete thing, and an outgoing of life to my neighbor? Some people are content not to do mean actions: I want to become incapable of a mean thought or feeling; and so I shall be before all is done.”

“Still, how did you come to begin so much earlier than others?”

“All I know as to that, my lady, is that I had the best man in the world to teach me.”

“And why did not I have such a man to teach me? I could have learned of such a man too.”

“If you are able now, my lady, it does not follow that it would have been the best thing for you sooner. Some children learn far better for not being begun early, and will get before others who have been at it for years. As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts — the eternal thought speaking in your thought.”

It flashed through her mind, “Can it be that I have found it now — on the lips of a groom?” Was it her own spirit or another that laughed strangely within her. “Well, as you seem to know so much better than other people,” she said, “I want you to explain to me how the God in whom you profess to believe can make use of such cruelties. They seem to me more like the revelling of a demon.”

“My lady,” remonstrated Malcolm, “I never pretended to explain. All I say is, that if I had reasons for hoping there was a God, and if I found, from my own experience and the testimony of others, that suffering led to valued good, I should think, hope, expect to find, that he caused suffering for reasons of the highest, purest, and kindest import, such as when understood must be absolutely satisfactory to the sufferers themselves. If a man cannot believe that, and if he thinks pain the worst evil of all, then of course he cannot believe there is a good God. Still, even then, if he would lay claim to being a lover of truth, he ought to give

the idea — the mere *idea* — of God fair play, lest there should be a good God after all, and he all his life doing him the injustice of refusing him his trust and obedience."

"And how are we to give the mere idea of him fair play?" asked Clementina, rather contemptuously. But I think she was fighting emotion, confused and troublesome.

"By looking to the heart of whatever claims to be a revelation of him."

"It would take a lifetime to read the half of such."

"I will correct myself, and say 'Whatever of the sort has best claims on *your* regard, whatever any person you look upon as good believes and would have you believe;' at the same time doing diligently what you *know* to be right; for, if there be a God, that must be his will, and if there be not, it remains our duty."

All this time Florimel was working away at her embroidery, a little smile of satisfaction flickering on her face. She was pleased to hear her clever friend talking so with her strange vassal. As to what they were saying, she had no doubt it was all right, but to her it was not interesting. She was mildly debating with herself whether she should tell her friend about Lenorme.

Clementina's work now lay on her lap and her hands on her work, while her eyes at one time gazed on the grass at her feet, at another searching Malcolm's face with a troubled look. The light of Malcolm's candle was beginning to penetrate into her dusky room, the power of his faith to tell upon the weakness of her unbelief. There is no strength in unbelief. Even the unbelief of what is false is no source of might. It is the truth shining from behind that gives the strength to disbelieve. But into the house where the refusal of the bad is followed by no embracing of the good — the house empty and swept and garnished — the bad will return, bringing with it seven evils that are worse.

If something of that sacred mystery, holy in the heart of the Father, which draws together the souls of man and woman, was at work between them, let those scoff at the mingling of love and religion who know nothing of either; but man or woman, who, loving woman or man, has never in that love lifted the heart to the divine Father, and every one whose love has not yet cast at least an arm around the human love, must take heed what they think of themselves, for they are yet but paddlers in the tide of the eternal ocean.

Love is a lifting no less than a swelling of the heart. What changes, what metamorphoses, transformations, purifications, glorifications, must this or that love undergo ere it take its eternal place in the kingdom of heaven, through all its changes yet remaining, in its one essential root, the same, let the coming redemption reveal. The hope of all honest lovers will lead them to the vision. Only let them remember that love must dwell in the will as well as in the heart.

But whatever the nature of Malcolm's influence upon Lady Clementina, she resented it, thinking toward and speaking to him repellently. Something in her did not like him. She knew he did not approve of her, and she did not like being disapproved of. Neither did she approve of him. He was pedantic, and far too good for an honest and brave youth: not that she could say she had seen dishonesty or cowardice in him, or that she could have told which vice she would prefer to season his goodness withal and bring him to the level of her ideal. And then, for all her theories of equality, he was a groom — therefore to a lady ought to be repulsive, at least when she found him intruding into the chambers of her thoughts — personally intruding, yes — and met there by some traitorous feelings whose behavior she could not understand. She resented it all, and felt toward Malcolm as if he were guilty of forcing himself into the sacred presence of her bosom's queen; whereas it was his angel that did so, his idea, over which he had no control. Clementina would have turned that idea out; and when she found she could not, her soul started up wrathful, in maidenly disgust with her heart, and cast resentment upon everything in him whereon it would hang. She had not yet, however, come to ask herself any questions: she had only begun to fear that a woman to whom a person from the stables could be interesting, even in the form of an unexplained riddle, must be herself a person of low tastes, and that, for all her pride in coming of honest people, there must be a drop of bad blood in her somewhere.

For a time her eyes had been fixed on her work, and there had been silence in the little group.

"My lady!" said Malcolm, and drew a step nearer to Clementina.

She looked up. How lovely she was with the trouble in her eyes! Thought Malcolm, "If only she were what she might be! If the form were but filled with the spirit! the body with life!"

"My lady!" he repeated, just a little embarrassed, "I should like to tell you one thing that came to me only lately—came to me when thinking over the hard words you spoke to me that day in the park. But it is something so awful that I dare not speak of it except you will make your heart solemn to hear it."

He stopped, with his eyes questioning hers. Clementina's first thought once more was madness, but as she steadily returned his look, her face grew pale, and she gently bowed her head in consent.

"I will try, then," said Malcolm. "Everybody knows what few think about, that once there lived a man who, in the broad face of prejudiced respectability, truth-hating hypocrisy, commonplace religion, and dull book-learning, affirmed that he knew the secret of life and understood the heart and history of men—who wept over their sorrows, yet worshipped the God of the whole earth, saying that he had known him from eternal days. The same said that he came to do what the Father did, and that he did nothing but what he had learned of the Father. They killed him, you know, my lady, in a terrible way that one is afraid even to think of. But he insisted that he laid down his life—that he allowed them to take it. Now, I ask whether that grandest thing crowning his life, the yielding of it to the hand of violence, he had not learned also from his Father. Was his death the only thing he had not so learned? If I am right—and I do not say *if* in doubt—then the suffering of those three terrible hours was a type of the suffering of the Father himself in bringing sons and daughters through the cleansing and glorifying fires without which the created cannot be made the very children of God, partakers of the divine nature and peace. Then from the lowest, weakest tone of suffering up to the loftiest pitch, the divinest acme of pain, there is not one pang to which the sensorium of the universe does not respond; never an untuneful vibration of nerve or spirit but thrills beyond the brain or the heart of the sufferer to the brain, the heart, of the universe; and God, in the simplest, most literal, fullest sense, and not by sympathy alone, suffers *with* his creatures."

"Well, but he is able to bear it: they are not. I cannot bring myself to see the right of it."

"Nor will you, my lady, so long as you cannot bring yourself to see the good they get by it. My lady, when I was trying my best with poor Kelpie, you would not listen to me."

"You are ungenerous," said Clementina, flushing.

"My lady," persisted Malcolm, "you would not understand me. You denied me a heart because of what seemed to your eyes cruelty. I knew that I was saving her from death at the least, probably from a life of torture. God may be good, though to you his government may seem to deny it. There is but one way God cares to govern—the way of the Father-King—and that way is at hand. But I have yet given you only the one half of my theory: if God feels pain, then he puts forth his will to bear and subject that pain: if the pain comes to him from his creature, living in him, will the endurance of God be confined to himself, and not, in its turn, pass beyond the bounds of his individuality and react upon the sufferer to his sustaining? I do not mean that sustaining which a man feels from knowing his will one with God's and God *with* him, but such sustaining as those his creatures also may have who do not or cannot know whence the sustaining comes. I believe that the endurance of God goes forth to uphold, that his patience is strength to his creatures, and that while the whole creation may well groan, its suffering is more bearable therefore than it seems to the repugnance of our regard."

"That is a dangerous doctrine," said Clementina.

"Will it then make the cruel man more cruel to be told that God is caring for the tortured creature from the citadel of whose life he would force an answer to save his own from the sphinx that must at last devour him, let him answer never so wisely? Or will it make the tender less pitiful to be consoled a little in the agony of beholding what they cannot alleviate? Many hearts are from sympathy as sorely in need of comfort as those with whom they suffer. And to such I have one word more—to your heart, my lady, if it will consent to be consoled: the animals, I believe, suffer less than we, because they scarcely think of the past, and not at all of the future. It is the same with children, Mr. Graham says: they suffer less than grown people, and for the same reason. To get back something of this privilege of theirs we have to be obedient and take no thought for the morrow."

Clementina took up her work. Malcolm walked away.

"Malcolm," cried his mistress, "are you not going on with the book?"

"I hope your ladyship will excuse me,"

said Malcolm. "I would rather not read more just at present."

It may seem incredible that one so young as Malcolm should have been able to talk thus; and indeed my report may have given words more formal and systematic than his really were. For the *matter* of them, it must be remembered that he was not young in the effort to do and understand, and that the advantage to such a pupil of such a teacher as Mr. Graham is illimitable.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A PERPLEXITY.

AFTER Malcolm's departure Clementina attempted to find what Florimel thought of the things her strange groom had been saying: she found only that she neither thought at all about them, nor had a single true notion concerning the matter of their conversation. Seeking to interest her in it, and failing, she found, however, that she had greatly deepened its impression upon herself.

Florimel had not yet quite made up her mind whether or not she should open her heart to Clementina, but she approached the door of it in requesting her opinion upon the matter of marriage between persons of social conditions widely parted — "frightfully sundered," she said. Now, Clementina was a radical of her day, a reformer, a leveller — one who complained bitterly that some should be so rich and some so poor. In this she was perfectly honest. Her own wealth, from a vague sense of unrighteousness in the possession of it, was such a burden to her that she threw it away where often it made other people stumble if not fall. She professed to regard all men as equal, and believed that she did so. She was powerful in her contempt of the distinctions made between certain of the classes, but had signally failed in some bold endeavors to act as if they had no existence except in the whims of society. As yet, no man had sought her nearer regard for whom she would deign to cherish even friendship. As to marriage, she professed, right honestly, an entire disinclination, even aversion, to it, saying to herself that if ever she should marry it must be, for the sake of protest and example, one notably beneath her in social condition. He must be a gentleman, but his claims to that rare distinction should lie only in himself, not his position — in what he was, not what he had. But it is one thing to have opinions, and another to be called

upon to show them beliefs; it is one thing to declare all men equal, and another to tell the girl who looks up to you for advice that she ought to feel herself at perfect liberty to marry — say, a groom; and when Florimel proposed the general question, Clementina might well have hesitated. And indeed she did hesitate, but in vain she tried to persuade herself that it was solely for the sake of her young and inexperienced friend that she did so. As little could she honestly say that it was from doubt of the principles she had so long advocated. Had Florimel been open with her, and told her what sort of inferior was in her thoughts, instead of representing the gulf between them as big enough to swallow the city of Rome — had she told her that he was a gentleman, a man of genius and gifts, noble and large-hearted, and indeed better bred than any other man she knew — the fact of his profession would only have clenched Lady Clementina's decision in his favor; and if Florimel had been honest enough to confess the encouragement she had given him — nay, the absolute love-passages there had been — Clementina would at once have insisted that her friend should write an apology for her behavior to him, should dare the dastard world and offer to marry him when he would. But, Florimel putting the question as she did, how should Clementina imagine anything other than that it referred to Malcolm? and a strange confusion of feeling was the consequence. Her thoughts heaved in her like the half-shaped monsters of a spiritual chaos, and amongst them was one she could not at all identify. A direct answer she found impossible. She found also that in presence of Florimel, so much younger than herself, and looking up to her for advice, she dared not even let the questions now pressing for entrance appear before her consciousness. She therefore declined giving an answer of any sort — was not prepared with one, she said: much was to be considered; no two cases were just alike.

They were summoned to tea, after which she retired to her room, shut the door and began to think — an operation which, seldom easy if worth anything, was in the present case peculiarly difficult, both because Clementina was not used to it, and the subject-object of it was herself. I suspect that self-examination is seldom the most profitable, certainly it is sometimes the most unpleasant, and always the most difficult, of moral actions — that

is, to perform after a genuine fashion. I know that very little of what passes for it has the remotest claim to reality, and I will not say it has never to be done; but I am certain that a good deal of the energy spent by some devout and upright people on trying to understand themselves and their own motives would be expended to better purpose, and with far fuller attainment even in regard to that object itself, in the endeavor to understand God, and what he would have us do.

Lady Clementina's attempt was as honest as she dared make it. It went something after this fashion: "How is it possible I should counsel a young creature like that, with all her gifts and privileges, to marry a groom — to bring the stable into her chamber? If I did, if she did, has she the strength to hold her face to it? Yes, I know how different he is from any other groom that ever rode behind a lady. But does she understand him? Is she capable of such a regard for him as could outlast a week of closer intimacy? At her age it is impossible she should know what she was doing in daring such a thing. It would be absolute ruin to her. And how could I advise her to do what I could not do myself? But then if she is in love with him?"

She rose and paced the room; not hurriedly — she never did anything hurriedly — but yet with un leisured steps, until, catching sight of herself in the glass, she turned away as from an intruding and unwelcome presence, and threw herself on her couch, burying her face in the pillow. Presently, however, she rose again, her face glowing, and again walked up and down the room — almost swiftly now. I can but indicate the course of her thoughts: "If what he says be true! — It opens another and higher life. — What a man he is! and so young! — Has he not convicted me of feebleness and folly, and made me ashamed of myself? — What better thing could man or woman do for another than lower her in her own haughty eyes, and give her a chance of becoming such as she had but dreamed of the shadow of? — He is a gentleman — every inch! Hear him talk! — Scotch, no doubt — and — well — a *little* long-winded — a bad fault at his age! But see him ride! see him swim — and to save a bird! — But then he is hard — severe at best! All religious people are so severe! They think they are safe themselves, and so can afford to be hard on others! He would serve his wife the same as his mare, if he thought she required it! — And I *have*

known women for whom it might be the best thing. I am a fool! a soft-hearted idiot! He told me I would give a baby a lighted candle if it cried for it. — Or didn't he? I believe he never uttered a word of the sort: he only thought it." As she said this there came a strange light in her eyes, and the light seemed to shine from all around them as well as from the orbs themselves.

Suddenly she stood still as a statue in the middle of the room, and her face grew white as the marble of one. For a minute she stood thus, without a definite thought in her brain. The first that came was something like this: "Then Florimel *does* love him! and wants help to decide whether she shall marry him or not! Poor weak little wretch! — Then if I were in love with him I would marry him. — Would I? — It is well, perhaps, that I'm not! But she! he is ten times too good for her! He would be utterly thrown away on her! But I am *her* counsel, not his; and what better could come to her than have such a man for a husband, and instead of that contemptible Liftore, with his grand earldom ways and proud nose? He has little to be proud of that must take to his rank for it! Fancy a right man condescending to be proud of his own rank! Pooh! But this groom is a man! all a man! grand from the centre out, as the great God made him! — Yes, it must be a great God that made such a man as that! that is, if he *is* the same he looks — the same all through! — Perhaps there are more Gods than one, and one of them is the devil, and made Liftore! — But am I bound to give her advice? Surely not, I may refuse. And rightly too! A woman that marries from advice, instead of from a mighty love, is wrong. I need *not* speak. I shall just tell her to consult her own heart and conscience, and follow them. But gracious me! am *I* then going to fall in love with the fellow? — this stableman who pretends to know his Maker! — Certainly not. There is *nothing* of the kind in my thoughts. Besides, how should *I* know what falling in love means? I never was in love in my life, and don't mean to be. If I were so foolish as imagine myself in any danger, would I be such a fool as be caught in it? I should think not, indeed! What if I *do* think of this man in a way I never thought of any one before, is there anything odd in that? How should I help it when he is unlike any one I ever saw before? One must think of people as one finds them. Does it follow that I have power over myself no longer, and must go

where any chance feeling may choose to lead me?"

Here came a pause. Then she started, and once more began walking up and down the room, now hurriedly indeed. "I will *not* have it!" she cried aloud, and checked herself, dashed at the sound of her own voice. But her soul went on loud enough for the thought-universe to hear: "There *can't* be a God, or he would never subject his women to what they don't choose. If a God had made them, he would have them queens over themselves at least; and I *will* be queen, and then perhaps a God did make me. A slave to things inside myself! — thoughts and feelings I refuse, and which I *ought* to have control over! I don't want this in me, yet I can't drive it out! I *will* drive it out. It is not me. A slave on my own ground! — worst slavery of all! It will not go. — That must be because I do not will it strong enough. And if I don't *will* it — my God! — what does that mean? — That I am a slave already?"

Again she threw herself on her couch, but only to rise and yet again pace the room: "Nonsense! it is *not* love. It is merely that nobody could help thinking about one who had been so much before her mind for so long — one, too, who had made her think. Ah! there, I do believe, lies the real secret of it all! — There's the main cause of my trouble — and nothing worse! I must not be foolhardy, though, and remain in danger, especially as, for anything I can tell, he may be in love with that foolish child. People, they say, like people that are not at all like themselves. Then I am sure he might like me! — She *seems* to be in love with him! I know she cannot be half a quarter in real love with him: it's not in her."

She did not rejoin Florimel that evening: it was part of the understanding between the ladies that each should be at absolute liberty. She slept little during the night, starting awake as often as she began to slumber, and before the morning came was a good deal humbled. All sorts of means are kept at work to make the children obedient and simple and noble. Joy and sorrow are servants in God's nursery; pain and delight, ecstasy and despair, minister in it; but amongst them there is none more marvellous in its potency than that mingling of all pains and pleasures to which we specially give the name of love.

When she appeared at breakfast her countenance bore traces of her suffering, but a headache, real enough, though little

heeded in the commotion upon whose surface it floated, gave answer to the not very sympathetic solicitude of Florimel. Happily, the day of their return was near at hand. Some talk there had been of protracting their stay, but to that Clementina avoided any further allusion. She must put an end to an intercourse which she was compelled to admit, was, at least, in danger of becoming dangerous. This much she had with certainty discovered concerning her own feelings, that her head grew hot and her heart cold at the thought of the young man belonging more to the mistress who could not understand him than to herself who imagined she could; and it wanted no experience in love to see that it was therefore time to be on her guard against herself, for to herself she was growing perilous.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

WEST INDIAN MEMORIES:
THE LESSER ANTILLES AND THE
"BOILING LAKE."

THE crescent-like series of West Indian Islands, capriciously divided in official parlance into "Windward" and "Lee-ward," or more appropriately summed up together by the well-sounding title of the "Lesser Antilles," is, after a fashion, antipodal to the Philippine group of the eastern hemisphere; or, to put it more geographically, the two archipelagoes, Hispano-Malayan and Caribbean, occupy opposite points of the chart on a lesser circle of the globe, drawn some fifteen or sixteen degrees north of the equator. Being now, so destiny has willed it, on my long way from the one to the other, I cannot refrain from speculating on what further circumstances of opposition may possibly exist between them, or from hoping that such circumstances may be neither many in number nor essential in kind. The Philippines are, by all accounts, pleasant places, isles of Eden, lotus-lands; but pleasanter, more lotus-bearing, more Eden-like than are the West Indies, taken as a whole, from Jamaica to Trinidad, they can hardly be, or afford in their turn brighter and better memories than those which three years of the Caribbean Archipelago have, with few and insignificant exceptions, stored away in my mind. True, indeed, that some of the Lesser Antilles, our present topic, are in a manner less desirable than others, because less favored by nature or the course of human events. Thus, for

instance, Barbadoes, though well peopled and highly cultivated, has no pretensions to picturesque scenery of coast or inland; while the Virgin Islands, barren, abandoned, and hopeless, as they now unfortunately are, might not unsuitably exchange their historical denomination for that of the "Lone Spinster Islands," or the "Old Maids" downright. Nor they only, but the entire northward-lying group, formed by the adjacent Leeward Islands, namely, Saba, Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Antigua, and the rest, may, with scarce an exception, be included in the same catalogue of unproductive aridity.

Want of rain, a want now protracted over the space of nearly twenty years, has, more than any other cause, wrought among them this desolation; though to what adverse influence this very want is to be attributed would be hard to determine. By some the too reckless clearing of the original forests is inculpated as the cause of drought, some ascribe it to a gradual shifting of the magnetic poles, and a corresponding declination, north or south, of the tropical rain-belt itself; others, again, bring in a verdict of guilty against the inconstant Gulf Stream; and others, with about as much plausibility, accuse the sins of the people, the Colonial Office, and perhaps Sir Benjamin Pine and Confederation. But whatever may be the cause, the effect is as evident as disastrous; nor has any modern Elijah as yet appeared to dispel by prayer or science the all-too-stubborn drought of this Samaria of the west.

Poor gray islands, noble outlines of mountain and vale, stately blanks, unfilled by the varied details of prosperity and life! Waist deep they stand, thirsty and forlorn in the midst of the unprofitable salt sea waters, vainly baring their parched-up bosoms to the pitiless sky; while far overhead the white clouds, borne along hour after hour on the strong wings of the trade-wind, mock their want with an ever-renewed, ever-unfulfilled promise of rain, till, day by day, what was once green pasture land parches up into brown, burnt-up stubble, gaunt trees stretch out their once leafy boughs in the gray nakedness of premature decay, and the valleys that in bygone years waved with the golden green of the ripening harvest, now stretch down the hill slopes in pale yellow streaks of juiceless cane. A melancholy sight; let us leave it behind as we pass on southward to better prospects and more cheerful isles.

The turning-point, so to express it, of

the West Indian climate, the line that distinguishes the well-watered tropical region from the arid sub-tropical zone, is for the present situated about the latitude of Guadaloupe, a large and fertile, but in more respects than one an ambiguous, island; French in title, but little visited by foreigners, and hardly better known to the generality of Frenchmen themselves. Yet Guadaloupe, like Martinique, has the advantage, if advantage it be, of a spokesman in the person of a *député* sent by universal suffrage, or what does duty for it, to the Representative Chamber of Versailles, where the West Indian members take their place, as I am told, somewhere in the caudal portion of the extreme Left. Nor, I regret to say it, are the sentiments of the insular majority the deputies represent a whit more favorable to stability or order, under whatever rule, than those of Victor Hugo himself; strange instance of what one of our deepest thinkers has justly called the "baffling" element in human nature. Here are islands, fertile indeed, but diminutive as fertile, on whose behalf and for whose advantage the great mother country has lavished rather than spent, and still, even at the time of her own greatest need, continues to lavish, sums that our own more frugal government would find by much too costly, or rather would never dream of finding at all, for the benefit of giant Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, with all their dominions, all their provinces. And yet, in return for its unbounded liberality, the French administration meets with little from its subjects, whether in Martinique, or Guadaloupe, whether black or colored, but an unpopularity so decided that not all the machinery of French prefectures and *mairies* can in election time determine so much as a vote, much less a return.

Some excuse for this wide-spread spirit of opposition may indeed be found in the curious fact that the white lords of the soil are, in spite of Frohsdorf manifestoes and the persistent imbecility of the "lilies," even now (*visum teneatis amici*), Legitimists almost to a man; though a few, condescending somewhat to the dictates of common sense, apologetically confess Imperialist propensities. On the other hand, the colored folks are with equal or greater unanimity, and certainly more logic, Republicans, not to say Communists; while the blacks, so far as their philosophical "live-and-let-live" temperament permits their taking part on either side, follow the lead of their more restless half-brothers. Another cause is to be found

in the too general adoption, throughout two-thirds of the island, of the "central factory" system, the very system so preconized by theorizing economists as the one great panacea of all West Indian ills. These factories have, however, in their practical working not cured but rather intensified every existing evil of the land, financial, political, and social. It is impossible in the limited space of an article to enter into the numerous and complicated details of so vast a topic; enough to say, summarily, that these factories have deeply disturbed the social balance of Martinique by degrading the independent planter-proprietor, the typical monarch of the land, into the dependent inferiority of a mere head farmer; that they have even more dangerously disarranged the political equilibrium by disconnecting the agricultural population and the laborers at large from their traditional lords and leaders, and massing them together instead into the turbulent crowds of mere factory workmen; while the financial evils of their infliction, amounting latterly to a real crisis, are due to a combination of circumstances and results the investigation of which would be better suited to the pages of a blue-book or a political economy treatise than to those of a popular magazine.

Yet Martinique, with its rich soil, its gentle slopes, its superabundant irrigation, its noble harbors, is of all the Lesser Antilles the most nature-favored, a very emerald among inferior gems; and when my French hosts laughingly asked me, as they often did, "What can possibly have induced you to give this territory back to us, after having once held it for your own?" "Our inconceivable ignorance, I suppose, and our blundering unwisdom," was the only plausible answer that I could make for ourselves. I should also add, lest my preceding remarks on the political condition of the island should be taken in too absolute and accordingly in too depreciatory a sense, that the Martinique Creoles, colored or black, bear no unfavorable comparison with the native-born population of other West Indian colonies, either for energy, capacity, or intelligence; and that the urbanity and general refinement of taste and bearing which are admittedly the distinguishing characteristics of French society, on whatever side of the Atlantic, are by no means wanting among the nationalized Frenchmen of the land of the lovely Josephine.

The mention of this name reminds me how, during the three weeks that the courtesy of my French hosts detained me

a willing lingerer in their pleasant companionship, I enjoyed the long-wished-for opportunity of visiting the birthplace of the bride of the first Napoleon, and the ancestress of our talented though unfortunate friend and ally, the late French emperor. On the southerly side of the noble Fort de France bay, and within the limits of the "La Pagerie" estate, stands, or rather stood, at some distance from the coast, the pretty little dwelling-house of "L'Hermitage," where the Taschère family long resided, preferring, it seems, the picturesque seclusion of the spot to the livelier but more exposed neighborhood of "La Pagerie" and the "Trois Îlets." The dwelling-house itself, the home of the beautiful Creole's childhood, has, alas, disappeared; and a few foundation traces yet visible in the mango-grove that nestles in the slope of the green valley just where it rises upwards to the abrupt volcanic heights of "Montagne la Plaine" beyond, are all that remains to tell where it once has been. But the future empress herself was not born there. Somewhat lower down in the ravine, close by the torrent that of old times supplied water to the sugar-mill, stood and yet stands the old-fashioned factory or boiling-house, strongly built, and sheltered from the chances of weather by steep banks on either side. Hither Josephine's mother was carried for safety when the hurricane of 1761 threatened every less solidly constructed tenement with ruin; and here, in an upper room, now floorless, and open to the outer air on every side, Napoleon's good star rose on the world. To me, not being a French politician, and accordingly not incapable of appreciating the splendors, however blurred by faults and failures, of the most brilliant dynasty of our age, it was a marvel to see a spot possessed of such interest, worthy of such veneration, one might have thought, to whoever had shared in some degree (and what Frenchman did not?) the glories and the gains of the great empire, now abandoned to the neglect of absolute forgetfulness, if not contempt. To keep the homely vault — it is nothing more — in decent repair would not, I should think, have been too heavy an expense for the national treasury; and among the many monuments that throughout the dominions of the tricolor commemorate events or persons of far less importance, surely a slab of marble might have been found to mark the birthplace of Josephine, the ornament of the first, the parent of the second empire.

Fortunately for herself, Martinique has, however, atoned in some measure for her negligence at L'Hermitage by the handsome statue of her imperial daughter that now occupies a central position in the wide, tree-shaded "savannah" of Fort de France. To what particular hand the workmanship of the statue is due, I know not; but the execution is decidedly good, and the beautiful features of the young general's bride are said to have been faithfully reproduced in all that art can transfer from flesh to marble. Curiously enough, those features seem, in the fulness of the lips, the gentleness of the eyes, and the general outline of the face, to belong to that peculiarly attractive type in which a slight admixture of African blood gives to its possessor that rounded voluptuousness of contour, no less than that warmth of color so often wanting in the purely European Creole. Whether, as the island tradition affirms, such a union was really traceable in the Taschère family, or whether, as national prejudice has anxiously proclaimed, the ancestral origin always remained French, and French alone, is a question difficult, if not impossible, to decide on merely annalistic evidence. But if the statue at Fort de France bears a truthful resemblance to its original, there can, I think, be little doubt that to her other imperial titles the great empress added that of consanguinity, however remote, with the Nile-queens of old time, whose granite effigies still smile in calm serenity of power among the lone colonnades of Luxor and the Egyptian palms.

Midway between Martinique and Guadeloupe lies Dominica, won, like the sister islands, from its former masters by the sword, but, unlike them, retained beneath the conqueror's flag. Little inferior in size to Martinique itself, it as much surpasses it in wonderful picturesqueness of scenery as it falls short of it in adaptability for general cultivation. Indeed, in the wild grandeur of its towering mountains, some of which rise to five thousand feet above the level of the sea; in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests; in the gorgeousness of its vegetation; the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined. But waterfalls and precipices are objects more welcome to the artist than to the planter;

and the angles of landscape beauty are not generally coincident with those of agricultural productiveness. And so it comes to pass that of the two hundred thousand acres that form the surface of Dominica, scarcely one-tenth part, if even so much, is actually under cultivation. The capital town, Roseau, though a cheerful and thriving place in its way, with its neatly-paved streets, pretty cottages, gay gardens, and handsome Catholic cathedral, numbers less than five thousand inhabitants; and the pleasant orchard-embowered negro villages sprinkled here and there along the coast have comparatively few counterparts amid the labyrinth of rock and wood that forms the bulk of the island.

Yet human life, the one true meaning and summary of all other sublunary life, the tongue and purport, without which rocks, trees, waters, skies, suns, however "sweet and pleasant things," as the old temple-building monarch of Jerusalem called them long ago, are, for all that, feelingless and dumb, is not absolutely wanting even in the inmost recesses of the Dominican mountain maze. Deep in emerald valleys hemmed in by ravine and precipice, overhung with towering tree-ferns and the glossy giant leaf of the wild plantain, moist with the daily showers that suddenly sweep down like white curtains from the dark and jagged heights overhead, to be as suddenly followed by the hot sunshine of the cloudless blue, till every form of vegetable life springs up and flourishes in a confused plenitude of beauty—even here in these seemingly inaccessible Edens, glisten between rock and forest the scattered huts, each with its little garden of half-reclaimed wilderness of flower and leaf, where live the wood-cutter, the charcoal-burner, the negro cultivator, each with his swarming family, part and parcel of the wild yet gentle nature around. Scenes where rises the thought so old and yet so new, old as Hesiod, as Horace, as Ebn Toghray, recent as Goldsmith, as Cowper, as Wordsworth—the thought disclosed in sudden gleams amid the fitful storminess of Byron, nor wholly unknown even to the atmosphere of our own day, and its prophet, the bard of "Locksley Hall." It is the thought that always abides, though it may not be always perceptible, in the depth of every human heart that has a depth, in every mind that is not mere surface and show, "Were it not better with me here than in the turmoil of events and politics, in the restlessness of science and progress, in

the artificialities and conventionalities of civilized life? Were there not here for me, in this wood-cutter's hut, in this garden shed,

more enjoyment than in
all this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the
thoughts that shake mankind?"

Vain thought! Better it might be, perhaps, in itself; but, better or not, it is not for thee. The same all-governing law, the same absolute and ever-present decree which made that peasant, that wood-cutter, what he is, and placed them one and all where they are, that gave form and being to the rocks and forests around them—the great external existence of which their individualized existences and thine are but the manifested expressions, admits no modification, no reversal of its ordinance, allows no barter or exchange of the conditions it has determined. Thou art what thou art, as they are what they are; the sympathy, be it never so deep, that draws thee from thy appointed place may refer to a past or foreshadow a future mode of existence: in the present it is mere ineffectual longing, utterly vain.

Back, then, to the civilized and sociable life, with all its kindnesses, all its little-nesses, that awaits us in Roseau; the quiet island haven, where the daily ripples of pains and pleasures, of ambitions and interests, of parochial victories and district defeats, may well, even when most agitated, pass for absolute calm if contrasted with the great waves of the mighty human oceans, called continents, states, kingdoms, empires. To one fresh, I will not say from Europe, but from Demerara, Jamaica, or even Barbadoes, Dominica may stand for a symbol of absolute quiet, of repose, of stillness, almost of sleep.

Yet when that acute observer of the surface of things, A. Trollope, on his visit to Roseau, describes the place as dreamy, declining, nay, dead, he falls into an error which those who take him for their guide—and in the majority of cases he is a safe one to follow—would do well to avoid. Neither Dominica nor its capital can justly be described as unthriving, or devoid of hope for the coming years. With a climate of singular healthfulness, a rich volcanic soil, a copious rainfall, an industrious and intelligent population, and a surplus in the insular treasury, the fortunes of the colony are already on the rise; and the cultivation of coffee, in which it formerly excelled, and now has fortunately resumed, is a surer staff to lean on along the road of success

than the bruised, if not broken reed of sugar. It was in Dominica, and Dominica alone of all West Indian Islands, that my eye was gladdened by the sight of the genuine, undegenerate coffee-plant of Yemen, a very different shrub in produce, as in leaf and general appearance, from the ordinary growth, west or south African in its origin, I believe, that constitutes the plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. Every one knows how superior the Arabian is in every respect to the South American berry; and the cultivation of the former, if rightly and intelligently carried out, cannot fail to prove for Dominica a mine of prosperity and wealth. Cocoa too flourishes here, or rather, were proper care bestowed on it, would flourish, scarce less vigorously than in Trinidad itself; the lime-groves of Dominica already rival those of Montserrat; vanilla finds nowhere else a more congenial temperature or soil. Few, indeed, are the sources of well-doing common to the western tropics, sugar to a certain extent excepted, that are wanting to Dominica, or rather in which she does not of herself abound and excel.

But it is not precisely with these topics that I have at present to do, nor is there any great need for dilating on them here. The British West Indies, like the negroes that form the bulk of their population, have no lack of panegyrists, or of calumniators either, judicious or injudicious, truthful or exaggerated, as the case may be; and whoever lists may amuse himself by balancing the ecstasies of Kingsley against the cynicism of Trollope, and the Jamaica of the *Quarterly Review* against that of Dr. Greig and *Fraser's Magazine*. To each man his own opinion; mine, after a tolerable amount of observation and experience, is that, taking into account the many defects and shortcomings to which everything under the moon, flesh or non-flesh, is the natural and well-endowed heir, not least so perhaps within the tropics, the British West Indies yet remain a pleasant home to the colonist, a good investment to the capitalist, a happy land (or lands, if you will) to the native; that their white population is, as a rule, right-minded and energetic, their colored classes clever and progressive, their blacks industrious, orderly, and the very reverse of barbarous or ill-disposed in any respect. And Dominica, the first among the Lesser Antilles for picturesque beauty, is by no means the last in the catalogue of industry, productiveness, and prosperous hope.

And having said this much of the island in general, and what it has in common

with others of the Lesser Antilles, I will now describe, or at least endeavor to describe, something it possesses, the like of which is certainly not to be found elsewhere throughout the whole West Indian region, nor, so far as I know, in any other region of the New World or the Old; I mean its "Boiling Lake."

Hot springs and boiling pools, some of tolerably large dimensions, do indeed exist, and plenty of them, in these latitudes. All down the range of the Antilles, from Saba to Tobago, there is hardly an island but owns its *soufrière*, or solfatara; the crater, it would seem, of some volcano whose eruptive energy has by degrees dwindled into that milder form, a specimen of which is familiar to the easy tourist of the European continent at Pozzuoli in the neighborhood of Naples. Some of these *soufrières* are wholly or almost extinct, and have subsided into mere yellow-tinged ashpits, where perhaps a scanty thread of light vapor, or a tepid spring, finds its way through the surface, and witnesses to the expiring embers of a slowly dying fire below; others again are still active, and make a very creditable display after their fashion. Thus, in the *soufrière* of St. Lucia, for instance, not far from the celebrated "Pitons" of that island, the floor of the steep crater is pierced by a dozen large hollows, circular in form, and varying from four to sixteen feet in diameter; each over-boiling furiously, one with coal-black water, another with milky white, a third with gray mud, a fourth with a mixture of all these; while countless little apertures, some barely an inch across, send up steam or hot water in noisy jets, and have done so without material diminution or increase ever since the first memories of the earliest colonists, full two centuries ago. In Martinique, on the contrary, the only *soufrière* on duty — it is situated among the slopes of the great extinct volcano, Mont Pélé — has of late years fallen half asleep. But none throughout the Caribbean Archipelago can rival either for extent or activity the "Grande Soufrière" of Dominica; none other rewards its visitors with the drous spectacle of a "Boiling Lake."

However, not the lake only, but the *soufrière* itself, within the circuit of which it is situated, had remained alike unvisited, though their existence was vaguely rumored, for a hundred years past. Several smaller and more accessible *soufrières* are scattered throughout this highly volcanic island; and they had often been explored, either out of mere curiosity, or for such hopes of profit as the sulphur they contain

might afford; a profit that but for the difficulties of transport might in some instances be not inconsiderable.

But in the south-east of the island there rises a mass of abrupt forest-clad ridges, over which a white cloud ever hovers night and day; or, if blown asunder for a few hours by the strong trade-wind, soon reunites to brood as before over its native haunt. The ascent of these summits, though more than once attempted, had for seventy years at least remained unaccomplished; tradition only, speaking through an old French description of the island, told of a large and active *soufrière*, nestled amid the highest ranges of the south; and added that the hot and steaming "Sulphur River," whose milky waters rush down crag and precipice to the eastern sea, close to what was then called "Point Mulâtre," or, now, Mulatto Point, took its origin in a boiling lake, which also was situated in the same mountain region. But for a century or thereabouts, not only had no European succeeded in penetrating to this reported wonder; no negro charcoal-burner, however familiar with the "bush," had pushed his roving to the brink of the *soufrière*; the Caribs even — of whom a few families, with the instinctive shrinking from civilization and organized labor peculiar to their kind, yet lead a secluded and savage life on the south-eastern coast, not far from the banks of the Sulphur River itself — knew nothing or at any rate had nothing to say, of the lonely region that towered above their abodes. The strong smell of sulphur, that when the wind happened to be from the south-east, reached the town of Roseau itself, though at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles in a straight line, alone gave witness how huge must be the dimensions, how constant the activity of the *soufrière* whence it proceeded.

So matters stood when on a January morning in 1875, an exploring party, headed by two young and enterprising English colonists — the one a district magistrate, the other a medical practitioner — took on themselves once more the task of verification or discovery. Abandoning the shorter but impracticable line of track that led up from the eastern coast and had been already tried, but unavailingly, they wisely determined to assail this stronghold of nature's wonders from the easier slopes of the west, on which side the distance was greater, but the obstacles, as they judged, less insurmountable. Their idea was correct, and their safe return to Roseau, after three

days' absence in the forest, brought with it the confirmation of the existence alike of the "Grande Soufrière" and the "Boiling Lake," both of which they described as by far surpassing in extent and grandeur anything yet known in the West Indies, though difficult and even dangerous of access, nor available to any ends except those of curiosity, perhaps of science.

During a second visit, which was effected some months later than the first, the explorers discovered a somewhat more circuitous but easier line of approach, following which the most dangerous and break-neck pass of the former route could be evaded. On this, as on the former occasion too, the adventurers bivouacked in the depths of the forest, close to the *soufrière* itself, where they constructed an *ajoupa* or improvised wood hut, for shelter during the nights that had unavoidably to be passed in this wild region.

The third and up to the present date the latest expedition to the "Boiling Lake" was on the occasion of my visit to the island in the spring of the present year, when Dr. Nicholls, the same young and energetic medical officer who had taken a leading part in the two former expeditions, again proposed the attempt, and undertook the organization of the party. It included besides ourselves two other Englishmen — the one a member of the "Colonial Bank" establishment, the other a son of Mr. Eldridge, the deservedly popular administrator or president of the island, whose guest I had the good fortune to be at the time. All my companions were young, active, and possessed of every quality, bodily and mental, that could be required for an enterprise such as ours; but they, like myself, were unacquainted with the *soufrière* district, and the leadership of the band was therefore gladly entrusted to Dr. Nicholls, who showed himself entirely equal to the duties of the undertaking.

So one spring morning early, mounted on sure-footed island ponies, we rode out of Roseau, and set our horses' heads and our own eastward, in quest of the "Boiling Lake." Our way led first up the beautiful Roseau valley, with its steep cliffs and overshadowing woods, mingled with the bright yellow of ripening cane-fields and the darker foliage of cocoa or coffee plantations, with small European residences or negro huts peeping out here and there, till we came in sight of the great waterfalls, each a hundred feet in height, by which the waters of the Roseau

River cast themselves headlong from the central range. Higher and higher we climbed the mountain-side, amid that scenery which description has so often attempted, but never can realize for those who have not themselves witnessed it, the scenery of the West Indian tropics; where the noblest forest growth that fancy can picture, mixed with tree-fern and palm, over canopies, bank and dell, thick matted with fern, golden, silver maiden-hair, every lovely variety of leaf and tint, amid red-flowered *balisiers*, white-blossomed arums, and a thousand other gems of Flora's crown, the whole lit up by the purest sunlight, and glittering as it waved in the glad morning breeze. Stopping a moment to drink from a mineral spring of some note, we rode on till a narrow horse-path led us across a broken plateau to the little hamlet of Laudat about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Here our guides, or rather the carriers of our provisions, hammocks, and so forth, awaited us, to perform with us the remainder of the proposed route on foot, as neither horse-track, nor indeed any other track, except what we might make for ourselves, existed further on.

Laudat is the furthest village inland in this direction, and its neat little wood cottages, about twenty in all, each apart, and at some distance from the others, are inhabited by a hardy, chocolate-colored race, in which French, Carib, and negro blood seems, by the indications of feature and limb, to have been mixed in tolerably equal proportions. In front of Laudat the view is open, and reaches down the Roseau valley to the blue western sea. Behind the village-plateau rises a dense wall of forest, and further back, height above height, the central mountain range. The peasants' "gardens," to give them their established West Indian name, or, as we should call them, fields of yam, banana, legumens, and the like, reach in irregular fashion a mile or so upwards into the woods. Our provisions, a couple of hammocks, a few blankets, and such like gear, were here divided among six of the negroes, or quasi-negroes of the place; two of whom also carried large cutlasses, in order to fray the way through the innumerable *lianes* or creepers that weave the forest, together with a network that, like the Gordian knot, may be severed by force, but not disentangled by skill.

Other and doughtier uses might have been anticipated for these formidable-looking weapons, but there were none such in truth. Wild beasts of dangerous

kinds, and indeed any wild beasts at all, except harmless little agoutis, are rare in the forest; venomous serpents are unknown; the number of insects even — scorpions, centipedes, ants, and the like — is remarkably small, possibly owing to the large proportions of sulphur and iron with which the soil is everywhere imbued; and "perils of robbers" St. Paul himself, were he apostle of Dominica, or, I believe, of any other British West Indian island, would have none to record. Our preparations had only in view a rough march, and a day and night, or, indeed, more likely two days and two nights, amid the mountain solitudes, at a height where the cold was sure to make itself almost unpleasantly felt, though we counted on sheltering ourselves under at least the relics of the *ajoupa*, erected and repaired on previous occasions.

It was now noon, and if we wished to reach the *ajoupa* before nightfall, there was no time to be lost; so without delay we marshalled our file, the cutlass-bearers in front, the heavier-laden baggage-bearers in the rear, and off we started on foot, to toil onwards as we best might until the evening. A walk of this kind, through a pathless wilderness of mountain and forest, offers much to interest and much to amuse, though at the same time much to weary, those who undertake it; but a detailed description would, I fear, tend rather to produce the latter than either of the former feelings in the reader. A mere sketch may therefore suffice.

For some miles our ascent lay under a green canopy of glistening leaves, sixty, eighty, or a hundred feet above our heads, and between giant tree-trunks, smooth and stately, ornamented, or rather garlanded, each one with lovely creepers, parasitical ferns and mosses, and strange twining growths that might in form and color have furnished hints or models for the most exquisite patterns that ever decorated china or glass. During this part of the journey our chief, indeed our only annoyance, the inevitable fatigue of climbing excepted, arose from the multitudinous snare-work of roots that twined and twisted like snakes in every direction along and across the way to entangle and trip up whoever did not take care to direct his eye before his foot. Once past the Laudat gardens no trace of man or man's work was visible for the rest of our journey. As the ground continued to rise the forest trees diminished in height and size, while, on the contrary, the undergrowth of bush, often troublesome from its thorns

and prickles, continued to increase till we reached the margin of a deep ravine, down which a rapid stream rushed on its way to join the Roseau River.

Here the character of our march changed, the continuous slope up which we had climbed thus far giving place to a succession of the abruptest gullies that it has ever been my lot to traverse. Hands and feet were alike in requisition as we toiled onwards, now clinging for help to the small tree-trunks through which we forced our passage, at the continual risk of laying hold of some deceptive bough, rotten in all but its outward bark; or, worse still, catching for support at a prickly stem that pierced fingers and hand with its sharp needles; till when, after several hundred feet of a climb that might have done honor to the most daredevil of Marryat's midshipmen, we found ourselves at the top of the ridge, it was only to begin over again, after an interval of hardly a yard's breath, a descent, steeper, if possible, and more venturesome than the ascent before had been. This manœuvre we repeated half a dozen times, every ridge being somewhat higher than the one passed, with the occasional unpleasant variation of having to follow up some torrent, pent in between perpendicular crags on either side, where we made our way by jumping, gracefully or otherwise, from one slippery boulder of volcanic rock to another, at a tolerable risk of dislocated or broken limbs, and frequently sliding off knee deep into the water, that foamed and roared around. "What idiots we must look were there any one to see us!" was the thought that occurred to me again and again as we performed fantastic capers in the grasshopper style, or rivalled the postures of a band of clambering spider-monkeys, minus their prehensile tails. Possibly the same thought may have crossed the minds of my companions also; but except an occasional English ejaculation, the same, it might be, that Byron declares to have no like for emphasis in any other language, and Blake considers to have a very bracing and beneficial effect, when any small misadventure, such as a slip, a fall, a wounded hand or foot, or the like bad hap befell one or other of the climbers, I think nothing but what was heroic and befitting heroic deeds was said or sung by any individual of our party — at least among its European contingent. The blacks and half-blacks laughed at everything and nothing; but that was with them a matter rather of habit, I fear, than of heroism; while ever and anon a mock-

ing-bird from behind its leafy screen laughed securely at us all.

The sun's rays, visible at rare intervals through the dense wood, were fast slanting to a level, when, after a long and weary struggle up the highermost gully, we stood at last on the central ridge of the island, looking down on either side to west and east: to west where the low sun brightened into one dazzling sheen the now distant Caribbean Sea; to the east, where steep mountain-tops sunk down one below another to the restless, white-waved Atlantic. A little further on we plunged again into a labyrinth of small trees thickly planted in a deep layer of decaying vegetable matter, intermixed with slender bamboo tufts, where we were hardly able to make out the right direction of our path amid the maze of green young trunks; till from in front a light suddenly broke in on us, as though there was nothing but open sky before, and so in fact it was. All at once, with hardly a warning, we stepped out of the continuous forest, right upon the edge of a sheer precipice several hundred feet in height; while below us lay a huge valley, or rather gulf, reeking in every part with thick white sulphur vapors that rose from the depths and curled up the bare sides of the abyss. Holding on to each other's hands, or to the shrubs that grew nearest the edge, we leaned over as far as we dared, gazing down into the steamy chasm below, and resembling in a very general way the Dantes and Virgils of Flaxman's statuesque outline, where they bend over the margin of Malebolge, it may be, or of the awful bridge that spans the flaming gulf.

Now, indeed, we had before us the Grande Soufrière; but how were we to descend and explore its depths? In front was a sheer precipice of volcanic rock and hardened ash intermixed, a naked crag suggestive of almost certain falls and broken bones on the rocks below, and down the face of which the Antiquary's Lovel himself would hardly have ventured, though the rescue of an Isabel Wardour had depended on the trial. By this descent, however, such is the ardor of first discovery, Dr. Nicholls and his companions had once ventured, but only once, glad on a second visit to have discovered a longer but less dangerous track, that, winding half-way round the crater, leads to a slope, sufficiently abrupt in all conscience, but conveniently clad with trees down to the immediate neighborhood of the sulphur sources.

This path we unanimously resolved to try once more; and after much cutlass work among the tangled bush growth, and many involuntary gymnastic feats of the kind described already, we finally reached the lower ledge, on which we had fore-determined to pass the night. Great was our joy to find, just as darkness was closing in, the identical *ajoupa* erected so long ago, sheltered from the chances of storm by overarching trees, and strengthened by the indestructible vitality of its own materials; every stake, every support, having taken root in the rich soil, and now throwing out foliage and branches enough to form a living roof in place of the dead thatch and dried leaves which still partly covered it. Here we lighted our fires, and while our supper of cabbage-palm, salt fish, and other West Indian delicacies, was preparing, listened to the bubbling roar and frequent explosions of the sulphur sources, now not a hundred yards below, watched the large fireflies as they glanced between the trees, and inhaled, along with the more congenial smoke of tobacco, frequent whiffs of sulphur vapor; while every article of silver on our persons, watch, chain, stud, coin, or whatever it might be, turned black in the fuming atmosphere of the gulf which now shut us in among its depths. To say we had a merry evening, and a sound sleep afterwards, in spite of vocal tree-frogs, huge crickets, and other wood insects, probably of the beetle family, whose hard toil did not, it seemed, divide the night from the day, or rather rendered the former the noisier of the two, would be unnecessary for those who know what is meant by a long day's march and a camping out in the forest. As for those who do not know, let them try; they will be all the better for it.

Next morning we were up betimes, and partly by our own efforts, partly by sheer compliance with the laws of gravitation, descended the bank, and soon found ourselves on the soft ash-bed that paves the half-extinct crater. From innumerable sources, large and small, some sulphur-encrusted with bright yellow, others blood red with iron oxide, or white with insoluble salt, magnesium principally, I believe, there gushed up a mixture of boiling water and steam, amid a constant tumult of noises, hissings, bubblings, exploding — here more, there less — throughout the whole extent of the gulf. The waters, white, black, and red, mingling at the lower end of the valley, rushed out in a strong torrent, scalding hot, and steaming as they

went; in many places the vapor-cloud formed a thick impenetrable veil; no plant but an ugly, bluish-colored, broad-leaved *Clusia* grew for some distance from the blighting fumes.

We did all that is customary for travelers to do; tested the heat of some sources, irritated others by attempts at choking them up with stones; thrust sticks into the yellow paste of ash and sulphur, over which, in many places, the foot cannot safely tread; gathered specimens of the various deposits; and, above all, admired the lonely, demoniacal grandeur of this semi-infernal hollow; till, remembering that the "Boiling Lake" was yet unvisited, we renewed our way, picking our steps carefully among scalding pools and over the treacherous sulphur crust that rang hollow to the tread; till we reached the main exit of the *soufrière* waters at the lower end of the crater.

For a little distance we then followed the torrent's course, that struggled seawards through a narrow gully, rendered unpleasantly warm by the vapor of the particolored water reeking from its source, and yet further heated by a steaming milk-white cascade that leapt down in a giant curve, not unlike the outline of the Swiss Giessbach, from the cliff on our right; while to the left an isolated, but noisy sulphur-vent smoked like a dozen united limekilns. The "Black Country," of Wolverhampton notoriety, is a weird place, and suggests weird ideas enough, whether traversed by night or by day; but it is "mild-domestic" compared to nature's own "White Country," the sulphur region of Dominica. A world like this abandoned to volcanic agencies, as *e.g.*, the moon is supposed to have been at some unlucky epoch of her existence, would be a more fitting abode than even the biblical Babylon for the satyrs, dragons, and other doleful creatures of the prophet, a throne for Arimanes himself.

Turning north-east we clambered for an hour or so, first across a knife-like dividing ridge, and then among the broken hollows of a second crater or *soufrière*, considerably larger in dimensions than the first, but comparatively quiescent; a silent, burnt-out region of ash and sulphur, surrounded by high bare walls of pumice and volcanic crag. Little steam was here visible, nor were any explosions to be heard from underneath; but the many springs of white, yellow, red, or black water that pierced and furrowed the spongy crust in every direction were all hot, and told of fires yet smouldering at no great distance

below. In front of us rose a bare ridge of heaped-up pumice and ash, shutting off the southerly segment of the great crater as though with a partition wall; and from behind its range, vast columns of steam whitened against the dazzling blue of the cloudless sky. We took the intervening barrier at a run; and checked ourselves short at the top; a few steps more would have sent us head foremost into the Boiling Lake.

A strange sight to see, and not less awful than strange. Fenced in by steep, mostly indeed perpendicular banks, varying from sixty to a hundred feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a giant seething cauldron, covered with rapid steam, through which, when the veil is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction — a chaos of boiling waters. Towards the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon fired off at some great depth below; while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. What the general depth of the water may be would be difficult to ascertain; but a line stretched out over the edge from the end of a pole indicates a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet within a couple of yards' distance from the shore. The heat of the water, where it beats in seething restlessness on the cliff is 185° F.; we tied a thermometer to a stick and found the surface temperature at the distance of a few feet further on to be almost 200° F. The height of the lake above the sea is a little over twenty-four hundred feet; an elevation which, at an average atmosphere temperature of 64°, gives the boiling-point for water at 207° F., or near it.

The lake is evidently supplied for the most part from springs within its own circuit; but a little stream, formed by the union of two small mountain rivulets, runs down from the heights to the north; the water of the brook is cold, and may contribute somewhat, especially in the rainy season, to the volume of the lake. The addition must, however, be slight; for the highest water-line along the cliffs, marked

partly by erosion, partly by a bright yellow band of sulphur deposit, was at the epoch of our visit, that is, at the conclusion of the dry season in Dominica, only a few inches above the actual water-level; an additional proof that the lake is almost wholly supplied from below. In fact the principal effect of a heavy rain shower or an augmented inflow is said to be a sudden increase in the violence of the surface action, the result doubtless of the shock produced by the meeting of such very opposite temperatures.

This torrent, by the stones and earth brought down with it in its descent, has formed a slope which, though steep, permits of a cautious approach to the water's edge; everywhere else the cliffs are absolutely perpendicular; but gradually lessen in height towards the southern extremity, where a gate-like rent has been formed, through which the waters rush out in a scalding torrent, and bear their heat with them far down the mountain sides, as they seek the eastern sea at Mulatto Point. No vegetation, except the dreary *Clusia* before spoken of, with a dingy kind of moss, and not more cheerful-looking growth of *Pitcairnia*, exists within the immediate range of the heated sulphureous vapors; but on looking round we see the further background closed in by noble forests, like those we had traversed on our way hither. To the south-east the prospect offers a rapid descent from height to height, each clothed in woods. The island shore itself is hidden from sight by the steep perspective line; but beyond it the calm sea mirror comes in view, and further yet the northern extremity of Martinique, its yellowing cane-fields distinctly visible, though more than thirty miles distant, through the pure transparent atmosphere. Above us was the deep azure of the sky, veiled ever and anon by massive wreaths of steam, that ceaselessly rose in capricious swirls, to be caught up and scattered by the trade-winds, then to reunite in one dense canopy overhead. Seen from a distance these steam-wreaths form the cloud so often noticed by seafarers as they coast along the southerly shore of Dominica, and look high up to the rugged crest of the Grande Soufrière.

Here we remained as long as prudence and the mindfulness of the long and difficult route that lay behind us permitted, in wondering delight; tried to walk round the lake along the cliffs, but could not manage it; took measurements; tested the heat of the water; irritated the geyser-like action, where not too far from the

margin, by throwing down stones, which were followed, after nearly a minute's interval, by the usual result of a more violent ebullition than customary; and lastly, attempted sketches from several points of view; but found the attempt to be a pursuit of art under difficulties, amid the blinding steam and pungent vapor.

I wish that I had some interesting legend to recount connected with the spot; and for such we curiously inquired, but in vain, from our dusky attendants. No negro, no Carib tradition adds the wonders of imagination to those of fact; no story of past demigod or devil, of nymph or neckar, assigns an origin or a history to the lake. Yet superstitious beliefs and tales of all kinds abound among the negroes of Dominica no less than of every other West Indian island; and stories of the kind are often attached to localities and surroundings of much less extraordinary or rather of the most ordinary and prosaic character. A highway corner, a tree on the village green, a piece of ruined wall, has its "jumby," its "duppy," its apparition, its haunting power; while the deep forest, the mountain cave, the wild ravine, the gloomy hollow, remain untenanted by the creations of preternatural belief. But thus it often is, not in the West Indies nor among negroes only, but under other skies and among other races. Whether the seeming anomaly tells against the Buckle theory of man's passivity to natural law, or whether it can be accounted for by that very law, and so brought into accordance with the general system of the experimental school, I cannot say; indeed to investigate a question of so indefinite a character would be not less laborious than unprofitable. But certainly the amount and the quality of local superstition have, in countless instances, nothing to do with the very circumstances to which the philosophers of that school would most readily ascribe their origin and shape. The Egyptian, on his level, uniform strip of plain, beside a river regular as clock-work in its annual variations, and under a sky unvaried by cloud or storm, is brimful of the beliefs we term superstitions; "afreets," "ghouls," "kotrobs," and a hundred other chimeras dire, of names to make even a German Orientalist stare and gasp, these are to the natives of the Nile valley things of every-day occurrence, realities of common life, not so much credited as experienced, witnessed, known. Meanwhile the Swiss peasant, amid the wildest scenery of mountain and forest, the most varied and startling phenomena

of climate and season, has scarcely — except perhaps in a manufactured novel — a story of the kind to recount. Russian folk-lore, that demoniacal menagerie of strange shapes and preternatural existences, has been elaborated amid the most undiversified, the dreariest monotony of scenery that Europe or Asia can afford; while tedious legends of saints and virgins, pale transcripts at most, equally devoid of feeling and of originality, are all that the romantic and awe-inspiring scenery of Spain has produced to the world. Just so, to adduce an oft-noted illustration, the most exquisitely carved and choicely painted images are rarely the objects of popular devotion, or accredited with supernatural power; while the miracles of some hideous discolored daub, or very commonplace doll, are reckoned by thousands. Either, then, it would seem, the source, the origin, of these strange imaginings is wholly within us ourselves, or if without us, it is something not to be analyzed or explained by actual sense.

Be this as it may, the Boiling Lake has, for aught that we could discover, remained a mere natural phenomenon for Indians and Creoles no less than for Europeans, up to the present day; and when we were about, however reluctantly, to take our leave of this wonder-abounding spot, and one of our attendant negroes, turning back, addressed the vaporous gulf with a cabalistic "*Salaam-Aleykum*" picked up from some African cousin of Mohammedan origin, he gave the first and only expression of superstition aroused by the view.

For ourselves a more prosaic consideration suggested itself to our minds, as, tired with rambling and scrambling (there is high authority just now for dualistic phrases of the sort, and my readers may pass me this one), we rested ourselves by a little spring, not far from our *ajoupa*, in a narrow hill-shaded glen, and drank the chalybeate waters, sparkling with carbonic gas, that welled up at our feet, amid a matted growth of golden fern, wild flowers, and giant moss. What a magnificent sanatorium might not be erected here, beside the waters, sulphureous or ferruginous, of every temperature, every quality, for bath or drink, here, amid the pure cool atmosphere of the heights, an atmosphere that might alone seem a sufficient restorative for impaired health, and strength exhausted by the lowland heats. By the margin of sources absolutely unimportant and inefficient compared to these, the French colonists of Martinique have erected the baths and sanatoriums of the

Eaux du Prêcheur, the Eaux Didier, and the Eaux St. Michel; and yet are they not in this respect almost outstripped by the Anatolian Turk, who has constructed cupolas and lodging apartments by the side of every *ilijih*, or "healing," as he names the hot mineral springs of his nature-favored land? Have we then yet to take sanitary lessons from the Turk? or to learn from the French the right use to be made of the goods the gods provide us?

But it is not man, it is Nature herself that is here in fault. She has, in the Grande Soufrière and Boiling Lake of Dominica, fenced in her treasures with such rugged barriers, interposed so many obstacles to access, that all the financial resources of the Leeward Confederation, and of the Windward too — if our Barbadian friends ever permit its formation — would fail to make, not a carriage-road, but even a tolerable bridle-path from the coast up to these heights. "Once in a twelvemonth is enough for an expedition like this," was the unanimous verdict of our party when, in the dusk of evening, we at last reached Laudat, and found ourselves with just enough strength remaining to mount our horses and ride slowly down the Roseau valley, partly illuminated by a crescent moon, and more so by innumerable fireflies, each a living burning lamp, and re-entered Roseau late on the second night after our departure. Many others than ourselves will, I hope, in the course of time visit what we visited, and admire what we admired; but none will, I think, enjoy themselves more, or carry away pleasanter recollections, not of scenery and *soufrière* only, but of cheerful companions and good fellowship, than it was our good fortune to do.

W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NILS JENSEN.

I.

NILS JENSEN lay on the flat of his back on the hillside, with his hands locked behind his head, his long pipe dangling from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes fixed upon the cloudless sky, which was scarcely bluer than they. A circle of solemn little white-headed children squatted round him, listening intently to the story which he was relating, in a leisurely manner, between the whiffs of his pipe — his full, deep voice rising and falling in a pleasant, musi-

cal cadence, through the summer stillness. Beneath the little group lay the village of Bakke, with its toy-like wooden houses, its tiny landlocked harbor and its small fleet of fishing-boats; and beyond that, the broad Hardanger Fjord stretched away, calm and blue, like a great lake, to meet the opposite shore, where a glorious confused mass of purple mountains, snow-crowned and basking in the warm sunlight, shut in the view. It was a magnificent summer day—such a day as is not too common on the rainy west coast of Norway, and Nils was enjoying it in his own manner.

"And so, you see," said he, concluding his narrative, "because the man was an honest man, and had done what was right, the good spirits gave him contentment and a light heart, which are better things than money and lands, as you will find out one of these days, if you live long enough; and the bad spirits left him, and fled away, moaning as they went, to the dark, black place in the narrow fjord from which they had come, where the rocks rise so high on either side that the blessed sunshine never touches the water, and where it is deep, deep—so deep that nobody has ever found the bottom. And the spirits plunged down under the waters; and there they must sit for another hundred years in darkness, because they tempted a good man, and failed. But the good spirits, who had done their work, and gained the battle, spread their great white wings, and flew away rejoicing to the highest mountain-tops, where they rest in their beautiful ice-palace above the clouds, and listen to music so enchanting that the organ in church is a mere nothing to it, and —"

"But, Nils," interrupted a practical member of the audience, who had probably had some six winters' experience of the effects of ice and snow upon the human extremities, "isn't it very cold up there?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the unabashed narrator—"not for them, at least. Spirits don't mind the cold. And then what a palace they have got there underneath the ice! Such pillars and ceilings, and floors, and glittering thrones! You cannot even guess what it is like! But one of these days, when you are a big boy, I will take you up with me to the glacier, and we will peep down into one of the great blue rifts where the icicles hang, and where you can get a glimpse—but only a glimpse—of what is beyond. You can't go down there, or hear the music that the spirits hear, or see the things that they see; but,

if you grow up a good man, you will know all about it when you die; for then the spirits will come down for you, and take you up in their arms, and in a moment you will be across the fjord, and high up among the mountains, and then —"

"Nils, Nils!" broke in a grave voice from the background, "what nonsense is this that you are putting into the children's heads?"

Nils started into a sitting posture, and saw between him and the sunlight a quaint, old-world figure, clad in a long black gown and an Elizabethan ruff—the clergyman of Bakke, in fact, in the prescribed costume of his order. He scrambled to his feet, took off his hat, and scratched his head a little sheepishly.

"Children will always be getting into mischief, unless they are amused," he remarked in a deprecating tone.

"Or unless they are at school, where they ought to be now. Come, children, run away to your lessons, or you will be late, and then what will the schoolmaster say to you? And, Nils, I think you might find a better use for your time than to bewilder these little ones with stories which they must sooner or later find out to be untrue."

Nils was silent for a few seconds, gazing somewhat ruefully after his dispersed flock, which was racing down the grass slopes towards the village. Then he turned his dreamy blue eyes upon the honest square face of his interlocutor, and said,—

"Fairy-tales are not quite untrue—that is, there is more truth than falsehood in them. You must make truth pleasant to a child, or he will not care to understand it. If I tell him that beasts and birds talk together, what is the harm? It is not true, you say; and perhaps it is not—though that is a question which has never been decided, and never will be—but what is the child the worse for it? It may make him kinder to animals, and more careful of them —"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the priest a little impatiently; "that is all very well; but fairy tales are one thing, and religion is another; and we must be careful not to confuse them, my good Nils, lest we do wrong without intending it. And, after all, these tales are best kept for the winter time, when there is less work to be done. You will never make your living, Nils, if you spend your days lying on the grass and inventing idle stories to amuse children."

This sounded rather hard upon Nils, who could and did get through as much work as any man in the country; but then, to be sure, the work he did was generally that which ought to have been done by other people, and was therefore not of a remunerative kind; so that there was some justification for the priest's prediction.

Nils Jensen was probably the most shifty and helpful creature in the whole Hardanger district, as he assuredly was the least selfish. From the shoeing of a horse to the stringing of a fiddle, from the doctoring of a sick cow to the mending of a net, there was nothing within the limited range of the requirements of the inhabitants of Bakke that he could not do, and do well. He could fell timber with the best; he could build a shed; he could tinker up a leaking boat; he could cure a smoking chimney; and many other less every-day accomplishments than these were his. Also his neighbors, recognizing in him the rare combination of first-rate capacity with willingness to devote the same to the service of others, were not slow to take advantage thereof. If any one among them wanted the help of a strong pair of arms in his hay-field, or in the gathering in of his scanty rye-crop, or if he had a horse requiring medical treatment, or a gate that would not hang rightly on its hinges, or a lock out of repair, he never thought twice about what he should do, but called one of his children, and said, —

"Run as fast as thou canst up to old Christian Jensen's, and tell Nils he is wanted immediately."

And Nils seldom failed to respond to the appeal. He would perform the service required of him, whether it entailed the work of a few minutes or of the whole day, with the same placid cheerfulness, and the same perfect unconsciousness that he was doing anything out of the way, or specially deserving of gratitude. So little, indeed, did he expect to be thanked for his pains that his friends, falling in with his humor, as often as not neglected to go through that little formality. They were not, however, altogether ungrateful. Wherever Nils was known — and he was known many miles away from Bakke — he was loved; and that was a reward to which he was more sensible than to any form of thanks, whether spoken or acted. He was respected, too, as being a young man of exceptional literary attainments — a young man as well read as the schoolmaster, or perhaps even the clergyman himself;

though, mingled with this respect, there may have been a faint under-current of that half-conscious contempt which would appear to be the natural human sentiment towards all unselfish and unbusinesslike men, and which is discoverable among the secluded valleys of Norway as well as in less remote regions.

The son of a farmer, who might be considered almost well-to-do in that poverty-stricken land, Nils had the more leisure to attend to his neighbors' affairs through being exempt from actual pressing necessity of looking after his own. He had his bed and board in the red wooden farmhouse where he lived with his father and his brothers; and, as he often said to those who reproved him for not making more money, what more can a man want than a roof to cover him, clothes to wear, and food to eat? He did his share of the farm-work; but that was not much, for his elder brothers, Christian and Frants, were strong and healthy, and did not entirely share in his philanthropic views, holding a deeply-rooted, though inarticulate belief in the maxim that charity begins at home. They were very fond of Nils, these honest young men; but they, as well as their father, regarded him as an abnormal being, incomprehensible to ordinary intelligences, and looked upon his example as one rather to be admired than to be imitated. His ideas, his tastes, his pursuits were in every respect at variance with theirs. He was the best rifle-shot in the whole neighborhood, yet he never cared to measure his skill against that of another marksman; he never got drunk — no, not even at a wedding, and actually went so far as to contend that there was no real enjoyment to be got out of liquor — which was absurd upon the face of it. Then he took a strange and perverse pleasure in long objectless wanderings among the snows and glaciers of the Folge-fond, whereby nothing on earth was to be gained, except the risk of a broken neck; and would pass hours in sailing aimlessly about, up and down the fjord, neither fishing nor shooting wild-duck, nor engaged in any sensible or profitable pursuit, but simply dreaming. These things were a puzzle to the Jensen family, who, however, pardoned such vagaries in consideration of Nils' usefulness and kind-heartedness, of his excellent playing upon the fiddle, and of the capital stories which he invented, or got out of his books, and related to them during the long dark winter days, while he sat over the fire, working at his wood-carving.

For Nils was a proficient in this latter branch of industry, and got a good price for his productions from the Bergen dealers — which winnings, alas! he usually gave away very soon after he had received them. This, again, was an incomprehensible procedure to his relatives, who very reasonably asked what was the use of earning money if you didn't mean to keep it.

Now all this was very well, and Nils' mode of life, being fashioned upon his own peculiar views, might have been the best possible for him, but for one unfortunate circumstance — Nils was in love. For several years he had been the devoted slave of Dorothea (or, as she was more usually called, Dorthé) Aandahl, the daughter of the one general-shop keeper of Bakke, and the recognized beauty of the neighborhood. Nils worshipped this little fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden with all the fervor of a romantic nature, believing her to be the best and noblest, as she was obviously the most beautiful, girl in all Norway, and mentally endowing her with many qualities which she not only did not possess, but would not even have understood the meaning of, if they had been mentioned to her. She was, in truth, a good, well-meaning little soul, not wholly unconscious of her pretty face, yet not unduly vain thereof, and sincerely attached to Nils, whom she admired without having very much in common with him. They were betrothed with the consent of the parents on both sides; but there was no immediate prospect of their becoming man and wife, Nils' father — a shrewd old person — having declined in the most unequivocal manner to burden himself with the support of a third generation of Jensens, and Nils' own resources being wholly inadequate to the maintenance of a household. But this uncertainty as to the future gave Nils very little disquietude. He had no doubt but that, some day or other, his marriage would take place; and in the mean time he was satisfied with being allowed to adore his idol, before whom he bowed down with as much reverence as any devout Catholic before his patron saint, loading her with votive offerings in the shape of bear-skins and fox-skins, the spoil of his rifle, with wood-carvings, the product of many a winter day's work, with quaint silver ornaments from Bergen, and with I know not what other treasures picked up here and there in the course of his circumscribed wanderings. He wrote verses, too, in her honor, and composed

long histories, for the delectation of the neighbors, during the idle season of the year, in which the heroine always had fair hair and blue eyes, and invariably bore the name of Dorthé.

But if such philandering contented the romantic Nils, there were other more practical people to whom it appeared the height of folly and shortsightedness, and who often felt it their duty to point out to the patient lover that this way of going on could not last forever, and that a man who proposed to take unto himself a wife had best be setting about making ready a home for her, instead of spending his money and his labor upon those with whom he had no blood-relationship at all. Advice of this description usually caused Nils to scratch his head and ponder for a time; for really there did seem to be a good deal of sound sense in it; and the customary effect was produced by the warning words of the priest recorded above. But, after a minute or two, Nils, recollecting that he had promised to sail across the fjord to Utne, with Hans Lundgren, who was old and rheumatic, and no longer able to manage his boat singlehanded, dismissed the subject from his mind, and set off to run down to the port as fast as his long legs could carry him.

Some children, playing in the street, caught sight of him as he passed, and gave chase, calling out, "Nils! Nils!" but he shook his head and waved his hand, and never paused till he had reached the sandy shore, where a few fishing-craft were drawn up. There, sitting in one of the boats, and mending a net, he found an old man, the sight of whom would have gladdened an artist's eye, so very old was he — so wrinkled, so dirty, and so picturesque. He wore woollen stockings and knee-breeches, and a blue jacket, which was patched and ancient, but which boasted of real silver buttons. On his head he had a scarlet nightcap, and his silvery hair was combed forward into two long locks, which hung down beside his withered cheeks. He looked up, as Nils approached, and said, in a querulous, piping, voice —

"Oh, you have come, then?"

"Yes," said Nils, jumping into the boat as he shoved it off. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Hans."

"Oh, as for that, I am accustomed to be kept waiting," grumbled the other; "nobody thinks of hurrying himself for old Hans. You said half past eleven, and it is now past noon; but there, you are all the same! Yourselves first and the old

folks afterwards—that is your way. In my young days it was different; we used to respect age then.”

For, indeed, he was a very cross-grained old man, suffering much from lumbago and poverty, and other evils. “Yes,” he continued, “it was different then; but maybe you young folks are right, and there is no use in taking care of old people. They ought to be sent out of the world when they can’t work any more. I wish it would please God to take me, I know; I am tired enough of it all. Labor, and pain, and want—want, and pain, and labor! at eighty years of age a man has had more than his share of it.”

“Come, come, Father Hans,” said Nils, who had hoisted the square brown sail and taken the tiller in his hand, “you must not talk so on such a fine day as this. Haven’t we got the good sunshine to warm us, and the fresh air to give us an appetite, and a fair wind? Now this is what I call a very good world to live in. Why, it would have been worth while to come into it only to see those mountains. And I shouldn’t wonder,” added Nils, diving into one of the capacious pockets of his frieze coat, and producing a small wooden box, “I shouldn’t wonder if I had a pinch of snuff about me.”

“What do young fellows like you want with snuff?” growled the old man, somewhat mollified. “Give me the box—so! H’m! that is good snuff—excellent snuff! Where did you get it, my boy?”

“I bought it at Bergen,” answered Nils. “I am glad you like it.”

“Ah, it is well for such as you to praise the world,” sighed the old man, with an envious glance at Nils’ powerful, well-knit frame and healthy, brown cheeks; “but what good is sunshine to me? It doesn’t warm me. And as for an appetite, God knows that is no blessing! And I can’t see the mountains any more,” he added, raising his sunken, filmy eyes to the opposite shore.

“But the snuff is good,” pleaded Nils, the optimist.

“Yes, the snuff is not bad. And you are a good lad, Nils.” He rose slowly, and tottered away into the bows, muttering, “A good lad! a good lad!” and, crouching down, feigned to go to sleep. Perhaps he was afraid Nils would ask to have the box back again.

He need not have felt any alarm on that score. A box of snuff for an old man, a toy for a child, a silk neckerchief for a young girl—why a couple of days at

wood-carving would more than pay for all these luxuries; and Nils was not the man to grudge two days’ work to anybody. He contemplated the recumbent form of old Hans Lundgren, for a minute or two, with a satisfied smile, and then, leaning back, raised his eyes to his favorite mountains, all glistening and glittering in the mid-day sunlight, and soared away into dreamland, as his habit was.

The breeze fell light, and it took two good hours to make Utne; and, when there, there was a great deal to be done. Old Hans had to see two of his grandchildren, who were established in the village, and Nils had some odd jobs to do for sundry acquaintances; so that it was late in the evening, though—for the season was just past midsummer—the sun was still high in the heavens, when the oddly-assorted pair set out on their return voyage.

It was fine and warm when they started; but before they had accomplished two-thirds of the transit, the weather was changing, and changing with a rapidity which I hope and believe is peculiar to western Norway. Suddenly, without any warning at all, a mass of heavy clouds came sailing up from the seaward, a cold gust or two swirled past, ruffling the surface of the water, and Hans and Nils, making no remark upon so ordinary a phenomenon, quietly encased themselves in a couple of those stiff tarpaulin garments which are as essential a part of a Norwegian peasant’s costume as his hat or his boots. Then came a few big raindrops, a longer, steadier blast, and Nils lowered the sail a little. A few minutes later the little boat was tossing and plunging amid green, white-crested waves; and sky, sea, and coast were alike veiled in grey mist and driving rain.

Nils had enough to do to steer his rather clumsy craft; but presently he caught sight of something which caused him to start to his feet, grasping the tiller with his right hand, and shading his eyes with his left, and exclaim,—

“Whose boat is that? Look, Hans, look! Why, the man will be drowned!”

Directly ahead of them, and at no great distance, a boat similar to their own in build and rig was hurling itself through the water, lying over so dangerously that it seemed as if the man whom they could make out hanging on to the weather gunwale must have resolved upon self-destruction.

“Luff, you madman, luff!” roared Nils

instinctively, yet hardly expecting that his voice would be audible through the hurly-burly.

Whether the stranger heard the warning or not, he acted in accordance with it. He brought his boat's head to the wind, and the flapping and cracking of his brown sail came like pistol-shots to the ears of those who were watching his movements. Nils reseated himself with a natural growl of indignation at having been so unnecessarily alarmed. But now, to his unutterable amazement, he saw the sail—which the occupant of the boat had made no effort to lower—fill again; the boat heeled over, and flew on her perilous course as wildly as before. In another moment the catastrophe had come. The boat was floating on her side; and the man, who had been pitched clear of her, had disappeared beneath the waves.

"Here, Hans, catch hold of the tiller!" cried Nils. He had got his coat and boots off, and was swimming towards the drowning man before old Hans well knew what had happened.

Nils was a good swimmer, and was pretty well at home in the water, even with his clothes on; but he knew that drowning men will sometimes play awkward tricks, and he was quite prepared, therefore, to salute his unknown friend with a smart blow behind the ear, should that course seem necessary for their common safety. But no such rough treatment was called for. The man was three parts drowned when Nils reached him, and would never have looked upon the light again if the stalwart Norseman had not dived, and got a good grip of his long hair. His safety was thus far ensured; but it was a less easy matter to get him into the boat. This too was, however, successfully accomplished at length, old Hans rising to the emergency, and putting forth a hauling power which, as he afterwards averred, had wrenched his old back to that extent that he could never hope to get it straight again on this side of eternity.

And now, when the rescued man had been rubbed, and covered with Nils' dry coat, and some *aquavit* had been forced between his lips, and he had opened his eyes and murmured a few incoherent words, it seemed best to Nils to set sail at once for Bakke, and get him into a warm bed as soon as might be. But to this proposition Hans Lundgren demurred. He pointed out that there was a good boat floating on her beam-ends barely a quarter of a mile to leeward—a boat which might

fill at any moment, and go to the bottom, to the everlasting shame of those who had had it in their power to save her, and didn't. Having rescued the man, he urged, let it not be said that they had wantonly left the poor boat to sink miserably.

But Nils would not hear of such a thing. "What are you thinking of, Hans?" he cried. "The man might die of cold while we were getting hold of the boat; and what would be thought of us then?"

"He is no wetter than you are, and a little wind and rain will not kill anybody," retorted the old man sullenly.

"But he is not like one of us," said Nils, who had got under way by this time, and was steering straight for home. "Look at his hands, how fine and white they are—and he has a gold watch-chain too. Such people are more delicate than you and I, Father Hans."

Hans was shamed into acquiescence; but he was not pleased. He always, in relating the story afterwards, spoke with deep regret of the good boat, which, as he had too truly predicted, was never seen again; he did not believe that the man would have died from another half-hour or so of exposure; and, looking back upon the matter in the aspect imparted to it by subsequent events, Hans was inclined to think that, even if he had died—But that is neither here nor there.

He had quite recovered consciousness by the time that they had run the boat up upon the beach, and was able to murmur, through his chattering teeth, something to the effect that he could walk as far as the village; but when he was set upon his feet, he trembled and shivered so violently that, as he was but a little fellow, Nils took him up in his strong arms, without further ado, and strode away with him to the nearest house, which happened to be that of Claus Aandahl. Straight into the dim shop he marched, where old Lise Aandahl, in her high white cap and blue stuff gown with scarlet bodice, sat knitting among the rashers of bacon, the oil-skin coats, the boots, hats, candles, fishing-rods, and other heterogeneous articles which made up her husband's stock-in-trade; and announced briefly, —

"Here is one who has been nearly drowned in the fjord. We must get him to bed, and give him something hot to drink, as quickly as we can."

Old Lise was a practical woman. She wasted no time in inquiries or exclamations, but hurried up the creaking stairs, calling, "Dorthe, Dorthe!" as she went, and made all haste to get clean warm sheets

upon the bed which she destined for the use of the stranger. Her daughter came and helped her in her hospitable preparations, and it was not until she had got her charge comfortably installed beneath a mountainous down quilt, and had made him swallow a potent draught of *aquavit* and hot water, that she gave way to feminine curiosity, and began to ask a few questions. These the stranger, being now greatly comforted and restored, was ready enough to answer; but first, he said, he must thank the brave fellow who had saved his life.

Hearing this, and having observed that the water from his dripping clothes was making a large pool upon the clean floor, Nils slipped quietly out of the room, and was down the stairs before Lise could stop him.

"Never mind!" said she consolingly to her guest. "You will be sure to see him to-morrow, if you wish to thank him. But he is not one of those who hold out for being thanked, our good Nils."

II.

THE climate of the Hardanger district, which the most patriotic Norwegian can hardly bring himself to extol, has this set-off against its many drawbacks, that it is full of surprises of a more or less beautiful and delightful kind. The mists that gather on the snowy peaks, and eddy and trail among them like smoke-wreaths; the slowly sailing clouds that fling dark shadows on the blue-green fjord; the swift drenching showers to which the meadows owe their brilliant verdure; the wind that roars in from the northward, chasing the hurrying scud before it, and unveiling the bright sun—all these come and go so suddenly, and send before them so little notice of their approach, that each day brings with it some of the gentle excitement of uncertainty; and a man with an eye for color readily pardons the climate which is always giving him a wet jacket in consideration of the wonderful natural displays produced by its freaks.

And as you can never count upon the weather in this region, so you need never despair of it. Nils, therefore, was in no wise surprised when he woke, on the morning after his voluntary immersion, and found the sky free from any vestige of cloud, and the sun shining down upon the glad earth with quite an Italian force. He thought, as he dressed himself, that he would just run down to the village, and ask how his unknown friend (in whom he began to feel a quasi-paternal interest, as

having been the means of bringing him back to the world when he was more than half way out of it) was progressing.

But before Nils' toilet was completed, there came a sharp rapping at the door of the farmhouse, which was also that of the general living-room, in which Jensen *père* was just then eating his breakfast, and, without waiting for permission to enter, a small, slight young man, with long curling hair, and a handsome, eager face, peered in, asking if this were Nils Jensen's house.

"It is Christian Jensen's house, at your service," said the sturdy individual of that name, rising slowly from his chair, and looking down upon the new comer from the superior altitude of six-foot-three. "I have a son by the name of Nils, who has no house, and never will have, so far as I can see. Now I think of it, you will be the young gentleman whom he fished out of the water yesterday?"

"Yes; I am he. And I have come here to offer him my poor thanks. You are a fortunate man to be the father of so brave a son."

He spoke in accents which sounded somewhat mincing to a Norwegian ear, so that old Jensen rightly conjectured him to be a Dane.

"Oh, as far as that goes," answered the farmer, "there is no Jensen who is a coward, nor ever was; and Nils can swim as well as any fish. Hulloo there! Come down, Nils! Here is the gentleman you were telling me about come to see you."

Nils, descending the steep staircase in obedience to this command, was thrown into great confusion by the enthusiastic greeting which he received from the stranger, who, standing on tiptoe to reach the broad shoulders of his preserver, flung himself forward and embraced him *à tour de bras*. Nils gently disengaged himself as soon as he could, and, to give himself a countenance, began to talk.

"Another time," said he, "if you should find yourself drowning—which God forbid!—you must remember that it is a very bad thing to throw up your arms above your head. And there is another thing: if you sink, you should be careful to keep your mouth shut, otherwise——"

"Now that I have already found out for myself," interrupted the stranger with a laugh. "Gallons of salt water I must have swallowed! And very ill I was in the night, I can tell you!"

"But you are well again now," said Nils, glancing at the bright eyes and healthy color of his visitor.

"Yes, I am as well as ever I was in my

life, thanks to you. Is it not an extraordinary thing that a man should risk his life to save that of one whom he never saw before?"

"But that is done every day," remarked Nils.

"Not quite so often as that, perhaps; still, oftener than one would expect, I allow. But as for you, one has but to look at your face to see that you are one of those who find their happiness in doing good to their neighbors. Whenever you see a pair of blue eyes, such as those with which you are now looking at me so solemnly, and between them a great rascal of a nose, drooping a little at the tip, and underneath that a rather wide mouth, about which there always hovers a grave smile, and whose under lip (if you will forgive my saying so) has a slight look of indecision about it, you may know that there stands before you a man who is capable of throwing himself into the water at any moment, to save a fool, who is upon the point of being drowned for the very good and sufficient reason that he *is* a fool. Well, I will confess that I have heard something of you from the good folks at Bakke; but I am a bit of a physiognomist besides."

At this point, old Jensen, observing that talking was very pleasant, but that work had to be done whether a man would, or whether he wouldn't, begged to be excused, and walked out of the house.

The two young men being thus left alone together, the stranger, who seemed to be rather fond of the sound of his own voice, proceeded:—

"Now, Nils, what I want is that we should be friends, and never lose sight of one another again. I have every reason to like you; and as for me—well, it may sound conceited to say so—but most people like me when they know me. And first of all, I want you to wear this ring, as a little remembrance of yesterday. I bought it in Rome, and it is a real old intaglio, and I am very fond of it: that is why I give it you. Not as payment, you understand," he added quickly, noticing that Nils drew back a little—"no, no! I value my life at more than the price of a ring, I can assure you, and my debt to you is one that I should never be able to pay if I wished to do so. I only offer you my ring because I should like you to have the thing I am fondest of."

"You are very kind," said Nils, "and I will not be so ill-mannered as to refuse your present, but I am sorry you should part with an ornament which you value so

much, and what I did for you was only to get my clothes wet; I ran no risk. What you say about our being friends is a great honor for me, but—but we do not know one another yet, and —"

"Ah, you are a true Norwegian," laughed the other. "You must know your man before you give your friendship. Well, I shall have to earn it, that is all."

"But your rank of life," began Nils.

"My dear fellow, I am not a fine gentleman, I am the son of a peasant, like yourself; only my father was a lucky man, and left me money. But I will tell you all about that some other time. Have you also got farm-work to do, or can you come out with me for a stroll and a chat?"

Nils considered. "There is not much to be done at home just now," he said; "but I have promised to lend a hand at one or two places in the village. If it would suit you to walk that way —"

"Any way you please," answered the stranger, "it is all new to me."

And so they set out to walk down the hill towards Bakke, Nils deriving some amusement from the volubility and communicativeness of his new friend. His name, it appeared, was Gustav Richardt. He was a native of northern Sleswig, and a Dane by birth, language, and sympathy, though a German subject pending the pleasure of a statesman who has a profound respect for the rights of nations, but who does not as yet see his way to the carrying out of Art. V. of the Treaty of Prague. By profession he was an artist, he said; and got a good price for his pictures, whereby he was enabled to visit foreign countries in search of the picturesque. With this end in view he had arrived at Eide a little higher up the fjord, a few days back; and it was while sailing in a boat which he had hired at that place that he had been overtaken by the squall which had so nearly put an end to his career.

"I know very little about the management of a boat," he acknowledged frankly; "and, to tell you the truth, when the wind caught me, I lost my head completely, and thought only of reaching the land as quickly as possible. However, it has all ended well; for I have made your acquaintance, and discovered one of the loveliest spots in the world. What a view, my good Nils! What a range of mountains! What a noble stretch of water! What a foreground your village makes, with its little island in front of it to keep it quiet and snug! I must stay here for a time, and take some sketches. Where could I get a room? Do you think your

good friends who received me last night would let me hire one of them?"

"That I cannot say," answered Nils; "but I think they would. What they would like best would be to keep you as a guest; but when one is poor, you know, one cannot do just what one desires. I will tell them what you wish."

"Thank you. I would rather stay there than anywhere else. Do you know that the daughter of the house has the head of an angel?"

"That she has, indeed," replied Nils gravely. "But I think you said it was landscapes you painted."

"Oh, I do a little of everything. Old women, young women, houses, cattle — anything that is pretty or picturesque, you understand — nothing comes amiss to me. You will try and arrange about the room, then?"

"With great pleasure."

Thus it came to pass that Herr Gustav Richardt, with his modest portmanteau and his paraphernalia of painting-materials, which he caused to be sent to him from Eide, was installed as a temporary member of the Aandahl household, where he soon succeeded in making himself quite at home. There was some doubt, at first, in the minds of his honest entertainers as to how far a gentleman apparently so delicately nurtured would be able to put up with their frugal fare; but he speedily reassured them upon this point, declaring that, having subsisted all his life upon fresh meat and white bread, he was utterly weary of those articles of diet, and that it was a positive luxury to be permitted to exchange them for fish, eggs, bacon, and *gröd*. His even, in his anxiety to be agreeable, went the length of expressing a special liking for *fladbrod*, the Norwegian substitute for bread; but as *fladbrod* is a thin, tough substance, claiming a distant cousinship to oat-cake, but composed, I believe, in a large measure of sawdust, it will be perceived that he was probably straining a point there. Be that as it may, the young Dane's adaptiveness was the means of procuring for him golden opinions. It was not without reason that he had boasted to Nils that most people liked him. His unaffected *bonhomie*, his geniality, and his interest — real or feigned — in the petty concerns of those about him, soon won him many friends among the villagers; and there was something about his unselfconscious communicativeness that rather took their fancy — probably by reason of the conspicuous absence

of any similar trait in their own national character.

With Nils Jensen and with the Aandahl family he was pleased to place himself upon a footing of complete equality.

"You must not call me Herr Richardt," he said; "you must call me Gustav," — a request which was shyly complied with, after a good deal of hesitation. He delighted the neighbors by dashing off hasty water-color portraits of any of them who would give him a sitting. Dorthe, bending over her spinning-wheel; old Claus Aandahl and his wife in their holiday costume; Hans Lundgren, peering up distrustfully from his fishing-nets — all these, and many others, he portrayed over and over again, and good-naturedly presented his handiwork to all who valued it. He had a quick knack of catching a likeness, and was, perhaps, more successful in his little studies of Norwegian peasant life than in the landscape painting to which he devoted his more serious attention. Hearing that a wedding was about to take place in the neighborhood, nothing would satisfy him but that he must attend the festivity whither Nils and his fiddle were bound. Sitting in a corner, unnoticed by the revellers, he drew, with deft pencil, a hurried outline of the scene — the dark, low-roofed room, with shafts of light from the sunset streaming through the narrow windows; the stalwart figures of the dancers; Nils' grave face looking sideways over the flying fiddle-bow; the bride in her quaint, silver-gilt crown; the bridegroom, half-sheepish, half-triumphant. This was the first sketch of the picture known as the "Norwegian Farmer's Wedding," which now hangs on the wall of the Christiansborg Palace at Copenhagen, and is considered one of the happiest efforts of the versatile artist.

But all this was mere relaxation. The serious business on which Gustav Richardt was engaged was the painting of the scene which unfolded itself before the village of Bakke — the broad fjord, the pine-clothed slopes of the opposite shore and the towering peaks and glaciers of the Folge-fond. It was a laborious task; and, more than once, in the course of it, Gustav, sunnyc-tempered and sanguine as he was, threw down his brushes in despair. For, as the hours and days passed on, such changes swept across the panorama; such swelling black clouds gathered over the mountain-tops, and broke with rattle of thunder and flashing zigzags of blue lightning; such rainbows hung against the hillside;

such gorgeous sunset tints glowed upon the distant snow, that paint and canvas seemed hopelessly inadequate to the service required of them. Gustav wisely decided to attempt no delineation of these bewildering atmospheric effects. His picture was to be a fair-weather picture; and whenever there was a decent spell of sunshine, he carried the implements of his craft to a meadow above the village, and there worked away till the rain came on again.

Nils and Dorthé not unfrequently accompanied the artist on these occasions, and would sit beside him, by the hour together, entranced by his descriptions of the far-away southern lands whither his love of nature and the arts had, from time to time, led him. Nils, albeit gifted with a fine, rich imagination, which he had not left uncultivated, was fain to confess that never, in his most highly-colored fairy-tales, had he conceived of any land so lovely as that which this fortunate man had actually seen, and lived in. It was of the climate and scenery of Italy — of

The land of palm and southern pine;
The land of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe and maize and vine,

that these two northern folks liked best to hear. They did not care so much about the ruined temples, the marble cathedrals, and the famous picture and sculpture galleries of which the artist spoke with so much enthusiasm. The notion of roses that bloomed in midwinter, of oranges hanging from the boughs, ready to be plucked, of December violets and meadows carpeted with many-tinted anemones, had a fascination for them which never palled; and they recurred to the theme again and again, till even the good-natured Gustav, much as he relished his own conversation, ended by becoming a little weary of it.

Nils, however, could not indulge himself by listening to these wondrous recitals every day. It was all very well for Dorthé, who could busy herself with her spindle or her needle-work as well out of doors as at home; but Nils had avocations which often led him away to a distance, and sometimes necessitated an absence of two or three days from home. For instance, when Gustav had been some three weeks at Bakke, and the picture was beginning to show dawning signs of ultimate completion, it happened that a neighboring farmer fell into grievous trouble with his horses, several of whom were attacked by influenza. The farmer, not well know-

ing the symptoms of the disease, and being shaken by a terrible fear of the possibility of glanders, naturally sent post-haste for Nils Jensen, who, as naturally, started at once to place his knowledge at the service of his friend. He was some time absent; for the farmer would not be satisfied unless the amateur doctor superintended himself the treatment which he had recommended; but on the fourth day, things having taken a more hopeful turn, Nils effected his escape, and set his face homewards.

His way lay through the field where Gustav was accustomed to station himself for his daily labor; and there, sure enough, Nils discovered him, and Dorthé bending over his shoulder to examine the progress of the work. Neither of them noticed his approach. The painter had laid aside his brushes, and was talking rather eagerly to his fair companion. Presently he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips. She drew it away quickly, blushing rosy red all over her face and neck, and ran down the hill; but she could not have been much offended; for she laughed as she ran, and threw a glance back over her shoulder before she vanished.

It was thus that Nils made his first acquaintance with the dismal passion of jealousy.

III.

IN highly civilized communities, whose members, as a rule, aim rather at concealing their passions than at controlling them, it is probable that few lovers, having accidentally seen their sweetheart's hand kissed by a common acquaintance, would take any immediate notice of the incident. The fear of appearing ridiculous, which is one of the primary characteristics of a cultivated nature, might be relied upon to restrain them from any overt act or demonstration, however great might be their inward wrath. But Nils, who was but an unsophisticated Norwegian peasant, had no such potent curb upon the display of his emotions, and having been greatly distressed and shocked by the little scene which he had just witnessed, strode up to the painter's side with a fine glow upon his cheeks, and a mind firmly set upon plain speaking.

"Gustav," said he, in his full deep voice, "I did not mean to spy upon you; but I caught sight of you and Dorthé before you knew I was near, and — and I saw what you did just now."

"What, Nils!" cried the other, wheeling round upon his camp-stool, and ex-

tending his hand without any embarrassment. "Welcome home, again! So you saw — ha, ha, ha! Well, I don't mind. I am not ashamed to have been seen kissing Dorthé's hand, if that is what you mean."

Nils frowned: it struck him that this was pushing audacity to the verge of impudence. However, as he seldom gave way to anger without convincing cause, and as it seemed possible that some excuse for Gustav's behavior might be found in the fact of his foreign extraction, he answered, gently enough, —

"In your country, perhaps, you have different customs from ours; but with us it is not thought right to be so familiar with a young girl who is betrothed to another man."

"Betrothed to another man!" cried the artist, starting to his feet. "What are you talking about, Nils? Betrothed to whom?"

"Why to me," replied Nils, rather surprised at his vehemence. "Did you not know that?"

"Great heavens, no! Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I thought you must have heard of it," answered Nils; "it is no secret; everybody in the village knows it. I don't know why I did not tell you, except that there are things of which a man does not speak in ordinary talk — just as one does not laugh in church. And after all," he added, "what difference can it make to you?"

"What difference? He asks me what difference! Why the difference between bliss and misery! — between heaven and hell!" cried Gustav, who was a trifle prone to hyperbole. "Oh, Nils, you ought to have told me of this sooner!"

Here was a revelation!

"I could not suppose — I could not guess —" stammered Nils. "And even now, I don't quite understand. You surely could never have thought of — of *marrying* Dorthé!"

"And pray why not?"

"We are only peasants, and you are a rich gentleman," answered Nils. "I should have thought the difference of position —"

"Man, man!" interrupted the other impatiently, "how often am I to tell you that I am a peasant's son? I have no relations to object to my marrying whom I please; and even if I had, that would not stand in my way. And Dorthé is fit for any position."

"But you have only known her three weeks," objected Nils, unable to comprehend a passion of such quick growth.

"Three weeks! three lifetimes! Do

you think all the world is as cold-blooded as yourself? No, no, Nils, I did not mean that. Forgive me; I don't know what I am saying. Oh, Nils, I am very, very wretched!"

The impetuous Gustav sank down upon his camp-stool, and hid his face in his hands. "I must go away," he moaned out presently; "I must leave this place at once."

"Indeed, I think it is the best thing you can do," said Nils, stroking his chin ruefully. "I am very sorry for what has happened — especially if it has been at all my fault; but I think you had better go. The more so," he added naïvely, "as I myself have to go away to-morrow. My brother Frants has been up at the *sæter* on the mountains, with the cattle, for a month; and it is my turn to relieve him. I don't see anything for it but that you should go."

"Yes, yes," answered Gustav, lifting up his face from his hands, "I must go — that is clear. I owe my life to you, Nils, and I would rather die than do you an injury. But before I leave this dear place forever, Nils, I think I will just put a few more strokes to my picture. You will not mind that. It will be an affair of three days — or four days, at the outside; and you can trust me for that time."

"Trust you?" said Nils, holding out his hand. "Of course I can. And I can trust Dorthé too," he added, with a little touch of pride. "If you like to remain here a year, it is not I who will interfere to upset your plans; but, to tell you the plain truth, I think you would be better out of the country just now; and maybe you yourself would be happier away. I don't wonder at your loving Dorthé — who could help it? But you had never seen her a month ago, remember; and perhaps in another month it will be with you as if you had never seen her at all."

At this heartless suggestion Gustav groaned dismally. It was his nature to cry out when he was hurt, just as it was Nils' nature to comfort the afflicted. So that a good hour had elapsed before the two young men parted.

When this interview was at an end, Nils, in a somewhat humble and contrite mood, marched down the hill to bid good-bye to Dorthé, whom, by good luck, he found alone in the shop. To her he said nothing of what he had witnessed earlier in the afternoon, being withheld partly by delicacy, and partly by pride; but in his last words he did contrive to insinuate a note of warning.

"You will not forget me when I am away?" he said.

"Forget you, Nils? — how could I do that?" asked the girl, raising her clear blue eyes to his, and laughing at the bare idea. "Do I ever forget you?"

"Well; but you will think of me sometimes when I am up there in the lonely mountains, and you are amusing yourself with Gustav and — and the rest?"

"I am always thinking of you, Nils," she answered simply. "I think of you every morning and evening when I say my prayers — yes, and a hundred times a day besides."

"Do you?" said Nils, breaking into a happy laugh. "Then what have I left to wish for?"

And so he went his way with a mind at rest.

Now if there was one thing more than another of which Gustav Richardt was convinced, when he awoke (after a surprisingly sound sleep) on the morning of Nils' departure, it was of his loyalty to his absent friend. It might be — so he thought, as he brooded sorrowfully over the wreck of his newly-born hopes — it might be that he had been somewhat hardly used in this matter. It might be that those who had kept him in ignorance of arrangements which ought to have been made known to him had only themselves to blame for the consequence of their negligence. It might be that Nils and Dorthé were obviously unsuited to one another, whereas no impartial mind could fail to perceive the affinity which existed between the fair peasant and himself. And it might be that a casuist would deduce from these considerations the conclusion that he was not in honor bound to carry out the hasty promise (if promise it had been) which he had made on the previous afternoon. But Gustav resolved at once that he would not allow any specious reasonings of this nature to obscure the clear light of his conscience. His duty was plain. He owed his life to Nils Jensen; and it would now be seen that he was not ungrateful. A few more days he must spend in Bakke, in mere justice to himself and to the future owner of his great picture; but during these days he would be most circumspect in his conduct, and on the expiration of them he would infallibly depart. The insinuating suggestions of the tempter, which would, every now and then, make their way into his mind, he boldly faced with an "*Apage retro Satanas!*" and as he combed his long hair before the scrap of looking-glass with

which the care of Lise Aandahl had provided him, he was conscious of a comfortable glow of self-approval, feeling that he was looking at the face of an honest man.

But now an unforeseen circumstance occurred, which, through no fault of his own, compelled Gustav to prolong his sojourn in the dangerous neighborhood. He had disposed of his breakfast in solitude, and was preparing to set out for the scene of his daily labors, without having so much as hinted at a wish that Dorthé should accompany him, when the rain set in with a dogged determination which seemed to shut out all hope of out-door occupation for the remainder of that day. And, instead of clearing at sunset, it poured on all through the night, and all through the next day, and again all through the day after that; so that the village street was converted to a mere water-course, and the hillside into a morass. Those rainy days were trying ones to poor Gustav; for he spent them perforce in the same room as Dorthé; and he did not always find it easy to keep a bridle upon his tongue. But he behaved very well, upon the whole, talking a good deal less than usual, and busying himself over the likeness of a couple of children, whose mother had begged for this specimen of his skill. Nevertheless, before the clouds lifted, time had blunted the edge of his determination. He began to think, that, after all, there was not any necessity for his leaving Bakke in such a desperate hurry. Surely it was no great matter that he should take a few more days of comparative happiness when others had a whole lifetime of beatitude to look forward to. He was almost angry with Nils at the bare idea that so small a favor could be grudged to him. Then he remembered that Nils had said carelessly that he might stay a year if he chose, and this settled the point. "A year I would not stay," said Gustav to himself; "I should not think it right. But a week is only seven days — quite a ridiculously short time if you count it by hours, and half of them one is in bed — yes, I think I will stay just one more week."

What gave strength to this decision was that the rain was succeeded by a spell of the loveliest weather imaginable — weather in which it would have been a sin and a shame to leave the beautiful Hardanger Fjord, which, alas! is so seldom thus favored. Day after day the sun ran his long course across a clear blue sky, while the snow-patches on the mountain-sides shrank under his warm rays, and

tiny cloudlets formed and dispersed upon the highest summits, and a hundred rivulets, set agoing by the recent downpour, grew less and less till at last they disappeared altogether; and day after day Gustav worked on in his accustomed meadow, with Dorthé by his side. Ten days slipped away like so many minutes; and during all this time Gustav's loyalty to the absent Nils continued undiminished, save in the one particular of his prolonged presence in Norway. There was no approach to love-making in his conversations with Dorthé, and no repetition of the hand-kissing which had aroused the jealousy of her legitimate lover. They talked mostly of the old topics — Italy, the Mediterranean, the charms of foreign travel, and so forth — but, every now and then, Gustav could not refrain from a deep sigh. If Dorthé asked him whether anything were making him unhappy, he would reply, with a most unsuccessful assumption of carelessness, "Oh, no; nothing at all!" Whereupon she would generally sigh too.

I am not going to assert that the fine weather lasted for a fortnight (which is a statement that nobody, acquainted with the country, would honor by a moment's credence); but it is a fact that that period of time had elapsed before the rain set in again in anything like an uncompromising spirit. When it did begin, it brought cold with it; and the general opinion was that there would be no more summer that year.

"There will be snow on the mountains this time," remarked old Aandahl, one evening, as he was smoking a pipe with his guest over a blazing wood fire.

To which his wife replied, "Yes; Nils will be bringing the cattle down; we may expect him any day now."

At this innocent observation Gustav started, and shortly afterwards, rose from his chair, and walked out of the room. His conscience assured him that he had done nothing wrong; but at the same time the idea of seeing Nils again made him feel excessively uncomfortable.

Dorthé was standing at the house-door, looking out at the weather. She turned round, with a smile, at the sound of Gustav's step.

"Look," she said; "the rain has stopped. We shall have a fine day to-morrow."

"Will you walk with me to the end of the village?" he asked. "I should like to look at the dear old fjord and the mountains with you this evening. Who knows whether we shall ever look at them together again! Will you come?"

"To be sure," she answered, with a glance of surprise at his grave face. And so she wrapped a cloak about her, and followed him into the street.

The watery clouds were breaking and rising in all directions, the wind had gradually dropped from a strong breeze to almost a dead calm; the sun had set, and the melancholy northern twilight had begun.

Gustav walked on without speaking. He had to bid his companion farewell; and he felt that it was bitterly hard upon him that he must do so without hinting at what it cost him to breathe that sad word. But when they had left the village behind them, and were leaning upon a low wall overlooking the glassy fjord, he broke silence abruptly.

"Dorthé," said he, "the time has come when I must leave this dear place, where I have spent so many happy days. I shall start to-morrow morning."

He had spoken in a steady, dogged voice, keeping his eyes fixed upon the water beneath him; but now he could not help raising them for an instant, to see the effect of his sudden announcement. The girl seemed startled; he fancied even that her lip quivered. She looked at him for a moment, with an odd, half-piteous gaze, and then turned her head away. Gustav's heart began to thump against his ribs.

"You are not angry with me, Dorthé?" he said foolishly.

"Why should I be angry!" she returned, in a rather tremulous voice. "There is nothing to be angry at. I am only — only sorry." And then it became evident that she was in tears.

This was more than the impulsive Gustav could bear. He forgot all about Nils, and his duty, and his good resolutions, and seized the girl's hand. "Dorthé," he exclaimed, "you love me! I know you love me!"

But she dragged her hand away, sobbing out in great distress, "Oh, please don't! Oh, please go away! You don't know — I have never told you about — about Nils."

"What do I care for Nils!" cried the young man excitedly. "What is his happiness to me in comparison with yours? I know all about it; I heard it long ago; and as for myself, I was ready to give up all for his sake; but that you should be sacrificed too — that is more than he could expect. You are mine now — not his!"

"How can you talk so?" exclaimed Dorthé indignantly. "How can you be so

wicked—you who owe your very life to him? And I too—oh, what a wretch I am! If you only knew how kind he has been to me, and how good he is! Yes; I will tell you the truth—I love you. But I will never marry you—no, I will never, never marry any one but Nils!”

Something in the tragic nature of the situation took the young man's romantic fancy, and pleased him a little in the midst of all his distress, which was genuine enough.

“You are right, Dorthé,” he said gloomily. “The fates are against us: we could never be happy together, knowing that we had done our friend a grievous wrong. Let us say good-bye, now, and have done with it. For me there can be no more happiness in this world; but you will forget me when—when you are married. Yes, I will pray always that you may forget me: that is the best wish I can have for you.”

“Oh, how noble you are!” she exclaimed enthusiastically.

“No, Dorthé, I am not noble,” he answered, with some honest sense of shame; “I have been anything but that. But now I am going to do the right thing; and to-morrow morning I shall go away, and you will never see me again. But before I bid you farewell forever, Dorthé—my own Dorthé!—give me one kiss!” And he folded her in his arms.

But this was quite too much for the patience of old Hans Lundgren, who had been sitting under the lee of a wall, a stone's-throw off, mending one of his eternal nets, and who had been a spectator of the whole scene, though, being somewhat hard of hearing, he had failed to catch a single word of the dialogue. He hoisted his rheumatic old body up now from the stone on which he had been seated, and tottered up to the unconscious couple, full of just indignation.

“Come, come!” said he, in his quavering treble; “your foreign ways, and your mincing talk and your fine-gentleman manners I do not pretend to understand; but some things I do know; and decency, Mr. Painter—decency is much the same thing in all countries, I suppose. And a pretty sort of friend you are for a man to leave in the house with his sweetheart! Fröken Dorthé, run home as fast as you can, and get into your bed, where you ought to have been an hour ago. Ah! in my young days it is a good taste of a stout stick you would have got for your supper,” he added, as the girl, waiting for no second bidding, fled like an arrow from a bow.

Gustav faced the intruder, his eyes blaz-

ing with anger. “What do you mean by sneaking round corners and spying upon me, you old fool?” he cried.

“What do you mean by calling names, you young fool? ‘Sneak’ did you say? I will tell you who is a sneak. A sneak is a man who betrays his friend, and tries to bring honest girls to shame.”

“I swear, Hans Lundgren, that if you were a younger man, I would make you repent of having said that!”

“And I swear, Gustav Richardt, that if I were a younger man, I would catch you up by the scruff of your little white neck, and drop you into the fjord. But where is the use of blustering? At my age we are good for nothing except to mend nets, and give good advice to our grandchildren. Here is a piece of good advice for you, if you like to take it. Hire a boat the very first thing to-morrow morning, and get you gone! The snow is deep up there on the *sætters*, and Nils Jensen will be down before long. Who knows?—perhaps he has come down already. Ah, he has a strong arm, Nils, and a strong fist at the end of it! Yes, and his legs they are long and strong too; and he will have his heavy boots on that he wears in the mountains. Believe me, dear young gentleman, you had better be off.”

And without waiting for a reply, the old man hobbled away, mumbling and chuckling to himself as he went.

Gustav walked slowly back to the village, greatly disturbed by this unlucky *contretemps*. After what had occurred, he felt that it would be difficult for him to carry out his intention of immediate departure, which, under the circumstances, would look unpleasantly like running away. Nor, when the morning dawned, had he arrived at any definite decision as to his movements. The question, however, was settled without any action on his part; for, while he was disconsolately packing his trunk up-stairs, and while Dorthé was sitting alone in the kitchen, mending one of her father's shirts with trembling fingers, Nils himself walked quietly into the latter room, and stood before his betrothed.

“I met Hans Lundgren just now,” he said.

His tone had no inflection of anger or excitement in it, but Dorthé perceived at once that he knew all—had perceived it, indeed, even before he spoke, when she had first caught sight of his face, which was worn and lined, as if he had suddenly aged ten years.

“Hans Lundgren did not understand,”

she cried anxiously. "It was bad enough ; but not so bad as he thought. When he saw us, we were bidding one another good-bye forever. I have done very wrong, Nils ; but if you will forgive me, I will try to make amends to you. And, Nils, I have never thought of marrying any one but you."

"That is strange," remarked Nils, "since you love another man."

"But I love you too, Nils, only ——"

"Only not so much as you do him."

"Oh, yes — more, I think, in some ways ; but — oh, I cannot explain ! You understand me, Nils ; you know we have been like brother and sister all our lives ; and how could I desert you for any one else in the world ?"

"Yes ; I suppose all the years I have loved you must count for something," said Nils. "And then, as you say, we are such old friends. It would never have done for you to marry a stranger, would it ? You would have been miserable among foreigners, far away from your own people and old Norway, would you not ?"

"Oh, I should not have minded that," said Dorthe unguardedly. "At least, I mean," she added, not making matters much better by her explanation, "that when one loves a man enough, it is no hardship to go anywhere, so long as he is with you."

"And you love Gustav like that ?"

"Oh, Nils," said Dorthe entreatingly, "let us not speak any more of Gustav. He is going away at once, and we shall never see him again. Let it be as if he had never come here."

"Well, well," said Nils ; "perhaps that will be the best plan. So you are ready to give him up, then ?"

"Yes, Nils — if you will forgive me."

"If I have anything to forgive, Dorthe, I forgive you freely. I don't blame you. Gustav is a handsome, clever young fellow ; and you have had a passing fancy for him, as girls will have — that is all. You will have forgotten all about him in a year's time."

He looked keenly at her as he spoke these last words ; and she dropped her eyelids without replying. Then, saying he must have a few words with Gustav, Nils left the room.

Gustav meanwhile had heard the news of Nils' return, and was standing by the door of the shop, awaiting the coming interview with some nervousness. He was not a physical coward ; but his position was one which the bravest of men might have found disagreeable, and more-

over, the prospect of a sound drubbing was especially uncomfortable to a young man who dreaded humiliation more than most things.

But Nils, when he appeared, manifested no disposition towards personal violence. He came, up, laid his hand gently upon Gustav's shoulder, and said, "Gustav, will you sail over to the Sör Fjord with me to-morrow ? You have never seen it, you know."

"But, Nils," stammered the young man, utterly taken aback, "I — I — didn't they tell you ? I am going away to-morrow."

"You will put it off for another day," said Nils composedly. "You cannot refuse me such a little favor, since we are to part so soon ; and I hold particularly to showing you the Sör Fjord."

"But, Nils," said Gustav, in despair, "you do not know what has happened while you have been away. It is dreadful to have to tell it ; but I must, lest you should think afterwards that I had been afraid. Dorthe ——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Nils, "but I know all about what you are going to say, and we need not talk of it. Will you go with me to the Sör Fjord ?"

"Yes, if you wish it," answered Gustav wonderingly.

"That is right. And perhaps it will interest you to hear that Dorthe has promised to marry me, and has just assured me that she never really thought of marrying any one else."

Wherewith Nils walked away, leaving his friend a good deal mystified.

IV.

GUSTAV was aroused early the next morning by Nils' voice at his door, calling to him to get ready. He got up, and went to the window, half hoping that the weather might afford him a pretext for declining an expedition from which he anticipated anything but enjoyment ; but when he drew the curtain aside, he let in a flood of sunlight, and could see a sweep of blue sky, against which the mountains, with their dazzling mantle of fresh snow, stood out clear and sharp. So, no excuse of a meteorological kind being forthcoming, he dressed himself, and descending the stairs with a heavy heart, joined Nils, who was waiting for him below.

The two young men walked silently down to the shore, where they found a boat, ready to be shoved off, and a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow leaning over its side.

"My brother Frants is coming with us," Nils explained, "because I shall not be able to bring you back myself. I shall land when we reach the Sör Fjord, and make my way across the Folge-fond to Rosendal, where I have a little matter to attend to. But Frants will see you safely home."

They were soon out of the harbor, and running rapidly across the blue water before a fresh northerly breeze. Nils was at the helm; and Frants, seeing that his services were not at present required, stretched himself full-length in the bows, and fell asleep.

Gustav, the man of the world, was silent, awkward, and unhappy; but Nils, the peasant, was quite at his ease, and chatted away about the mountains, the legends connected with them, the best quarters for bear-shooting, and what not—just as if nothing had occurred to interrupt his intimacy with his companion. Gustav did not understand his manner at all, and was inclined to set him down as a little heartless. He himself could think of but one subject, and it seemed to him that Nils ought to be thinking about it too.

But when they were about midway across the fjord, Nils said abruptly, and *à propos* of nothing, "It is a strange thing when a girl tells a man that she will never marry any one but him, though she is in love with some one else. What does it show, do you think—that the man is a better man than most, or that the girl is a better girl?"

"I don't know," answered Gustav uneasily, "perhaps both."

"At all events, it is a happy thing for the man to hear such words; for they do show—at least so it seems to me—that the girl he loves best in the world has a good heart; and they show, too, that he has made her love him. Not in the way that he would wish, of course, but that, you see, would be no fault of hers."

"No," groaned Gustav, "no fault of hers. Ah, Nils, what can I say to you? The fault has been mine all through. I ought to have gone away the day you went up to the *sæter*, but—but——"

"I have been thinking of that," said Nils gravely, "and my belief is that, if I had been in your place, I should have done as you did. How could you help yourself, knowing that she loved you?"

It seemed so strange a reversal of their respective positions that Nils should be making excuses for him that Gustav could find no reply, and hung his head in silence.

There was a long pause. Then Nils said, "Don't you think, Gustav, that, if you had married Dorthe, you might have regretted it some day? A Norwegian peasant girl among your fine friends at Copenhagen—don't you think that they might have laughed at her, and that you might have ended by growing a little ashamed of her country ways? And then she would have pined for her native land—we Norwegians mostly do, I believe—and it would not have been convenient for you to be continually bringing her back here."

"Nils," said the young artist, assuming a more erect attitude, and speaking with greater animation than he had yet shown, "what you say convinces me that you do not know what true love is. I doubt—forgive me for saying so, but a man cannot help his nature—I doubt whether you are capable of a great passion. As for me, I should feel it a privilege to make sacrifices for one I love—not that the trifles you mention call for any sacrifice. But it is useless to talk about these things now." And Gustav despondently dropped his head into his hands.

"Ah, well," said Nils quietly, "you will both have to bear and forbear, no doubt. But you start by loving one another, and that, after all, is the great thing. Only I hope you will not neglect to bring her back to the Hardanger and to her old parents from time to time. She is an only child, remember."

Astonishment, hope, and doubt became at once vividly depicted upon the expressive countenance of Gustav Richardt. "What, what do you mean?" he gasped.

"Why, you foolish fellow," said Nils, "you did not really believe, did you, that I would marry a girl against her will? No, indeed! I love her too well for that. Though I dare say," he added, with a faint smile, "you will think more than ever now that I am incapable of a great passion."

Gustav, whose emotions were always easily stirred, was overwhelmed.

He turned away to hide the tears which had risen to his eyes, and stammered out brokenly, "Nils, Nils, you are too good—it is not natural to be so good! When I think that you saved my life, and that this is your reward, I feel ready to kill myself! Ah, why did not you let me drown?"

"Perhaps it might have been better for me if I had," answered Nils calmly. "There is a superstition, you know, that if you save a man from drowning, he will

serve you an ill turn, one day or another. Yet, if it had not been you, it would have been some one else, most likely. You cannot command love. She would have loved me if it had been in her power. Well, we can't all get what we want. A few weeks ago I was the happiest man in all Norway. I declare to you, Gustav, I had not a trouble in the world — not one! And now — but I will not weary you with lamentations. Here we are at the entrance of the Sör Fjord; and presently you will allow that I have brought you here to show you something worth seeing."

They had left the broad fjord now, and the boat was gliding before a light wind into a dark and narrow channel, hemmed in on either side by black precipices wet with the overflow from the melting snow-fields above. Snow lay in patches down to the water's edge. Here and there a silvery thread hung from the cornice of the cliff where a stream escaped from the glacier, but these waterfalls were too distant to produce any audible sound. A profound stillness brooded over this lonely region; not a sign of human life or habitation was visible; and a thin veil of mist, which had drifted up from the seaward, obscured the sun, and added to the melancholy grandeur of the scene. Gustav, as in duty bound, uttered some commonplace expressions of admiration, but the truth was that he was hardly in a fit mood for the appreciation of scenery, and found it difficult to imitate his friend's outward composure. The uppermost feeling in his mind was by no means one of triumph; but rather of shame and self-reproach. His desires were, it seemed, to be realized; but surely no man ever yet won his bride more unworthily. He could not feel comfortable in the society of his magnanimous rival, and was heartily glad when they sighted a cluster of small wooden houses, where Nils announced that they were to land.

They ran the boat up upon the shore, and presently a thin, miserably-clad woman came out from one of the hovels and greeted them. She led them into her wretched habitation — being, like everyone else in the surrounding district, acquainted with Nils — and set before them such scanty provisions as her larder contained — some fish and *fladbrod*, and a bottle of Norwegian beer.

"They are very poor, the people about here," whispered Nils hurriedly to his friend, "and when one is poor one is apt to fall into slovenly ways; but you will

hurt her feelings if you do not eat something."

So Gustav, though he had no appetite, and was somewhat sickened by the squalor of the ill-ventilated room which they had entered, made some show of eating, and contrived to swallow a fair portion of *fladbrod*. Nils ate well, having a long day's tramp before him; and when he had sufficiently fortified himself, he thanked his hostess, bade farewell to his brother, and held out his hand to Gustav.

"Good-bye, Gustav," said he. "Don't look so sad; and don't trouble yourself about me. When I return from Rosendal, I shall have made some plan to go away for a longer time. It will make you all more comfortable to have got rid of me for a little."

And so he turned, and took his way up the barren mountain-side.

"Is it not rather dangerous to cross the glacier quite alone?" asked Gustav of Frants, when they had regained their boat, and were once more under way.

"Not for our Nils," answered Frants. "He knows the mountains as well as I know the fjord — aye, and better. He will come to no harm — never fear!"

A fitful moaning wind had arisen, and was sweeping down in gusts from the cliffs, driving the grey mist before it. Gustav sank into silence and reflection, which was not all of a joyful kind. But when they had run out some distance from the land, and could see more clearly the glaciers and snow-fields of the Folge-fond, he was aroused by an exclamation from Frants.

"There is Nils!" he cried. And from a mighty pair of lungs he sent up a shout that awoke a hundred echoes.

A faint responsive cry came from the distant heights where Gustav could distinguish a black figure showing clearly against the snow, which was lit up, just there, by a gleam of sunlight. Then the fog closed over it, and they saw it no more.

Gustav will remember that glimpse of the solitary figure, with the sunlight upon it and the mist-wreaths above and below, to the end of his life; for it was the last he, or any one, ever saw of Nils Jensen.

When the days of wind and storm that followed had passed away, and it was known that Nils had not arrived at Rosendal, many of his friends, though knowing that his fate could not be doubtful, searched the glacier far and wide, hoping that at least they might be able to find his body,

and give it decent burial. But the search proved unsuccessful, as, indeed, it was almost certain to do; for the mountains were deep in fresh-fallen snow.

Some there are who say that Nils was weary of his life, and never intended to come down from those frozen and wind-swept solitudes; but this view is usually expressed in a low voice, and in very select company; for it would not be likely to be a popular one in Bakke, and might expose those who held it to some risk of rough usage.

As for the children, they have established a legend upon the subject of their good Nils, in which they firmly believe. They say that the spirits of the mountains, finding Nils ready to their hands, and perceiving that, by reason of his open-handedness, he would never be able to lay by money for his old age, took him away before his time to the ice-palace of which he used to speak, where he will never know toil or sorrow more; and more than one village matron, struggling with her refractory offspring, has been heard to reduce them to submission by the threat — "You wicked children! If you do not mend your ways, Nils will have nothing to say to you when you die."

From The Nineteenth Century.
TURKISH STORY-BOOKS.

ALL who know the Turkish common people intimately speak well of them. Sober, honest, and industrious, the Turk, so long as he is poor and lowly, is a respectable member of society, with numerous good points in his character. But, like the proverbial beggar, he no sooner mounts aloft than he hastens towards evil. There are certain fishes which are intended by nature for great sea depths; severe pressure suits them, and they thrive in their extremely low position. But when they are raised towards the surface they undergo a change very much for the worse, culminating in collapse and subsequent physical corruption. In like manner the Turk, when elevated from his low estate, rapidly degenerates. The virtues which thrive under the stern pressure of need collapse, and he becomes morally corrupt. The decent, God-fearing villager or artisan becomes the rapacious, brutal official, who sets at defiance laws human and divine. Fortunately for the prospects of Turkey, the tolerably good common people are many, the intolerably bad mag-

nates are few in number. Under a wise system of government the virtues of the people may be preserved and fostered, the vices of its officials may be scotched if not quite killed. We all know the immense change for the better in this respect which has been brought about in Russia during the last twenty years. Let us hope that similar good fortune is in store for the realm of the sultan.

From books of travel and other accounts of the Turk written by men of alien race, tongue, and creed, it is difficult and even dangerous to derive decided impressions of Turkish life and character. But there are certain books which have been written by Turks for Turks, and which, as they bear the stamp of popular approval, doubtless describe the people of Turkey as they really are, and not as they appear to be to a hasty foreign observer. From such of these as have been translated into Western tongues, a probably correct though limited idea of the Turkish popular mind may be formed by ordinary readers. Take, for instance, the military romance,* supposed to have been composed about the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, which tells how the Ottoman hero, Sayyid Battâl, warred against the Greeks utterly routing them, and putting them to open shame on every occasion, during a long life which reached its prime about the end of the eighth century. From it may be obtained some notion of the martial spirit which made the Ottomans a ruling race, and especially of the physical and moral superiority which enabled them so easily to subdue the enervated and dissolute Greeks of the Lower Empire. To that ferocity, also, which not only survives among the present Turks, but has infected their Albanian and Slavonic subjects or neighbors, the tale frequently bears witness — the narrator evidently chuckling as he describes how his hero, on receiving unpleasant messages from the Greeks, would slay the innocent messengers, or send them back to their employers deprived of their ears and noses. But this "unhistorical novel" deals almost entirely with the warlike side of Turkish life. For a picture of civil and domestic existence it is better to turn to another popular Turkish work, the "Counsels given by Nabi Effendi to his son Abul Khair."† This poem was com-

* *Die Fahrten des Saggiid Battâl. Ein alttürkischer Volks- und Sittenroman, übersetzt von Dr. Hermann Ethé. Leipzig, 1871.*

† *Conseils de Nabi Efendi à son fils Aboul Khair. Publiés en turc avec la traduction française et des notes par M. Pavet de Courteille. Paris, 1857.*

posed about the year 1694; but as all things change slowly in the East, the sketches it contains of Turkish customs, the impressions it conveys of Turkish sentiment, are probably as true now as they were then. Born at Roha about the year 1632, Nabi Yusuf Effendi filled several posts of distinction, finally occupying that of controller of the cavalry, which he held until his death in 1712 at Constantinople. The Turks rank his writings among their classics, admiring them for various reasons. But the merit of the book in question consists, so far as foreign readers are concerned, in the elevation of its moral tone, in the kindly spirit to which it testifies on the part of its author, and in the generous fervor with which he denounces those sins of the governing classes which have never ceased to bear most bitter fruit on Turkish soil from his times down to our own. His morality is not always exactly the same as ours. Thus in the, to a great extent, very sensible chapter on marriage, he recommends his son not to be in a hurry to wed. A young man married is evidently, in his eyes, a young man marred.

But when he speaks on other subjects his sentiments are seldom in disaccord with ours. His thought is usually as noble as his expression is ornate, more especially when he attacks hypocrites and oppressors, strips the mantle of sanctity from the dervish, or scourges the unjust *cadi* and the rapacious pasha. "What can be more hateful," he cries, "than those miserable impostors who parade through the provinces their pretended sanctity?" Neither in this world nor in the next will their false devotion help them. "The frock, the chaplet, and the staff have become lures to obtain material goods." As to the dances and songs of the dervish, they are the fruit of hypocrisy and cunning. His actions are a farce, his love for God a pretence, his ecstasies a mere sham. And yet to the like of him the poor and ignorant fall an easy prey. "This mob of wretches, unworthy of any kind of employment, resembles a flock of vultures fighting over a corpse." Still higher rises the tone of our author's eloquence when he deals with the injustice of judges. Too many *cadis* are there, he says, who rob the poor, and even devour the substance of orphans. Giving the name of fees to the bribes they exact, they sell the decisions of their courts. "Cursed be ye," he cries, "who sell justice for silver, who make over to swindlers decisions which should be divine! In re-

turn for a present, ye trample justice under foot, ye barter religion for worldly interests." And that in spite of the fact that law is of divine origin, having been brought down from heaven by the angel Gabriel, in order that "the best of men might communicate to the adorers of the true God his supreme decisions." Still worse than the unjust *cadi* is the tyrannical pasha, in dealing with whose crimes Nabi's indignation reaches its highest point. The dignity of a pasha, he tells his son, "is an evil which lasts as long as life; it produces nothing but trouble, and sorrow, and hardness of heart." If a pasha works injustice, "he ruins the edifice of his faith;" if he does not, his power will not endure. Many pashas has the poet known who were naturally pious and upright, but "an irresistible attraction necessarily forced them into injustice. For without that the *prestige* of a pasha would be destroyed, his orders would not be listened to, his slender revenues would not suffice for his expenses." Very often a pasha has bought his office by means of borrowed money, which he is obliged to repay out of the bribes he receives and the spoils he extorts. Sometimes he is by nature an extortioner and a tyrant. In such a case, woe betide his province! His officers are so many bare and hungry oppressors who go about pillaging, leaving behind them universal ruin and desolation. Instead of listening to what the villagers have to say, they chain them together, and drive them in long lines to the pasha. No one says a word in defence of the poor prisoners; they are treated at once as criminals. Terrible is the result of all this injustice and oppression. "Once flourishing districts have become deserts; the owl and the crow have taken the place of the laborer. The prosperity of the provinces no longer supplies the sources of the national revenues; it is by iniquity alone that they are fed. When laws are respected," he goes on to say, "they stifle rebellions and stay the course of all disorders." Under their august auspices, "who would dare to spoil the weak? Who would vex the *rayahs* and drive them into revolt?" Well did the great Omar long ago say, "The shocks which disturb an empire arise from neglect of and contempt for the decisions of the law." Let it be remembered that all this was written two hundred years ago by a Turk high in office, who was not alluding to the treatment of the Christian subjects of the Porte, but was merely describing the ordinary course of Turkish injustice.

Now let us leave this dreary subject for one that is of a more attractive nature. From the satirist we will turn to the humorist, from outbursts of savage indignation to sallies of exuberant mirth. As a specimen of Turkish humor may be taken the pleasantries of the *hodja* (teacher and preacher) Nasr-Eddin. This reverend wag has been called the Turkish Eulenspiegel, but in Eulenspiegel there are no traces of the simplicity and even stupidity which are combined in Nasr-Eddin's case with wit and humor, and which render him the counterpart rather of the German Claus Narr. According to some accounts he was Bajazet's court jester. At all events he seems to have been a contemporary of Tamerlane, and his burial-place is pointed out in Ak-Shehr, the town in which the defeated Ottoman sultan was secluded by his Mongol conqueror after the battle of Angora in 1402. Some writers, however, are incredulous as to his existence in the flesh, at least as the author of the jokes which are current as his, but which probably have been fathered upon him, as many of our own "merry jests" have been attributed to a possibly humorless Joe Miller.

For the jokes contained in the jest-book which bears his name * are in many cases of a venerable age, being traceable back to a far-removed period of Indian antiquity. This, however, is a statement which may be made about almost every popular jest-book. The wags of one country or century borrow from those of another, and the same old joke keeps reappearing at intervals, like a revolving light, as the course of time flows on. But of this fact, of course, Nasr-Eddin's Turkish admirers are unconscious, and they are many in number. For the tales told about him, his quips and cranks, his wise saws and his witty repartees, his platitudes and his imbecilities, are all equally dear to the Turkish mind, whether it be highly cultivated or utterly uninstructed, whether it animate the frame of a noble or of a boor. And the work is more intelligible to a Western audience, says its French translator, than are most of the literary productions of the Turks, which are generally full of hyperbolic expressions, and linked comparisons long drawn out, and prolonged periods in which the thread of the argument is lost in a maze of elegant

expressions, such as none but lettered Turks can appreciate and admire. There are one hundred and twenty-five anecdotes in the book, and they are told in a very curt and plain-spoken manner. Many of them are of the nature of our Gotham stories, or of the skits current among us on Irishmen. Thus, on one occasion, having been told by his wife that coldness in the extremities is a sign of death, and finding his own hands and feet numbed by frost, the hodja thought he was dead, and lay down at the foot of a tree. Up came wolves and ate up his ass. "It's lucky for you," cried the prostrate hodja, "that the ass's owner is dead." One night he shot out of window at what he thought was a robber, but it turned out next morning to be his own caftan hanging up in the garden. Perceiving that an arrow had pierced it, "Thanks, O Lord," he cried, "that I was not inside it, for otherwise I must have been killed." Another night, seeing the moon reflected in a well, he thought it had tumbled in, so he lowered a bucket to pull it out. The rope getting entangled, he pulled so hard that he broke it, and fell backwards. When he came to after the shock, he saw that the moon was all right in the sky. "God be praised and thanked!" quoth he; "I've hurt myself, but at all events the moon is put back in her place." Another set of anecdotes illustrate the hodja's cleverness instead of his stupidity. He was twice asked by people who wished to puzzle him what become of the old moons. On one occasion he replied that they were minced into stars, on the other that they were sliced into lightnings. His opinions are shared by many peoples. In the island of Sylt, for instance, it is believed that old maids will be employed in the next world to cut up old moons into stars. A peasant once presented the hodja with a hare which was turned into soup. Next week the peasant called, and was hospitably treated. A few days later came several neighbors of the man who had given the hare, and they also received a meal. But when some fresh visitors arrived, claiming hospitality on the ground that they were neighbors of the neighbors of the man who had given the hare all they got from the hodja was a cup of water apiece, together with the information that it was "the sauce of the sauce of the hare."

Some of the jokes will be recognized as very old friends, attributed to all manner of alien sources. We find the hodja, as a preacher, telling one half of his congregation, who said they knew what he was

* *Meister Nasr-Eddin's Schwänke, &c. Übersetzt von W. von Camerloher und Dr. W. Prelog. Triest, 1857. Les Plaisanteries de Nasr-Eddin Hodja. Traduites du turc par J. A. Decourdemanche. Paris, 1876.*

going to tell them, to instruct the other half, who said they did not. We see him, in domestic life, locking up his axe, and explaining to his wife who always laid the blame on the cat when dainties disappeared that he was afraid the cat would eat it. And we hear him cry to his pupil in a wolf's hole, who wants to know what is going on, when the wolf is trying to get in and the hodja is holding it back by its tail: "If the wolf's tail breaks, you'll soon find out." The well-known story of the one-legged fowl, also, appears under this historical form. The hodja once cooked a goose, and set off to present it to Tamerlane. But before he reached that monarch he was so hungry that he ate one of its legs. When the fowl was presented Tamerlane complained of its one-leggedness. "All geese are one-legged," asserted the hodja, and he pointed to a flock of geese beside a spring, each standing on one leg. Thereupon Tamerlane ordered a drum to be beaten, which startled the geese into bipeds. According to our versions of the story, the hodja should have told Tamerlane that he ought to have had a drum beaten before the cooked goose. In the Turkish variant the final repartee is: "So might you be made to go on all fours" — an allusion to the force of the stick, the drum being beaten thereby. A few of the stories are less familiar, turning on points which are peculiar to Mohammedan lands. Here is one, for instance, which is characteristic though not over-exhilarating. Arriving one evening at Sivri-Hissar, just at the moment when the long fast of the Ramadan had expired, and all the world was gazing with rapture at the new moon, which was bringing with it the feast of the Baïram, the hodja expressed his wonder at the sight. "In our town," quoth he, "nobody pays the slightest attention to the moon even when it is as big as a wheel, but here everybody comes out to see it even when it is as thin as a toothpick!" *

Now let us take a couple of more important Turkish story-books, each of which contains moral tales as well as merry jests, and, on the whole, leaves on the mind of a foreign reader a favorable impression with regard to the character of the people among whom it enjoys a wide popularity. That people did not invent either of them. The stories they contain are not fruits of Turkish fancy. They

have merely been borrowed from Indian, Persian, and Arabic sources, and adapted to the meridian of Stamboul. But just as Persian stories passed from Aryan to Semitic lips, and became domiciled in the alien land to which we are indebted for the entertainments of the "Arabian Nights," so did the seventy tales told by an Aryan parrot in days long gone by ("*Sukasaptati*"), after passing through the hands of a Persian translator (Nakhshebi), become naturalized among the Turks, early in the fifteenth century, under the name of "The Parrot Book;"* and so did those contained in a missing Arabic story-book, probably borrowed from Persian sources, find their way, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, into Turkish literature, and by that means into the minds of the Turkish people, under the name of "The Tales of the Forty Viziers." †

Into the history of these books, and of the long wanderings from their original Indian home of the stories they contain, we will not now enter. Readers who are curious on the subject may be referred to the erudite introduction prefixed by Benfey to his translation of the "*Pantchatantra*." It will suffice for our present purpose to select a few of the tales they contain, so as to show what sort of stories are told by Turkish lips, and give pleasure to Turkish ears.

As is usual with Eastern story-books, the tales of the parrot and of the forty viziers are set in a framework which is in each case a species of novellette. By telling its stories, the parrot delays the surrender of a parleying wife until her husband returns. By their forty apologues, the viziers shake every morning their monarch's intention to slay his son, against whose life the queen, the prince's stepmother, urges a poisoned story every night. As the viziers have to contend with the influence of a malignant woman, an oriental Phædra who wishes to destroy the Hippolytus who has repulsed her advances, they naturally tell stories to the disadvantage of women. But the parrot's tales are generally to their credit, as are many of those which the queen tells in defence of her sex. Here is one of this class from the former collection:—

There was once a youth of evil nature,

* *Tuti-Nameh. Das Papagaienbuch. Nach der türkischen Bearbeitung zum ersten Male übersetzt von Georg Rosen. Leipzig, 1858.*

† *Die vierzig Veziere, oder weisen meister. Zum ersten Male vollständig aus dem Türkischen übertragen und mit Anmerkungen versehen von Dr. W. F. A. Behnauer. Leipzig, 1851.*

* For Indian originals and western parallels of the Hodja's conceits, see Reinhold Köhler in *Orient und Occident*, i. 431-448.

Mukhtar by name, for whom his parents found a true and loving wife, called Maimune. After a time he bade her leave her native city of Shiraz, and follow him to his father's house in Yezd. On the way the travellers halted one evening beside a well. About midnight Mukhtar arose, flung his wife into the well, and set off home, carrying with him all that had belonged to her. "But the Almighty saved Maimune on account of her innocence." Escaping from the well, she made her way home to Shiraz, where she attributed her state of destitution to an attack by robbers, who had flung her into the well, and had apparently made away with her husband. After which she went on living as before in her father's house. Meanwhile Mukhtar fared ill. His parents died, he ran through their property and that of his wife, and he was at last reduced to beggary. In the course of his wanderings in search of alms, he came to Shiraz, and took up his abode in a cemetery. Thither Maimune chanced to go one day, and there she found her cruel husband in beggar's rags. "She did not tax him with his crime, but greeted him lovingly, without upbraiding him or even thinking of what had happened. 'Do good to him who has done thee harm,' says a moral precept, and in accordance with it did she act." Mukhtar expressed sorrow for what he had done, and begged for pardon. Not only did she grant it, but she took him home, and again entrusted herself to him. After living at Shiraz for a time, he asked her to follow him to Yezd. A second time the husband and wife set out, and again did they pass the night beside the fatal well. And again in the middle of the night did Mukhtar arise, and as his wife lay sleeping he murdered her, and threw her body into the well. And then he took all that had belonged to her, and with it made his way safely to Yezd.*

Another story of the same class tells how a kindly woman was married to a miserly man. "Don't give anything to anybody," he used constantly to say, but she paid no attention to his words, and was always liberal to the poor. At last he swore that if she ever gave alms again he would divorce her. Now a great famine fell upon the land, and one day a beggar came and asked for food, and she gave him three butter-cakes. As the beggar was going away her husband met him, and found out who had given him the cakes. Rushing home in wrath, he not only turned his wife out of the house, but he smote her

and broke her arm. The divorced wife found her way to a distant city, where she became married to a good husband, and all things went well with her. But it was just the opposite with her first husband, whose miserly habits brought about his ruin. Obligated to beg his bread from door to door, chance at last directed his steps to the house where lived she who had been his wife. The second husband, not recognizing the first, invited him to sit at his table. But the wife, seeing who the guest was, sat silent and ate nothing. Asked by her husband why she did so, she told the story of her life. "Strange is thy story, O wife, but mine is still stranger," said her second husband. "The beggar who came then to thy door, and to whom thou gavest the three butter-cakes, was myself. At that time I was poor and needy, but always charitable. What I received, that was I wont to share with orphans and the poor. Thou wert suitable for me, but not for him. Therefore has God freed thee from him, and bestowed thee upon me."*

Some of these Turkish tales have had a wide circulation in western Europe. As an example may be taken the well-known story of the sceptical sultan who is told to dip his head under water, and endures, in fancy, years of misery before he lifts it out again. In one of them, an oriental sage plays the part of the "pied piper of Hamelin," inducing all the mice of Constantinople to follow out of the city a bier, mouse-drawn, containing a dead mouse. Unluckily, the emperor, although he has been strictly charged to preserve his gravity, bursts out laughing before the exodus is accomplished, and so the charm is broken, and the plague of mice is not stayed. In another a Turkish *fridolin*, having been calumniated by an envious knave, is charged with a letter destining him to be skinned and stuffed. But, like the innocent hero of Schiller's "*Gangnach dem Eisenhammer*," he is rescued from the terrible death to which he has been secretly sentenced, and which closes the career of his envious calumniator instead. The theme, also, of "Get up and bar the door, O," is treated in the thirtieth of the tales of the forty viziers, in which a number of men are about to eat a meal, when a difficulty arises as to who shall get up and shut the door. It is agreed that whoever speaks first shall do so. While they sit silently, in come some dogs and begin to devour their food. Each man remains mute. But at last one of them is bitten by

* Parrot-Book, 21st Evening.

* Forty Viziers, No. 64.

an unsatiated dog, whereupon he yells out. Straightway his companions exclaim, "Get up and shut the door to." But, instead of dwelling upon obvious similarities, we will proceed to quote a few stories which are at once unfamiliar and characteristic. Tradition asserts that each of the great prophets had the choice offered him, once in his lifetime, of living or dying. But the desire to be with the All-merciful led them all to ask for death to end their days. When Solomon was ruling on earth, the angel Gabriel was sent to him one day with a goblet filled with the water of life, and bearing from on high the message that, if he chose, he might drink of the water and become immortal. Calling together all his wisest councillors, he asked their advice. They, with one consent, advised him to drink and live forever. Then he summoned the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and all of them gave the same advice, with one solitary exception. This was the hedgehog. Approaching the throne, and bending its brow to the ground, thus did it speak: "If this water may be shared by thee with thy kith and kin, then drink and enjoy the bliss of living. But if it is intended for thee alone, then do not drink. For sad would it be for thee to live on, but to see thy kinsmen and friends one after the other disappear." "True are thy words, O hedgehog," replied the king. "To me alone has the water of life been sent. As thou hast counselled so will I decide." Thus spake Solomon; and the water of life did he not drink.*

Of course, the Turkish story-teller admits, a man's love for his kith and kin must vary with their merits. Some sort of love, however, must all men possess who are worthy of the name. On this fact a Mohammedan preacher laid great stress one day. While he was holding forth, there burst into the mosque a man who had lost his donkey, crying aloud and asking if any one had seen an ass pass that way. Thereupon the preacher asked, "Is there any man here who has never loved?" Up rose a grey-haired man, and said, "Here is one." "Behold an ass!" answered the preacher, turning to the owner of the missing animal.† As regards wedded love, a great deal depends upon the wife's character, as the following story shows. Hearing one day that a

peasant had found a vault full of wheat, each grain of which was as big as a date-stone, a certain king desired greatly to know what manner of men lived on earth at the time when that corn grew. Being advised to consult a wise and aged yeoman, he sent a messenger to him with a sample of the grain. On the way the messenger met a friend, who begged him to ask the wise old man two questions: "Why does a man's hair turn white when he grows old? and why does age improve a man's good looks and impair those of a woman?" The messenger found out the old yeoman, and proposed to him his first problem. The old man, whose hair was blanched, and whose form was bowed and broken by age, said he knew nothing about the corn, and referred the visitor to his elder brother. The second old man, though more aged than the first, was much more active and vigorous, and his beard had not yet turned grey. He also said he knew nothing about the corn, and sent the messenger on to a third and still older brother. This very old man turned out to be by far the least aged in appearance of the three, his beard being quite black, and his figure still youthful. From him the messenger obtained an answer to all his questions. A hundred years previously, it seemed, there lived on earth a people who were very God-fearing and pious; and in return for their piety did they receive from the Almighty that wondrous gift of gigantic grain. As regards white hair, continued the sage, blonde or black locks are the sign of youth, but white is "the sign of age on account of the clearness of its thoughts." With respect to the different effect of age upon men and women, that arises from the fact that man was made of earth, which improves the longer it lies fallow; whereas woman was made of flesh, which is liable to decay and corruption. Having received these answers, the messenger asked, moreover, how it was that the youngest of these three brothers was the most decrepit, and the eldest the least. This also the sage explained. His youngest brother, he said, had foul land and an ugly and vicious wife; therefore was he so worn in appearance. The second brother possessed good land, but his wife, too, was bad and foul-favored; therefore did he seem old, though not so stricken in years as his younger brother. But he himself, he went on to say, was blessed not only with good land, but also with a good-looking and good-hearted wife, and therefore was it that he, although the eldest of the three brothers, was by far the young-

* Parrot-Book, 11th Evening. Compare with this story Dr. Wendell Holmes' charming verses in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," entitled "The Old Man Dreams."

† Ibid., 20th Evening.

est in heart and frame; for the proverb truly says that "a man's home is either his heaven or his hell."*

By way of a love-story may be quoted the following. There was once an emperor of China, who, being suddenly aroused from slumber one morning, rushed at his awakener with drawn sword, and would have killed him had he not been held back. The disturber of his repose, being his chief vizier, was greatly astonished, but the emperor explained that he was dreaming about a lovely maiden when the vizier awoke him, and his wrath arose from his thereby being deprived of his angelic vision. Now the vizier was not only "an Aristotle in intellect," but he was also so cunning a painter that he produced a lifelike portrait of the dream-maiden from the emperor's description. This portrait he submitted to the view of all strangers and travellers who came that way, one of whom eventually recognized in it the likeness of the princess of Greece. Off started the vizier for Greece, saw the princess, and found that she was all that the emperor's fancy and his own brush had painted her. Only she had vowed never to marry for the following reason. Walking in her garden one day, she saw an accidental fire consume a brood of peafowl. The peahen remained with her young and shared their fate. But the peacock selfishly flew away and left them to perish in the flames. Wherefore she despised and detested the male sex. Hearing this, the vizier obtained leave to ornament her palace, and painted on one of its walls a most attractive portrait of his emperor, who was represented as sitting on a throne in a pavilion, around which stretched a perfect paradise. Through the foreground ran a pellucid stream, in the waters of which floated the dead bodies of a full-grown male antelope and several young ones, while a female antelope grazed tranquilly on the bank. "Who is that man, and what are those animals?" asked the princess. "That is the emperor of China," replied the vizier, "and those are young antelopes which were accidentally drowned before his eyes one day. Their father shared their fate, but their mother deserted them. So disgusted was his majesty by this proof of the perfidy of the female sex that he has vowed never to marry." Hearing this, the princess fell into a deep reverie, the end of which was that she acknowledged that perfidy might possibly

be a female as well as a male complaint, and that so feeling an emperor would be likely to make her a fitting husband. Soon afterwards he and she were married, "and so the emperor obtained what he had longed for."*

Finally let us turn to the stories in which some religious doctrine is inculcated. With a few slight changes, such as the substitution of the word Bible for Koran, and Sunday for Friday, the following tales might be told with edification among ourselves. The first relates how there once lived in Cairo a poor water-carrier, named Numan, who had an only child, a good boy, who studied the Koran assiduously, and an only camel to assist him in his daily avocations. One day the boy's teacher told him to bring a present with him next time he came. And the water-carrier, out of reverence for the Koran, gave as a present to its expounder, his boy's teacher, all that he had, his solitary camel. The consequence was that he earned nothing that day, and at night he had to go to bed supperless. But, as he slept, he dreamt that a voice said to him: "Thy livelihood is in Damascus. Go thither and find it." So next morning he set off for Damascus. Arriving there, he sat down at the door of a mosque, and a man came and gave him a morsel of bread. Having eaten it he fell asleep, and dreamt that the same voice said, "Now that thou hast found thy means of livelihood, arise and return home." He obeyed, and the first night after his return he dreamt that the voice said, "Thy destined means of livelihood are buried close by where thy head lies; dig there, and take them to thyself." And when he awoke he dug in the place mentioned, and there he found a vessel full of gold. And on one side of it was written "A gift from God to Numan," and on the other, "On account of his reverence for the Koran."

The second story is about an old gardener, who was in doubt one Friday whether he should go to the mosque, or stay at home and work in his garden, which needed watering, and in the mill in which his corn was waiting to be ground. But at last he determined to do his duty, so he went to the mosque and offered up his prayers. When he returned home, he found to his surprise that his garden had

* Parrot-Book, 29th Evening. "It locally contains or heaven or hell," says Antonio of marriage, in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy."

* Parrot-Book, 26th Evening. This is one of the stories which have made their way into Western literature, transported to France by such adaptors as F. Pétis de la Croix, of whose French versions Ambrose Philips and others produced English translations, which rendered some of the Eastern tales familiar to our own essayists.

been watered and his corn ground during his absence. On asking the miller how it had come to pass that his corn was ground, he learnt that some one had brought it in, thinking it was his own, but after it was ground had discovered his mistake, and had gone away, leaving the flour behind him. "Then the gardener knew that God allows no one who works for him to suffer any loss."*

The same strong feeling of trust in God is illustrated by the story of the boy whose parents sold him to a king who had been told that his sore foot could be cured only by being inserted into the cut-open body of an Indian child. When the boy was brought into the royal presence in order to be operated upon, he began to laugh. "Why ever dost thou laugh, when thou shouldst weep?" he was asked. "Why should not I laugh?" he replied. "When a boy is in danger, he runs to his father. If that is no use, he turns to his mother. If she cannot help him, he appeals to the authorities, and lastly to the king himself. Now my parents have sold me to the king, and he is going to kill me in order to save his life. But what will he say in his defence before the Lord Most High in the other world? As I have not met with tenderness from my mother, nor mercy from my father, nor justice from the king, whom shall I now entreat? I appeal unto that God who is an almighty avenger. He will assuredly take up my cause against the wrong that has been done me." When the king heard these words, fear came upon him, and he set the child free. And so strong was his emotion that from his eyes streamed forth hot tears, the healing virtues of which, according to the will of God, cured his diseased foot.†

Another illustration of a lively faith in an all-seeing Providence is offered by the following anecdote. As a king of Bactria was pursuing the chase one day, he felt hungry, and sat down to eat. And while he was eating, a bee came, seized a morsel of bread, and flew slowly away with it. Wondering thereat, the king followed the bee, which led him to where sat on a bough a sparrow blind of both eyes, which opened its beak wide so soon as it heard the bee's humming. And the bee broke the bread into three pieces, fed the bird with them, and then flew away. "When the king saw this wondrous work of God, he renounced all earthly ties, and gave himself up to the All-true."‡

* Forty Viziers, Nos. 57 and 35.

† Ibid., No. 63.

‡ Parrot-Book, 22nd Evening.

From Buddhism a number of stories about self-sacrifice have drifted into Islam. Here is a Mohammedan version of one of the actions attributed in India to Buddha. One day a dove came flying up to Moses, and begged for protection against a pursuing hawk. And Moses pitied the dove, and let it take refuge in his bosom. But presently up flew the hawk, and charged Moses with injustice and cruelty, inasmuch as he had deprived it of the food it was about to give to its hungry little ones. And Moses felt that in acting kindly towards the dove he had acted cruelly towards the hawk. So, in order to reconcile justice with mercy, he cut off from his own body a piece of flesh as large as the dove, and was about to give it to the hawk for its longing little ones, when the hawk cried: "O prophet of God, I am Michael, and what seems to thee a dove is Gabriel. We came to thee under these forms in order to test and to make manifest thy high-mindedness and thy generosity." And then the two seeming birds disappeared.*

In the following story, with which this article may be brought to a close, the same virtue, that of self-sacrifice, is commended. But the moral is set in a more romantic frame. News was brought one day to a pious and powerful king that a great marvel was to be seen in a certain well. For at the bottom of it was a golden throne, on which sat a maiden fair as the morn, whose beauty seemed to fill the whole cavity with sunlight, and opposite her was seated an old and wrinkled man, whose body had wasted away to a mere shadow, and who spent his time in gazing alternately at her and at a cauldron of boiling oil which seethed before him. Thither went the king immediately, found that what had been told him was true, and asked the fair maiden what this strange scene meant. "I am the daughter of a fairy king," she replied, "and this old man has loved me from his youth upwards. To please him have I sat here with him for sixty-two years, and both compassion and the fear of God prevent me from deserting him. However, I cannot marry him, because I am of a celestial race, and he of a terrestrial. But he could easily get rid of his earthly elements if he would fling himself into this boiling oil, in which case he would become purified by the intense heat, and would emerge like refined gold. But hitherto he has not had

* Ibid., 18th Evening. For the Indian originals, see Benfey, *Pantchatantra*, i. 388.

the courage to do so." Then spake the old man, and said: "Willingly would I fling myself into the cauldron, for I would gladly welcome death, were it not for this one reason. Only for this cause do I fear to die, in that I should thereby lose the delight of gazing on the fair face of her whom I love." Then the king inquired if the old man would follow him in case he led the way and emerged from the peril unhurt. "Certainly," was the reply. Whereupon the king stripped, and, "offering up his noble life in behalf of the unhappy lover," sprang into the cauldron. An hour passed, and then he emerged, free from all trace of earthly stain, and turned into gold of the purest vein. Down from her throne stepped the maiden, bowed her forehead to the ground before the king, and offered to become his bride. But "No," replied the king; "what I did was done, not to gain thy love, but to encourage this feeble old man." Hearing this, the old man followed the king's example, remained for the space of an hour in the boiling oil, and then emerged, a gleaming form of purest gold, and a fit bridegroom for the fairy maiden, who seated him by her side on the gleaming throne, and flung her silver arm around his neck of gold.

Although it is no more necessary that tellers of moral tales should themselves be moral than that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," yet it may fairly be assumed that there must be good elements in the character of a people among whom are current stories of so high and pure a tone as those just cited. Under a wise system of government those elements might develop into qualities capable of elevating the Turks above their present low estate, and of rendering their capital what Nabi Effendi says it was in his time, the school of great men, "the surest of asylums for education and science."

W. R. S. RALSTON.

From The Spectator.

CATTLE-HERDING IN THE GREAT WEST.

THE American cattle-trade is exciting so much interest in England, where two of our most pressing needs just now are cheaper meat and outlets for our boys, that any authentic information about it is of value. We are glad, therefore, to be able to print the following extracts from

the last letters received from the son of a contributor. We may state that eighteen months since he "hired" with a Colorado cattle-king, Goodnight by name, to go down to Texas, and drive up a herd; and at the end of the drive he and his companion, a young Scotchman, were taken into partnership. Towards the end of last year the rumor of an unoccupied cañon on the borders of Texas tempted them south, and they struck it in November.

January 1, 1877.

It has been a long time since I wrote last, and I am afraid it will be some time before I shall have a chance to send off a letter, but I mean to be prepared for it. Goodnight left here on the 4th of November, and by the next night we had all the things down the mountain. We were able to make a "kinder" road (very much "kinder," you might have thought) for the first third and last third of the hill; but the middle was too steep, and we had to unload the wagons and carry the things down on our backs. We then let the wagons down, hind-end first, with a rope attached to the pole and turned once round a tree, and a man at each wheel. We got everything down safely, and broke nothing, which was lucky. Almost the first thing done in the cañon was the slaying of two wild turkeys, which were very good eating. We drove the cattle down to where we are now, about twelve miles from where we struck the cañon.

Everything went on much as usual — with the exception of two snow-storms, one on November 13 and the other on November 22, but these are still fresh in my mind, as we had no house, and doing everything, especially getting out of bed, in a snow-storm is "bracing," to say the least of it — until December 11, when riding along down the river alone on "Cubby" I espied a bear. I immediately threw the persuaders into "Cubby," and ran him up to the bear, who, of course, at first sight of me, made off as fast as possible. I kept circling round, keeping him in the open till I had killed him. I had no gun with me, only my six-shooter. I shot fourteen times before I got him to stop, but I think I only hit him three times. Shooting "on the dead run" (the way they say "at full gallop" out here) is very good fun, and exciting, but with me as yet it is very chance-work, as about all a fellow can do is to throw the pistol down towards the object and

pull trigger. I have heard of good shots on horseback with a pistol, but haven't struck any yet. I skinned my bear and brought the hide into camp, when I rather surprised "the boys," as though we knew there were bears down here, having seen their tracks, we did not expect to see them without hunting them. Ley Dyer (one of the boys) has shot a bear since, and we have been living on him for some time. The meat is the most delicious you can imagine. I never saw any meat as fat as the bears we have killed. Their skins are so glossy, and when running they seem to tremble all over. The only kind of bear we have seen yet is the black bear. On the 5th, I struck "an outfit," hunting a cattle range. They were rather vague about where they were, and from what they told me they were thirty miles out of their reckoning, and they did not even know the name of our river, although they knew that it was somewhere in the country. The next day I struck two fellows hunting cows, or rather travelling over the country on the spec. of finding cattle which a large company lost on the drive from Texas to Kansas. The "Texas drive" this year was about two hundred and seventy thousand head of cattle. The company they are working for lost about two thousand, and drove about seventy-five thousand. One of the fellows is a Scotchman, and reminded me very much of John —; they are here yet, and will be, as long as they like. Anybody striking an out-of-the-way place like this stays there as long as he feels so disposed. On the 15th, we finished the first room of our house, and so felt easy about future storms. On the 16th, we went down the river to kill some turkeys for Christmas, and on a little stream about fourteen miles down we got fourteen. I killed my first (I have just come out of doors from helping to "get away" with the last of them). The reason I have been *seeing everybody* is that I am the only one riding every day, as the cattle are very little trouble now, and seem contented (I don't know if it is because they can hardly get out), and the rest of the boys have been working on the house and corrals. On the 22nd, I washed all my clothes, a very great undertaking, as I had a large collection—in fact, every stitch I possessed—not having washed my clothes since we left the Canadian. On the 23rd and 24th it snowed. We all shaved and "greased up" with bear-oil for Christmas,—the only thing we could think of doing, as we had run out of all

grub except flour; but then flour, bear, buffalo, and turkey is pretty good lining. On the 25th, Christmas-day, Ley started up country to find what had become of our provisions, and corn for the horses, as they were over-due nearly a month. It snowed again on the 28th, and the snow is on the ground yet. We all think it must have been a pretty severe storm in the outer world (*i.e.*, out of the cañon), as we are pretty far south. Yesterday we repeated the shaving and greasing-up for the new year. It is very curious how it changes fellows, shaving off their beards. Ley Dyer has a very slight growth on the upper lip, and shaving it off made him look very long-faced and large-toothed. Dane (another boy) is also ambitious as to his upper lip, and so shaved it, and his side-whiskers, and underneath his chin, till he looks rather like a navvy, and a pugilistic one "at that." They say that Johnson and I look like "winged outfits" about the head, as nobody wears side-whiskers out West. All these items I gather from my almanac, which I have kept ever since I struck the States, and am sorry the new one has not come in time to begin on at once. I now, having got rid as it were of the old year, will wish you all, or rather will hope you have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I did hope to get off a letter in time for Christmas. These fellows, the lost cattle-hunters, who in their travels of six weeks struck Fort Elliot, with the exception of which they never saw a white man till they came here, say it is one hundred miles any way you make it. You may think it strange that we do not start out and go there, but any journey down here means two fellows away for an indefinite time, and our horses are too poor (through delay of corn) for us to hunt anything but cattle, although, of course, we should like to go to the fort for letters. They have a weekly mail there which comes from Fort Dodge on the railway. They call it two hundred miles from Elliot to Dodge. I do really hope you are beginning to understand the amount of uninhabited country in these parts,—it has become a pet hobby of mine thinking about it. The buffalo are pretty thick here. The main herd is about one hundred and fifty miles south-east of us. The Scotchman saw it two years ago, and says it was about one hundred miles long and fifty broad, and I have always heard they are pretty close packed in the main herd. I don't think I told you about the first buffalo I killed. I was luckily on "Cubby," who, as you

know, is my favorite, and exclusively my own horse (doesn't "belong to the concern," as Goodnight would say). I ran "Cubby" right up alongside the buffalo, within about ten feet, and commenced firing with my six-shooter. I brought him down at the sixteenth shot, having, of course, to load and throw out the shells "on the dead run;" very exciting and jolly, and not at all dangerous, as long as you don't tumble off your horse at any sharp turn after the buffalo is wounded.

January 9.

On the morning after I had written the above, Walter got into camp with letters and tobacco, so you can fancy what a jolly evening we had. You should have seen the boys going for the baccy, — they got it off his saddle before he had time to get down. I got your letters from Offley, also C.'s, L.'s, and P.'s. Please thank them all. I can so easily imagine you all at Offley, and everything going on "as per usual." Thinking of how people at home, especially in country places, seem to have certain things to talk about and do at certain times, is a great source of amusement to me. I was very much struck with it on my run home last year, especially at Mr. Davies's church, where the fellows seemed to all have on the same coats, etc. Four days ago Ley and I started down the river on an exploring expedition, and he took it into his head to rope ("lasso," as the yellow-backs have it) a buffalo. He threw his rope on to a buffalo cow, and shot her twice. The cow then commenced "coming for" him, and his horse getting scared, "let into bucking," and spilt Ley on a stump. He got very badly shaken, and can do nothing yet, but I hope there is nothing else wrong. For two or three hours he lay and could not move at all, and I had to move him when he had to change positions. The first thing he said was, and is what I believe everybody has in their minds when badly hurt, "I tell you, Hugh" (my name in this latitude), "this thing of life is a mighty uncertain kinder business."

I am getting terribly heavy. We all weighed a week ago, and I turned 12 st. 1 lb. in my shirt-sleeves, and am the heaviest in the "outfit," except Goodnight. I put it down to the bear-meat. Yesterday, I struck a buffalo-hunting "outfit" (isn't it a handy word?); there were five of them,

and they were busy skinning the carcasses, leaving all the good meat. It is terrible to think of the hundreds of thousands (fact) of buffalo killed every year for their hides, and the fearful waste of meat. There are hundreds of men who do nothing else, from year's end to year's end. I suppose the buffalo will be almost a thing of the past in twenty years. Since we have come down here we have not killed any cattle for meat, and shall not for years, unless for a change.

It has been a fearful winter, as, far up north, cattle were frozen. We were very lucky, moving down here just in time. I hope in a few months we shall be so fixed that you can send papers, as Goodnight brings down three thousand head more cattle in the spring, and consequently the "outfit" will be larger. We are a little "mixed" about the Eastern question, but suppose from what we gather from sundry stale papers that there is to be no war. It would be horrid to be fighting at home; a fellow would never feel easy out here, and would be badly tempted to cross the "Duck Pond," which, I suppose, would be very foolish, for by the time we got to know of it out here it would be half over. A waggon (we are past the stage of *the* waggon) starts up the country the day after to-morrow, and I start down the river to-morrow, so only have to-night to collect my thoughts, as it was only settled that the waggon should go this morning. It is getting very late, and I cannot summon up any more ideas, although I have not written half I want to.

Things have never looked so well for us before, as now we have got the cattle into a place where they can hardly get out, and the only things we have to fear are horse and cattle thieves. Our expenses are comparatively over. Of course we have been under very heavy expenses till now, as it takes so many men to move cattle about the country, and you are more liable to lose them, and they never do as well and "breed up" till they are settled and as it were at home. I shall not enter on this any more till next fall, when we shall sell our beef, and I hope to send you a very favorable report in figures. In this life there is a very happy combination of business and pleasure, as a fellow is always running across game which other men have to hunt, and then very often don't get.

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THE DEAD VIOLET.

WHERE is the hand that gathered it, the violet
 fresh and sweet,
 From its nest mid the dewy mosses that clothed
 the great oak's feet?
 Alas for the eager fingers!
 They handled the sword-hilt well;
 But they could not guard the bright young
 head
 That found a soldier's gory bed,
 When the vines were crushed 'neath the
 guardsmen's tread,
 And the night over Alma fell.

Where is the smile that welcomed it with her
 gallant lover's vow,
 And placed it amid the golden braids that
 crowned her fair young brow?
 It is carved on the lips of marble
 Of the statue that marks her rest,
 As she lies alone in her maiden grave
 In the great cathedral's solemn nave,
 Where the organ's voice, like a rolling wave,
 Flows over her virgin breast.

Leave the violet in the volume of the old
 romantic rhyme —
 Pale symbol of love that has passed away, dry
 pledge of a sweet old time!
 What would avail to place it
 Again in the soft green grass?
 The old oak, felled, mid the moss is flung;
 The tale is told and the song is sung;
 Let it moulder the mouldering pages among:
 So does youth, love, and spring-time pass.
 Tinsley's Magazine. S. K. PHILLIPS.

"POST HOC EXILIUM."

AFTER this exile: not while groping here
 In this low valley full of mists and chills,
 Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear
 Over the brow of the eternal hills —
 Mother, sweet dawn of that unsetting sun,
 Show us thy Jesus when the night is done!

After this exile: when our toils are o'er,
 And we, poor laborers, homeward turn our
 feet;
 When we shall ache and work and weep no
 more,
 But know the rest the weary find so sweet,
 Mother of pity, merciful and blest,
 Show us thy Jesus in the "Land of Rest."

After this exile: winter will be past,
 And the rain over, and the flowers appear,
 And we shall see in God's own light at last
 All we have sought for in the darkness here;
 Then, Mother, turn on us thy loving eyes,
 And show us Jesus — our eternal prize!
 Month. F. P.

CHARITY.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
 But every drop will tell;
 The bucket would soon be empty
 Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
 It was all I had to give;
 But as pennies make the guineas,
 It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
 And some toys — they were not new;
 But they made the sick child happy,
 Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments —
 They were all I had to spare;
 But they'll help to clothe the needy,
 And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
 That cost me nothing to say;
 But the poor old man died happy,
 And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
 Though the gift be poor and small;
 What doth he think of his children
 When they never give at all?

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
 A little lingering over dainty things;
 A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow
 Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and
 sings —
 And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
 A little musing over future years;
 A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, thou knowest
 best,
 But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of
 tears" —
 And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
 A little home grown lonely, dark, and chill;
 A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;
 A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill —
 And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
 A little patience keeping back the tears;
 A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
 God keeps her safe through his eternal
 years" —
 And that is all.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
SPINOZA:

THE MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE 21st of February, 1877, has been consecrated to the celebration of the bicentenary anniversary of the death of a very great man; of a man so great indeed, that humanity had to move a distance of considerably more than a century before reaching the perspective point from which his greatness could be measured. To all but an insignificant few of his contemporaries, Spinoza was either unknown, or, if known, was an object of aversion and of superstitious dread: the nineteenth century raises a statue to him. If the monument destined to be so tardily erected at the Hague had been unveiled just thirty years ago, it would have been impossible to detect, in the mind of any person capable of judging, the faintest whisper of a doubt that the tribute was justly paid, not alone to lofty genius and splendid zeal for truth and liberty, but to unblemished nobleness and purity of private life as well. To-day, such singleness of belief is less easy. Of late years, historical research has brought to light new facts and new traditions concerning Spinoza's life; and it has become necessary, in order to a solid appreciation of his character, to re-examine the history of his life.

Baruch de Spinoza was born at Amsterdam on the 24th November, 1632. Of the social rank into which he was born, it must be said, that the knowledge we possess is neither precise nor certain. His principal biographer, Colerus, tells us that the representation which gives him out as being born of poor parents and of low extraction is untrue; and that his parents, Portuguese Jews, merchants at Amsterdam, were respectable people and well-to-do ("*honnêtes gens et à leur aise*"), living in a good house ("*dans une assez belle maison*"), on the Burgwal. A later account* expressly contradicts the last detail, and states that the philosopher was born in a house on the Houtgracht. According to another contemporary biographer, Lucas, it was because his father did

not possess the means of launching him in a commercial career that he resolved to have him taught the Hebrew humanities. Such is the dearth, not only of facts, but of hearsay and even of imagination, concerning his early childhood, that we are almost grateful to Lucas for the following anecdote. He relates that Spinoza's father,

being a man of common sense, used to teach him not to confound superstition with solid piety; and being desirous to put his son to the proof, charged him, when he was yet but ten years old, to receive for him certain moneys due to the father from an old woman of Amsterdam. When he had come into her house, where he found her reading the Bible, the old woman motioned him to wait until she had finished her devotions. Which being done, the child told her of his errand, and the good old woman, having counted out the money on the table for him, said, "Here is what I owe your father. May you be one day as pious a man as he is; he has never gone astray from the law of Moses; and heaven will bless you only so far as you shall resemble him." And as she finished speaking she took up the money to place it in the child's purse; but he, discerning in this woman the marks of that false piety against which his father had warned him, omitted not to count it after her, in spite of her resistance, and finding that there were wanting two ducats that the pious old woman had let fall into a drawer through a slit made to that end in the table, he was confirmed in his suspicion.

So far, if there is nothing very interesting in the story, neither is there anything very improbable in it. Unfortunately Lucas, who throughout his biography is too little mindful of the maxim, "*Qui dit trop ne dit rien*," goes on to say that,

puffed up with the success of this adventure, and with the applause of his father, he set himself to observe this sort of people more closely than before; passing upon them judgment of so fine a sarcasm that all persons were astonished.

A kind of conduct that would stand in incredible contradiction with all that we know of Spinoza's social habits and modes of thought.

It may be taken as fairly certain that Spinoza had the advantage of a by no means despicable education. He was

* See Van Vloten, *Ad Benedicti de Spinoza opera quæ supersunt omnia Supplementum*, p. 289.

very early conducted through a thorough course of Talmudistic study; and the thorough study of the Talmud constituted in itself a discipline that was, for those days, of no mean order.

It is important to remember [remarks Dr. Ginsberg in the excellent introduction prefixed to his edition of the "*Ethica*," that the Talmud embraces all possible aspects of Jewish culture — its points of contact with the culture of other civilizations, as well as its points of difference from them. The polemical attitude of the Talmud is an occasion for bringing under consideration the whole range of speculative problems proposed or resolved by the Græco-Roman world. And if the Talmud places itself in a purely polemical attitude in regard to the different manners in which the cosmos is conceived by Platonism, Aristotelianism, Neo-Platonism, Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Scepticism, yet it could not do so without imparting a considerable knowledge of the errors that it combats; and the young Talmudist became familiar with them, adopted them as part of the mechanism of his mind.

In his Talmudistic studies he was directed by the rabbin Morteira, who was, in the words of the ingeniously snappish paraphrase of Lucas, "a man celebrated amongst the Jews, and the least ignorant of all the rabbins of his time." Morteira, we are told by this writer, was struck with admiration for the genius and character of his disciple. The works of the Arabo-Hebraic philosophers of the Middle Ages, of Maimonides in particular, were studied, and at fifteen Spinoza was an accomplished Talmudist. Some such conclusion at least is what remains to us after due distillation of Lucas's somewhat unsatisfactory assertion that "before he was fifteen years old he used to propound objections that the most learned among the Jews found difficulty in resolving." Later on, Latin was studied, at first with a certain German for a master, and afterwards under the guidance of Franz Van den Ende, a physician of Amsterdam. This was an important moment in his philosophical development. Van den Ende was a man of no ordinary culture, and of no ordinary character. He fell a victim to his zeal for liberty, and was hanged for political intrigues in France: in France, not in the Netherlands as stated by Heine in his "*Deutschland*." Let

us hope that the great poet's spirit may by this time have found consolation in the knowledge that worthy Van den Ende was not hanged in the country "where they hang worse than anywhere else in the world," but in pleasant, graceful, *spirituel* France, where doubtless they ordered those things better.

The horror-struck tone in which Colerus's account of him is given makes it too amusing to be passed by in silence: —

This man [he says] taught with much success, and gained such a reputation that the richest traders of the city entrusted him with the education of their children, until it became known that he taught his pupils other lore than Latin. For it was at length discovered that he used to sow in the minds of these young men the seeds of atheism.

A fact that good, charitable old Colerus does not state lightly; he says that he can prove it, if need be,

by the testimony of many pious souls, which know not how sufficiently to bless the memory of their parents who withdrew them, whilst it was still time, from the school of Satan, by removing them from the instruction of a master so pernicious and so impious.

We greatly suspect that the teaching here stigmatized as atheistical, was, in point of fact, merely the black art of physiology, in the literal sense of the term, the not yet entirely unsuspected study of natural science. The internal evidence of Spinoza's writings leaves no room for doubt that he possessed remarkably sound knowledge of nature; his whole method of thought, when he is dealing with the finite, is eminently scientific, eminently positive. Mr. Lewes has long ago pointed out that in physiological matters he never betrays ignorance. His choice of the trade of an optician is evidence of his early love for science. Colerus expressly states that, "finding himself the more strongly drawn to the investigation of natural causes and products, he abandoned theology in order to devote himself entirely to physics." All this points to the conclusion that it was to Van den Ende that he owed the stimulus that gave a scientific bias to his mind.

Van den Ende had a daughter, a perfect mistress, says Colerus, of Latin and of

music, and Spinoza fell in love with her, continues the biographer; nay, even determined, as he himself did often since confess, to marry her. But her wit and her gaiety had also touched the heart of another of Van den Ende's pupils, one Kerckering of Hamburg, who, becoming jealous of Spinoza, increased so greatly in assiduity as to succeed in winning his mistress's affections, to which result a present of a pearl necklace, of the value of two or three hundred pistoles, doubtless contributed. And after the said Kerckering had abjured the Lutheran religion, which was that which he professed, and had embraced the Catholic faith, she fulfilled her promise of marrying him. When Mr. Lewes was writing his "Biographical History of Philosophy" in 1852, he was able to picture this courtship

as a sort of odd reverse of Abelard and Heloisa. Spinoza, we fancy, not inattentive to the instruction, but the more in love with it coming from so soft a mouth; not inattentive, yet not wholly absorbed. He watches her hand as it moves along the page, and longs to squeeze it. While "looking out" in the dictionary their hands touch, and he is thrilled, but the word is *found*, nevertheless.

The romance of a Platonic love, that, being rejected, transformed itself into philosophy, may be a pleasing and artistically proper ingredient in the life of the great mystic. It may be hard for us to be obliged to confess that it is true only in so far as "imagination is truer than fact," but from the historical point of view we must allow it to lapse into the limbo to which modern criticism has consigned the myth of William Tell and the fiction of Julia Alpinula, for we now know, on the prosaic testimony of a marriage register, that Clara Maria Van den Ende was married to Dirck Kerckrinck in 1671, at the age of twenty-seven. She was therefore only twelve years old in 1656, by which time Spinoza had quitted Van den Ende.* It does not appear, then, that love-lessons formed any part of Spinoza's occupations whilst he was with Van den Ende. Probably the want of such emotions was not felt by him. Other heavings and stir-

rings were being felt in the young prophet's breast; and even if the occasion of looking too curiously on a daughter of Eve had presented itself, we must think that his strong soul would have resisted the temptation, with a presentiment that its mission was to go forth amongst mankind, "dread, fathomless, alone."

It was probably Van den Ende who introduced him to the writings of Descartes; a most important event for him. In a mind that was already in more than unconscious revolt against rabbinical authority and rabbinical tradition, the method of Descartes, with its honest individualism and its fearless scepticism, must have produced an explosion. That such and such a doctrine must be believed by you because it was the doctrine of such and such a rabbin, or of such and such a prophet, must have roused indignation from a very early age in the breast of a child who for genius and for character so far transcended all the rabbins, and almost all the prophets. The spark of Descartes' teaching, that the one principle of evidence is clear and distinct seeing for oneself, must have fallen upon very well-prepared fuel.

From that time forth [says Colerus] he was very reserved with the Jewish doctors, avoiding as much as possible all commerce with them; he was rarely seen in their synagogues, showing himself there only in a perfunctory manner (*par manière d'acquit*); which irritated them extremely against him, as they nothing doubted but that he would shortly abandon them and turn Christian.

We imagine Spinoza in a state of doubt; he does not yet quite see clearly; he leans now to the side of tradition and belief, now to that of incredulity and revolt. His indignation against the falseness and ineptitudes of the Jewish tradition we imagine to have now and then flashed out from him in manifestations honest rather than prudent.

Certain young men [relates Lucas] who called themselves his most intimate friends, conjured him to tell them his true opinions. "What think you?" they asked; "hath God a body? Be there in truth angels? Is the soul immortal?"

We gather that to questions such as these

* See Van Vloten, *op. cit.*, p. 290.

he made replies such as that, according to the Bible (by which is meant, of course, only the Old Testament), God is evidently material, the idea of spirit being perfectly unknown to that book; that by angels were there meant certain phantoms, phenomena of a merely subjective order, not real and permanent substances (a heresy, by-the-bye, of which it is difficult to perceive the offensiveness); and that —

As for the soul, wherever it is mentioned in the Scriptures, this word expresses simply life, or that which hath life. So that to seek for proofs of immortality in the Scriptures were absurd.

A heresy which bears a most amusing resemblance to a remark for which Gibbon got into hot water; an element, however, which was but most mildly lukewarm in comparison with the seething floods of fanaticism that were to roll over the soul of Spinoza. The reader will observe that none of these are philosophical assertions; but that they are, all of them, merely propositions belonging to the perfectly positive science of Biblical criticism. A tittle of evidence may perhaps be considered to be contained in the quaint statement of Stolle's old man (of whom more hereafter) that Spinoza was excommunicated because he "was charged with having rejected the books of Moses as a human book, not written by Moses (*weil man ihn beschuldigt, dass er die Bücher Mosis, als ein menschlich Buch, so Moses nie gemacht, verworfen*)."

"Reflecting," continues Lucas, "that curiosity seldom springs from good intentions, he set himself to observe the conduct of these friends; and found in it so much to disapprove of that he broke with them, and would no longer speak with them."

The "friends" vowed vengeance, — so the story runs, — which they instituted by crying him down in the opinion of the people, giving warning that instead of becoming one of the pillars of the synagogue this young man was more likely to become a destroyer of it; and proceeded afterwards to lodge a formal accusation against him with the rabbins. The accused was summoned to appear before the rabbins. He obeyed, and betook himself to the synagogue. There the Jewish doctors, "with the downcast visages of men tormented by their zeal for the house of God," told him that he was "accused of the blackest and most enormous of crimes, contempt of the law." And on his denying this (to this day the whole of Spinoza's writings are an eloquent witness that with

his sweet reasonableness of soul he must have been ever incapable of any outrage against religion or the State) the false friends stepped forward with their deposition. The judges urged the accused to recant; but to their entreaties and to their menaces he now opposed a haughty defiance. Morteira then arrived upon the scene, armed with friendly exhortation as well as with official menace. The threat of excommunication to which he at length proceeded did not mend matters; and the assembly broke up without any definite result having been obtained. The strangeness and the bitterness of this story of betrayal as related by Lucas do not tempt belief; yet it should be remembered that the anathema by which Spinoza was excommunicated refers to "witnesses," and that fanaticism is capable of malignity and of treachery to an extent the quantification of which may be left to the reader.

As to what followed we are on a firmer ground of history. The "secession" from the synagogue of a young man who was already widely known as a favorite disciple of Morteira and as a Talmudist of extraordinary attainments, was not a thing to be lightly incurred. Further efforts were made to extract concessions from him; he remained deaf to exhortation. The price attached to his friendship by the rabbins showed itself in the offer that they made him of an annuity of 1,000 florins, "to induce him to stay among them, and to continue to show himself from time to time in their synagogues." The apostate refused. A less gentle *argumentum ad hominem* was tried by some person unknown to infamy. One evening, as the philosopher was leaving the old Portuguese synagogue,*

He saw some one near him, poignard in hand; and this having caused him to be on his guard, and to keep to one side, he escaped the thrust, which took effect only upon his clothes. He preserved the *justaucorps* pierced by the thrust in memory of the event.

Quitting Amsterdam, he retired some little distance into the country, with a friend, of whom all that we know is that he was a member of the religious sect known as Rijnsburgers or *Collegiants*. During this absence from Amsterdam, Morteira's threat was put into execution,

* The theatre, according to Bayle. Mr. Lewes thinks Bayle must be right, Spinoza having ceased to frequent the synagogue. But he may have gone there to hear some of the suggestions for a compromise that were doubtless made to him during this time by the rabbins, and Colerus is very explicit in his statement that it was the synagogue.

and the anathema of excommunication was fulminated against the obstinate infidel from the pulpit of the synagogue.

Many curious accounts of the institution of excommunication as practised by the Jews of that time are extant; and the student is generally refreshed in his journey over the abstract wastes of philosophy by the narration of a scene that might fittingly have been invented for an *opéra comique*. In the handsome old Portuguese synagogue of Amsterdam an awe-struck crowd is assembled.

The ceremony begins by the lighting of numbers of black wax candles and the opening of the tabernacle in which the books of the law are kept. The *chantre*, from an elevated place, intones with a loud, lugubrious voice the words of execration, whilst another *chantre* winds a horn—or a cornet, called in Hebrew *sophar*. The black wax candles are held downwards, so that their wax falls drop by drop into a vat full of blood. The people, filled with holy horror and with sacred rage at the sight of this sombre spectacle, cry, *Amen*, with a furious voice that testifies to their belief that they would be rendering service to God if they were to tear the excommunicate to pieces, which they would no doubt do if they met with him in that moment, or on coming out of the synagogue.

But Lucas expressly states that the melodramatic accessories of horn,* and candles dripping into the blood-vat, were not observed in the case of Spinoza, who was not accused of blasphemy (a crime which is punished with the above-described species of anathema), but only of contempt for Moses and the law; for which the ceremony of excommunication consisted in the simple reading of the anathema. This of itself may, perhaps, be considered sufficiently melodramatic. The document is important as well as curious; we therefore translate it in full. It bears the date of the 6th day of the month Ab, in the year 5416, that is to say, the 16th July, 1656. It is written as follows:—

The Herem that was given forth of the Sanctuary on the 6th day of the month Ab, against BARUCH DE ESPINOZA.

The Masters of the Ecclesiastical Council make known to you that, having long had knowledge of the bad opinions and of the bad

* That *schofar* is indeed a tragic goat's-horn. "I have read," says Heine, "in the life of Solomon Maimon, that the rabbin of Altona undertook one day to convert him, disciple of Kant though he were, to the faith of his fathers, and, as he persisted in his philosophic heresies, the rabbin menaced him, and pointed to the *schofar*, saying in a solemn voice, 'Knowest thou this?' And the disciple of Kant having very quietly answered, 'I know that it is a goat's-horn,' the rabbin fainted with horror."

works of Baruch de Espinoza, they have carefully studied *by various ways and promises* to draw him back from his bad ways; and being nothing able to remedy the same, but, on the contrary, getting daily fresh notification of the horrible heresies that he practised and taught, and of the enormous works that he wrought (*ynormes obras que obrava*); and finding *many witnesses*, worthy to be believed, of these things, who deposed and testified *in the presence of the said Espinoza*, who was by them convicted: after due consideration of all things, in the presence of the Lords of the Wise Men (dos SSrs. Hahamim), have determined, with their assent, that the said Espinoza shall be anathema and separated from the nation of Israel, as they now declare in the Herem, with the Herem following (*como actualmente o ponem Herem, com o Herem seguinte*):—

By the sentence of the Angels, by the sentence of the Saints, we anathematize, separate, and curse and execrate Baruch de Espinoza, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, and with the consent of all that holy community before the holy Sepharim, with their six hundred and thirteen precepts that are written in them, with the Herem with which Joshua cursed Jericho, with the malediction with which Elisha cursed the children, and with all the maledictions that are written in the law: cursed be he by day and cursed be he by night, cursed be he in his sleeping and cursed be he in his uprising, cursed in his going out and cursed in his entering in; may the Lord refuse to know him, may the fury of the Lord and his jealousy be hot after that man, and lay upon him all the maledictions that are written in the Book of the Law; and may the Lord blot out his name from beneath the heavens, and may the Lord separate him for evil from all the tribes of Israel, with all the maledictions of the firmament that are written in the Book of the Law; and you, cleaving to the Lord your God, may you have life!

But take notice, that none may speak with him by mouth, none by writing, none show him any favor, none be under the same roof with him, none within the distance of four ells from him, none read any document made or written by him.

A smile involuntarily rises as we read this breathless cursing, and we think of Mr. Shandy and of Dr. Slop, of Trim and of Uncle Toby, and his "For my own part, I could not have the heart to curse a dog so." On the lips of the outcast thinker it must have produced a harder, bitterer curl. Spinoza changed his Jewish name of Baruch for the Christian one of Benedict. Very willingly withdrawing from the society of those of his race, he found friends both sympathetic and generous amongst the Gentiles. Of his family—of those, that is, who, if the ties of blood are to be anything but fetters, ought to have been forthcoming as a help and a

consolation in such a crisis as this — history makes no mention relating to this epoch. From their conduct later on it may be inferred that they now joined the hue and cry against the “atheist.” The fury of the Jews may have been increased by the suspicion that the apostate was about to embrace the creed of Christianity. According to one account there was a recrudescence of zeal on the part of the synagogue in the time that followed the excommunication.

Morteira, in particular, after the affront that he had received from his disciple, could not suffer that he should even remain in the same city with him. Procuring himself to be escorted by another rabbin of similar temper, he came before the magistrates, to whom he represented that if he had excommunicated M. de Spinoza, it was for no common cause, but on account of most execrable blasphemies against Moses and against God. He exaggerated this falsehood in all the ways that an holy hatred can suggest to an irreconcilable heart, and in conclusion demanded that the accused should be banished from Amsterdam. At the sight of the rabbin's passion it was easy to see that it was less a pious zeal than a secret rage that was urging him to vengeance; and, in fact, the judges, seeing this, endeavored to elude his demands, and referred him to the clergy. These, having examined the affair, found themselves in great embarrassment. After the manner in which the accused justified himself, they were unable to discover anything impious in him; yet the accuser was a rabbin, and the rank he held bid them be mindful of their own rank; so that, after all due consideration, they were unable without outrage to their cloth to absolve a man that one of their order wished to ruin; and this reason, good or bad, caused them to conclude in favor of the rabbin. . . . The magistrates, not daring to contradict them, for reasons which it is easy to divine, condemned the accused to an exile of some months.

This account, for which Lucas is responsible, is corroborated by the fact that Spinoza retorted to the excommunication by writing a certain volume of “Apology,” now no longer extant, in which the Jews were “severely handled.” Colerus says, “*Il protesta contre cet acte d'excommunication, et y fit une réponse en espagnol qui fut adressée aux rabbins, et qu'ils reçurent comme nous le marquerons dans la suite.*” (It is unfortunate that the worthy author forgets to “*marquer dans la suite*” the matter in question, and never mentions it again.) It is evident that such an act of defiance might of itself constitute a sufficient reason for the reprisals which ended in Spinoza's exile.

We must stop for a moment to consider

this “*Apologia para Justificarse de sa Abdicacion de la Synagoga*,” the first-fruits of Spinoza's pen. We have already stated that it is no longer extant. Rienwertz states that he had had the manuscript in his possession, and that it was a large book, in which the Jews were severely handled. A more satisfactory indication of its nature is afforded by the statement of Bayle, that the argument of it may be found in the twentieth chapter of the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*.” The thesis of that chapter is, “that in a free state (republic) it is lawful for every man to think in his own way, and to publish that which he thinks.” Thought, from its very nature, is incapable of being bound by laws — is incapable of being given over to reigning powers, with those other “natural rights” that Spinoza allows, with Hobbes, may be so made over to the sovereign; and if thought cannot be bound, neither can speech, though of course the latter is susceptible of a measure of coercion; but no sooner has the author laid down this principle, than he proceeds to limit its application by considering how far the liberty of speech may usefully be conceded — that is, how far the exercise of such coercion as is possible may be desirable. Now the end of a state is the security of liberty to its subjects (“*Finis reipublicæ revera libertas est*”). Spinoza therefore concludes that all opinions should be allowed to be published, except seditious opinions. Seditious opinions he defines as those “which being accepted would nullify the contract by which the citizen has yielded up the right of acting according to his individual will (*ex proprio suo arbitrio*).” From such a latitude of the liberty of speech he allows that inconveniences would arise; but it must be conceded, nevertheless; “for those things that cannot be prohibited” (he means, “whose prohibition is not supported by a sufficient sanction”) “must necessarily be conceded, even though ills do thence arise.” Proceeding to examine the ills that arise from the illegal and tyrannous persecution by the State of the liberty of speech, he shows that such persecution falls, not on the unworthy members of society, “the greedy, the time-serving, and the otherwise impotent in character, who have no care for truth and piety, for whom blessedness consists in contemplating the gold in their coffers, and having their bellies gorged (*nummus in arce contemplari et ventres distentos habere*),” but on those whom a good education, integrity of morals, and the practice

of virtue have endowed with a liberal mind:—

Men such as these [he continues] will not be silenced by tyrannous laws, for men are so constituted that they bear nothing less patiently than to have the opinions that they believe true treated as crimes, and to have things reputed wicked, by which they are moved to piety towards God and man.

He concludes

that the true schismatics are they who condemn the writings of others, and seditiously stir up the petulant vulgar against them; and not the writers themselves, who write, for the most part, only for the learned, using no other aid than reason; and that the true disturbers are they who in any State endeavor to destroy the liberty of judgment, which cannot be destroyed.

Spinoza has been accused, amongst other odd accusations, of bitterness against Judaism. We have extracted out of this twentieth chapter of the "Theologico-Political Treatise," which may very well be taken as a sample of the book, the most uncompromising expressions that we could find; the reader who is acquainted, even slightly, with the amenities to which theological discussion in this nineteenth century has given rise, may be left to say whether language such as this should be considered a very "bitter" reply to execration, excommunication, banishment, and attempted murder.

The die was thrown. Spinoza was now twenty-four years of age—that is, if we take into account the precocity of his development, in the prime of genius and enthusiasm. Conscious of learning and of talents, and of the not entirely despicable advantages of a handsome face and commanding manners, he must have felt himself richly equipped for a career of honors and of power. Morally, he had but to palter but a little with his conscience, to be able to accept the brilliant career with self-approval. The obstacles that it threw in the way of self-development must have seemed, to all but a very searching gaze, to be more than counterbalanced by the facilities for culture that it afforded in the shape of affluence and security. The social element in which he would have had to move was not one of repulsive "Philistinism." The Portuguese Jews of Amsterdam formed at that time a community that we cannot help calling cultured, if not enlightened. With their traditional Talmudist education they connected modern studies. An eminent member of the college of rabbins by

whom Spinoza was excommunicated, Menasse ben Israel, was publishing writings in Latin and in Spanish. Dr. Ginsberg tells us that Hugo Grotius has left a very appreciative judgment of this remarkable man, dating from the year 1639. From this it appears that Manasse ben Israel was well versed in ten languages, and composed poetry and other writings in Spanish as well as in Hebrew and in Latin. He is named in state documents theologian, philosopher, and doctor of physic. In 1632, at the age of twenty-seven, he published in Spanish his first great work, "Conciliator;" a writing the object of which is to reconcile with one another all the contradictory passages of the Holy Scriptures. It was the product of five years' labor, and was therefore begun at the age of twenty-two. The author's reading includes not only rabbinical literature, but the Greek and Roman poets, Plato and Aristotle, the Arabo-Hebraic philosophers, and the scholastics of the Middle Ages. More than two hundred and ten Hebrew works, and fifty-four Greek and Latin, Spanish and Portuguese authors, are cited in the first part. The fourth and last part of this exhaustive work appeared in 1651. A society that could produce men such as this could hardly have been an intellectual desert, even for Spinoza; and the temptation to yield, to compromise, to sacrifice this or that moment of the absolute idea of his life to the profit of the rest, must have been a strong one. And as for the interests of humanity, Spinoza's mind was dangerously well furnished with the ethical maxims that justify compromise. He held a doctrine of exoteric and esoteric treatment of truth that we cannot but consider as wearing a dangerous likeness to the principles of obscurantism. Submission to authority, that is, submission to power, political or religious, is the very principle on which depends the whole of his doctrine of political and religious practice. A brave and uncomplaining acceptance of the established fact is one of the most prominent features of his attitude towards all branches of human endeavor; a tendency that in the higher walk of philosophy, in the doctrine of the ideal sage as contained in the "*Ethica*," appears in the conclusion that places the freedom of the sage in his "contemplative submission to the order of nature. . . ." He did not reject the Scriptures as an authority ruling the conduct of life, he merely contended for liberty in the interpretation of them. He did not even advise that this

or that demonstrably false method of interpreting them was in all cases to be combated. Many are the forms under which belief may be operative on conduct; and truth, if it is to be believed, must be accommodated to the intelligence of the believer. If Spinoza had accepted the career offered him by the rabbins, and had placed a golden lock upon his lips, the act would but have taken rank with the too often forgotten fallings off of many another great leader lost. But he refused to palter, were it even but ever so little, with his conscience. Shaking off the dust from his feet, he set his face towards a life of poverty and of toil, made worthy and worth having by the consciousness of independence and integrity, and by the warmth of the great design that was brooding within him.

Out of the four years of struggle and anxiety, and so weighty development, that followed his secession from the synagogue, from 1656, namely, to 1660, hardly a detail of his life has come down to us. We gather that his position must have been a hard one, at all events a very trying one. He was penniless. Rienwertz says that he got his living by teaching (*dass er Kinder informiret*). The writer of the MS. life discovered by Müller states that he lived with the "Collegiant" friend above mentioned, "on the road between Amsterdam and Auwerkerke, until he moved with him to Rijnsburg, near Leiden."

Misfortune, it has been said, is the mid-wife that delivers genius of her children; and in some way or other Spinoza found time for writing during these years. Though he published nothing, it is probable that he wrote a great deal. The "Theologico-Political Treatise" was written about this time; and during the same period the lately discovered "*Tractatus de Deo et Homine*" — "Treatise on God and Man and his Welfare" — was probably entirely written. And if we take into account the composition of the "*Apolo-gia*," we shall see that these were years of intense activity.

Spinoza was at Rijnsburg in 1661, as appears by a letter to him from Oldenburg, the secretary of the then lately-instituted Royal Society of England. Oldenburg refers to his visit to the philosopher at Rijnsburg; and to their "conversation about God, about extension and infinite thought, about the difference and agreement of their attributes, about the manner of the union of the human

mind with the body; also about the principles of the Cartesian and Baconian philosophies." Colerus is therefore in error in saying that it was in 1664 that Spinoza moved to Rijnsburg — or Rhynsburg, as it is differently spelt. He there inhabited a very small house, "still standing," writes Van Vloten in 1862, "and easy to be known by its inscription, dating from 1667, from the pen of the poet Kamphuyzen, —

Ach, waren alle menschen wijs,
En wilden daarby wel:
De aard waar heer een Paradijs,
Nu is ze meest een Hel;"

an inscription that is curiously appropriate to the circumstances in which the philosopher found himself when an inhabitant of the house. It may be rendered, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the language, —

If all mankind could but be wise,
And pure their wills as well,
This earth would be a paradise,
That now is but a hell.

Spinoza had living with him during that time a certain young man whose identity is not quite clear, but whom there is great reason to believe to be that Albert Burgh who in 1675 became a convert to Catholicism, and wrote to the author of the "*Ethica*" a letter of some five-and-thirty pages, full of exhortation to "repent, to acknowledge his ignorance to be wisdom, and his wisdom madness; to be humbled from his pride, and be healed." The bear-leading of this youth was anything but a pleasant duty for the thinker; he complains bitterly of it in a letter to his friend Simon de Vries: —

There is no one more annoying to me, nor none against whom I have to be more carefully on my guard, than he: wherefore I would have you and the others take heed not to communicate my opinions to him till he shall have attained a more mature age. He is too boyish yet and changeable, and greedy rather of novelty than of truth.

By "the others" is meant a certain circle of ardent friends who had gathered round the germ of the new doctrine, and were looking up in eager dependence to their leader. They had instituted a sort of club for the study in common of the new philosophy.

As for the course of study [writes Simon de Vries] we have thus ordered it. One of us (but each in turn) reads out to the rest, and explains according to his judgment, demonstrating everything according to the order and

series of your propositions ; then, if it happen that one of us cannot convince another, we think it worth while to make a note of the matter and write to you, in order that, if possible, it may be made clear to us ; and that we may be able, with you for a leader, to defend truth against the superstitiously religious and the superstitiously Christian, and to resist the onslaught of the whole world.

During these years an active correspondence was kept up with Oldenburg. It is interesting to watch in it the working of forces that tend to dissolve the friendship between these so widely different minds, a friendship whose persistent triumph over all differences of opinion and of feeling is most encouraging. Spinoza is conscious of holding opinions which Oldenburg would consider to be at least "strange," and very likely "abominable ;" but his friend has pressed him to communicate to him his thoughts on the weighty problems of philosophy and religion. So he writes that he will not refuse, for he holds "that friends should have all things in common, but most especially spiritual things." He adds, "I will endeavor to give you the explanation you ask for, though I think that, unless your kindness help, this step will not be a means of attaching you more strongly to me." He sends certain propositions of the "*Ethica*" which Oldenburg does not very well understand (this is in September, 1661) ; and the interest of the correspondence becomes transferred to the experiments of Robert Boyle, concerning whose book, "*De Nitro*," Spinoza writes with a minuteness that testifies to the interest that he took in chemistry, and shows that he was not by any means devoid of practical acquaintance with the subject. He is in correspondence too with his good friend and medical adviser Ludwig Meyer, an Amsterdam Jew.

Of his way of life at Rijnsburg and at Voorburg, details are wanting, but an idea may be formed of it from Coler's description of his way of life at the Hague.

It is almost incredible [says Colerus] how sober and economical he was during that time. We find [from accounts found amongst his papers] that he lived a whole day on a milk-soup prepared with butter, which came to three sous, and a jug of beer at one sou and a half ; another day he ate nothing but gruel prepared with raisins and butter, and this dish cost him four sous and a half. In these accounts, mention is made of at most two half-pints of wine in a month ; and although he was often invited to dine out, he preferred to live on what he could have at home to sitting at a sumptuous table at another's expense.

We should have gladly passed over this oft-told tale of the milk soup and the gruel — which after all does not prove much — were it not that it is again necessary to vindicate Spinoza's character from the charge — one can hardly write the word seriously — of gluttony. In 1847, Professor Guhrauer* published in the *Zeitschrift für Geschichte*, an account of the tradition concerning Spinoza that had been collected by one Gottlieb Stolle, a pupil of Christian Thomasius, during a voyage in Holland in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and written down by him in his "Memoirs." During his stay in Amsterdam in 1703, Stolle came to know "a certain old man," who had been personally acquainted with Spinoza. This old man stated that

In the beginning Spinoza lived very soberly, that is, so long as he had not much to spend ; but as he became richer, he began to live better. From Amsterdam he went to Leyden, and thence afterwards to the Hague ; and as he became acquainted with persons of distinction, he took to wearing a sword, dressing himself nicely, committed excesses in eating and drinking (he could take quite well a couple of cans of wine), and also —

But we must decline to attempt the translation of the very curious passage that follows ; in short, the excesses he committed were such, "that he brought on consumption, of which he died." The reader who knows Spinoza, and has not the advantage of being acquainted with Stolle's old man, may be pardoned if he doubts the faithfulness of our quotation. He shall have the excerpt in the original ; it is worth reading : —

Da er mit grossen Herrn bekannt geworden, (habe er) sich einen Degen angesteckt propre (*sic*) aufgeföhret im Essen und Trinken Excesse gemacht (wie er denn ein Paar Kannen Wein gar leicht auf sich genommen), auch wohl ad virgo (*sic*!) gegangen, daher er sich endlich die Schwindsucht an dens Hals gezo-gen, und daran gestorben.

We have inserted, in the interest of grammar, a *sic* that appeared to be called for ; as for the matter of the statements, we feel that marks of exclamation would be perfectly inadequate to the occasion. But let us look at the evidence. Firstly, Stolle's old man tells his story badly. To place the epoch of sensual indulgence at the end of a life whose whole course has been a chastening of the senses by moral suffering, by poverty, by intense thought, by the approaches of disease, is really

* Cf. Ginsberg, *op. cit.*

clumsy. Secondly, all the other witnesses agree that Spinoza's life was one of perfect temperance. Rienwertz, his friend, the publisher of his works, told Stolle, that "he had always lived very moderately and been contented with little. He had never had any inclination to marriage, yet never blamed those who marry." We think of certain propositions of the "*Ethica*," and notwithstanding Stolle's old man, involuntarily we think of St. Paul. Stolle visited Bayle, the celebrated author of the dictionary, at Amsterdam, and Bayle told him that

as regards Spinoza's morals, he lived soberly at the Hague, without furniture, or feasting, or show (*er habe im Haag mässig gelebt, und von Hausrath, Saufen, und Pracht nichts gehabt*).

Lucas writes that

he was so temperate and so sober that the smallest means sufficed for his wants. He did not spend six sous a day, on an average, and did not drink more than a pint of wine in a month. "Nature is satisfied with little," he used to say, "and when she is content, I am so too."

The evidence of Colerus has been given above. It should be borne in mind that this writer is the chief and by far the most weighty authority for the facts of Spinoza's life; and his testimony to the purity of Spinoza's morals is by so much the more valuable as good Colerus was animated by a most vehement hatred and terror of the philosopher's teaching. He speaks of him, when examining his writings, as "this miserable man," and as "this celebrated atheist." He is satirical concerning the terms of the bill sent in after Spinoza's death by his barber, who was so ill-advised as to speak of him in that document as "*M. Spinoza de bien-heureuse mémoire*." The undertaker, two *taillandiers*, and a mercer, having paid the deceased the same compliment, Colerus devotes a grave paragraph to animadversion on the propriety of the term "*bien-heureuse*." He ends a paragraph on the "Theologico-Political Treatise" with the apostrophe, "*Le seigneur te confonde, Satan, et te ferme la bouche!*" He asserts that that work is "full of nothing but lies and blasphemies," and of the doctrine of the "*Ethica*," he asks, whether it be not "the most pernicious atheism that has ever been seen in the world." Such an attitude of mind must infallibly have inclined him to render to the philosopher's moral character no more than the strictest measure of justice; it is incredible that he should have passed over

without due distillation the malicious stories that were current concerning the "reprobate" freethinker, and any confirmation of them must have destroyed the admiration that he evidently felt for his character. And Coler's informants were capable witnesses; one of them, Van der Spyck, was an artist, and, judging from his eloquent portrait of Spinoza, by no means a bad artist; he must be considered to be a competent witness to the habits of the man who for more than six years lived in friendly intercourse with him under his own roof. For those who know Spinoza from his writings, such evidence must be superfluous; it is impossible to have the "*Ethica*" tolerably present to one's mind, and to believe the writer capable of low sensuality.

The instruction of Albert Burgh, or other unknown pupil, seems not to have furnished him with a sufficient income; and it was probably shortly after his excommunication that he set himself to work at a trade by which he could live. Colerus states that he "set himself to learn" the construction of lenses for telescopes and for other optical uses. It is probable that he had learned the art long before. It is well known that the Hebrew law ordained that all, even those destined to the study of the law, should learn some handiwork or other, by which in time of need they might subsist. The exiled thinker, looking somewhat blankly around him for a plan of life, was reminded of this perhaps once-despised handicraft. It offered him, at least, "independence, the first of earthly blessings;" and he gallantly cast in his lot with plain living and high thinking. He succeeded so well in his lens-grinding, we are told by Colerus, that

he was applied to from all sides for his glasses, the sale of which furnished enough to suffice for his wants. When the lenses were finished, his friends used to send and fetch them, sell them, and remit him the money that they brought in;

a practice which demonstrates in a most significant and even touching manner these friends' sense of the fitness of relieving a philosopher from sublunary cares.

Most of his time he passed in his room. When tired of his meditations, he used in order to refresh himself, to come down-stairs and talk to the people of the house on any matter that would serve for conversation, even on trifles. Sometimes he would enjoy a pipe of tobacco; or, when he wished for longer relaxation, he would set spiders to fight with one another, or would throw flies into the

spiders' webs, taking such delight in the spectacle of the combat that he sometimes laughed outright.

So far Colerus. The anecdote is gravely brought forward by Dugald Stewart, in his "Dissertation" prefixed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as evidence that Spinoza was "mad." To us it appears that, if true, it bears testimony merely to the philosopher's habits of hard thinking. Is it not a very picture of the childishly cheerful relaxation of a brain fairly brought to a standstill by thought? We of the present generation must take upon trust the statement of such a teacher as Carlyle, that Dugald Stewart was an "amiable philosopher;" but our faith in the propriety of the one and of the other of the terms of the proposition is put to a somewhat severe trial by the thorough unfairness and incompetence of his estimate of Spinoza.

Persons whose æsthetic judgments were informed by their religious feelings, were of opinion that the philosopher was "little, yellow, that there was something sombre (*noir*) in his physiognomy, and that he wore a look of reprobation in his face (*qu'il portait sur son visage un caractère de réprobation*)." The accounts of the biographers agree that he was "of middle height, with well-proportioned features, dark complexion, curly black hair, long black eyebrows, small, lively, dark eyes, and the general appearance of a Portuguese Jew." Van der Spyck's portrait of him shows us a perfectly handsome face. The forehead is not very conspicuous, but is very handsomely moulded; a broad and shallow furrow, scarcely perceptible, in the median line, testifies to the habitual contraction of the brows in thought. The eyes are not small; the orbit is very large, leaving between eye and eyebrow that all-important space where the soul seems to move; they look at you with a quite startling directness. The eyebrows are drawn in a wide true curve, dark and strong; the space between them is wide. The base of the nose is broad, and tapers downwards for some distance before reaching the level of the greatest narrowness, from which it swells out to form the bridge; the nose itself is Roman, with a slight Dantesque droop at the tip; broad on the level of the nostrils. The upper lip is very firm, the mouth exquisitely curved, and of a more lively appearance than any other feature of the face; its tendency to movement is controlled by a most sharply decisive line that cuts it obliquely downwards and back-

wards at the corner. The chin is large, massive, round, and handsome, of a firm, clear contour; and the face is set in a fine correct oval, with long dark hair flowing in broad waves down to the shoulders: every way a very noble face. So he looked, one thinks, when worthy Frau Van der Spyck asked him the uncomfortable question whether she could find salvation in the religion she professed. "Your religion is a good one," was the answer; "you have no cause to seek for any other, nor to doubt that you will find your salvation in it, so be it that whilst following piety you lead a peaceable and tranquil life." Those who feel curious concerning the outermost of the hulls in which the philosopher's spirit walked on earth, may choose between the statement of Stolle's old man, that he was nicely dressed, and wore a sword by his side; that of Colerus, that he was careless of his clothes, "which were no better than those of the most simple citizen;" and that of Lucas, that he "had a quality that is by so much the more estimable as it is rarely found in a philosopher: he was extremely clean, and never appeared in public without showing in his dress that which distinguishes the well-bred man from the pedant."

The four years spent at Rijnsburg were full of life and movement; and some of the moments in their flight must have shaken a little golden dust about the quiet room in which the "*Ethica*" was being written. They are the busiest years of the philosopher's life. Lenses were being ground, and lessons given, that he might eat. An extensive correspondence was being carried on; an occupation which must have taken up much more time in those old days, when people wrote letters of a score, or two score of pages, which they forwarded by the kind hands of some travelling friend, than in this century of telegrams, and post-cards, and public newspapers. Books were being written. Of the "Apology" we have already spoken. On reading it over in the quiet of his country retreat, "on the road to Auwerkerke," Spinoza probably reflected that the "dry light" was the better, and decided not to publish the MS. Instead, he set himself to treat the whole great question of liberty of thought, of Church and State, from the very foundations, in a thoroughly scientific manner. By the time he removed to Rijnsburg, the "Theologico-Political Treatise" was finished, or, at all events, was sufficiently advanced for him to be able to

set to work on the "*Ethica*." He did so, and in all probability produced, as the first result of his philosophical essay, the "Treatise on God and Man and his Welfare." He was, perhaps, dissatisfied with the form that this work lent to his ideas, and for that reason — probably for others besides — withheld it from publication, and started again courageously to develop the system anew on another principle, the principle of mathematical form, which finally gave us the "*Ethica*" in its present shape. This was written down so fast, that in 1663 Spinoza was thinking of publishing it. In the early summer of that year, he had occasion, as we know from a letter of his to Oldenburg, to make a trip to Amsterdam, "in order to fetch his furniture." Whilst he was there, certain friends asked him to make them a copy of a *résumé* of the second part of Descartes' "*Principia*," in the form of mathematical demonstration that he had dictated to Albert Burgh (if this be in reality the certain youth mentioned in his letter), for the use of the latter. At the same time they urged him to proceed, without loss of time, to a similar treatment of the first part of the "*Principia*."

Not liking to deny my friends [he writes to Oldenburg] I set myself straightway to the preparation of such a work; and finished it within two weeks, and handed it over to my friends. These then entreated me to allow them to publish the whole, —

a request to which he acceded.

For perhaps [he explains] some of those who fill the first places in my country, may be led by this writing to wish to see the other works which I have written, and which contain the exposition of my own opinions, and so may be induced to take measures for having them introduced to the public, safe under the escort of their authority. If it so fall out, I nothing doubt but that I shall shortly publish something; but if it be not so, I shall choose to be silent rather than intrude my opinions on my fellow-men against their desire.

The little book was published, together with an appendix of certain very suggestive "*Cogitata Metaphysica*," which form a bridge by which the student may pass, if he please, from Cartesianism to Spinozism. The "*Principia*" was a modest, and apparently a harmless little book enough, as befitted an innocent dove sent out to try whether in all the turbulent waters of the fatherland there might be found sufficient foothold for the "*Ethica*." Notwithstanding its airs of innocence, however, it soon became the cause of much throwing about

of brains, amongst the Cartesians. Lucas tells us that

notwithstanding all that he says in praise of this celebrated writer, his partisans (*i. e.* the Cartesians), in order to ward off from him the suspicion of atheism, tried all ways to bring down thunderbolts on our philosopher's head; thus putting in practice the policy of the followers of St. Augustine, who, in order to clear themselves of the reproach of leaning towards Calvinism, have written against that doctrine the most violent of books.

"*Battre le chien devant le lion*" appears to have been a very favorite device of theological warfare in the seventeenth and certain other centuries. The persons in the chief places in the land do not seem to have been attracted in the hoped-for manner by the "*Principia*," and for seven years to come Spinoza published nothing more.

In the month of May, 1664, he removed to Voorburg, a village distant one mile from the Hague. There he lived in the "Kerklaan," in the house of one Daniel Tydeman, an artist, "who seems to have held opinions more liberal than those that were generally current in the Reformed Church." The author of Müller's Dutch MS. suggests that it was Tydeman who first introduced Spinoza to the world of art. He may have had lessons in drawing, perhaps even in painting, from this artist. At all events, he seems to have undertaken art studies in a very serious way. He attained some proficiency in portrait-drawing in ink or charcoal. Coleerus possessed an album of his portraits, amongst which were those of several distinguished persons, and one of himself, in the costume of a fisherman "*en chemise*," carrying a net on his shoulder.

Very pleasant must have been these outlooks into the world of external beauty; one feels quite grateful that the ascetic thinker was able to sun his fancy for a little while before the sweet, moving skies, and the sunshine modestly flickering on the prim, brick-paved courts, before the sleeping water-wheels and dreaming waters, and the interiors lit up by maidens in white satin dresses, of the old masters that we love. In this respect, at least, he was born into the world at a happy date. In 1664 Holland had awakened to an artistic life of the brightest glory. There were living Wynants, and Albert Cuyp, Terburg, Bol, Adrian van Ostade, Van Loo, Wouverman, Pynacker, Nicholaas Berghem, Ruisdael, Van der Velde, Backuisen, and Jan Steen. Potter had died in his brilliant youth, ten years before; Metsu also a few

years before; but still living, thinking, dreaming, and working hard, at the close of his splendid and miserable career, was that prince of luminous darkness, the magician Rembrandt. The hermit of Rijnsburg made an excursion now and then to Amsterdam; he was there in the spring of 1663. He may have strolled (one cannot help indulging in such imaginings) absorbed in some philosophema of the "*De Deo*," down the Roosgracht. Then, at the door of a mean house in this mean part of Amsterdam, there may have stood, refreshing himself in the sunshine, and absorbed in contemplation too, but in outward contemplation, a strange old man, with short disordered grizzly hair and beard, wearing a nightcap, or a colored kerchief for a headdress, and a fur-bordered dressing-gown variously spotted with dabs of paint. The philosopher, feeling that he was being scanned as he passed by, may have looked up at the wrinkled face, with its coarse puffy cheeks irregularly flecked with rich crimson blood, and started a little on remarking the powerful mouth, smiling its massive smile with its strong sanguine lips, the vertical fold of the brow with its two deep bordering furrows, and the small eyes shooting out from their deep setting their odd glance of energy and confidence. Then one thinks that these two great kindred spirits must have felt a shudder of no common order as their eyes met; or perhaps they may have felt nothing; the philosopher may have forgotten the distraction in a moment, and passed on in meditation, fancy free; whilst Rembrandt van Rhyn, merely revolving in his mind his observations on Hebrew physiognomy, may have turned to a most exceedingly disorderly palette, and set to work to sketch a memorandum of this Jewish face, as material for some future "Head of an Evangelist."

Rembrandt, one thinks at all events, must have come home to Spinoza in his works with singular nearness. The two natures have singular points of likeness; their lives, as well as their work, have much of the same spirit. Both of these great men were mystics; both of them abstract thinkers, ideologists, metaphysicians preoccupied exclusively with the essence of things, and careless of the outsides of things; visionaries both, looking inwards and disdaining to look outwards; proud, impassable, absorbed in the idea to the extent of forgetting the reality, almost to the extent of denying the reality; alike in their lives of solitary labor, uncomplainingly persevering, and

answering the unjust criticism and the unjust neglect of their contemporaries by the production of monumental works that stand like pyramids, in their inimitable solitary grandeur, in the view of their posterity.

The six years' residence at Voorburg was, it may be hoped, a happy one; at all events, it was a tranquil one, and affords the biographer not an incident of any moment to relate. The "*Ethica*" was slowly crystallizing in the quiet into its perfect geometric form; the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*" was being thought over lovingly, and lovingly retouched; but, after the *fiasco* of the attempt to gain the public mind by means of the "*Principia*," Spinoza seems to have been quite undisturbed by any desire to publish it; a trait that is very characteristic of him. A large correspondence afforded him the means of instructing a coterie of earnest and eager disciples; sometimes, indeed, of instructing persons who were neither disciples nor earnest. Correspondents took up his time with the strangest questions. His friend Peter Balling had heard in the night certain groanings. Afterwards, his child fell ill, gave utterance to groanings which Balling recognized as identical with those he had before heard in the night, and died. Balling wrote to be instructed whether the groanings he had heard were "omens." Spinoza replied at some length in a very curious letter. He considered that the groanings heard by Balling were "imaginings." It had happened to himself, he related, that, waking up one morning, the images of which his dreams had been composed remained obstinately before his eyes, as vivid as though they had been real things. Amongst these was the image of a "certain black and filthy *Æthiopian*" whom he had never before seen. This image in great part disappeared when he directed his eyes *with attention* to a book or other object; but returned with the same vividness as it at first possessed, so soon as he allowed his eyes to fall anywhere *carelessly* (*sine attentione*). The image at length disappeared from the head downwards. His description of the phenomenon may be interesting to students of the psychology of dreams. The most interesting part of the letter is the passage in which he admits the possibility of a certain species of "omens." "The mind has a power of vague presentiment of future events, which it may sometimes exercise (*mens aliquid, quod futurum est, confuse potest præsentire*)." The dreadful correspondence with

Blyenbergh took place in this period. Mijnheer Willem van Blyen Bergh was a well-to-do merchant of Dordrecht, who occupied his leisure hours with dilettante metaphysics. On the 12th December, 1664, he wrote to his "unknown friend" Spinoza, to beg that he would explain certain doubts that had arisen in his mind on the perusal of the treatise of Descartes' "*Principia*." God is the creative cause of all actions, as well as of all substances. Therefore he created the act of will that caused Adam to eat that apple. Therefore, either the eating of that apple was not a sin, or God is the cause of evil. A few days after receiving this letter, Spinoza answered it at great length, with that grand sweetness of his that we feel to be of so much higher worth than mere politeness. As regards that apple, he called Mijnheer van Blyen Bergh's attention to the fact that he had not specified what he meant by "evil." "As for me," he added, italicizing the statement as we have italicized it, "*I am unable to admit that sin and evil are anything of a positive nature at all.*" No! in this world, which is the splendid phantasmagory reflected from the changing outside of the infinite substance of God, all is good; and all is perfect; even the impious are units of the perfectness of the whole; they are the necessary shadows in the great scheme of *chiaroscuro*. The above italicized statement is not to be taken to be in any way an acceptance of the position that if sin be nothing positive, then the impious serve God equally well with the righteous. Once more, no! They are indeed, after their own fashion, expressions of the perfect will of God; but they are not to be compared with the righteous.

For they who know not God are but as the tool in the workman's hand, that serves unconsciously, and in its service is consumed; but the righteous serve God consciously, and through the service become ever more perfect (*improbi, quia Deum non cognoscunt, non sunt nisi instrumentum in manu artificis, quod inscium servit et serviendo consumitur; probi contra conscii serviunt, et serviendo perfectiores evadunt*).

More than one noble mind has found in this noble thought of Spinoza's a refuge of inestimable value, and has felt for it a quite unbounded gratitude. Mijnheer van Blyen Bergh saw in it nothing but hard words, which he resented. He could not perceive what Spinoza "meant by '*τὸ perfectiores evadere*,' nor what may be the meaning of '*τὸ continuo perfectiores evadere*.'"

He returned to the charge with a very foolish letter of forty-two lengthy paragraphs, full of "objections." With similar heavy paper bullets of the brain he continued for the next three months to bombard the philosopher. He even managed to personally penetrate into his retreat at Voorburg, and argue with him there. Of the conversation that took place on that occasion, no record has been preserved. We learn from Blyen Bergh's next letter, that notwithstanding the intense efforts that he made to commit the colloquy to memory, he was unable to do so; and that when on the first opportunity he sat down to commit it to paper, he found that he could not remember one-fourth of the matter. He therefore begged that Spinoza would be kind enough to refresh his memory for him, and took the liberty of propounding five new questions. Concerning these, we shall probably have done our duty towards the curious reader, by relating that one of them is, "Whether, properly speaking, there be such a thing as error?" The persecution could be borne no longer, and, in his reply, Spinoza gently but firmly gave his questioner to understand that the demands on his time did not allow him to continue the correspondence. More agreeable was the renewal of the correspondence with Oldenburg, that had been allowed to lapse for nearly two years; and that now was carried gaily on with a new impetus through the greater part of the year 1665. Physical and metaphysical subjects were pleasantly discussed in these letters, and now and then some item of political gossip calls forth a tiny ripple on the surface of their philosophic calm. "I pass on to politics," wrote Oldenburg on the 8th December, 1665, at the end of a letter in which he had discussed the mechanics of Descartes, and of Hugen's, and the physiological observations that were being made by the Royal Society at Oxford:—

In every mouth here there is a rumor of the return of the Jews into their fatherland, after their dispersion for more than two thousand years. Few here believe it, but many hope it. You will signify to your friend what you have heard of the thing, and what you think about it. I long to know what the Amsterdam Jews have heard of the matter, and in what way they are affected by such a piece of news, which, if it were true, would certainly seem to herald some catastrophe of the whole world.

Over his young friends of the philosophical club Spinoza continued to keep a fatherly watch. To one of them, namely,

to a certain Bresser, the same "J. B. Med. Dr." to whom the forty-second letter of Bruder's collection is addressed, Spinoza wrote the altogether charming page published by Van Vloten at p. 303 of his "*Supplementum*." He gently reproaches his young friend with his neglect, and urges him to write.

I earnestly ask of you, nay, by our friendship I beg and beseech you, that you now turn your attention to some serious study, and henceforth devote to the culture of your mind and soul the better part of your life; now, I say, now, whilst it is yet time, and before you have cause to lament the downhill of your years. As to our correspondence, I have a word to say, in order that you may write to me with the greater freedom. Know then that I have long suspected, nay, been almost certain, that you are more diffident of your own powers than is desirable, and that you are fearful of asking or stating something that may fail to smack of learning (*quod virum doctum non redoleat*). I am not going to enter into praises of you, and narrate your gifts. But if you are fearful of my communicating your letters to others, so as to cause you to become a laughing-stock for them, I give you my word beforehand that I will keep them religiously for myself, and not communicate them to any soul without your leave.

Spinoza was in correspondence too with his friend Jarig Jellis, on philosophical matters, and on the attempts of one Helvetius to obtain gold by transmutation, a subject in which Spinoza seems to have been much interested.

His friends seem to have been dissatisfied with the remoteness and out-of-the-way character of the little village in which the master resided; and finally, in 1670, he yielded to their entreaties, and settled at the Hague. He there lived at first "*en pension*" on the Veexkaay, in the house of a certain Widow Van Velden. Finding this mode of life to be too expensive, he hired a room in the house of Henry Van der Spyck, an artist, on the Paviloengragt, "where he lived according to his fancy in a very retired manner, himself seeing to the providing of what food and drink was necessary for him."

This was an anxious year. In it, after some fourteen years of preparation, revision, and alternation of hope and despair, the "Theologico-Political Treatise" at length saw the light. Of the anxiety that must have attended its production, some idea may be formed from the precautions with which its publication was attended. It first appeared anonymously, under the title "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, continens dissertationes aliquot, quibus osten-*

ditur, libertatem philosophandi non tantum salva pietate et reipublicæ pace posse concedi, sed eandem nisi cum pace reipublicæ ipsaque pietate tolli non posse. Hamburgi, apud Henricum Kuenrath, 1670."

Henry Kuenrath of Hamburg was a fiction, designed to lead the press-controlling authorities on to a false scent, the real publisher being Christopher Conrad of Amsterdam. The epitome of the contents of the book given in the declaration of the long title, that it showed "that freedom of philosophizing may not only exist without hurt to piety and the peace of the State, but that it cannot be withheld without hurt to the peace of the State and even to private piety," reticent though it was, was imprudently honest. The book was officially proscribed, though not, indeed, immediately on its appearance; for in February, 1671, we find Spinoza writing to Jarig Jellis to beg him to do his best to prevent a threatened translation of the book into Belgic; "which to prevent," he says, "is not only my desire but that of many friends and acquaintances, who would not willingly see the book proscribed, which it certainly would be if it appeared in the Belgic tongue." The very year it appeared it was attacked by Jacobus Thomasius in a tract, "*Adversus anonymum de Libertate Philosophandi*," by Fr. Rappoltus, in an "*Oratio contra Naturalistas*," in 1671 by an anonymous S. M. V. D. M., in a certain "*Epistola*" directed against it; whilst from 1671 to 1676, that is, during the remainder nearly of the author's short life, it was copiously written against by authors whose names have now lost all interest. These attacks appear to have left Spinoza very much at his ease. Of the bulky quarto, "*Adversus anonymum Theologico-Politicum*," that the professor at Utrecht, Regnerus a Mansvelt, had written against him, he writes to a friend, "I have seen exposed in the bookseller's window a book that the Utrecht professor has written against me; and from what I was able to read of it, I judged it unworthy to be read, much more to be replied to. I shall therefore leave alone book and author." Early in 1671 one Lambert van Velthuysen (or Velthusius), a writer on theology and philosophy, attacked it in a letter of thirty-five pages that he wrote to Isaak Orobios, who forwarded it to Spinoza for refutation. In his letter to Orobios, Velthuysen accuses the author of the "*Tractatus*" of "subverting all worship and all religion, of secretly introducing atheism, or making God such that no room is left for his

divine government or providence, or distribution of rewards and penalties;” and thinks he is not far from the truth in judging the author “*tectis et fucatis argumentis merum atheismum docere.*” The manuscript draft of Spinoza’s reply has been discovered, and it is very interesting from the manner in which it shows us the philosopher writing at first under the sway of a flush of wrath, but cooling down, after reflection, into more perfect reasonableness. The first draft began thus (the reply is addressed of course to Isaak Orobios): “You are doubtless astonished at my having made you wait so long for my answer; the fact is that I feel the greatest difficulty in bringing myself to reply to the ineptitudes (*ineptias*) of that man.” On second thoughts he ran his pen through the word “*ineptias*,” and substituted that of “*libellum*,” feeling probably that to throw hard words at a theological adversary was mere waste of energy. A little further on in the draft we find a passage that attributed Velthuysen’s misrepresentation of the “*Tractatus*” to malice or ignorance, and his vituperations of the author to malevolence (*malum animum*) and hatred of truth. This passage also he afterwards erased, and substituted a simple “but to proceed (*sed ad rem*).” Again, after his explanation of his doctrine of the liberty of God, he at first wrote a contemptuous “which seems to surpass this man’s understanding,”—and subsequently softened it down into the inoffensive “I really can see nothing in this that any one should fail to understand.” The dispute was conducted, on Spinoza’s side at all events, with great dignity. The “Jew” nourished so little rancour in his heart, that four or five years afterwards he proposed to Velthuysen that a second attack on the “*Tractatus*” that the latter had written should be published between the same covers as the notes to the “*Tractatus*” that he was then thinking of bringing out. But no very great length of time can have elapsed before the “*Tractatus*” was hunted down and suppressed by the authorities. Three years after its first appearance, it was brought into circulation again as “*Danielis Heinsii operum historico-rum collectio prima. Editio secunda priori editione multo emendatior et auctior. Accedunt quædam hactenus inedita. Lugduni Batav., apud Isaacum Herculis, 1673.*” It circulated also at the same time under the titles of “*Francisci de la Boe Silvii totius medicinæ idea nova. Edit. ii., Amstelodami, 1673;*” and “*Francisci Henriquez de Villacorta, doctoris*

medici, a cubiculo regali Philippi IV. et Caroli II., archiatri, opera chirurgica omnia, sub auspiciis potentissimi Hispaniorum regis Caroli II. Amstelodami per Jacobum Pauli, 1673;” these two last ingenious titles having been imagined for the purpose of smuggling the book into Spain and Portugal. It appeared in England as the treatise of Daniel Heinsius.

On the 5th November, 1671, the celebrated Leibnitz wrote our thinker a flattering letter, addressed to him with the odd superscription, “*A Monsieur Spinoza, médecin très-célèbre et philosophe très-profond, à Amsterdam.*” The matter of the letter is of little interest; it accompanied a copy of an optical treatise of Leibnitz’, on which the latter asks Spinoza’s opinion, “having heard, amongst the other praises that report has published concerning you, that you are remarkably skilled in optics.” Spinoza replied politely in the same strain, touching on no subjects other than optical, and accepted with thanks the offer made him by Leibnitz of a copy of his “*Physical Hypothesis*,” offering in return to send a copy of the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.*” Shortly afterwards, namely, in the very next month of January, Leibnitz wrote to his old master, Thomasius, concerning Spinoza in terms that implied that the latter was totally unknown to him, speaking of him as “a certain Jew, excommunicated on account of his monstrous opinions—*as they write to me from Holland.*” (!) Other letters, now no longer extant, passed between the philosophers. From those of Leibnitz, Spinoza learned that he had to do with a man of most eminent talents; but they failed to inspire him with confidence in his character. To Leibnitz’ endeavors to obtain, through Tschirnhaus, a sight of the “*Ethica*,” Spinoza opposed a quiet but firm “I do not think it desirable that my writings should be communicated to him so soon.” On his return from Paris through Holland, he visited Spinoza at the Hague. “I saw him when I passed through Holland,” he wrote to the Abbé Gallois, “and had speech with him many times and at great length. He has a strange system of metaphysics, full of paradoxes.” A system, we may remark *en passant*, that was not so “strange” as to prevent him from plagiarizing from it his doctrine of the “pre-established harmony,” one of the most celebrated of the theories of the relation between “body” and “soul” that have been developed out of the position in which the problem was left by Descartes. Having to touch upon this visit in his

"*Théodicée*," he passes over it as dry-footed as possible. "I saw M. de la Court, as well as Spinoza, on my return from France, and heard from them some good anecdotes touching the affairs of the times."

M. de la Court was a writer on politics, and the introduction of his name in this connection was nothing more or less than an ingeniously Jesuitical device for insinuating that for Leibnitz, the great Christian philosopher, the excommunicate Jew Spinoza was only an object of the most disinterested curiosity. His assertion that Spinoza "burnt his imperfect writings lest, being found after his death, they should diminish the glory which he sought to acquire by his writings (*ne gloriam, quam scribendo quærebat, imminuerent*)," is an instructive instance of the manner in which a splendid intellect may be dragged into error by a meanness of the soul. Spinoza did not burn his "imperfect writings," for all of them, except the "*Apologia*," are extant; of the two that were published in his lifetime, only one, the "*Principia*," was signed; and for what reason it was signed the reader knows; for the rest we have the testimony of the editors of the "*Opera Posthuma*" that shortly before his death he gave express directions that his name should not be prefixed to the "*Ethica*," the darling work of his life. Gifted with as fine a brain as ever beat, Leibnitz carved out for himself a splendid career that may still dazzle us, but leaves our hearts unwarmed. As for the "excommunicate Jew" that he pretended to despise, we have come to love him and to honor him; we have made him our master, and have

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to die.

Notwithstanding that the "Theologico-Political Treatise" had been published anonymously, and that the only other work published by Spinoza, the "*Principia*," was a mere trifle, his fame had by this time been wafted far and wide. In February, 1673, Fabritius, the professor of philosophy at Heidelberg, wrote to him in the name of the elector palatine (Karl Ludwig, the son of Frederic V.) offering him in most eulogistic terms, the post of professor of philosophy in the University of Heidelberg.

You would enjoy [wrote Fabritius] the fullest liberty of teaching, which his Serene Highness believes you would not misuse to the disturbance of the established religion. . . . I,

for my part, add that if you come hither you will be able to lead in peace a life worthy of a philosopher.

The offer must have been a tempting one to any lover of learning, most especially to one so poor as to be obliged to grind a living out of lenses. Spinoza probably took very anxious counsel with himself before writing the refusal that he shortly sent:—

If ever [he replied to Fabritius] I could have wished for a professorship, it could only have been this one that his Serene Highness the elector palatine offers me; and that especially on account of the liberty of teaching that the most gracious prince deigns to offer me; not to mention that I have long desired to live under the rule of a prince whose wisdom is the admiration of all. But as indeed I have never had any desire to teach in public, so now I am unable to bring myself to embrace this brilliant opportunity, though I have long turned the matter over in my mind. For I reflect, firstly, that I should be hindered in the pursuit of philosophy if I were to give up my time to the teaching of youth; and secondly, I reflect that I do not know within what limits that liberty of teaching would have to be confined, so that I might not seem to be disturbing the established religion; since schisms arise not so much from an ardent zeal for religion as from the different passions of men, or from the desire of contradicting, which leads them to misrepresent and to condemn even doctrines that are rightly taught. It is not from any hope of higher fortune, but out of love of tranquillity, which I believe myself to be in some measure able to obtain, that I abstain from public teaching.

The following years, too, were not quite bare of emotional excitement. In 1672 the French invaded Holland, under the conduct of Turenne and the Prince of Condé. In 1673 there commanded in Utrecht one Stoupe, the lieutenant-colonel of one of the Swiss regiments of the king of France. Stoupe had been at one time the Savoy minister in London, in the time of Cromwell; and to these political and military activities he added the exercise of theological polemics. Whilst he was at Utrecht he published a book on "The Religion of the Dutch," in which he took to task the reformed theologians of Holland for having suffered such a book as the "Theologico-Political Treatise" to be printed in their country. By the order of Condé, Stoupe invited Spinoza to Utrecht, of which place Condé was taking over the government, and being greatly desirous to converse with Spinoza judged the opportunity a favorable one for so doing. A passport was forwarded to the philoso-

pher, who in the month of July started for Utrecht; moved by what reasons we are unable to conjecture. Condé had left before he arrived, and he was received by Stoupe, who assured him that his Highness would be delighted to use his interest for him, and had no doubt that he could obtain for him a pension from the king, if he would but dedicate some one of his writings to his Majesty. Spinoza "having no intention of dedicating anything to the king of France, refused the offer with all the civility of which he was capable." The philosopher was known to have been on terms of personal intimacy with the celebrated Jan de Witt, one of the leaders of the advanced republican party in Holland, who, with his brother, had been massacred by the mob on the occasion of an uprising of the Orange party.* Jan de Witt used to attach great importance to the philosopher's friendship, consulting him frequently on important matters. At one time he desired to learn mathematics of him. During his life he had settled on him a pension of three hundred florins; on his death, his heirs having "raised difficulties" about the further payment of it, Spinoza quietly returned them the document by which it was assured; a step which caused them to reconsider their conduct, and finally to continue to pay him the pension without any further difficulty. The knowledge of this intimacy gave rise to a popular suspicion that Spinoza's visit to the French authorities had been undertaken in the interests of a political intrigue. The mob regarded him as a spy, and on his return were whispering that it would be well to get rid of ("*se défaire de*") so dangerous a man. Van der Spyck was alarmed, apparently not without reason, fearing that the mob would force the house and lay violent hands on the philosopher. Spinoza reassured him.

Fear nothing [he said], I can easily justify myself; the objects of my journey are known to many persons, and amongst them to some of the chief persons of the country. If the mob make the least noise at your door, I will go out to them, even though they should treat me as they did the poor De Witt.

Happily the crowd was by some means or other quieted, and Van der Spyck's household left in peace.

The "*Ethica*" had long been finished;

* On which occasion Spinoza is said to have shed tears. He himself related that he was on the point of sallying out to affix in the streets at the spot of the massacres a placard with the words, "*Ultimi barbarorum.*" His host was obliged to employ force in order to keep him within doors.

and the last few years of Spinoza's life were occupied with the composition of his unfinished works, and with a very large correspondence. The "Political Treatise" was occupying his attention; part of it had been communicated to at least one friend by the year 1674, as we learn from the fiftieth letter of Bruder's collection. Lighter occupation was afforded him by a correspondent who teased him greatly with questions concerning "spectres and lemurs." He had to reply gravely and politely to such questions as "whether there be such things as spectres and lemurs; and if so, how long do they live." Before formally deciding this point, he requested the writer to explain what he meant by these "spectres or spirits." "Are they mad?" he asked, "or foolish? or childish? for the things I have heard concerning them are like nothing so much as the imbecilities of children or of idiots." (It is sad to think that two centuries of evolution should have left the spirits unimproved in this respect.) Nothing daunted, the inquirer furnished a statement of the reasons for his belief. He thought that they exist, for the following reasons: "Firstly, because it belongs to the fairness and perfection of this universe that such should exist." Let us pass over the three remaining reasons, and proceed to record the writer's opinion, "that there be spirits of all species, yet none of the female sex"—an opinion which certainly procured Spinoza a hearty laugh, as the curious reader may assure himself from his answer (Ep. 58 of Bruder), in which he takes the trouble to examine his questioner's "reasons" one by one, at great length. Van Vloten has shown, in his interesting "*Collectanea ad vitam Spinoza,*" that the anonymous correspondent to whom the group of letters comprising Nos. 61 to 72 of Bruder are directly or indirectly addressed was no other than Walther von Tschirnhaus, the author of the celebrated work, "*De Medicina Mentis.*" He has also shown, in the most exhaustive manner, that that composition is nothing more than a plagiarism, of the most dishonest description, from the works of Tschirnhaus's great master. Its principles are taken from Spinoza's "*De Emendatione Intellectus,*" and are frequently set forth in Spinoza's own words. Of his debt to his master, Tschirnhaus makes not a syllable of mention, only referring to him once, anonymously, as a "*quidam*" who had "reduced the '*Principia*' of Descartes to a mathematical form." "And writers have endeavored,"

he adds, "to cast their reflections on ethics (*sua cogitata ethica*) into such a form." Once more, the sad spectacle of great meanness allied to great talents!

We have nearly exhausted the history of Spinoza's outward life. One or two events, for which the dates are wanting, alone remain to be related. The philosopher's father died, leaving a scanty succession to be divided between him and his two sisters. The latter endeavored to exclude him from his share, pretexting the fact of his excommunication as a legal bar. He resisted this act of fanaticism and injustice, feeling certainly that he was by so doing combating a tyrannous principle of thought, rather than resisting an attempt at petty extortion. One would like to think that the sisters were prompted to this unsisterly act rather by the bitterness of fanaticism than by their greed of old furniture; but it appears more likely that they were moved by both these forces. They were legally condemned to carry out the division of the succession; but Spinoza, having successfully asserted his principle that thought should not be persecuted, abandoned his share to them, "only keeping out of it for his own use a bed" — the rest the sisters seem to have accepted. Verily, whom the gods love, they chasten. Small as was Spinoza's stock of worldly goods, it numbered such articles of curiosity as a *justaucorps* pierced by a dagger-thrust, a parchment that solemnly cursed him and cast him out of the fellowship of man and God, and a bed that reminded him that his sisters would fain have left him without a bed to sleep on: all this because he had dared to say that the letter of the law was dead and insignificant, and that piety is enough, and that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses. We turn with pleasure to the other undated facts. Spinoza's good friend Simon de Vries brought him one day a present of two thousand florins. The philosopher, "in the presence of his host, civilly excused himself from accepting the money, saying that he was in need of nothing, and that the possession of so much money would only serve to distract him from his studies and occupations." But Simon de Vries did not abandon his project of providing for the sage's welfare. He made his will in his favor, constituting him heir to the whole of his property, an arrangement which he was able to make without injury to more pressing claims, as he was without wife or child. But Spinoza gave him to understand that he would never accept the legacy, which he consid-

ered to be unjust on account of its defeating the natural expectations of a brother whom De Vries had living. De Vries yielded, and made his brother heir, charging the legacy, however, "with an annuity for Spinoza for his life, sufficient for his subsistence." On his death, the brother offered Spinoza an annuity of five hundred florins, which he refused, "esteeming it to be too considerable," and caused it to be reduced to the sum of three hundred florins; which was paid him regularly until his death.

The last few years of his short life must have been passed peacefully and cheerfully. Peace of mind he had, at all events, for the work of his life was done — perfectly done. The "Theologico-Political Treatise," the work of most immediate practical importance to mankind, was not only written but published. The "*Ethica*," that great pyramid of lofty thoughts built upon geometric lines, and fitted together with such minute and careful workmanship — tower of refuge, temple reared to the glory of the One Infinite Substance — was finished. The worker, we think, lingered lovingly over the last finishing touches, loath for very love to quit the work; perhaps, too, a little anxious lest some slight oversight should have been committed that would mar its fairness, and that might still be mended. The picture that history has handed down to us of Spinoza in these latter years is more than romantic in its sweetness and peacefulness. Coler's account of the manner in which he passed his time has already been given. Colerus tells us besides that his manners were sweet and peaceful. He was to an admirable degree the master of his passions. No one ever saw him either very sad or very gay. In anger, he retained his self-possession; and of the vexations that befell him not a trace was visible in his exterior; or if there escaped him one word or gesture that testified to his chagrin, he would retire at once, in order not to offend against good manners. He was affable and easy in the commerce of life, conversing frequently with his hostess and the people of the house. He exhorted the children to attend frequently at church, and to be obedient and submissive to their parents. When the people of the house returned from church he often inquired of them what profit they had derived from the sermon, and in what respects they were edified by it. He had a great esteem for Dr. Cordès (Coler's predecessor in the ministry), "a learned man, of a pious nature and exemplary life, for the

which Spinoza often praised him. Sometimes he even went to hear him preach, and attached great value to the learned manner in which he explained the Scriptures, and his solid applications of their doctrine. He used to exhort his hostess and the people of the house never to miss any of the sermons of so gifted a man."

Once more he suffered a hard rub from contact with the world. Correspondence with Oldenburg had been interrupted for nearly ten years, when, in the early months of 1675, Spinoza sent his old friend a letter and a copy of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*." On the 5th July, 1675, he wrote to Oldenburg that he was about to publish the "*Ethica*," and at the end of the month he set out for Amsterdam to arrange for the publication of the book.

Whilst I was so engaged [he writes] a rumor was being spread everywhere that there was a certain book of mine under the press, and that I endeavored to show in it that there is no God, which rumor was believed by many. Whence certain theologians (very likely themselves the authors of the rumor) took occasion to denounce me before the magistracy; and certain stolid Cartesians, who are believed to hold my views, began to go about, and are still going about, uttering abuse of my writings and opinions, in order to clear themselves of that suspicion.

This state of things became day by day worse, and the publication of the book was suspended. It is probable that on reflection he decided that the book should be withheld until after his death, promising himself that he would devote the remaining years of his life to the elaboration of the subordinate members of his system of thought. Such works were begun by him, and their remains make us regret that their author did not live to complete them. One of them, the "*De Intellectus Emendatione*," probably one of his earliest works, is a noble fragment, every way worthy to stand beside the "*Ethica*." It appears to have been at this time that he made those excursions into the domain of natural history of which Colerus makes mention. "He used to observe with the microscope the parts of the smallest insects, whence he used afterwards to draw the inferences that seemed best to accord with his discoveries." This may point to biological studies undertaken in the interest of an unwritten book, in which the laws of life were to be exposed. We are unfortunately unable to say whether he was stimulated to these researches by a knowledge of the splendidly persevering and acute observation of his contemporary and

countryman Leeuwenhœk, the father of modern microscopic anatomy.

We can well believe that Spinoza's health was never robust—that he was delicate, unhealthy, emaciated. Colerus adds that he had suffered from phthisis for more than twenty years before his death, and other authors have repeated his statement. It is, however, difficult to believe that such arduous work as that accomplished by Spinoza was performed in the teeth of such an enervating disease as pulmonary consumption. The last twenty years of his life, it should be remembered, cover just the latter half of it: from his excommunication, namely, in 1656, to his death early in 1677; that is to say, they include the whole period of his labors as an author. To the labor, assuredly immense, of the composition of such works as the "*Ethica*," we have to add that of the trade by which he gained his daily bread. Phthisis is a disease of a peculiarly enervating nature, peculiarly destructive of the courage necessary to support such long and arduous work. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that, always of a phthisical diathesis, Spinoza brought on an attack of consumption by undue abandonment to his sedentary mode of life? "He would sometimes pass three months without leaving the house." By such a mode of life disease must have been brought on.

Spinoza escaped a lingering illness, and on the afternoon of the 21st of February, 1677, placidly breathed his last. The tongue of slander was not silenced by the presence of death. The imaginations of the seventeenth century could not help dressing out the "deathbeds of infidels" with the blackest colors and the most horribly fantastic incidents. We do not know whether the profession of pantheism in particular was supposed to be visited with "horrible deaths brought on by special diseases;" but our great writer's epigram loses all appearance of caricature when we compare it with the rumors that were current on the occasion of Spinoza's death. The author of "*Menagiana*," a book published in Amsterdam in 1695, asserts that he died in France, from fear of being put into the Bastille. Other stories relate the precautions taken by him during his illness, in order to avoid visitors "the sight of whom would importune him" (that is, we imagine, as the sight of the blessed forms one of the torments of the damned). One account states that he was heard frequently to pronounce the name of God during his illness, with a

sigh. Another declares that he was heard many times to cry, "O God! have pity on me, miserable sinner!" — "which having given occasion to those around him to ask him whether he now believed in the existence of a God whose judgments he had every reason to fear after his death, he replied that the words had only escaped him unintentionally, by force of habit." Amongst still other tales, we read that he kept constantly in readiness "a preparation of mandragora juice, which he drank as soon as he felt the approach of death, . . . and having drawn the curtains of his bed, fell into a deep sleep, losing consciousness, and thus passed from this life into eternity." Even the worthy and usually scrupulous Colerus cannot refrain from contributing a glimmer of lurid fancy to the scene; and allows his dislike of Ludwig Meyer's opinions to draw him into writing that no sooner was Spinoza dead than he "seized a ducat, some small money that the deceased had left on the table, and a silver-handled knife, and retreated with his booty." Colerus himself has thoroughly demonstrated the falsehood of all of these absurd stories, except the last, which may fairly enough be written down as too absurd to need refutation. It is possible, as suggested by the writer of Müller's manuscript, that Spinoza in his last moments may have given his old and tried friend some small articles as keepsakes; and that this may have been the germ from which the libel grew.

Let us sum up. Spinoza was no abstract pedant, susceptible of being fully described by the statement of a handbook of literature that he was a "mathematician and metaphysician," and lived "from such a date to such a date, in such and such places;" on the contrary, he was largely and eminently human. There are two natures in Spinoza, that of the man of quick, wide sympathies, to whom nothing that is human is foreign, as well as that of the mystic, extra-mundane reasoner. In the early years of his life we can trace, with considerable sureness, the quick flashes of the fiery southern blood that fed his veins. He was never wanting in impulsiveness, but impulse in him was always more or less controlled by reason; and the control of reason grew through the lifelong practice of reflection and restraint into an ever more perfect mastery. The grandeur and the majestic pride of the Portuguese he retained to the last. His Jewish descent appears in the lofty confidence that enabled him to stand fast in the isolation of his philosophic vision, with-

drawn from fellowship with the thoughts of men; alone, like the Hebrew prophets of old time, with God. Laboring unremittingly in the practice of piety, he succeeded in moulding his soul at length into a form of consummate moral beauty. He has been accused of pusillanimity, we have found him constantly brave; of bitterness, and we have met with the greatest sweetness of disposition and of behavior everywhere in his life; of sensuality, and we have found every reason to believe that his life was one of perfect purity. We have seen him to have been totally devoid of ambition, that so general concomitant of genius; in all relations of life we have found him surpassingly modest, affable, sincere, and generous. In his contempt, not only of riches, but even of comfort, he was almost quixotic. He loved truth passionately, and with perfect disinterestedness. To the preservation of the independence and integrity of his soul he made unheard-of sacrifices, and it is by his splendid solution of this thorny practical problem, more than for aught else that he has wrung from us our unbounded admiration and our unbounded gratitude. Let us not fall short of the truth through fear of falling into exaggeration: Spinoza's life was of a beauty to which history can hardly find a parallel; on that Sunday afternoon of the 21st of February, two hundred years ago, there cracked as noble and as sweet a heart as ever beat in human breast.

ARTHUR BOLLES LEE.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MIND OF THE AUTHOR.

THE next was the last day of the reading. They must finish the tale that morning, and on the following set out to return home, travelling as they had come. Clementina had not the strength of mind to deny herself that last indulgence — a long four days' ride in the company of this strangest of attendants. After that, if not the deluge, yet a few miles of Sahara.

"It is the opinion of many that he has entered into a Moravian mission, for the use of which he had previously drawn considerable sums," read Malcolm, and paused with book half closed.

"Is that all?" asked Florimel.

"Not quite, my lady," he answered. "There isn't much more, but I was just thinking whether we hadn't come upon something worth a little reflection — whether we haven't here a window into the mind of the author of 'Waverley,' whoever he may be, Mr. Scott or another."

"You mean?" said Clementina interrogatively, and looked up from her work, but not at the speaker.

"I mean, my lady, that perhaps we here get a glimpse of the author's own opinions, or feelings rather, perhaps."

"I do not see what of the sort you can find there," returned Clementina.

"Neither should I, my lady, if Mr. Graham had not taught me how to find Shakespeare in his plays. A man's own nature, he used to say, must lie at the heart of what he does, even though not another man should be sharp enough to find him there. Not a hypocrite, the most consummate, he would say, but has his hypocrisy written in every line of his countenance and motion of his fingers. The heavenly Lavaters can read it, though the earthly may not be able."

"And you think you can find him out?" said Clementina dryly.

"Not the hypocrite, my lady, but Mr. Scott here. He is only round a single corner. And one thing is — he believes in a God."

"How do you make that out?"

"He means this Mr. Tyrrel for a fine fellow, and on the whole approves of him — does he not, my lady?"

"Certainly."

"Of course all that duelling is wrong. But then Mr. Scott only half disapproves of it. — And it is almost a pity it is wrong," remarked Malcolm with a laugh, "it is such an easy way of settling some difficult things. Yet I hate it. It is so cowardly. I may be a better shot than the other, and know it all the time. He may know it too, and have twice my courage. And I may think him in the wrong, when he *knows* himself in the right. — There is one man I have felt as if I should like to kill. When I was a boy I killed the cats that ate my pigeons."

A look of horror almost distorted Lady Clementina's countenance.

"I don't know what to say next, my lady," he went on with a smile, "because I have no way of telling whether you look shocked for the cats I killed or the pigeons they killed, or the man I would rather see killed than have him devour more of my

— white doves," he concluded sadly, with a little shake of the head. "But, please God," he resumed, "I shall manage to keep them from him, and let him live to be as old as Methuselah if he can, even if he should grow in cunning and wickedness all the time. I wonder how he will feel when he comes to see what a sneaking cat he is? — But this is not what we set out for. It was that Mr. Tyrrel, the author's hero, joins the Moravians at last."

"What are they?" questioned Clementina.

"Simple, good, practical Christians, I believe," answered Malcolm.

"But he only does it when disappointed in love."

"No, my lady, he is not disappointed. The lady is only dead."

Clementina stared a moment — then dropped her head as if she understood. Presently she raised it again and said, "But, according to what you said the other day, in doing so he was forsaking altogether the duties of the station in which God had called him."

"That is true. It would have been a far grander thing to do his duty where he was, than to find another place and another duty. An earldom allotted is better than a mission preferred."

"And at least you must confess," interrupted Clementina, "that he only took to religion because he was unhappy."

"Certainly, my lady, it is the nobler thing to seek God in the days of gladness, to look up to him in trustful bliss when the sun is shining. But if a man be miserable, if the storm is coming down on him, what is he to do? There is nothing mean in seeking God then, though it would have been nobler to seek him before. But to return to the matter in hand: the author of 'Waverley' makes his noble-hearted hero, whom assuredly he had no intention of disgracing, turn Moravian; and my conclusion from it is, that in his judgment nobleness leads in the direction of religion — that he considers it natural for a noble mind to seek comfort there for its deepest sorrows."

"Well, it may be so; but what is religion without consistency in action?" said Clementina.

"Nothing," answered Malcolm.

"Then how can you, professing to believe as you do, cherish such feelings toward any man as you have just been confessing?"

"I don't cherish them, my lady. But I succeed in avoiding hate better than in suppressing contempt, which perhaps is

the worse of the two. There may be some respect in hate."

Here he paused, for here was a chance that was not likely to recur. He might say before two ladies what he could not say before one. If he could but rouse Florimel's indignation! Then at any suitable time only a word more would be needful to direct it upon the villain. Clementina's eyes continued fixed upon him. At length he spoke: "I will try to make two pictures in your mind, my lady, if you will help me to paint them. In *my* mind they are not *painted* pictures.—A long seacoast, my lady, and a stormy night; the sea-horses rushing in from the north-east, and the snowflakes beginning to fall. On the margin of the sea a long dune or sandbank, and on the top of it, her head bare and her thin cotton dress nearly torn from her by the wind, a young woman, worn and white, with an old faded tartan shawl tight about her shoulders, and the shape of a baby inside it upon her arm."

"Oh, she doesn't mind the cold," said Florimel. "When I was there I didn't mind it a bit."

"She does not mind the cold," answered Malcolm: "she is far too miserable for that."

"But she has no business to take the baby out on such a night," continued Florimel, carelessly critical. "You ought to have painted her by the fireside. They have all of them firesides to sit at. I have seen them through the windows many a time."

"Shame or cruelty had driven her from it," said Malcolm, "and there she was."

"Do you mean you saw her yourself wandering about?" asked Clementina.

"Twenty times, my lady."

Clementina was silent.

"Well, what comes next?" said Florimel.

"Next comes a young gentleman—but this is a picture in another frame, although of the same night—a young gentleman in evening dress, sipping his madeira, warm and comfortable, in the bland temper that should follow the best of dinners, his face beaming with satisfaction after some boast concerning himself, or with silent success in the concoction of one or two compliments to have at hand when he joins the ladies in the drawing-room."

"Nobody can help such differences," said Florimel. "If there were nobody rich, who would there be to do anything for the poor? It's not the young gentleman's fault that he is better born and has more money than the poor girl."

"No," said Malcolm; "but what if the poor girl has the young gentleman's child to carry about from morning to night?"

"Oh, well, I suppose she's paid for it," said Florimel, whose innocence must surely have been supplemented by some stupidity born of her flippancy.

"Do be quiet, Florimel," said Clementina: "you don't know what you are talking about."

Her face was in a glow, and one glance at it set Florimel's in a flame. She rose without a word, but with a look of mingled confusion and offence, and walked away. Clementina gathered her work together. But ere she followed her she turned to Malcolm, looked him calmly in the face, and said, "No one can blame you for hating such a man."

"Indeed, my lady, but some one would—the only One for whose praise or blame we ought to care more than a straw or two. He tells us we are neither to judge nor to hate. But——"

"I cannot stay and talk with you," said Clementina. "You must pardon me if I follow your mistress."

Another moment and he would have told her all, in the hope of her warning Florimel. But she was gone.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RIDE HOME.

FLORIMEL was offended with Malcolm: he had put her confidence in him to shame, speaking of things to which he ought not once to have even alluded. But Clementina was not only older than Florimel, but in her loving endeavors for her kind had heard many a pitiful story, and was now saddened by the tale, not shocked at the teller. Indeed, Malcolm's mode of acquainting her with the grounds of the feeling she had challenged pleased both her heart and her sense of what was becoming; while as a partisan of women, finding a man also of their part, she was ready to offer him the gratitude of all womankind in her one typical self. "What a rough diamond is here!" she thought. "Rough!" echoed her heart: "how is he rough? What fault could the most fastidious find with his manners? True, he speaks as a servant; and where would be his manners if he did not? But neither in tone, expression nor way of thinking is he in the smallest degree servile. He is like a great pearl, clean out of the sea—bred, it is true, in the midst of strange surroundings, but pure as the moonlight; and if a man, so environed, yet has grown so grand,

what might he not become with such privileges as ——”

Good Clementina! what did she mean? Did she imagine that such mere gifts as she might give him could do for him more than the great sea, with the torment and conquest of its winds and tempests? more than his own ministrations of love and victories over passion and pride? What the final touches of the shark-skin are to the marble that stands lord of the flaming bow, that only can wealth and position be to the man who has yielded neither to the judgments of the world nor the drawing of his own inclinations, and so has submitted himself to the chisel and mallet of his Maker. Society is the barber who trims a man's hair, often very badly too, and pretends he made it grow. If her owner should take her, body and soul, and make of her being a gift to his — ah, then indeed! But Clementina was not yet capable of perceiving that, while what she had in her thought to offer *might* hurt him, it *could* do him little good. Her feeling concerning him, however, was all the time far indeed from folly. Not for a moment did she imagine him in love with her. Possibly she admired him too much to attribute to him such an intolerable and insolent presumption as that would have appeared to her own inferior self. Still, she was far indeed from certain, were she, as befits the woman so immeasurably beyond even the aspiration of the man, to make him offer implicit of hand and havings, that he would reach out his hand to take them. And certainly that she was not going to do; in which determination, whether she knew it or not, there was as much modesty and gracious doubt of her own worth as there was pride and maidenly recoil. In one resolve she was confident, that her behavior toward him should be such as to keep him just where he was, affording him no smallest excuse for taking one step nearer, and they would soon be in London, where she would see nothing — or next to nothing — more of him. But should she ever cease to thank God — that was, if ever she came to find him — that in this room he had shown her what he could do in the way of making a man? Heartily she wished she knew a nobleman or two like him. In the mean time she meant to enjoy with carefulness the ride to London, after which things should be as before they left.

The morning arrived; they finished breakfast; the horses came round and stood at the door, all but Kelpie. The ladies mounted. Ah, what a morning to

leave the country and go back to London! The sun shone clear on the dark pine woods; the birds were radiant in song; all under the trees the ferns were unrolling each its mystery of ever-generating life; the soul of the summer was there, whose mere idea sends the heart into the eyes, while itself flits mocking from the cage of words. A gracious mystery it was — in the air, in the sun, in the earth, in their own hearts. The lights of heaven mingled and played with the shadows of the earth, which looked like the souls of the trees, that had been out wandering all night, and had been overtaken by the sun ere they could re-enter their dark cells. Every motion of the horses under them was like a throb of the heart of the earth, every bound like a sigh of her bliss. Florimel shouted almost like a boy with ecstasy, and Clementina's moonlight went very near changing into sunlight as she gazed and breathed and knew that she was alive.

They started without Malcolm, for he must always put his mistress up and then go back to the stable for Kelpie. In a moment they were in the wood, crossing its shadows. It was like swimming their horses through a sea of shadows. Then came a little stream, and the horses splashed it about like children from very gamesomeness. Half a mile more, and there was a saw-mill with a mossy wheel, a pond behind dappled with sun and shade, a dark rush of water along a brown trough, and the air full of the sweet smell of sawn wood. Clementina had not once looked behind, and did not know whether Malcolm had yet joined them or not. All at once the wild vitality of Kelpie filled the space beside her, and the voice of Malcolm was in her ears. She turned her head. He was looking very solemn. “Will you let me tell you, my lady, what this always makes me think of?” he said.

“What in particular do you mean?” returned Clementina coldly.

“This smell of new-sawn wood that fills the air, my lady.”

She bowed her head.

“It makes me think of Jesus in his father's workshop,” said Malcolm — “how he must have smelled the same sweet scent of the trees of the world, broken for the uses of men, that is now so sweet to me. Oh, my lady, it makes the earth very holy and very lovely to think that as we are in the world, so was he in the world. Oh, my lady, think! If God should be so nearly one with us that it was

nothing strange to him thus to visit his people! that we are not the offspring of the soulless tyranny of law that knows not even its own self, but the children of an unfathomable wonder, of which science gathers only the foam-bells on the shore — children in the house of a living Father — so entirely our Father that he cares even to death that we should understand and love him!"

He reined Kelpie back, and as she passed on his eyes caught a glimmer of emotion in Clementina's. He fell behind, and all that day did not come near her again.

Florimel asked her what he had been saying, and she compelled herself to repeat a part of it.

"He is always saying such odd, out-of-the-way things," remarked Florimel. "I used sometimes, like you, to fancy him a little astray, but I soon found I was wrong. I wish you could have heard him tell a story he once told my father and me. It was one of the wildest you ever heard. I can't tell to this day whether he believed it himself or not. He told it quite as if he did."

"Could you not make him tell it again as we ride along? It would shorten the way."

"Do you want the way shortened? I don't. But indeed it would not do to tell it so. It ought to be heard just where I heard it — at the foot of the ruined castle where the dreadful things in it took place. You must come and see me at Lossie House in the autumn, and then he shall tell it you. Besides, it ought to be told in Scotch, and there you will soon learn enough to follow it: half the charm depends on that."

Although Malcolm did not again approach Clementina that day, he watched almost her every motion as she rode. Her lithe graceful back and shoulders — for she was a rebel against the fashion of the day in dress as well as in morals, and believing in the natural stay of the muscles, had found them responsive to her trust — the noble poise of her head, and the motions of her arms, easy yet decided, were ever present to him, though sometimes he could hardly have told whether to his sight or his mind — now in the radiance of the sun, now in the shadow of the wood, now against the green of the meadow, now against the blue of the sky, and now in the faint moonlight, through which he followed, as a ghost in the realms of Hades might follow the ever-fitting

phantom of his love. Day glided after day. Adventure came not near them. Soft and lovely as a dream the morning dawned, the noon flowed past, the evening came; and the death that followed was yet sweeter than the life that had gone before. Through it all, day-dream and nightly trance, radiant air and moony mist, before him glided the shape of Clementina, its every motion a charm. After that shape he could have been content — oh, how content! — to ride on and on through the ever-unfolding vistas of an eternal succession. Occasionally his mistress would call him to her, and then he would have one glance at the dayside of the wondrous world he had been following. Somewhere within it must be the word of the living One. Little he thought that all the time she was thinking more of him who had spoken that word in her hearing. That he was the object of her thoughts not a suspicion crossed the mind of the simple youth. How could he imagine a lady like her taking a fancy to what, for all his marquisate, he still was in his own eyes, a raw young fisherman, only just learning how to behave himself decently? No doubt, ever since she began to listen to reason, the idea of her had been spreading like a sweet odor in his heart, but not because she had listened to *him*. The very fullness of his admiration had made him wrathful with the intellectual dishonesty — for in her it could not be stupidity — that quenched his worship, and the first dawning sign of a *reasonable* soul drew him to her feet, where, like Pygmalion before his statue, he could have poured out his heart in thanks that she consented to be a woman. But even the intellectual phantom, nay even the very phrase of being in love with her, had never risen upon the dimmest verge of his consciousness; and that although her being had now become to him of all but absorbing interest. I say *all but*, because Malcolm knew something of One whose idea she was, who had uttered her from the immortal depths of his imagination. The man to whom no window into the treasures of the Godhead has yet been opened may well scoff at the notion of such a love, for he has this advantage, that, while one like Malcolm can never cease to love, he, gifted being, can love to day and forget to-morrow — or next year — where is the difference? Malcolm's main thought was, What a grand thing it would be to rouse a woman like Clementina to lift her head into the

regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth!

If any one think that love has no right to talk religion, I answer for Malcolm at least, asking, Whereof shall a man speak if not out of the abundance of his heart? That man knows little either of love or of religion who imagines they ought to be kept apart. Of what sort, I ask, is either if unfit to approach the other? Has God decreed, created a love that must separate from himself? Is Love then divided? Or shall not love to the heart created lift up the heart to the Heart creating? Alas for the love that is not treasured in heaven! for the moth and the rust will devour it. Ah, these pitiful old moth-eaten loves!

All the journey, then, Malcolm was thinking how to urge the beautiful lady into finding for herself whether she had a Father in heaven or no. A pupil of Mr. Graham, he placed little value in argument that ran in any groove but that of persuasion, or any value in persuasion that had any end but action.

On the second day of the journey he rode up to his mistress, and told her, taking care that Lady Clementina should hear, that Mr. Graham was now preaching in London, adding that for his part he had never before heard anything fit to call preaching. Florimel did not show much interest, but asked where, and Malcolm fancied he could see Lady Clementina make a mental note of the place.

"If only," he thought, "she would let the power of that man's faith have a chance of influencing her, all would be well."

The ladies talked a good deal, but Florimel was not in earnest about anything, and for Clementina to have turned the conversation upon those possibilities, dim-dawning through the chaos of her world, which had begun to interest her, would have been absurd, especially since such was her confusion and uncertainty that she could not tell whether they were clouds or mountains, shadows or continents. Besides, why give a child sovereigns to play with when counters or dominos would do as well? Clementina's thoughts could not have passed into Florimel and become her thoughts. Their hearts, their natures, must come nearer first. Advise Florimel to disregard rank, and marry the man she loved! As well counsel the child to give away the cake he would cry for with intensified selfishness the moment he had parted with it! Still, there was that in her feeling for

Malcolm which rendered her doubtful in Florimel's presence.

Between the grooms little passed. Griffith's contempt for Malcolm found its least offensive expression in silence, its most offensive in the shape of his countenance. He could not make him the simplest reply without a sneer. Malcolm was driven to keep mostly behind. If by any chance he got in front of his fellow-groom, Griffith would instantly cross his direction and ride between him and the ladies. His look seemed to say he had to protect them.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PORTLAND PLACE.

THE latter part of the journey was not so pleasant: it rained. It was not cold, however, and the ladies did not mind it much. It accorded with Clementina's mood; and as to Florimel, but for the thought of meeting Caley, her fine spirits would have laughed the weather to scorn. Malcolm was merry. His spirits always rose at the appearance of bad weather, as indeed with every show of misfortune: a response antagonistic invariably awoke in him. On the present occasion he had even to repress the constantly recurring impulse to break out in song. His bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne. Griffith was the only miserable one of the party. He was tired, and did not relish the thought of the work to be done before getting home. They entered London in a wet fog, streaked with rain and dyed with smoke. Florimel went with Clementina for the night, and Malcolm carried a note from her to Lady Bellair, after which, having made Kelpie comfortable, he went to his lodgings.

When he entered the curiosity-shop the woman received him with evident surprise, and when he would have passed through to the stair, stopped him with the unwelcome information that, finding he did not return, and knowing nothing about himself or his occupation, she had, as soon as the week for which he had paid in advance was out, let the room to an old lady from the country.

"It is no great matter to me," said Malcolm, thoughtful over the woman's want of confidence in him, for he had rather liked her, "only I am sorry you could not trust me a little."

"It's all you know, young man," she returned. "People as live in London must take care of theirselves, not wait for other people to do it. They'd soon find

themselves nowheres in partic'lar. I've took care on your things, an' laid 'em all together, an' the sooner you find another place for 'em the better, for they do take up a deal o' room."

His personal property was not so bulky, however, but that in ten minutes he had it all in his carpet-bag and a paper parcel, carrying which he re-entered the shop. "Would you oblige me by allowing these to lie here till I come for them?" he said.

The woman was silent for a moment. "I'd rather see the last on 'em," she answered. "To tell the truth, I don't like the look on 'em. You acts a part, young man. I'm on the square myself. But you'll find plenty to take you in. No, I can't do it. Take 'em with you."

Malcolm turned from her, and with his bag in one hand and the parcel under the other arm stepped from the shop into the dreary night. There he stood in the drizzle. It was a by-street, into which gas had not yet penetrated, and the oil lamps shone red and dull through the fog. He concluded to leave the things with Merton while he went to find a lodging.

Merton was a decent sort of fellow — *not* in his master's confidence — and Malcolm found him quite as sympathetic as the small occasion demanded. "It ain't no sort o' night," he said, "to go lookin' for a bed. Let's go an' speak to my old woman: she's a oner at contrivin'."

He lived over the stable, and they had but to go up the stair. Mrs. Merton sat by the fire. A cradle with a baby was in front of it. On the other side sat Caley in suppressed exultation, for here came what she had been waiting for — the first fruits of certain arrangements between her and Mrs. Catanach. She greeted Malcolm distantly, but neither disdainfully nor spitefully.

"I trust you've brought me back my lady, MacPhail," she said: then added, thawing into something like jocularly, "I shouldn't have looked to you to go running away with her."

"I left my lady at Lady Clementina Thornicroft's an hour ago," answered Malcolm.

"Oh, of course! Lady Clem's everything now."

"I believe my lady's not coming home till to-morrow," said Malcolm.

"All the better for us," returned Caley. "Her room ain't ready for her. But I didn't know you lodged with Mrs. Merton, MacPhail," she said, with a look at the luggage he had placed on the floor.

"Lawks, miss!" cried the good woman,

"where ever should we put him up as has but the next room?"

"You'll have to find that out, mother," said Merton. "Sure you've got enough to shake down for him. With a truss of straw to help, you'll manage it somehow — eh, old lady? — I'll be bound!" And with that he told Malcolm's condition.

"Well, I suppose we must manage it somehow," answered his wife, "but I'm afraid we can't make him over-comfortable."

"I don't see but we *could* take him in at the house," said Caley, reflectively. "There is a small room empty in the garret, I know. It ain't much more than a closet, to be sure, but if he could put up with it for a night or two, just till he found a better, I would run across and see what they say."

Malcolm wondered at the change in her, but could not hesitate. The least chance of getting settled in the house was a thing not to be thrown away. He thanked her heartily. She rose and went, and they sat and talked till her return. She had been delayed, she said, by the house-keeper: "the cross old patch" had objected to taking in any one from the stables.

"I'm sure," she went on, "there ain't the ghost of a reason why you shouldn't have the room, except that it ain't good enough. Nobody else wants it or is likely to. But it's all right now, and if you'll come across in about an hour, you'll find it ready for you. One of the girls in the kitchen — I forget her name — offered to make it tidy for you. Only take care — I give you warning: she's a great admirer of Mr. MacPhail."

Therewith she took her departure, and at the appointed time Malcolm followed her. The door was opened to him by one of the maids whom he knew by sight, and in her guidance he soon found himself in that part of a house he liked best, immediately under the roof. The room was indeed little more than a closet in the slope of the roof, with only a skylight. But just outside the door was a storm-window, from which, over the top of a lower range of houses, he had a glimpse of the mews-yard. The place smelt rather badly of mice, while, as the skylight was immediately above his bed, and he had no fancy for drenching that with an infusion of soot, he could not open it. These, however, were the sole faults he had to find with the place. Everything looked nice and clean, and his education had not tended to fastidiousness. He took a book

from his bag and read a good while: then went to bed and fell fast asleep.

In the morning he woke early, as was his habit, sprung at once on the floor, dressed, and went quietly down. The household was yet motionless. He had begun to descend the last stair when all at once he turned deadly sick, and had to sit down, grasping the balusters. In a few minutes he recovered, and made the best speed he could to the stable, where Kelpie was now beginning to demand her breakfast.

But Malcolm had never in his life before felt sick, and it seemed awful to him. Something that had appeared his own, a portion — hardly a portion, rather an essential element of himself — had suddenly deserted him, left him a prey to the inroad of something that was not of himself, bringing with it faintness of heart, fear and dismay. He found himself for the first time in his life trembling; and it was to him a thing as appalling as strange. While he sat on the stair he could not think, but as he walked to the mews, he said to himself, "Am I then the slave of something that is not myself — something to which my fancied freedom and strength are a mockery? Was my courage, my peace, all the time dependent on something not me, which could be separated from me, and but a moment ago was separated from me and left me as helplessly dismayed as the veriest coward in creation? I wonder what Alexander would have thought if, as he swung himself on Bucephalus, he had been taken as I was on the stair?"

Afterward, talking the thing over with Mr. Graham, he said, "I saw that I had no hand in my own courage. If I had any courage, it was simply that I was born with it. If it left me, I could not help it: I could neither prevent nor recall it — I could only wait until it returned. Why, then, I asked myself, should I feel ashamed that for five minutes, as I sat on the stair, Kelpie was a terror to me, and I felt as if I dared not go near her? I had almost reached the stable before I saw into it a little. Then I did see that if I had had nothing to do with my own courage, it was quite time I had something to do with it. If a man had no hand in his own nature, character, being, what could he be better than a divine puppet — a happy creature, possibly — a heavenly animal, like the grand horses and lions of the book of the Revelation — but not one of the gods that the sons of God, the partakers of the di-

vine nature, are? For this end came the breach in my natural courage, that I might repair it from the will and power God had given me, that I might have a hand in the making of my own courage, in the creating of myself. Therefore I must see to it."

Nor had he to wait for his next lesson — namely, the opportunity of doing what he had been taught in the first. For just as he reached the stable, where he heard Kelpie clamoring with hoofs and teeth after her usual manner when she judged herself neglected, the sickness returned, and with it such a fear of the animal he heard thundering and clashing on the other side of the door as amounted to nothing less than horror. She was a man-eating horse! — a creature with bloody teeth, brain-spattered hoofs and eyes of hate! A flesh-loving devil had possessed her, and was now crying out for her groom that he might devour him. He gathered, with agonized effort, every power within him to an awful council, and thus he said to himself: "Better a thousand times my brains plastered the stable-wall than I should hold them in the head of a dastard. How can God look at me with any content if I quail in the face of his four-footed creature? Does he not demand of me action according to what I *know*, not what I may chance at any moment to *feel*? God is my strength, and I will lay hold of that strength and use it, or I have none, and Kelpie may take me and welcome."

Therewith the sickness abated so far that he was able to open the stable-door; and, having brought them once into the presence of their terror, his will arose and lorded it over his shrinking, quivering nerves, and like slaves they obeyed him. Surely the Father of his spirit was most in that will when most that will was Malcolm's own! It is when a man is most a man, that the cause of the man, the God of his life, the very life himself, the original life-creating life, is closest to him, is most within him. The individual, that his individuality may blossom, and not soon be "massed into the common clay," must have the vital indwelling of the primary individuality which is its origin. The fire that is the hidden life of the bush will not consume it.

Malcolm tottered to the corn-bin, staggered up to Kelpie, fell up against her hind-quarters as they dropped from a great kick, but got into the stall beside her. She turned eagerly, darted at her food, swallowed it greedily, and was quiet as a lamb while he dressed her.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF OPINION.*

MANY are the tricks of speech; and it has become almost a commonplace of our time to set up, in matters of opinion, an opposition between authority and truth, and to treat them as excluding one another. It would be about as reasonable to set up an opposition between butcher's meat and food. Commonplaces of this character are no better than expressions of a sentiment, which the understanding, betraying its trust, allows to pass unexamined because it flatters the prevailing fashion. For the fashion is to call in question, and to reject as needlessly irksome, all such rules of mental discipline as, within the sphere of opinion, require from us a circumspect consideration, according to the subject-matter, of the several kinds as well as degrees of evidence. These rules are troublesome rules; they sadly detract from the ease and slacken the rapidity of the journey towards our conclusions, and thus postpone the enjoyment of mental rest.

Sir Gilbert Lewis has done good service, which I hope rather than expect will be appreciated, in republishing the valuable work by his elder brother, Sir George, "On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion." It is perhaps the best monument of that learned, modest, most dispassionate, and most able man. The volume had become extremely rare, and could only be obtained at a high price. Yet though the admirers were in earnest, the circle of them was very narrow. Only a few, a very few, hundred copies ever passed into the hands of the public. It appeared in 1849, at a time when comparative calm prevailed in the world of philosophy and speculation. The remarkable sobriety of the author, his abhorrence of paradox, his indifference to ornament, his rigidly conscientious handling, made it difficult for him to please the palate of the public, which even then required, as it now greatly more requires, highly seasoned food. Still, this unpretending book, it seems, could not die. Its republication may probably make the work known to a new set of readers; and, as the students of such a book are ordinarily men who severally act upon the minds of others, it may, and I hope will, attain to an influence relatively wide. It must be owned that

the volume contains a considerable amount of matter which would be more appropriately placed in a treatise on the science of politics. But the main argument is so important, that I am desirous to present a summary which may convey a fair conception of its contents, and invite to a direct examination. Nor will this be done in the spirit of a partisan; for I shall try to extend the conclusion of this weighty writer on a point of the utmost weight, affecting not the frame of his argument, but its application.

I begin, too, with stating a difference, though one of small moment. Sir George Lewis traces the origin of the word authority through the Latin *auctor*; and the account he gives is that "an *auctor* meant the creator or originator of anything. . . . Hence any person who determines our belief is called an *auctor*. . . . As writers, particularly of history, were the authorities for facts, *auctor* came to mean a writer."* But the word *augeo* properly means to increase, to make to grow, not to create;† and, while it is plain that *auctor* means on the one hand maker or originator, and on the other hand voucher, surety, witness, I cannot but think that the last-named is the original sense, and the preceding one secondary. The proper idea is that of one who *adds*. In strictness, this must be adding to what existed before, as a witness adds to the thing his testimony about the thing; a surety, his own liability to the liability of the principal. From this original form the meaning passes on to a gradual creation, the creation of something that receives successive increment, as in "*auctor frugum*;"‡ "*generis nec Dardanus auctor*."§ If my view be sound, the use of the word author for writer is strictly correct, and belongs to the original sense. An "author" comes between us and the facts or ideas, and adds to them a *πίστις*, or ground of belief, in his own assurance to us respecting them. And Dante is dealing with the word in its first intention when he says, addressing Virgil,

Tu se' il mio maestro, e 'l mio autore.||

So he himself explains it in the "*Convito*" as "*degno di fede e di ubbidienza*;" "*des Gehorsams und Glaubens würdig*," in the

* P. 6, note, edit. 1849.

† Scheller cites Lucr. v. 323 and 389, as bearing the sense of creation, but they in no degree require it; and I think this interpretation of the word *auctor* has been, so to speak, reflected upon it from the known use of the derivative *authority*.

‡ Georg. i. 27.

§ Æn. iv. 365.

|| Inferno, i. 83.

* *An Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. London, 1849; 2nd edit. 1875.

note of the king of Saxony to his translation of the poem; but the secondary sense is that in Milton, —

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou.*

And hence perhaps we obtain the largest and clearest idea of "authority," as that which comes between us and an object, and in relation to us adds something to the object which is extrinsic to it, which is apart from any examination of it by ourselves, but which forms a motive, of greater or less weight as the case may be, for belief or action respectively in their several spheres.

It is with authority for belief or opinion alone, not distinguishing the two, that the work before us deals. It leaves aside authority applicable to action, whether freely or otherwise, as that of the law, of the parent, of the military officer, physician, clergyman, or other professional or specially instructed person. I shall presently take a portion of these topics into view.

Now, it would sound strangely in our ears were any one of the most distinguished leaders in commonplace, instead of proclaiming, "not authority, but truth," to take for his text, "not examination, not inquiry, but truth." We should at once reply that examination or inquiry was no more in conflict with truth than our road to London is in conflict with London. The cases are parallel. Inquiry is a road to truth, and authority is a road to truth. Identical in aim, diverse in means and in effect, but both resting on the same basis. Inquiry is the more normal, the more excellent way; but penury of time and faculty absolutely precludes the human being from obtaining, by this truly royal road, a sufficient stock of knowledge for the necessary action of life; and authority is the humble but useful substitute. Nor is the distinction between them in any sense one of antagonism; on the contrary, there is, besides the oneness of their ultimate sanction, this notable affinity betwixt them: the knowledge, referable to action, which we obtain by inquiry, is altogether or commonly probable knowledge; and authority is probable knowledge too. Of course both the authority and the inquiry must be regulated by the laws that belong to their respective kinds. The rule for us, in whatever case, is one: to make the best practicable use of the best available means for thinking truly and acting rightly, using inquiry where we can, accepting authority where we cannot effectually use inquiry.

Having taken this general view of the

region before us, I will now follow the guidance of Sir George Lewis, premising that he seems to aim at working definitions rather than such as are strictly scientific.

His inquiry has no reference to matters of fact; and these he defines as "anything of which we obtain a conviction from our internal consciousness, or any individual event or phenomenon which is the object of sensation."

Disputed questions of fact pass into the region of matters of opinion. And, more largely, matters of opinion are "general propositions or theorems relating to laws of nature or mind, principles and rules of human conduct, future probabilities, deductions from hypotheses, and the like, *about which a doubt may reasonably exist.*"

Opinions may be entertained from compulsion, or from inducement of interest. These, I should say, may conveniently be called authority improper; but they rest upon authority proper, when embraced without reasoning because others, believed or assumed to be competent, entertain them.

"A large proportion of the general opinions of mankind are derived merely from authority." And the advice of competent judges has great influence in questions of practice. When truths have been discovered by original inquirers, and received by competent judges, it is principally by authority that they are accredited and diffused. Such adoption cannot lead to an improvement of knowledge, or to the discovery of new truths: "the utmost he can hope is to adopt the belief of those who, at the time, are least likely to be in error." We are, of course, to assume this proposition to apply to the cases where it is necessary or harmless to have some belief, and where there are not such patent grounds for doubt or question as to recommend that valuable though sometimes despised expedient, suspense of judgment.

In his second chapter, Sir George Lewis shows the great extent of the opinions founded upon authority. These are such as we derive from instruction in childhood, or from seniors, or from fashion. He shows the extremely limited power of inquiry by the working-class; and how even the well-informed rely chiefly on compendia and secondary authorities. He shows how, in strict truth, when we act upon conclusions of our own, for which the original reasons are no longer present to our minds, we become *authorities* to ourselves; and the direct action of reason is as much ousted, as if we were acting

* Paradise Lost, ii. 864.

on some authority extrinsic to us. Then there is the deference shown in the region of practice to professional or specially-instructed persons; or to friends having experience, which enables a man to discern grounds of belief invisible to the unpractised eye. In these matters we take into view the amount of attention given, the ability of the person, his responsibility, and his impartiality. In his third chapter, our author delivers, as he passes on, a remarkable *dictum* :—

“That high degree of intellectual power which we call genius, and which the ancients attributed to the inspiration of the gods, is in itself inexplicable, and can only be judged by its effects. But some ray of that light is requisite in order to enable a person to be classed among the original teachers and guides of mankind.”

Nor can I refuse the satisfaction of making another citation :—

“The moral sentiments may be so ill directed as to deprave the judgment, even when the understanding is remarkably strong. Men of this sort may be *great*, but cannot be *wise*; for by wisdom we mean the power of judging when the intellectual and moral faculties are *both* in a sound state. Napoleon affords a striking instance of the corruption of the judgment in consequence of the misdirection of the moral sentiments.”

The authority of the old philosophers as to ethical science was much weakened by their dissensions; while “astronomy furnishes an example of a science as to which there has been a general agreement of its professors for more than a century.” Mesmerism, homœopathy, and phrenology are rather contemptuously dismissed as “mock sciences.” But the general description of pretenders is admirable :—

“Nothing is more characteristic of the pretender to philosophy than his readiness to explain, without examination or reflection, all phenomena which may be presented to him. Doubt, hesitation, suspense of the judgment, inquiry before decision, balancing of apparently opposite facts, followed, perhaps, by a qualified and provisional opinion—all these are processes utterly foreign to his mind, and indicative, in his view, of nothing but weakness and ignorance.”

Medicine has always been the favorite field of pretenders; and medical science (for he does not withhold the name) forms an important exception to the rule that “the physical are better ascertained than the moral sciences.”

Lewis also inquires what countries, as
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well as what persons or classes are to be allowed to weigh in the matter of authority; and finds, that we may justly confine the field of discussion to “the civilized nations of Europe,” with the Greeks at their head, and the Romans as their pupils following them.

“They made the first great step from barbarism to scientific knowledge; which, perhaps, is more difficult, and more important, than any further advance which they left to be made by their successors.”

He excludes not only barbarians, but Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, and Turks, on the ground of their want of progress “in political institutions and scientific knowledge,” from the suffrage, so to speak, or the title to count in that consent which makes up authority.

In the light of these remarks, we may approach his general statement :—

“In general, it may be said that the authority of the professors of any science is trustworthy in proportion as the points of agreement among them are numerous and important, and the points of difference few and unimportant.”

“The opposition which is sometimes made between authority and reason rests on a confusion of thought.”

And this confusion is favored partly by the fact that the mind, after the choice of its guide, becomes passive, partly by the use of the word authority, in certain cases, for coercive power. But—

“The choice of a guide is as much a matter of free determination as the adoption of an opinion on argumentative grounds.” He illustrates the position by reference to the case of a Roman Catholic. The illustration becomes most forcible when, among Roman Catholics of various colors, we choose the school which has now gained, whether finally or provisionally, the upper hand in the Latin Church. The determination to accept as the final rule of belief all declarations by the pope, which the pope himself may define to be *ex cathedrâ*, is as much an act of “private individual judgment” as if the determination were to follow Luther, or Wesley, or Swedenborg. I venture upon adding that, if this decision be taken lightly and without observance of the general rules which reasonably guide mankind in the search for truth, it may even be an use of private judgment in the highest degree licentious. The servant in the parable who wrapped his talent in a napkin, and thus (as it were) gave it away from his own use, exercised his private judgment just as much as the fellow-servant

who employed it constantly and steadily, and obtained large increase from it. He used his private judgment as much; only he used it in a wrong direction — just as if a free citizen of this country were to repair to a country where slavery prevails, and there to sell himself into bondage.

The fourth chapter treats of "The Applicability of the Principle of Authority to Questions of Religion." And it begins with a brief description, which seems to belong to the general subject, and therefore to all of the earlier chapters. In it he shows how the authority of which he treats is not that of individuals only. Traditional systems grow up in a course of generations, and by collection, purgation, adjustment, and enlargement or advance, acquire those kinds and degrees of adhesion according to which "a trustworthy authority may at length be formed, to which a person uninformed on the subject may reasonably defer." He proceeds: —

"This description, however, is not applicable to religion, or at least is only applicable to it within certain limits."

Now, thus far I have sat at the feet of Gamaliel: I must, however, canvass the limits within which the principle of authority is legitimately applicable to the choice of a religion.

The "at least" of the sentence I have quoted spans a gulf of a breadth immeasurable. The assertion without "at least" is that the doctrine of authority has no application to religion. But, with the pacifying intervention of this useful mediator, the proposition only asserts that the application of it is limited and conditional. To this assertion there may be objectors; but surely no other than such as embrace, in all its extravagance, as a rule of belief and action for the human being, the rule that he is to be *prout cadaver, vel baculus in manu ambulantis*. Short of this, there would not be on the believing or affirmative side of the gulf a single opponent. Vaticanism, for example, might point out that there are many papal utterances beyond the line of the obligatory definition, many pious opinions broadly distinguished from articles of faith, many propositions belonging to the subject-matter of religion which may be freely affirmed or denied without peril. Such would be its theory; and even in its practice it does not and cannot wholly shut out the immediate action of the mind on the object, or the impressions or conclusions which may follow from the theory, and which are things distinct from it.

It is, however, clear upon the whole, that the "at least" in the foregoing proposition really sets aside the unqualified form which immediately precedes it, and that the candor of the author's mind led him to conclude that the principle of authority was truly applicable to the subject of religion, "within certain limits."

What those limits are, he presently proceeds to explain.

He conceives, in the first place, that "all nations have agreed in the substantial recognition of a divine power, superhuman and imperceptible by our senses." Nearly all human opinion, and all the human opinion entitled to weight, has concurred in this affirmation.

Secondly, he conceives that the whole civilized or authoritative world has also agreed in the acceptance of Christianity.

"Christendom includes the entire civilized world; that is to say all nations whose agreement on a matter of opinion has any real weight or authority."

This, however, he limits to the acceptance of "some form of the Christian religion." He proceeds to show that the nations are not agreed in the acceptance of a particular Church; that the rule of Vicentius, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, is incapable of a strictly literal application; and generally "there is no consent of competent judges over the civilized world. Inconsistent and opposite forms of Christianity continue to exist side by side."

He has still, however, another very important concession to make to particular Churches. The authority of the Church of England (and, if we understand him right, of every Church) is limited to its own members. So limited, he thinks Hooker is right in considering it to be "more competent, in a corporate capacity, to decide doubtful questions than any of its individual members."

The candor, acumen, breadth, and attainments of Lewis give a great weight to the convictions he has thus expressed. They may be summed up in few words as follows: —

1. The consent of mankind binds us in reason to acknowledge the being of God.
2. The consent of civilized mankind similarly binds us to the acceptance of Christianity.
3. The details of Christianity are contested; but in doubtful questions the Church, and, *e.g.*, the Church of England at large, with respect to its own members, is more competent than they are individu-

ally; and the business and duty of a reasonable man, so far as in these matters he is bound to have an opinion, is to follow the best opinion.

At the same time I do not suppose that our author would have placed the obligation implied by the third proposition on a level, in point of stringency, with that of the two former. He would, I presume, have said (in technical language), a readiness of the individual to submit himself was in this case of imperfect, but in those of perfect obligation.

Nor, we are safe in supposing, would he have held it a duty to know all that had been considered and determined by a Church, or to refrain from any testing inquiries, but only to have practical dealings with what offered itself to the mind in the course of providence and of duty, and to conduct inquiry according to the true laws of reason.

I am inclined to think that Hooker has placed the doctrine of submission in matter of opinion to a local or special Church higher than, if he had had the experience of the last three centuries to assist him, he would have thought safe; and that Lewis, who had not a particle of egoism or self-assertion to sharpen unduly his critical faculty, may in this remarkable instance have been to a limited extent amiably misled by deference to a great writer. On the other hand, I shall endeavor to show ground for supposing that, on the premises which sustain the first two propositions, we ought to widen the conclusions at which Lewis has arrived; and this not so much upon ecclesiastical principles, in obedience to the authority of a particular Church, or of the Church at large, *quâ* Church, as upon philosophical principles, in deference to that general sense of mankind, which in such matters is entitled to claim authority. I take my departure, however, from the standing-ground of the two propositions, and do not go behind them, or argue with such as contend, in opposition to Lewis, that there is no just authority of consent in existence with respect either to the existence of God, or the acceptance of the Christian religion.

In the first place, belief in God surely implies much more than that he is superhuman and imperceptible. It seems to involve, as a general rule, the following particulars, which Lewis has not specified, but may by no means have intended to exclude.

1. That he is conceived of as possessing in himself all attributes whatsoever which

conduce to excellence, and these in a degree infinitely beyond the power of the human mind to measure.

2. Over and above what he is in himself, he is conceived of as standing in certain relations to us; as carrying on a moral government of the world. He is held to prescribe and favor what is right; to forbid and regard with displeasure what is wrong; and to dispose the course of events in such a way that, in general and upon the whole, there is a tendency of virtue to bring satisfaction and happiness, and of vice to entail the reverse of these, even when appearances, and external advantages, might not convey such an indication.

3. The same wide consent of mankind, which sustains belief in a God, and invests him with a certain character, has everywhere perceptibly, though variably and sometimes with a great vagueness of outline, carried the sphere of the moral government which it assigns to him beyond the limits of the visible world. In that larger region, though it lie beyond the scope of our present narrow view, the belief of theistical mankind has been, that the laws of this moral government would be more clearly developed, and the normal relation between good and evil, and between their respective consequences, fully established.

4. Along, therefore, with belief in a God we have to register the acknowledgment of another truth, the doctrine of a future state of man, which has had a not less ample acceptance in all the quarters from whence the elements of authority can be drawn; and has, indeed, in the darkest periods and places of religion, been found difficult to eradicate, even when the Divine Idea had been so broken up and degraded, as to seem divested of all its most splendid attributes.

In the second place, I come to the proposition of Sir George Lewis, that the acceptance of Christianity is required of us by a scientific application of the principle of authority, but without any reference to this or that particular form, or tenet, of the religion.

But as we found, in the prior instance of simple theism, that the authority of consent would carry us much beyond the acknowledgment of a disembodied abstraction, so, upon examining the case of Christianity, we shall find that what has been handed down to us under that name as part of the common knowledge and common patrimony of men is not a bare skeleton, but is instinct with vital warmth from a centre, and has the character, not-

withstanding all the dissensions that prevail, of a living and working system not without the most essential features of an unity.

This I shall endeavor to show as to the following points :—

1. The doctrine of Revelation.
2. The use of Sacraments.
3. The Christian Ethics.
4. The Creed.
5. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation.

1. Regarded historically, believers in Christ, casting anchor, so to speak, in an older dispensation, have uniformly acknowledged that God had "at sundry times and in divers manners"* made himself known to the rational mind of man by a special communication or inspiration, over and above that knowledge of himself which he had imparted by the books of nature and of life or experience. And this finally in the gospel. They therefore have held themselves to be in possession of a special treasure of divine knowledge, communicated in a manner which carried with it a peculiar certainty; and such a belief, called the belief in *inspiration*, and pervading the whole of Christendom from the very first, is of itself a material amplification of the idea conveyed by the mere name of Christianity.

2. Next, there is a similar universality of Christian testimony in favor of the use of certain rites called sacraments, as essentially belonging to, and marking out to view, the Christian scheme. I have nothing here to do with the question whether the Christian sacraments are two or seven, or any other number in particular, or whether, as was suggested by Bishop Pecock in conformity with St. Augustine and others, the word be in itself susceptible of even a wider application. Nor again with the various bodies of separatists who at different times have rejected infant baptism. The fact that, rejecting the catholic and immemorial practice of baptism in infancy, they should still have retained the rite, renders them even stronger witnesses in its favor than they would have been if they had agreed as to the proper season of administration. Again, it is to be observed that the sacraments have not been held as bare signs. Even the Scotch early Reformers, who may be said to represent a kind of *ultima thule* in the opinions of the day, did "utterly damn" those who thus held. They have been deemed, according to the

Anglican definition, to be "outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace." When the exact relation of the sign to the thing signified comes to be considered, then indeed no inconsiderable body of differences comes into view, and the argument of consent can hardly be pressed within the definitions of our author. But up to that point it is strictly applicable. The very limited exception of a society founded among the English more than sixteen hundred years after Christ, scarcely embracing a thousandth part even of that race, and unable to quote by way of precedent* more than a handful of dubious individual cases in all history, cannot, however respectable on social grounds, constitute an appreciable deduction from the weight of the Christian testimony. It could hardly be taken into account if it had, which it has not, at any time developed into a theology that basis of sentiment on which it mainly reposes.

3. Thirdly, the entire breadth of the Christian consent sustains a system of morality which is no less distinctive of the gospel than is its doctrine.

Lewis has nowhere applied to morality the limitations to which he considered that religion must submit before it could take the benefit of the scientific principle of authority. He appears to hold that morality enjoys authority in a manner substantially the same as other established knowledge. It is plain that the authority of consent tells in its behalf more widely than in behalf of Christianity. Not, however, as to any complete code, for here too we have to contend with something of the same difficulty, arising from diversity about particulars, as in the case of Christian doctrine; but as to this great and broad proposition, that there exists a law of duty, what Sophocles called a *ὑψίστου νόμος*, binding man and man. We find abundant evidence of this in a multitude of quarters beyond the precinct of divine revelation; in the various systems of religion, especially as they are projected by their founders, for example in that of Mahomet; in the provisions of public law, in the works of many philosophers, in primitive manners as they are developed by the monuments of Egypt, or, much more fully and less conventionally, by the poems of Homer. All these were with great variation, both as to the behavior enjoined, and as to the persons towards whom such behavior was binding. But

* Heb. i. 1.

* Barclay's "Apology," Prop. xii., Objection 6.

the Christian morality, gathering together the scattered fragments, and building them into a great temple of duty, was a new thing as a whole, though in respect to its basis, and to the acknowledgment and even the practice of its parts disjointedly, it was able to call in the aid of non-Christian and pre-Christian testimony. The culmination and perfection of the Christian morality was found in that high and severe doctrine of marriage, against which, we may confidently anticipate, and almost venture to predict, that the anti-Christian spirit will direct its first great attack, encouraged by these preliminary operations in the legislative recognition of divorce which have already, from a variety of ill-omened causes, found a place upon our own, as well as upon other statute-books.

Some have been bold enough to say that the wide recognition, at the present day, of ethical doctrines in practical forms is due not to Christianity, but to the progress of civilization. In answer to them, I will only halt for a moment, to ask the question how it came that the Greek and, in its turn, the Roman civilization, each advancing to so great a height, did not similarly elevate the moral standards. And I shall by anticipation put in a *caveat* against any attempt to reply merely by exhibiting here and there an unit picked out of the philosophic schools, or the ideal pictures which may be found in the writings of a tragedian; pictures which have no more to do with the practical life of contemporary Greece, than have the representations of the Virgin and the Child, so much admired in our galleries, with the lives and characters of those who look on them, or in most instances of those who have painted them. A comparison between Epictetus and Paley, or between Aristotle and Escobar, would be curious, but would not touch the point. I do not inquire how low some Christian may have descended, or how high some heathen may have risen, in theory, any more than in practice. When I speak of the morality of a religion, I mean the principles and practices for which it has obtained the assent of the mind and heart of man; which it has incorporated into the acknowledged and standing code of its professors; which it has exhibited in the traditional practices, sometimes of the generality, sometimes only of the best. But this is a large subject, and lies apart. My present argument is only with those who, like Sir George Lewis, hold that Christianity lies within the true scope of the principle of

authority, but do not develop the phrase Christianity into its specific meanings.

To such it may be fairly put that under this name of Christianity we are to understand something that has some sort of claims and sanctions peculiarly its own; for it is not religion only, but Christian religion, which comes to us accredited by legitimate authority. Now I hope to obtain a general assent when I contend that Christianity can have no exclusive or preferential claim upon us, unless that, which distinguishes it as a religion, has some proportionate representation in the sphere of morality. In its ultimate, general, and permanent effects upon morality, largely understood, the test of the value of a religion is to be found; and if mankind, in its most enlightened portions, has lent the weight of its authority to Christianity, we must needs understand the word to carry and include some moral elements due and peculiar to the religious system.

And it is not difficult to sketch in outline some at least of the features which give speciality to Christian morals, without disturbing their relation to the general, and especially the best non-Christian morality of mankind. First, and foremost, they are founded on the character and pattern of a person, even more if possible, than on his words. In him they recognize the standard of consummate and divine perfection. Secondly, they draw all forms of duty to God, to men, and to ourselves, from one and the same source. Thirdly, they are to be practised towards all men alike, independently of station or race, or even life or creed. Fourthly, they are meant and fitted for all men equally to hold; and their most profound vitality, if not their largest and most varied development, is within the reach of the lowly and uninstructed, in whose minds and hearts it has, for the most part, fewer and less formidable barriers to surmount, or "strongholds," in the apostle's language, to cast down. Fifthly, the Christian law has placed the relation of man and woman, as such, in the great institution of marriage, and the provision for the continuance through the family of the species, upon such a footing as is nowhere else to be found. I do not say that this is not a restitution of a primitive law; but, if so, it was one the strain of which was found too great for those to whom it was given to bear. This law, with all its restraints of kin, of unity, and of perpetuity, is perhaps the subtlest as well as the most powerful of all the social instruments which the

Almighty has put into use for the education of the race; and it is one, I am firmly persuaded, which no self-acting force, no considerations of policy, will ever be able to uphold in modern societies, when it shall have been severed from its authoritative source.

I will not dwell in detail on the mode in which the gospel treats the law of love, the law of purity, or that which is perhaps most peculiar to it, the law of pain; but will be content with saying, sixthly and lastly, that Christian morals, as a whole — as an entire system covering the whole life, nature, and experience of man — stand broadly distinguished by their rich, complete, and searching character from other forms of moral teaching now extant in the world. The limitation implied in these last words has been introduced simply because it would be inconvenient on this occasion to examine whether, and in what respects, the Christian morals exhibit a reproduction of a primitive law once in force among the whole or a portion of mankind.

It seems, then, that if the argument of authority, or consent, be available on behalf of Christianity, we cannot do otherwise than include in the scheme thus recommended a peculiar body of moral teaching, together with the notions of an inspired origin, and of certain outward or sacramental rites, universal, perpetual, and inseparable from the system to which they are attached.

4. I now proceed a step further; and contend that this Christianity must in reason be understood to include a doctrinal, as well as a moral and a symbolical, system. I am not so desirous to fix the exact particulars of that doctrinal system, as to show that, when we speak of Christianity as having received the favorable verdict of the portion of mankind alone or best qualified to judge in such a matter, we do not mean the mere acknowledgment of a name, but we mean, along with other things, the acceptance of a body of truths which have for their centre the person and work of Christ. This body of truths has its foremost expression in the creed known as that of the apostles, and in a document of greater precision and development and of equal and more formal authority — the creed of Constantinople, commonly called the Nicene Creed. If the authority of civilized and intellectual man be available on behalf of something that we agree to call Christianity, my contention is that it is likewise available for these two great historic documents. We cannot reasonably

make any sensible deduction from the weight of the propounding authority when, in the formula of consent, for the word Christianity we substitute the creed of the apostles, together with the Nicene Creed.

The human mind (I have said) is accustomed to play tricks with itself in every form; and one of the forms, in which it most frequently resorts to this operation, is when it attenuates the labor of thought, and evades the responsibility of definite decision, by the adoption of a general word that we purposely keep undefined to our own consciousness. So men admire the British Constitution without knowing or inquiring what it is, and profess Christianity but decline to say or think what it means. In such cases the general word, instead of indicating, like the title of an author's works, a multitude of particulars, becomes a blind, which, on the one hand, excludes knowledge, and, on the other, leaves us imbued with the notion that we possess it.

And my contention is that, whatever be the momentary fashion of the day in which we live, that same tradition and testimony of the ages, which commends Christianity to us, has not been a chimera or a chameleon, but has had from the first, up to a certain point of development, one substantially definite meaning for the word, a meaning of mental as well as moral significance; and has, as a matter of history, expressed this meaning in the creeds. This Christianity has shed off from it, on this side and on that, after debate and scrutiny, and furthermore after doubt and even sometimes convulsion, all the conceptions irreconcilably hostile to its own essence, by a standing provision as normal as are the reparatory processes of material nature; and has been handed on continuously in uniformity of life, though not, it may be, in uniformity of health. So that reason requires us, when we speak of Christianity, to expound the phrase agreeably to history, if we mean to claim on its behalf the authority of civilized man, since it is to the expounded phrase, and not the bare shell, that that authority attaches. It is in this sense what the visible Church also claims to be, a city set on a hill; not, indeed, a city within walls that can neither grow nor dwindle, but yet a city widely spread, with a fixed heart and centre, if with a fluctuating outline; a mass alike unchangeable, perceptible, and also determinate, not absolutely or mathematically, but in a degree sufficient for its providential purpose in the education of

mankind. Of this mass, compounded of tenets, moral laws, and institutions, the core, so far as tenets are concerned, is exhibited in the creeds.

If I have not named the Athanasian Creed as standing in the same category, it is not because its direct doctrinal statements have received an inferior acceptance from the students of Christian theology, but because it has not been, in at all the same sense, an instrument either of Christian profession or of Christian instruction. If I do not dwell upon the difference between the East and the West in respect to what is called the double procession, it is because both parties are agreed that the variance of form does not oblige us to assert a difference of meaning. If I do not lay stress on those dogmatic distinctions among Christian communities of the East, which cause some of them to be placed in the class of heretical bodies, it is because, so far as I can understand, those differences seem to rest in the region of verbal expression, much more than to take effect in the practical conceptions of religion. If I pass lightly by the fact that large bodies of Protestants do not formally recognize the creeds as documents, it is because I apprehend their objection not to lie against the contents, but only against the recognition, so that they continue available as witnesses to the substance which the documents enshrine. If I do not attach importance to the want of absolute coherency between the terminology of some of the early fathers and the final expression of doctrine adopted by the councils and sealed by the permanent assent of the Catholic Church, it is because I conceive such fathers to have spoken without scientific precision in matters where human rashness and conceit had not yet created a necessity for scientific discussion and decision, and for the selection, and an authoritative sealing and stamping, of such phrases as seemed, upon the whole, the best and safest to indicate, rather than express, unfathomable verities; on which our hands indeed (so to speak) may lay effectual hold, but which our arms are totally unable to embrace. If I do not expatiate upon the undoubted truth that the recitals of the creeds themselves are so largely those of fact rather than pure dogma, it is because the circumstance is no more than a normal result of a religious system founded upon a living person, rather than an abstract conception.

5. It was profoundly observed by Möhler, in his "*Symbolik*," that the controver-

sies of the sixteenth century had been controversies concerning the human, not the divine, side of Christianity. Our forefathers, in the earlier ages of the Church, had fought and won for us the battles in which the question lay between safe and unsafe, adequate and inadequate, conceptions of the divine object of worship. They sowed, and we reap; they suffered, and we enjoy. But the primitive creeds, which have now, not less than heretofore, their great office to fulfil, naturally belong to that supreme province, that theology proper, upon which, among the great body of Christians, neither the din of debate, nor the pain of doubt, is now or has for many ages been sensible. New ranges of controversy have been opened, lying in lower though still elevated regions. They have turned on the condition of man apart from the gospel, the mode of his approach to God, the reflection of his new state in his consciousness, his relation to the Church, his relation to the saints, his existence after death. To the common view, it is rather the points which at any given time are most contested, than those which lie deepest in the system, that are tenaciously held, and, because tenaciously held, are placed in the first rank of dignity. This is a dislocation of the natural order of appreciation, but it is in great part due to the fact that the propositions of the creeds are taken for granted among us. For the modern mind, we may use a translation of language. We will now say no more of the creeds; but urge that that authority of general consent, which presses upon us the claims of Christianity, means by the phrase a system founded on the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the incarnation of our Lord. All notions opposed to those doctrines were, in early times, successively put upon their trial, and decisively, though not always easily, ejected from the great idea of the Christian revelation. Since the time of the two Socini, a different conception of the Deity and of redemption, which has counted among its adherents men remarkable for ability and character, has just been able to maintain a fluctuating and generally rather feeble existence. Its note of dissonance has been so slightly audible in the great and solemn concert of the ancient belief, that, like the deviations of the first four centuries, it can make no appreciable breach in, or deduction from, the authority which vindicates for these great conceptions the central seat in the Christian system.

Here I break off. Desirous to renounce illusions, and to eschew the indulgence of

any private partiality, I should hesitate to ask for the inclusion of any more particular or complete conception of Christianity in that use of the phrase which, according to the reasoning of Lewis, is entitled to the same benefit from the principle of authority, as the established truths of other sciences. I should regret to strain the argument; and am content to say that the Christianity which claims our obedience is a Christianity inspired, sacramental, ethical, embodied in certain great historic documents, involving certain profoundly powerful and operative doctrinal conceptions. A great mass and momentum of authority may be pleaded for much that lies beyond the outline I have drawn. Nearly half the Christian world adopts the entire Roman system. Throwing in the Eastern Churches, nearly three-fourths of it agree in certain usages or tenets, such as the invocation of saints, and some kind, not uniform, of religious devotion towards images. This large proportion is yet further swelled by the accession of the Anglican family of Churches, in regard to the framework of the visible Church or polity of Christians, and to those other points in which they are thought by many to savor more of the unreformed scheme of Christianity than the reformed. But all these are matters on which a large section of the Christian world, amounting to perhaps a sixth of the whole, and composed of the many active bodies of evangelical Protestants, introduce so large an element of dissent, that although authority by no means quits the field, yet it calls in the aid of reasoning to decide the day, inasmuch as nothing short of the general consent approaching to universality, or, as it has been called, to moral unanimity, can dispose of the case without that aid.

The sphere of religion is wide and diversified; and authority, in this region, stands as a hierarchy, constituted in degrees and orders, with many subaltern shades of diversity. But it is broadly distinguished from a *stratarchy*, from the corps of officers of an army, where an absolute obedience is due from the private soldier, and from every successive grade to a superior, till the command be reversed from above; and there is not granted to the inferior even that bare initiative of redress, which is implied in a right of appeal.

The species of authority with which we have been dealing may be called, for convenience, the major authority. Of that minor authority, which may still constitute

a great element in rational discussion, and which admits great diversity of degree, we have a good instance in a remarkable passage, which was quoted by Dr. Newman in one of his controversial works on behalf of the English Church,* from Bishop Van Mildert:—

If a candid investigation be made of the points generally agreed upon by the Church Universal, it will probably be found that at no period of its history has any fundamental or essential truth of the Gospel been authoritatively disowned. . . . As far as the Church Catholic can be deemed responsible, the substance of sound doctrine still remains undestroyed at least, if not unimpaired. Let us take, for instance, those articles of faith, which have already been shown to be essential to the Christian covenant: the doctrines of the Trinity, of our Lord's Divinity and Incarnation, of his Atonement and Intercession, of our Sanctification by the Holy Spirit, of the terms of acceptance, and the Ordinances of the Christian Sacraments and Priesthood. At what period of the Church have these doctrines, or either of them, been by any public act disowned or called in question?

Only the length of the passage checks my adding to my citation.

Although, then, authority loses its commanding position when the great volume of human consent is broken into leaves or sections, we are not to infer that it is reduced to zero. Admitting that, while the Christian world is wonderfully agreed on the central verities of faith, and still more widely on those of morals, its many fractions are severed in relation to matters of grave import, I would still contend that the authority of each of those fractions is not indeed final, but yet real and weighty for those who belong to it, and they ought not to depart, except upon serious and humble examination, as well as clear conviction, from the religion they have been brought up to profess, even though non-Christian; for it is the school of character and belief in which Providence has placed them. Even though non-Christian; and even while I follow Lewis in urging that the undivided authority of civilized and progressive man demands of us the acceptance of Christianity. For even the acceptance of such authority is a moral act, and cannot be performed without certain operations both of the mind and of the heart. Suppose that as a Hindoo or Mahometan, having studied history, I am moved by the argument of Lewis to embrace Christianity, I must still learn what

* "Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church," p. 250, from Bishop Van Mildert's Bampton Lectures, viii.

it is that I accept, and the very assent to such an argument requires time and implies a mental process. Nothing is more rash, I had almost said more shocking, than levity or irreverence in the change of religion; and this levity, rashness, and irreverence may be exhibited even in the act of submission to authority when clothed in its most extravagant and exaggerated form.

Although I am persuaded that the substance of Lewis's work is unassailable, I am not insensible to the defects of its form. I have noticed already that a large portion of it seems to belong to a work on politics. It is oddly annexed to the main argument, for in politics authority is coercive; and nothing, perhaps, has more tended to confuse the public mind as to that authority which is both moral and graduated, than the fact that we are chiefly familiar with an authority which, as towards the individual, is both absolute and compulsory. Next to this authority of the State, we are accustomed to the idea of parental authority. In it the two great elements are mingled; but there is too great a tendency on the part of parents, and that not seldom found in conjunction with strong affection, to give prominence to the coercive aspect. Our author would have done us a further service, had he laid out with clearness, and even sharpness, the several kinds of authority; for the region which he traverses is occupied by a garrison of jealous and self-interested fallacies, always in arms against the intrusion of those sober truths which bring many a catastrophe upon our castles of conceit. I will endeavor in conclusion to present a succinct outline of the case.

Be it observed, then, that authority claims a legitimate place in the province of opinion, not as a bar to truth, but as a guarantee for it; not as an absolute guarantee, but only when it is as the best that may be had; not in preference to personal inquiry reaching up to the sources, but as the proper substitute in the multitude of instances where this is impracticable. Authority, rightly understood, has a substantial meaning: in that meaning, it is not at variance or in competition either with truth, or with private inquiry and private judgment. It is a crutch, rather than a leg; but the natural energy of the leg is limited, and, when the leg cannot work, the crutch may.

Further, the fact to which we ought to be alive, but for the most part are not, is that the whole human family, and the best and highest races of it, and the best and

highest minds of those races, are to a great extent upon crutches, the crutches which authority has lent them. Even in the days of Bacon, even in the days of Dante, when knowledge, as the word is commonly understood, was so limited that some elect minds of uncommon capacity and vigor could grasp the whole mass of it, they still depended largely upon authority. For that aggregate of knowledge, which they were able to grasp, was but book-knowledge, and not source-knowledge. It was to a great extent not knowledge of subjects, but of what specially qualified men had said upon subjects. As we now stand, no individual man holds or can hold that relation to universal knowledge, which was held by Dante, or by Bacon, or by Leibnitz. A few subjects, in most cases a very few indeed, are or can be known in themselves by direct and immediate study; a larger number by an immediate knowledge of what writers, or the most accredited writers, have said upon them; the largest number by far only from indirect accounts, or as it were rumors, of the results which writers and students have attained.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

It seems, however, safe to say that the largest part even of civilized nations, in the greater proportion of the subjects that pass through the mind, or touch the course of common action, have not even this, but have only a vague unverified impression that the multitude, or the best, think so and so, and that they had better act and think accordingly. To some this may be an unwelcome announcement. The fact of their ignorance, and its burden, they have borne in patience; but it is less easy to bear equably the discovery how great that burden is.

Authority, in matters of opinion, divides itself (say) into three principal classes. There is the authority of witnesses. They testify to matters of fact: the judgment upon these is commonly though not always easy; but this testimony is always the substitution of the faculties of others for our own, which, taken largely, constitutes the essence of authority. This is the kind which we justly admit with the smallest jealousy. Yet not always: one man admits, another refuses, the authority of a sea-captain and a sailor or two on the existence of the sea-serpent.

Then there is the authority of judges. To such authority we have constantly to submit. And this too is done for the most part willingly; but unwillingly, when we have been told what we are about. These

judges sometimes supply us with opinions upon facts, sometimes with facts themselves. The results, in pure science, are accepted by us as facts; but on the methods by which they are reached, the mass, even of intelligent and cultivated men, are not competently informed. Judgments on difficult questions of finance are made into compulsory laws, in parliaments where only one man in a score, possibly no more than one in a hundred, thoroughly comprehends them. All kinds of professional advice belong to this order in the classification of authorities.

But, thirdly, as Lewis has observed with much acuteness, we are in the constant habit of following yet another kind of authority, the authority of ourselves. In very many cases, where we have reached certain results by our own inquiries, the process and the evidence have been forgotten, and are no longer present to the mind at times when we are called upon to act; they are laid aside as no longer necessary; we are satisfied with the knowledge that we inquired at a former time. We now hold to the conclusion, not remembering accurately its warrant, but remembering only that we once decided that it had a warrant. In its essence, this is acting upon authority. From this sort of action upon authority I believe no man of active life, however tenacious be his memory, can escape. And no man, who is content to act on this kind of authority, is entitled to object in principle to acting on other kinds. That I myself am the authority for myself is only an accident of the case. It would be more, could I lay down the dogma that an inquiry by me is better and more conclusive than an inquiry by others. We are bound to act on the best presumption, whether that presumption happens to rest on something done by others, or on something we have done ourselves.

While the naked exhibition of the amount of guidance found for us by authority is certainly unflattering, it has a moral use in the inculcation of much humility. It also offers to the understanding a subject of profound and wondering contemplation, by revealing to us, in measureless extent, the law of human interdependence, which again should have its moral use in deepening the sense of the brotherhood of man.

A general revolt, then, against authority, even in matters of opinion, is a childish or anile superstition, not to be excused by the pretext that it is only due to the love of freedom cherished in excess. The love of

freedom is an essential principle of healthy human action, but is only one of its essential principles. Such a superstition, due only to excess in the love of freedom, may remind us that we should be burned to cinders were the earth capable of imitating its wayward denizens, and indulging itself only in an excess of the centripetal force. We may indeed allow that when personal inquiry has been thorough, unbiassed, and entire, it seems a violation of natural law to say that the inquirer should put it aside in deference to others, even of presumably superior qualification. Here there enters into the case a kind of sacred right of insurrection, essential as a condition of human progress. But the number of the cases in which a man can be sure that his own inquiry fulfils these conditions is comparatively insignificant. Wherever it falls short of fulfilling them, what may be called the subjective speciality of duty disappears; there remains only the paramount law of allegiance to objective truth, and that law, commonly dealing with probable evidence, binds us to take not that evidence with which we ourselves have most to do, but that which, whether our own or not, offers the smallest among the several likelihoods of error. The common cases of opposition lie not between authority and reasonable conviction, but between authority and fancy; authority and lame, or weak, or hasty, or shallow, processes of the mind; authority and sheer self-conceit or headstrong or indolent self-love.

There is something noble in a jealousy of authority, when the intention is to substitute for it a strong persistent course of mental labor. Such labor involves sacrifice, and sacrifice can dignify much error. But unhappily the rejection of authority is too often a cover for indolence as well as wantonness of mind, and the rejection of solid and venerable authority is avenged by lapse into the most ignoble servitudes. Those who think lightly of the testimony of the ages, the tradition of their race, which at all events keeps them in communion with it, are often found the slaves of Mr. A. or Mr. B., of their newspaper or of their club. In a time of much mental movement, men are apt to think it must be right with them, provided only that they move; and they are slow to distinguish between progress and running to and fro. If it be a glory of the age to have discovered the unsuspected width of the sway of law in external nature, let it crown the exploit by cultivating a severer study, than is commonly in use, of the law which weights beyond all others, the law which

fixes, so to speak, the equation of the mind of man in the orbit appointed for the consummation of his destiny.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A MORE ruffianly-looking vagabond than the honorable member for Ballinas-croon could not have been found within the area of London on that warm June evening. And yet he seemed fairly pleased with himself as he boldly took his way across the Green Park. He balanced his basket jauntily over the dirty seal-skin cap. He whistled as he went.

It was his third excursion of the sort; and he was getting to be quite familiar with his *rôle*. In fact, he was not thinking at all at this moment of tramps' patter, or Covent Garden, or anything connected with the lodging-house in which he had already spent two nights. He whistled to give himself courage in another direction. Surely it was not for him, as a man of the world, occupied with the serious duties of life, and, above all, hard-headed and practical, to be perturbed by the sentimental phantasy of a girl. Was it not for her interest, as well as his own, that he should firmly hold out? A frank exposition of their relations now would prevent mistakes in the future—would, indeed, be the truest kindness to her. And as he could not undertake to play a Cupid's part, to become a philanderer, to place a mysterious value on moods and feelings which did not correspond with the actual facts of life, was it not wiser that he should plainly declare as much?

And yet this scoundrelly-looking hawker derived but little consolation from his gay whistling. He could not but think of Lady Sylvia as she wrote the letter now in his pocket; and in his inmost consciousness he knew what that tender-hearted girl must have suffered in penning the cold, proud lines. She had none of his pressing work in which to escape from the harassing pain of such a discussion. He guessed that weary days and sleepless nights were the result of such letters as that he now carried with him. But then,

she was in the wrong. Discipline was wholesome. So he continued his contented trudge, and his whistling.

He crossed St. James's Park, passed through Queen Anne's Gate, and finally plunged into a labyrinth of narrow and squalid streets and lanes with which he seemed sufficiently familiar. It was not a pleasant quarter on this warm night; the air was close and foul; many of the inhabitants of the houses—loosely-dressed women for the most part, who had retreating foreheads, heavy jowls, and a loud laugh that seemed scarcely human—had come out to sit on the doorstep or the pavement. There were not many men about. A few hulking youths—bullet-headed, round-shouldered, in-kneed—lounged about the doors of the public-houses, addressing each other in the most hideous language *à propos* of nothing.

The proprietor of the common lodging-house stood at the entry in his shirt-sleeves. He took no notice of Balfour except that, on his approach, he went along the passage and unlocked a door, admitted him, and shut the door again: this door could not be re-opened on the other side, so that there was no chance of a defaulter sneaking off in the night without paying his fourpence. Balfour went up-stairs. The doors of the various rooms and the rickety little windows were all wide open. The beds—of coarse materials, certainly, but clean—were all formally made. There was not a human being in the place.

He had a room to himself—about eight feet square, with two beds in it. He placed his basket on the bed; and then went down-stairs again, and out into the back-yard. The only occupant of the yard was a grizzled and feeble old man, who was at this moment performing his ablutions in the lavatory, which consisted of three pails of dirty water, standing on a bench in an open shed. The man dried his face, turned, and looked at Balfour with a pair of keen and ferrety eyes, said nothing, and walked off into the kitchen. Balfour was left in sole occupation of the yard, with its surroundings of tumble-down outhouses and dilapidated brick walls; he lit a pipe, and sate down on a bench.

It was not a good time of the year for these researches, the precise object of which he had formerly explained to Lady Sylvia. The summer weather draws tramps, hawkers, and other branches of our nomadic population, into the country, where they can cadge a bit for food, and where, instead of having to pay for a bed

in a hot room, they can sleep comfortably enough beneath an empty cart, or by a hedgerow, or in a new drain-pipe. Nevertheless, a good many strange people turned into this lodging-house of a night; and Balfour, on his first appearance, had rather ingratiated himself with them by pretending to have had a drop too much, and insisting on standing beer all round. As he muttered his determination to fight any man who refused to drink with him — and as there was a brawny and bony look about the build of his shoulders — the various persons present overcame their natural modesty, and drank the beer. Thereafter the newcomer relapsed into a gloomy silence; sate on a bench in a corner which was hidden in shadow; and doubtless most of his companions, as they proceeded to talk of their experiences of unions, guardians, magistrates, and the like — the aristocracy, of course, preferring to talk of the money they had made in bygone times, when their particular trade or lay had not been overrun with competition — imagined he was asleep.

On the following night he was well received; and now he entered a little more into conversation with them — his share in it being limited to occasional questions. But there was one man there, who, from the very first, regarded him with suspicion; and he knew that from the way in which this man followed him about with his watchful eyes. This was an old man called Fiddling Jack, who, with a green shade over his eyes, went about Lambeth as a blind man, accompanied by his daughter, a child of nine or ten, who played the violin and collected the coppers. Whether his care of the child was parental or merely prudential, he always brought her back to the lodging-house, and sent her to bed, by nine o'clock; the rest of the evening he spent in the great kitchen, smoking a black clay pipe. From the very first Balfour knew that this old man suspected something; or was it that his eyes being guarded from the light all day, seemed preternaturally keen when the green shade was removed?

But the man whom Balfour most feared was another old man, who in former days had been the owner of a large haberdashery business in the King's Road, Chelsea; and who had drank himself down until he now earned his living by selling evening papers on one of the river piers. His brain, too, had given way; he was now a half-maudlin, amiable, harmless old man, whose fine language and courteous manners had got for him the title of "Mr."

Now Mr. Sturt excelled in conversation, and he spoke with great propriety of phrase, so that again and again Balfour found himself on the point of replying to this old gentleman as he would have done to a member of the House of Commons. In fact, his only safeguard with respect to Mr. Sturt lay in complete silence.

But indeed, on this third evening of his explorations, his heart was not in his work at all. As he walked up and down the squalid yard — occasionally noticing a newcomer come in — his mind was filled, not with any social or political problem, but with a great compunction and yearning. He dared not take Lady Sylvia's letter from his pocket; but he tried to remember every word in it; and he pondered over this and the other phrase to see if it could not somehow be construed into an expression of affection. Then he began to compose his answer to it; and that, he determined, would be a complete abandonment of the position he had taken up. After all was not a great deal to be granted to the woman one loved? If she was unreasonable, it was only the privilege of her sex. In any case, he would argue no longer; he would try the effect of a frank and generous surrender.

Having come to this decision, which afforded him great internal comfort, he be-thought himself of his immediate task; and accordingly he walked into the kitchen, where a number of the *habitués* had already assembled. An excess of courtesy is not the order of the day in a common lodging-house, and so he gave no greeting, and received none. He sate down on a rickety stool in the great, dusky den; and while some of the odd-looking folks were having their supper, he lit another pipe. But he had not sat there five minutes when he had formed a distinct opinion that there was an alteration in the manner of those people towards him. They looked at him askance; they had become silent since the moment of his entrance. Moreover, the newcomers, as they dropped in, regarded him curiously, and invariably withdrew to the further end of the big apartment. When they spoke, it was amongst themselves, and in a low voice.

So conscious did he in time become of all this that he resolved he would not spoil the evening of these poor folks; he would go up to that small room above. Doubtless some secret wish to re-read Lady Sylvia's letter had some influence on this decision; at any rate, he went out into the yard, took a turn up and down with

his hands in his pockets; and then with apparent carelessness went up-stairs. He sat down on the edge of the small and rude bed, and took out the letter.

He had not been there five minutes when a woman rushed into the room, greatly excited. She was a stalwart woman, with an immensely broad bust, keen grey eyes, and a grey moustache, that gave a truculent look to her face.

"For God's sake, get out o' this, sir!" she said, hurriedly, but not loudly, "the boys have been drinking at the Blue Tun, and they're coming down on you—look sharp, sir—never mind the basket—run for it——"

"But what's the matter, Mrs. Grace?" said he, stubbornly, refusing to rise; he could not submit to the ignominy of running, without knowing why.

"It's all along o' that Fiddling Jack—by the Lord, I'll pay him out!" said the woman, with an angry look. He's been about saying you was a buz-man——"

"A what?"

"He says it was you got Billy Rowland a lifer; and the boys are saying they'll do for you this very night. Get away now, sir—it's no use talking to them—they've been drinking."

"Look here, Mrs. Grace," said he, calmly, as he removed a false bottom from the basket beside him, and took out a six-chambered revolver, "I am a peaceable person; but if there's a row, I'll play ducks and drakes with some of them."

"For God's sake, don't show them that, or you're a dead man," said the woman. "Now, sir, off you go."

He seemed in no great hurry; but he put the pistol into his breast-pocket, put on his cap, and went down-stairs. There was no sound at all—no unusual excitement. He got the proprietor to unlock the dividing door, and went along the passage. He called a good-night to Mrs. Grace.

But he had no sooner got to the street than he was met by a great howl, like the roaring of wild beasts; and then he saw before him a considerable crowd of people who had just come along, and were drawing round the entrance in a semi-circle. He certainly turned pale for a moment, and stood still. It was only in a confused sort of way that he perceived that this hoarsely murmuring crowd was composed chiefly of women—viragoes with bare heads and arms—and louts of lads about nineteen or twenty. He could not distinguish their cries; he only knew that they were mingled taunts and menaces. What to do he knew not; while to

speak to this howling mass was on the face of it useless. What was all this about "Billy Rowland," "Scotland Yard," "Spy," "Buz-man," and the rest?

"What is it you want with me?" he called aloud; but of what avail was his single voice against those thousand angry cries?

A stone was flung at him, and missed him. He saw the big lout who threw it dodge back into the crowd.

"You cowardly scoundrel," he shouted, making an involuntary step forward, "come out here and I'll fight you—I'll fight any one of you—ah! skulk behind the women, do!"

At this moment he received a stinging blow on the side of the head that sent him staggering for a yard or two. A woman had crept up by the side of the houses, and pitched a broken piece of tile at him. Had she thrown it, it must have killed him; as it was, it merely cut him, so that instantaneously the side of his head and neck were streaming with blood.

He recovered his footing; the stinging pain awoke all the Celtic ferocity in him; he drew out his revolver, and turned to the spot from whence his unexpected assailant had attacked him. There was one terrible moment of hesitation. Had it been a man, he would have shot him dead. As it was, he paused; and then, with a white face, he threw his revolver on the pavement.

He did not quite know what happened next, for he was faint from loss of blood, and giddy. But this was what happened. The virago who had pitched the piece of tile at him, as soon as she saw the pistol lying on the pavement, uttered a screech of joy, and sprang forward to seize it. The next moment she received a crashing blow on the jaw, which sent her reeling senseless into the gutter; and the next moment Mrs. Grace had picked up the revolver, while with her other hand she caught hold of Balfour as with the grip of a vice, and dragged him into the passage.

"Run!" she said. "The door is open! Through the yard—there is a chair at the wall—don't stop till you're at the Abbey!"

She stood at the narrow entrance, and barred the way; the great, brawny arm gripping the revolver.

"Swelp me," she shouted—and she knew how to make herself heard—"swelp me God, if one of you stirs a foot nearer, there'll be murder here this night. I mean it. My name's Sal

Grace; and by the Lord there's six of you dead if you lift a hand against me!"

At the same moment, Balfour, though he felt giddy, bewildered, and considerably weak about the knees, had bolted down the back yard until he came to the brick wall. Here he found a rickety cane-bottomed chair; and by its aid he managed to clamber over. Now he was in an open space of waste ground—it had just been bought by the government for some purpose or other—and, so far as he could see, it was closely fenced all round. At length, however, he descried a hole in the paling that some children had made; and through that he managed to squeeze himself. Presently he was making his way as fast as he could through a series of slums; but his object was less to make straight for the Abbey than to rout out the policemen on his way, and send them back to the relief of his valiant defender; and this he most luckily and successfully accomplished. He had managed, too, during his flight, to partly mop up the blood that had streamed from the wound in his head.

Then he missed his way somehow; for otherwise, a very few minutes' running and walking must have taken him either to the Abbey or the embankment; and now, as he felt faint, he staggered into a public-house.

"Well, my man, what's the matter with you?" said the burly publican, as he saw this newcomer sink down on a bench.

"Some water—some brandy," said Balfour, involuntarily putting his hand up to the side of his head.

"Good Lord, you've 'ad the worst of it, my lad," said the publican—he was familiar with the results of a free fight. "Here, Jim, get a pail o' water, and let this chap put his 'ead in it. Don't you let that blood get on the floor, my man."

The cool water applied to his head, and the glass of brandy, vile as it was, that he drank, pulled Balfour together. He rose, and the publican and the pot-boy were astonished to find the difference in the appearance of this coster's face, produced by the pail of water. And when, on leaving, he gave the pot-boy half-a-crown for his attention, what were they to make of it?

By some means or other, he finally managed to wander into Victoria Street; and here, with some difficulty, he persuaded a cabman to drive him up to Piccadilly. He was secure himself, and he had little fear for the safety of Mrs. Grace. He knew the authority wielded over the

neighborhood by that stalwart Amazon; and in any case he had sent her sufficient police aid.

He got his man to wash that ugly cut along the side of his head before sending for a surgeon to have it properly dressed.

"Will you look at your letters, sir?"

"Not to-night," he said, for he was feeling tired.

But on second thoughts he fancied he might as well run his eye over the envelopes. He started on finding there one from Lady Sylvia. Had she then written immediately after the despatch of her last?

"Dearest Hugh," the girl wrote. "*It will be when you please. I cannot bear quarrelling with you. Your Sylvia.*"

As he read the simple words—he was weak and feverish—his eyes became moist. This girl loved him.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVEN AT LAST.

THE cut Balfour had received was merely a flesh-wound, and not at all serious; but of course when Lady Sylvia heard of the adventure in Westminster she knew that he must have been nearly murdered, and she would go to him at once, and her heart smote her sorely that she should have been selfishly thinking of her own plans and wishes when this noble champion of the poor was adventuring his very life for the public good. She knew better than to believe the jibing account of the whole matter that Balfour sent her. He was always misrepresenting himself—playing the part of Mephistopheles to his own Faust—anxious to escape even from the loyal worship and admiration freely tendered him by one loving heart.

But when she insisted on at once going up to London, her father demurred. At that moment he had literally not a five-pound note he could lay his hands on; and that private hotel in Arlington Street was an expensive place.

"Why not ask him to come down here for a few days?" Lord Willowby said. "Wouldn't that be more sensible? Give him two or three days' rest and fresh air to recover him."

"He wouldn't come away just now, papa," said Lady Sylvia, seriously. "He won't let anything stand between him and his public duties——"

"His public duties!" her father said, impatiently. "His public fiddlesticks! What are his public duties—to shoot out

his tongue at the very people who sent him into Parliament!"

"He has no duties to *them*," she said, warmly. "They don't deserve to be represented at all. I hope at the next general election he will go to some other constituency. And if he does," she added, with a flush coming to her cheeks, "I know one who will canvass for him."

"Go away, Sylvia," said her father, with a smile, "and write a line to the young man, and tell him to come down here. He will be glad enough. And what is this nonsense about a house in this neighborhood—don't you want to see about that if you are going to get married in August? At the same time, I think you are a couple of fools."

"Why, papa?" she demanded, patiently.

"To throw away money like that! What more could you want than that house in Piccadilly? It could be made a charming little place. And this nonsense about a cottage down here—roses and lilies, I suppose, and a cuckoo-clock and a dairy; you have no right to ask any man to throw away his money like that."

Lord Willowby showed an unusual interest in Mr. Balfour's affairs; perhaps it was merely because he knew how much better use he could have made of this money that the young people were going to squander.

"It is his own wish, papa."

"Who put it into his head?"

"And if I did?" said Lady Sylvia, valiantly, "don't you think there should be some retreat for a man harassed with the cares of public life? What rest could he get in Piccadilly? Surely it is no unusual thing for people to have a house in the country as well as one in town; and of course there is no part of the country I could like as much as this part. So you see you are quite wrong, papa; and I am quite right—as I always am."

"Go away, and write your letter," said her father.

Lady Sylvia went to her room, and sate down to her desk. But before she wrote to Balfour she had another letter to write, and she seemed to be sorely puzzled about it. She had never written to Mrs. Grace before; and she did not know exactly how to apologize for her presumption in addressing a stranger. Then she wished to send Mrs. Grace a present; and the only thing she could think of was lace—for lace was about the only worldly valuables which Lady Sylvia possessed. All this was of her own undertaking. Had she

consulted her father, he would have said, "Write as you would to a servant." Had she consulted Balfour, he would have shouted with laughter at the notion of presenting that domineering landlady of the Westminster slums with a piece of real Valenciennes. But Lady Sylvia set to work on her own account; and at length composed the following message, out of the ingenuous simplicity of her own small head: "Willowby Hall, Tuesday morning. My dear Mrs. Grace,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in sending you these few lines, but I have just heard how nobly and bravely you rendered assistance, at great risk to yourself, to Mr. Balfour, who is a particular friend of my father's and mine, and I thought you would not be offended if I wrote to say how very heartily we thank you. And will you please accept from us the accompanying little parcel; it may remind you occasionally that though we have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance we are none the less most deeply grateful to you.—I am, my dear Mrs. Grace, yours very sincerely, Sylvia Blythe."

Little did Balfour know of the packet which he forwarded to his valiant friend down in Westminster; but Happiness Alley speedily knew of it, and knows of it to this day. For at great times and seasons, when all the world has gone out to see the queen drive to the opening of Parliament, or to look at the ruins of the last great fire, or to welcome the poor creatures set free by a gaol-delivery, and when Mrs. Grace and her friends have got back to the peace of their own homes, and when pipes have been lit and jugs of ale placed on the window-sill to cool, then with a great pride and vainglory a certain mahogany casket is produced. And if the uses of a *fichu* are only to be guessed at by Mrs. Grace and her friends, and if the precise value of Valenciennes is unknown to them, what matters? It is enough that all the world should know that this article of attire was presented to Mrs. Grace by an earl and an earl's daughter, in proof of which the casket contains—and this Mrs. Grace regards as the highest treasure of all—a letter written in the lady's own hand. She does not show the letter itself. She does not wish to have it fingered about and dirtied. But at these high times of festivity, when the lace is taken out with an awful and reverent care, the envelope of the letter may at least be exhibited; and that is stamped with an earl's coronet.

In due time Balfour went down to Willowby, and now at last it seemed as if all

the troubles and sorrows of these young people were over. In the various glad preparations for the event to which they both looked forward, a generous unanimity of feeling prevailed. Each strove to outdo the other in conciliation. And Lady Sylvia's father smiled benignly on the pair, for he had just borrowed 300*l.* from Balfour to meet some little pressing emergency.

It was a halcyon time indeed, for the year was at its fullest and sweetest, and the member for Ballinascroon was not hampered by the services he rendered to his constituents. One brilliant June day after another shone over the fair Surrey landscapes; beech, ash, and oak were at their greenest; the sunlight warmed up the colors of the pink chestnut and the rose-red hawthorn; and sweet winds played about the woods. They drove to picturesque spots in that line of hill that forms the backbone of Surrey; they made excursions to old-fashioned little hamlets on the Thames; together they rode over the wide commons, where the scent of the gorse was strong in the air. Balfour wondered no longer why Sylvia should love this peaceful and secluded life. Under the glamour of her presence, idleness became delightful, for the first time in the existence of this busy, eager, ambitious man. All his notions of method, of accuracy, of common sense even, he surrendered to this strange fascination. To be unreasonable was a virtue in a woman, if it was Lady Sylvia who was unreasonable. He laughed with pleasure one evening when, in a strenuous argument, she stated that seven times seven were fifty-six. It would have been stupid in a servant to have spilled the tea, but it was pretty when Lady Sylvia's small wrist was the cause of that mishap. And when, with her serious, timid eyes grown full of feeling, she pleaded the cause of the poor sailor sent to sea in rotten ships, he felt himself ready then to go into the House and out-Plimsoll Plimsoll in his enthusiasm on behalf of so good a cause.

It was not altogether love in idleness. They had their occupations. First of all, she spent nearly a whole week in town choosing wall-colors, furniture, and pictures for that house in Piccadilly, though it was with a great shyness she went to the various places and expressed her opinion. During that week she saw a good deal more of London and of London life than commonly came within her experience. For one thing, she had the trembling delight of listening, from behind the

grill, to Balfour making a short speech in the House. It was a terrible ordeal for her; her heart throbbed with anxiety, and she tore a pair of gloves into small pieces unknowingly. But as she drove home, she convinced herself, with a high exultation, that there was no man in the House who looked so distinguished as that one, that the stamp of a great statesman was visible in the square forehead and in the firm mouth, and that if the House knew as much as she knew, it would be more anxious to listen for those words of wisdom which were to save the nation. Balfour's speech was merely a few remarks made in committee. They were not of great importance. But when, next morning, she eagerly looked in the newspapers, and found what he had said condensed into a sentence, she was in a wild rage, and declared to her father that public men were treated shamefully in this country.

That business of refurnishing the house in Piccadilly had been done perforce; it was with a far greater satisfaction that she set about decorating and preparing a spacious cottage, called the Lilacs, which was set in the midst of a pretty garden, some three miles from Willowby Park. Here, indeed, was pleasant work for her; and to her was entrusted the whole management of the thing, in Balfour's necessary absence in town. From day to day she rode over to see how the workmen were getting on. She sent up business-like reports to London. And at last she gently hinted that he might come down to see what had been done.

"Will you ride over, or drive?" said Lord Willowby to his guest, after breakfast that morning.

"I am sure Mr. Balfour would rather walk, papa," said Lady Sylvia, "for I have discovered a whole series of short-cuts, that I want to show him—across the fields. Unless it will tire you, papa?"

"It won't tire me at all," said Lord Willowby, with great consideration, "for I am not going. I have letters to write. But if you walk over, you must send Lock to the cottage with the horses, and ride back."

Although they were profoundly disappointed that Lord Willowby could not accompany them, they set out on their walk with an assumed cheerfulness which seemed to conceal their inward grief. It was July now; but the morning was fresh and cool after the night's rain, and there was a pleasant southerly breeze blowing the fleecy clouds across the blue sky, so

that there was an abundance of light, motion, and color all around them. The elms were rustling and swaying in the park; the rooks were cawing; in the distance they saw a cloud of yellow smoke arise from the road as the fresh breeze blew across.

She led him a way by secret paths and wooded lanes, with here and there a stile to cross, and here and there a swinging gate to open. She was anxious he should know intimately all the surroundings of his future home; and she seemed to be familiar with the name of every farmhouse, every turnpike, every clump of trees in the neighborhood. She knew the various plants in the hedges; and he professed himself profoundly interested in learning their names. They crossed a bit of common now; he had never known before how beautiful the flowers of a common were — the pale lemon-colored hawkweed, the purple thyme, the orange and crimson-tipped bird's-foot trefoil. They passed through waving fields of rye; he had never noticed before the curious sheen of grey produced by the wind on those billows of green. They came in sight of long undulations of wheat; he vowed he had never seen in his life anything so beautiful as the brilliant scarlet of the poppies where the corn was scant. The happiness in Lady Sylvia's face when he expressed himself delighted with all these things, was something to see.

They came upon a gypsy encampment, apparently deserted by all but the women and children. One of the younger women immediately came out, and began the usual patter. Would not the pretty lady have her fortune told? She had many happy days in store for her; but she had a little temper of her own; and so forth. Lady Sylvia stood irresolute, bashful, rather inclined to submit to the ordeal for the amusement of the thing, and looking doubtfully at her companion as to whether he would approve. As for Balfour, he did not pay the slightest heed to the poor woman's jargon. His eye had been wandering over the encampment, apparently examining everything. And then he turned to the woman and began to question her, with a directness that startled her out of her trade-manner altogether. She answered him simply and seriously, though it was not a very direful tale she had to tell. When Balfour had got all the information he wanted, he gave the woman half-a-sovereign, and passed on with his companion; and of course Lady Sylvia said to herself that it was the abrupt sincerity, the force

of character, in this man that compelled sincerity in others, and she was more than ever convinced that the like of him was not to be found in the world.

"Well, Sylvia," said he, when they reached the Lilacs, and had passed through the fragrant garden, "you have really made it a charming place. It is a place one might pass one's life away in — reading books, smoking, dreaming day-dreams."

"I hope you will always find rest and quiet in it," said she in a low voice.

It was a long, irregular, two-storied cottage, with a verandah along the front; and it was pretty well smothered in white roses. There was not much of a lawn; for the ground facing the French windows had mostly been cut up into flower-beds — beds of turquoise-blue forget-me-nots, of white and speckled clove-pinks that sweetened all the air around, of various-hued pansies, and of white and purple columbine. But the strong point of the cottage and the garden was its roses. There were roses everywhere — rose-bushes in the various plots, rose-trees covering the walls, roses in the tiny hall into which they passed when the old housekeeper made her appearance. "I'll tell you who ought to live here, Sylvia," said her companion. "That German fellow you were telling us about who lives close by — Count von Rosen. I never saw such roses in my life."

Little adornment indeed was needed to make this retreat a sufficiently charming one; but all the same, Lady Sylvia had spent a vast amount of care on it, and her companion was delighted with the skill and grace in which the bare materials of the furniture which he had only seen in the London shops had been arranged. As they walked through the quaint little rooms, they did not say much to each other; for doubtless their minds were sufficiently busy in drawing pictures of the happy life they hoped to spend there.

Of course, all these nice things cost money. Balfour had been for some time drawing upon his partners in a fashion which rather astonished those gentlemen; for they had grown accustomed to calculate on the extreme economy of the young man. One morning the head clerk in the firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green and Co., in opening the letters, came upon one from Mr. Hugh Balfour, in which that gentleman gave formal notice that he would want a sum of 50,000*l.* in cash on the 1st of August. When Mr. Skinner arrived, the head clerk put the letter be-

fore him. He did not turn pale, nor did he nervously break the paper-knife he held in his hand. He only said "Good Lord!" and then he added, "I suppose he must have it at any cost."

It was in the second week in August that Mr. Hugh Balfour, M.P. for Ballinascreen, was married to Lady Sylvia Blythe, only daughter of the Earl of Willowby, of Willowby Hall, Surrey; and immediately after the marriage, the happy pair started off to spend their honeymoon in Germany.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE GOSSIP OF HISTORY.

"THERE are," says Macaulay, in that fine essay which laid the foundations of his fame, "a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High." Of these the great historian considered Milton to be one, and we should most of us like to agree with him. Yet there are some curious stories about Milton, who was perhaps not the pleasantest of men in private life. Thus he is said to have taught his daughters the Greek alphabet, without attempting to instruct them in the language, in order that they might the sooner be qualified for the irksome task of reading to him authors of whose works they could not understand a syllable. To the common mind this seems a piece of gross selfishness, though it is quite possible that Milton, whose conception of woman's mission was not the highest, may never have imagined he was guilty of an act of injustice in turning intelligent beings into machines. His ideal of female perfection seems to have been the Eve of his own "Paradise Lost," before the fall. Adam lived "for God only—she for God in him"—a view of the marriage tie for which there is assuredly no warrant in the New Testament. And many will consider Dinah, in "Adam Bede," preaching herself to the simple village folk, as a nobler picture of womanly goodness. In Milton's system there would hardly have been room for St. Teresa, or Mrs. Fry, much less for Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory.

Another story of Milton is only ludi-

crous, but one hopes it is not true, for one would like only the loftiest associations to centre round his name. A friend once condoled with him on the loss of his sight, from the point of view that he could never have the pleasure of seeing his wife. "Ah," replied Milton with a sigh, "would that I were deaf as well!" In truth Milton seems to have looked upon his Bessy (No. 3) as a necessary evil, necessary for purposes of housekeeping and cookery. Some of his biographers have represented him as a man of austere life, who made himself miserable by supping on olives and cold water, but it seems more probable that he was something of an epicure in a quiet way, and that a savory stew was very much indeed to his taste. His wife once set before him a dish of which he was exceedingly fond, dressed with nicest culinary art, and as the poet ate, he observed, with his mouth full, by way of expressing his thanks, "Thou knowest that I have left thee all I have." History is silent as to the precise nature of this memorable refection, whether "grisamber steamed," or game "built up in pastry," but those who think Milton had no idea of a good dinner, have only to turn to the description of the banquet with which the devil tempts our Saviour in "Paradise Regained;" how unlike, he exclaims, "to that crude apple which diverted Eve!"

Yet it seems almost sacrilege to repeat gossip concerning the inspired martyr of English liberty. One is tempted to use the formula employed by Herodotus, when that charming story-teller had given some particularly naughty story relating to a venerated personage, "May I not incur the anger of any god or hero!" The truth is that half of what constitutes the amusing in the annals of our curious race is composed of facts more or less to the discredit of those who have made a stir in the world. Who, for instance, that has read Fitztraver's song has not learnt to connect the name of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with all that is brightest in chivalry, in pöesy, and in love? Yet his passion for Geraldine is well-nigh an exploded myth, and all its romantic incidents have long since receded into the domain of fable. The facts about him are more prosaic, and he seems to have spent his youth much as other "swells" of the sixteenth century—partly, one grieves to find, in the mediæval substitute for wrenching off knockers. Thus we find him summoned before the privy council for eating flesh in Lent, and for walking about the streets at night in a "lewd and unseemly manner,"

and breaking windows with a cross-bow. On the first charge he excused himself; the second he confessed, and on it was committed to prison. It would be interesting to know whether his lordship paid for the windows he broke, as glass must have been dear in the reign of Henry VIII. Poor Surrey! He lived in a barbarous and unnatural age, when too often a man's foes were they of his own household; and he was ultimately convicted of high treason on the joint testimony of his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, and of his father's mistress. It was a judicial murder of the foulest kind.

Another Howard, John, dubbed "the philanthropist," may seem, to a sceptical generation, a far less amiable person than the thoughtless and unfortunate Surrey. No doubt he did excellent work in reforming prison discipline; but charity, says a shrewd proverb, should begin at home, and there is too much reason to believe that Howard was a severe, not to say a harsh, parent. He managed to make his son afraid of him, and the result was dismal enough. The young man fell into dissolute habits, which were carefully concealed from the father, and consequently unchecked, till they had brought on a disease which terminated in incurable madness. It is fair to add that Mr. Hepworth Dixon considers the charge of harshness brought against Howard as unfair, but some painful facts are not easily explained away. The best story ever told of Howard is, perhaps, the answer he made to Joseph II. when the latter observed that the law in his own dominions was more clement than in England. There, said the emperor, men were hanged for many offences for which they would only be imprisoned in Austria. "That is true," rejoined Howard, "but give me leave to tell your Majesty that I had much rather be hanged than stay in one of your prisons." It should be added that some of Howard's prison reforms were of more than questionable utility; and he has the bad reputation of having introduced the system of solitary confinement, the application of which he recommended to refractory boys — "for which," said the mild and generous Charles Lamb, "I could spit on his statue." Had Howard lived in another age and clime he might have developed into a Torquemada or St. Dominic, and have been distinguished as the founder of an inquisition. He led a strict life himself, had the highest zeal for the public good, and was probably destitute of natural affections.

It is to the credit of human nature that

when a man has rendered great services to his country or to his kind, we resolutely refuse to look at the dark side of his character, and form a glorified picture of him for the mind's eye to rest upon. The portrait of Nelson is not blurred for Englishmen. We are jealous of Byron's reputation, and will scarcely suffer it to be justly or unjustly assailed. With what pleasure should we not hail the fact that a painstaking writer had effectually cleared the character of Marlborough from the stains of avarice and corruption! And yet it is always well to look facts resolutely in the face, for they often explain, and enable us to condone. To know all would be to forgive all. Take the case of Nelson. The murder of Prince Caracciolo and all the other bad doings at Naples may be traced directly to his infatuation for Lady Hamilton. And whence did that infatuation arise? It has been asserted that Nelson gradually became estranged from his wife because she did not take enough interest in his career, and seemed hardly to know that her husband was the idolized hero of the nation. If so it was a grievous fault, and the result, with a man of Nelson's temperament, might have been easily foreseen. "My dear, great, glorious Nelson," if we remember aright, was the style in which the wife of a cabinet minister, who can scarcely have been personally acquainted with the admiral, wrote to congratulate him on the victory of the Nile. Lady Hamilton was even more demonstrative, and Nelson took a naïve, almost childlike pleasure in being made much of, and called "great" and "glorious" to his face. He had done great things, and was not ashamed to own that he felt proud of his achievements. Indeed self-assertion on his part occasionally took an unpleasant form. Towards the close of the war with the First Republic, when the general distress was sharp, and bread frightfully dear — in 1800 the price of the quartern loaf rose to one shilling and tenpence half-penny — a curious fashion arose of giving dinners in which the guests were asked to bring their own bread. Nelson was invited to such a dinner, but through some oversight he had apparently not been informed of the conditions of the feast. At all events, when he found there was no bread, he made quite a little scene, called his servant, and, before the whole company, gave him a shilling, and ordered him to go and buy a roll, saying aloud: "It is hard that after fighting my country's battles, I should be grudged her bread." One would not like to have been present

at that dinner-party, still less to have been the host; and, in truth, either Nelson should not have been invited, or an exception should have been made in his favor.

It is also part of the ill-natured gossip of history that Nelson's last signal was not "England" but "Nelson expects every man to do his duty," and that the officer to whom the order was given affected to have misunderstood his directions, and substituted the sentence which was actually telegraphed. Southey says it was received by the fleet with enthusiasm, but an eye-witness of the battle has recorded the equally probable fact, that some unideal Britons could not well make out what it meant. "Do our duty?" quoth one of them, "why, of course we shall." In truth, the English dislike of rhetoric (strange enough in a country which has given parliamentary institutions to the world) amounts to a fault; it makes us think that heroic words are never found in company with heroic acts. This is far from being the case, as a notable incident in the life of General Wolfe will show. After his appointment to the command of the expedition against Canada, and on the day preceding his embarkation, Pitt invited him to dinner. The only other guest was Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law, who afterwards told the story to Thomas Grenville. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, ever so slightly warmed with wine, or, it may be, merely fired by his own thoughts, broke forth into a strain of gasconade. He drew his sword—he rapped the table with it—he flourished it round the room—he talked of the mighty things that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast, at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and spirit, and when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which he had formed of Wolfe: he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple, "Good God! that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" Few anecdotes rest on better authority, yet it may be hoped that Lord Temple or Mr. Grenville was guilty of a slight inaccuracy in putting into the mouth of Pitt the words, "and of the administration," which sound like bathos, whereas Pitt always spoke and thought in the loftiest strain. Indeed, in judging Wolfe, the great statesman might have known, from the best of evidence, that "tall talk" is occasionally the herald of great actions. "My Lord," he

had said in 1757 to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can"—which proved to be the true state of the case.

In spite of "goody" books, which profess that genius is invariably accompanied by modesty, at least half the famous men of history have been intensely egotistical, and strenuous asserters of their own merits.

"After all, what have I done?" exclaimed Napoleon one day, as if to silence a flatterer. "Is it anything compared with what Christ has done?" Indeed, one of Napoleon's arguments for the truth of Christianity seemed to be that Christ, having founded a mightier empire than his own, must necessarily have been more than mortal. Heroes are apt to reason curiously. Nelson told Lord Holland that he often felt pain in the arm he had lost, "which," added the gallant warrior, "is a clear proof of the immortality of the soul, and sets the question completely at rest." This remark would have been hailed with delight by that ingenious theorist who held that puzzle-headedness conduces to celebrity, and who, by the way, defended his opinions with singular skill. He had once maintained at a dinner-party that most men who have attained suddenly and rapidly to fame have been puzzle-headed. "What do you say," objected one of the company, "to Mr. Pitt? He was an admired statesman at the age of twenty-three; and was he a puzzle-headed man?" "Why, not generally such," was the answer, "but he was such in reference to the particular point which mainly contributed to obtain him that early and speedy popularity. Look at the portraits of him at that time, and you will see a paper in his hand, or on his table, inscribed 'Sinking Fund.' It was his eloquent advocacy of that delusion (as all, now, admit it to have been) which brought him such sudden renown. And he could not have so ably recommended—nor indeed would he probably have adopted—that juggle of Dr. Price's if he had not been himself the dupe of his fallacy; as Lord Grenville also was, who afterwards published a pamphlet in which he frankly exposed the delusion."

As a rule, to be puzzle-headed is not so great a hindrance to success in life as want of fixed opinions and principles. A strange story is told of Berryer which illustrates both the utility and the possibility of early making up one's mind, on some of the great questions of religion and politics. When a very young man, with

fame and fortune yet to win, Berryer is said to have considered the arguments for atheism and republicanism (too often mixed up together in France) as being on the whole quite as good as those for religion and legitimism. He felt, moreover, that for worldly success it was requisite that he should not continue all his life a doubter, but have some sort of creed. Should he range himself on the side of Church and king, or for "the immortal principles of 1789"? After trying in vain to balance the considerations for and against either belief he gave up the task in disgust, and decided the course of his life in a singular, one is tempted to say impious fashion. He took a *louis-d'or* from his pocket, tossed it up, and said, "Heads, king; tail, republic." Heads it was, and from that moment Berryer became the sworn champion of legitimism, and ultimately, no doubt, grew to believe himself the advocate of a true cause. But what if, to use Plato's expression, he did, on that memorable day, take a lie into his soul? There are better rewards than those of worldly success, "the inquiry of truth," as Lord Bacon finely observes, "which is the love-making, or wooing of it — and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it — being the sovereign good of human nature." Those words have the ring of a morality at once healthy, honest, and sublime. They are separated *toto cælo* from the strange advice given by Keble to Arnold, when the latter was troubled with doubts as to the doctrine of the Trinity. Keble counselled his friend to take a living and preach incessantly to his parishioners the doctrine in which he only half believed, by way of strengthening his own faith. The advice would seem positively immoral did one not remember that Keble scarcely conceived that doubt could ever be honest, much less well-founded. He was once urged by an admirer to write on the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures, the limits of inspiration being a subject that was causing difficulties to many thoughtful persons. Keble replied that he feared those who found any difficulties were too wicked to be open to conviction. So unamiable and unjust could be the thoughts of the man who was considered by many of his friends as a saint, and who really was a conspicuous example of human virtue and goodness.

The fact is that the character which has, in a somewhat narrow sense, been peculiarly called "saintly" is very far from being agreeable. It is not pleasant

to read of Thomas à Becket that "he swarmed with vermin" (*effervescebat vermibus*), nor does one like Isabella the Catholic any the better for learning that she was wont to rejoice and give thanks at the sight of a gallows with a man hanging therefrom, which may possibly be the origin of the story about the traveller who was delighted to see a gibbet, as a proof that he was in a civilized country. Pleasanter is that trait of Queen Henrietta Maria, who fell down on her knees, crossed herself and uttered a short prayer, when, in one of her first walks on English soil, she came suddenly in view of Tyburn, with its ghastly spectacle of corpses swinging in the wind. And here it may be observed that the gossip of history, if it tends to lower some great names in our esteem, yet helps to raise others. In the kingdom of knowledge, as in the kingdom of heaven, many that are first shall be last and the last first. The character of Noy, Charles I.'s attorney-general, is not a lofty one, yet there is something very human and even touching in the account of his last will. He bequeathed a fine fortune to his son "to be squandered as he shall think fit — I leave it him for that purpose, and I hope no better from him." Noy drew the writ for levying ship-money, and did many other improper things, but one may take leave to like him quite as much as a model reformer of prisons. Noy evidently loved his son, and could not bear to be harsh to him, possibly too he thought he discerned in the young man some feeling of pride which would spur him so to live as to falsify the prediction. Unhappily, the lad only fulfilled the anticipation expressed in his will: —

Drank, revelled, fought, and in a duel died —

if one may slightly modify a verse of Pope in deference to the susceptibilities of Mrs. Grundy.

Sixty years ago the name most abhorred by lovers of freedom in England and elsewhere was that of Lord Castlereagh. The Tory minister for foreign affairs, in the days of the Holy Alliance, was supposed to be the determined enemy of liberty throughout the world, a man of harsh and cruel purposes, ruthless in carrying them out. When the unhappy statesman died by his own hand, many must have been surprised at the evidence given by his valet on the inquest. "Had he any reason to suppose that his lordship's mind had been deranged of late?" "Well, his lordship had been a little strange of late?" — "For instance?" — "Well, he spoke

harshly to me a day or two before his death." It is satisfactory to think that the political fame of a man who was evidently so genial and kindly in private life is beginning to clear itself by the light of contemporary memoirs. Whatever may have been his faults, Castlereagh was a true Englishman, and had the interests of his country sincerely at heart. In any case his is the merit, in great part, of the two last and only successful coalitions against Napoleon; and it must have been a patient and skilful diplomacy which combined the forces destined to conquer at Leipsic and Waterloo.

Some novelists, if no serious historians, have attempted to draw flattering likenesses of James II., but most men will be of opinion that he was fairly gibbeted by Macaulay. The man looks so contemptible deserting a young and pretty wife, for ugly mistresses. "I can't find what he sees to admire in me," said Catherine Sedley; "certainly 'tis not for my beauty—and as to my wit, he has not enough to see that I have any." The accomplished Marquis of Halifax had an equally poor opinion of his intellect, and was wont to say of Charles and James, that "the elder could see things if he would, while the younger would see things if he could;" a cruel sentence, which is yet something of a compliment to the moral nature of James. He must, indeed, have had some good qualities, for he was devotedly served in the days of his exile, and men rarely devote themselves for a principle which is not more or less amiably incarnate. There is a little story told of James which shows that he possessed at least some of the Stuart urbanity. He was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait designed as a present to Pepys, when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him. The king commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait, that his friend might not be disappointed.

Of James's successful rival, on the other hand, Macaulay's portrait must be considered too flattering, especially by contrast. William was not only an unfaithful husband, but as ostentatious in his infidelities, as careless of conventionalities, as little regardful of his wife's feelings as Charles II. Now, Macaulay gives one a good deal of precise information about the private life of the two last Stuart kings, and touches but lightly on the failings of William. He even goes out of the way to praise the latter for trying to compel one of his officers to marry a young lady whom

he had wronged—excellent counsel, no doubt, but which must have come with bad grace from a man whose morals were in no wise above the level of the age in which he lived.

There is an anecdote told of our Dutch ruler which reflects some little credit on him, though not much—for he could hardly have acted otherwise—but which is chiefly worth relating for the curious light in which it sets the first constitutional king of England. William had sentenced an insubordinate regiment to be decimated. The soldiers accordingly drew lots, every tenth man, of course, drawing a prize—the prize of death. Not unnaturally one of the winners felt disposed to sell the lot he had drawn, if haply he could find a purchaser. One poor fellow at length agreed to be shot in his stead for a hundred pistoles to be paid to his relatives after his execution. William, having been informed of the bargain, sent for the soldier, and asked whether what he had been told was true. "Yes," replied the man, sulkily, "I have run the risk of being killed all my life for next to nothing a day, and now I can secure my wife and children something substantial. I am ready to die." William pardoned the man—he could hardly do less, and gave him the hundred pistoles. Martial law was formally recognized by Parliament in 1689, but the decimated regiment must have been a Dutch or German one, for English public opinion would at no time have tolerated such a barbarous mockery of justice. Dutch ideas of liberty, however, were always curious, or at any rate exhibited a striking discrepancy on some points from English ideas, and somehow or other we incline to the latter as the sounder.

Yet there was much that was lovable in the character of William, who was a staunch friend and a generous foe; and perhaps he is the most estimable in the long line of our sovereigns, with the exception of Alfred, and perhaps of Cromwell. Alfred, by the way, comes nearer to perfection than any prince of whom history makes mention, though scandal was once busy even with his stainless name. In youth he is said to have been dissipated, and even to have alienated his subjects by his misgovernment and immoralities. If so, he made a noble atonement. *A propos* of the great English king, every one knows the story of the burnt cakes and the scolding he received from the cowherd's wife, but the conclusion of the story is not so generally known. According to William of Malmesbury and other

later chroniclers, the cowherd, whose name was Denulf, having afterwards, on Alfred's recommendation, applied himself to letters, was made by him Bishop of Winchester, and was the same Denulf who died occupant of that see in 909. But what became of Mrs. Denulf? Possibly she lived to be an antetype of Mrs. Proudie, for the English clergy in the pre-Conquest days were not averse from marriage, and nearly two centuries were yet to elapse before Gregory VII. should introduce a uniformity of celibacy and hypocrisy into the Church. But of course the assertions of the worthy precentor of Malmesbury must be taken with an occasional grain of salt, as when, praising the strict and efficient police kept by Alfred in his dominions, he says that a purse of money, or a pair of golden bracelets, would in the time of this king remain for weeks exposed in the highway without risk of being stolen.

Perhaps few kings in the whole list appear more contemptible to the English, and especially to the modern English, mind than Edward the Confessor. There is even an Oxford tradition to the effect that, in his defection from the Church of England, Dr. Newman was nearly being followed by a distinguished scholar, who, however, had one difficulty which he never could get over. He had made up his mind to accept one point of doctrine after another, but the proverbial straw was the canonization of St. Edward. He finally decided that the Church which had deified so poor a specimen of humanity could not possibly be the infallible guide of men. We are not careful to defend the character of Edward, whose name ought nevertheless to be dear to a certain class of nineteenth century politicians, as one of the earliest lovers of peace at any price — a circumstance which probably facilitated the Norman Conquest. But the English long looked back with regret upon the golden days of King Edward, when the Dane had ceased to vex and the Norman had not yet come to trouble. Edward seems, moreover, to have been a just and benevolent ruler, and if he favored the monks unduly, yet the monks, with all their faults, were the most respectable part of the population.

It has been objected to Dr. Lingard that his fundamental rule of judging seems to be that the popular opinion on a historical question cannot possibly be correct, and such a tendency the study of the gossip or merely anecdotal part of history is sure to generate. For it is of the essence

of gossip that it should represent its subject in a different light to that in which he usually appears. Perhaps the truth about it would be that gossip is a good leveller, and reduces kings very much to the level of common men. No man is a hero to the chronicler of scandal. When Lord Thurlow was told that Pitt was dead, "A — good hand at turning a period" was the only comment he made. So the inveterate *raconteur* smiles when he hears the praises of any one too enthusiastically sung; he cannot help recalling some funny little story about him. Few have the noble magnanimity of Bolingbroke, before whom the character of his political enemy Marlborough was once discussed. Some one appealed to Bolingbroke as to whether the duke had not been extremely avaricious. "He was so great a man," replied Bolingbroke, "that I have forgotten his vices." It is to be feared, nevertheless, that Marlborough's avarice cannot be denied, and it is, indeed, supported by a hundred stories. A beggar once asked an alms of Lord Peterborough, and called him by mistake "My Lord Marlborough." "I am not Lord Marlborough," replied the earl, "and to prove it to you, here is a guinea."

Charity, by the way, has been the occasion of many a happy saying. Malherbe was very generous, but, one is sorry to learn, not religious. One day he gave a beggar some silver, and the beggar assured the poet that he would pray for him. "Pray do not trouble yourself to do that, my friend," replied Malherbe; "judging from your own condition, I should hardly think you had much credit with Heaven." This was rather wicked, and reminds one of that queen of Spain who lost her husband, and who was so grieved and so indignant against the celestial powers that she forbade her subjects to believe in God for six whole months, "to give him a lesson." The author of this anecdote, however, has forgotten the name of the queen, and history has been equally forgetful. More authentic is that haughty observation of William Rufus that "if he had duties towards God, God had also duties towards him." Happier, had it been more reverently expressed, was the thought of Alfonso the Wise, of Castile, who, after drawing up his astronomical tables in accordance with the scientific theories of the day, and placing the earth in the centre of the universe, remarked that, had he been consulted, he should have placed the sun in the centre.

But before the handmaid Charity is dis-

missed she must be made to tell a slightly improper story. According to an ancient chronicler, Saint Bernard, as Abbot of Clairvaux, was exceedingly hospitable to all who claimed the shelter of the monastery. Like a kindly host, he thought, moreover, that he was bound to keep his guests in countenance; and one day, accordingly, when he had drunk, cup for cup, with some thirsty travellers, possibly German barons, the saint—one blushes to write it—behaved even as one who hath partaken of cucumbers at a public feast. His monks gently reproached their superior. “Nay, my children,” quoth he, with vinous sophistry, “it is not I, but Charity, that hath eaten and drunken.”

There was another Bernard, a simple priest, with no honorary prefix of canonization to his name, who seems to have carried out in daily life the hardest rules of the gospel. One day he called on a minister of State to demand the assistance of the government in respect of a work of charity. The minister was obdurate, but M. Bernard was not easily repulsed. He continued to urge his request, and at length succeeded in putting his Excellency into a violent passion. The minister even forgot himself so far as to give the priest a box on the ear. Immediately Bernard fell on his knees, turned the other cheek, and said, “Monseigneur, give me another buffet and grant me my request.” The minister, already heartily ashamed of himself, and filled with admiration for this true Christian, forthwith granted him all he asked for. Perhaps the precepts in the sermon on the mount are no mere figures of speech, but practical lessons of conduct dictated by a wisdom higher than that of the earth. It is said, however, that a Quaker who received a box on the ear with a request that he would put his religion into practice by turning the other cheek, replied, “Nay, friend, but it is also written that with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again,” and then returned what he had received with interest. A curiously base yet quick remark was that of a fencing master whom a certain Lord S. had taken into his service. Lord S. had the deplorable habit of beating his servants, and one day administered a box on the ear to the ex-fencing master. The latter quietly held out his hand and said, “My lord, it is five guineas when I don’t repay it.”

To return once more to charity, which is surely a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and the ways of which are therefore worth studying, there is a

story told which redounds much to the credit of the unfortunate and almost imbecile Charles II. of Spain. When very young he was performing on foot the stations of the Jubilee. A beggar crossing his path, the king flung him a cross of diamonds without so much as looking at it, and without anybody at the moment perceiving what he had done. When he had entered the church, however, his courtiers noticed the absence of the cross from his breast, and cried out that their master had been robbed. The beggar, who had followed, immediately came forward, saying, “Here is the cross; ’twas his Majesty who gave it me.” The king confirmed the statement, and then perceived for the first time that he had given away one of the crown jewels. But he was too much of a gentleman to take it back without giving the man an equivalent; and besides, as a Christian and a Catholic, he felt that the gift was sacred, having been made in the very act of prayer. He, therefore, had the diamond valued, and bought it back from the mendicant at its proper value, namely, twelve thousand crowns. It was royally done. Less magnificent, but not less sincere, was the charity of Robert II. of France, the gentle, pious king, the author of that most sweet and beautiful of Latin hymns, the “*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*.” A thief one day, by a dexterous use of the knife, was cutting the gold fringe from the king’s dress. “Stop, my friend,” quoth Robert, “you have now half; leave the other half for some one else.” It was this Robert who, in spite of his piety and docility of temper, managed early in his reign to embroil himself with the Church. He had married in 995 Bertha, widow of Eudes, Count of Blois, whom he dearly loved; but there were some difficulties as to the lawfulness of the marriage. Pope Gregory V. refused a dispensation, and declared the marriage void. The king refused obedience, in consequence of which he was excommunicated; and it is related how, under this terrible sentence, his palace was deserted by all but two menials, who, after every meal, purified by fire the utensils employed at the royal table. Robert at length yielded, and put away Bertha in 998, marrying in her stead, Constance, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, a beautiful shrew, who led him a dismal life. Often in bestowing charity on his beloved poor, the king would say with a smile that ill dissembled a real fear, “Mind and don’t tell the queen.” He went on pilgrimages to all the shrines in France, and in 1019 went to Rome to visit the tombs of the

apostles. This last journey he made for three reasons — first, from a feeling of devotion; secondly, to get away from Queen Constance; thirdly (so curious is the mixture of human motives), with the view of inducing the pope to annul his marriage with Constance, and to sanction his reunion with his first wife, Bertha; which reveals an alarming confusion of ideas on the subject of morality in the mind of the good king.

Others beside Robert II. have acted on occasion from a curious mixture of motives. If we are to believe one who knew Byron well, Childe Harold went to fight for the Greeks not so much because he cared for Hellenic independence, but because he thought the campaign would be an excellent excuse for escaping from the Countess Guiccioli, of whom he was beginning to weary. But this is ignoble gossip.

"Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes!" was the frank confession of Prosper Mérimée, whose hatred of cant led him, perhaps, into the opposite extreme of cynicism and of contempt for his fellow-creatures. "I felt uneasy," he remarked to a friend, "when I had to make my first speech in the senate; but I soon took courage, remembering that I was only addressing a hundred and fifty fools." It is to be regretted that Prosper Mérimée did not undertake the compilation of a thesaurus of historical gossip, in which anecdotes should have been severely sifted, and each good saying traced to its genuine author. Prosper Mérimée had both the taste and the accuracy of knowledge necessary for the task. The French as a nation are terrible sinners in the matter of anecdotes. They are at once the best story-tellers in the world and the most untrustworthy; reckless as to the value of their facts, so long as these are amusing and can be wittily arranged. Too often the race is typified by Talleyrand, ever ready to sacrifice a friend or a noble thought to a joke. Count Louis de Narbonne—the one human being, it was thought, whom Talleyrand ever really loved—was walking one day with the Prince de Bénévent, and reciting some verses he had composed. A man who was passing by happened to be gaping. The opportunity was irresistible. "Hush, Narbonne," said Talleyrand, "you are always talking too loud." Talleyrand, by the way, never said a smarter thing than Carnot said of him: "If Talleyrand despises men it is that he has studied too much his own character." But Talleyrand was at heart a better man than his con-

temporaries fancied, or perhaps than he fancied himself; while of his talent and of his zeal for the public service there can be no doubt. In 1815, when France lay prostrate at the feet of victorious enemies, even then Talleyrand held high language on her behalf. He baffled some of the most cherished schemes of Prussia and Russia, and extorted a disdainful compliment from the emperor Alexander, who said, "Talleyrand conducts himself as if he were the minister of Louis XIV." This was no small praise. One may add, what is of peculiar interest at the present moment, that more than seventy years ago Talleyrand had devised one of the happiest and boldest solutions of the Eastern question ever formally suggested by a Western statesman. After the capitulation of Ulm in 1805 he addressed to the emperor Napoleon a plan for diminishing the power of Austria to interfere with the preponderance of France, by uniting Tyrol to the Swiss confederation, and erecting the Venetian territory into an independent republic interposed between the kingdom of Italy and the Austrian territories. He proposed to reconcile Austria to this arrangement by ceding to it the whole of Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and the northern part of Bulgaria. The advantages he anticipated from this arrangement were that of removing Austria from interfering in the sphere of French influence without exasperating her, and that of raising in the East a power better able than Turkey to hold Russia in check. Had this plan been carried out Europe might have been saved what threatens to become a kind of chronic crisis, and we should have heard less about the "manifest destiny" of Russia; Constantinople might even have long since become the capital of the Austrian Cæsars.

Our admiration for Talleyrand is increased when we reflect on the character of the sovereigns whom he had to serve. There was hardly room for an able man in the government over which Napoleon presided, for in that government the emperor would be, and was, all in all. Louis XVIII., again, was a prince not easily managed. For one thing, his Majesty's notions of his own prerogative and of the personal deference due to him were preposterous. The proudest nobles "of the old rock" had to be careful in their demeanor. Thus the Marquis d'Avary, master of the robes, presuming on his long intimacy with the king, for whom he and his had ever been ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes, ventured one day

to take a pinch of snuff out of the royal box. The king said nothing, but immediately threw away the rest of the snuff in the box. Frederic the Great behaved more prettily when one of his pages took the same liberty, and for the lad it was almost an impertinence. He had seen the page through a window in the act of taking the pinch. "Do you like that snuff-box?" he called out. The page, reddening to his ear-tips, stammered out that he thought it pretty. "Well, then, take it, my boy," said the king; "it is not large enough for us both." Indeed, notwithstanding all the hard things that have been written of Frederic, one cannot help thinking that there was a deep fund of kindness in his soured heart. One instance of his generosity we do not remember to have seen in any authentic history, and it is probably a pure invention; yet the fact that such a story should have been told of him reflects the highest honor on the king. One of his servants, who cherished a grudge against Frederic, put poison into his morning cup of chocolate. As he brought it into the king's room, Frederic noticed a look of trouble and agitation in the fellow's countenance. "What is the matter with you?" he asked, looking him steadily in the face. "I believe you mean to poison me." The man threw himself at the king's feet and confessed his crime. "Get out of my sight, you scoundrel!" said Frederic, and took no further notice of the matter. Equally apocryphal is probably the affiliation of that famous saying which has been attributed to Frederic, "Women are like cutlets—the more you beat them the tenderer they become." Indeed, as many legendary sayings and doings are associated with the name of Frederic as with those of Napoleon or Henry IV.

What strikes one most in the verification of the *ana* is the inventiveness of gentlemen who make history sitting quietly at their desks, and the extreme tameness really displayed on great occasions by the principal actors in the drama of history. How many noble sentiments have been put into the mouths of kings who would not have had the wit to utter them even as after-thoughts! For a genuine "royal" speech, if any one cares to peruse it, let him turn to the pages of Saint-Simon. At least it has the merit of not being long. Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans the Duke of Berry was introduced to the Parliament of Paris. The first president made his Highness a complimentary harangue, and it was then the prince's turn

to reply. He half took off his hat by way of salute to the assembly, immediately replaced it, and looked hard at the first president. "Monsieur," he began, then gazed blankly around, and began again, "Monsieur,"—then turned appealingly round to the Duke of Orleans for help. The regent's cheeks, like those of his cousin, were as red as fire, and he was wholly unable to help the luckless prince out of his scrape. "Monsieur," now dolefully recommenced the Duke of Berry, and again stopped short. "I saw the confusion of the prince," says Saint-Simon, "I *sweated*, but there was no help for it." Again the prince looked at the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Orleans appeared to be intently studying the form of his own boots. At length the first president put an end to the painful scene with as much tact as he could well display. He took off his judge's bonnet with a low bow to the Duke of Berry, as if in acknowledgment of the prince's unspoken oration, and then opened the business of the session, to the intense relief of all present. On quitting the Parliament house the Duke of Berry paid a visit to the Duchess of Ventadour, where he was complimented on his speech by the Princess of Montauban, who knew nothing of what had happened, and ventured on what she naturally enough supposed to be a safe piece of flattery. The duke, now wild with annoyance, hurried away as soon as he could to the Duchess of Saint-Simon's. Once alone with that great-hearted lady, and sure of sympathy, the poor fellow threw himself into an armchair, and burst into tears. Madame de Saint-Simon did her best to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and showed, it must be allowed, a touching sense of his own degradation. He bitterly blamed "the king" (Louis XIV.) and the Duke of Beauvilliers for the wretched education he had received. "They never thought," he bitterly exclaimed, "but to brutalize me, and to smother all that I might have been. I was a younger son, I was distancing my brother, and they crushed me; they taught me nothing but to play and to hunt, and they have succeeded in making of me a fool and a brute, utterly incapable, never to be fit for anything, always to be the laughing-stock and the scorn of mankind!" Such are the realities of history, as pitiful, as affecting, as human in their interest as its fictions.

But to conclude with a gayer page from the annals of the same brilliant court, there are two more authentic speeches of

about the same length as the Duke of Berry's unfortunate production, but much more successful. Louis XIV. was extremely kind to his personal attendants, but when he was, so to say, in his official character of king, "*aussitôt qu'il prenait son attitude de souverain*," as Madame Campan puts it, his aspect would strike awe into the beholders, and persons who had seen him every day of their lives were apt to be as much intimidated as a young lady at her first drawing-room. Now it chanced that the members of the king's household claimed certain privileges which were disputed them by the corporation of the town of Saint Germain's. Anxious to obtain the king's decision on the matter, the members of the household resolved to send a deputation to his Majesty to urge their claims. Bazire and Soulaigre, two of the king's valets, undertook to act as deputies, and obtained without difficulty an audience of the sovereign. The next morning, after the early *levée*, Louis ordered the deputation to be introduced, and at the same time assumed his most imposing look. Bazire, who was to speak, began to have an uncomfortable sinking at the pit of the stomach, and his knees were loosened with terror; he just managed to stammer out the word "Sire." Having repeated this word two or three times, he was seized with a felicitous inspiration. "Sire," he once more began (and concluded), "here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, looking unutterably wretched, commenced in his turn, "Sire . . . sire . . . sire,"—then (oh, happy thought!) ended like his colleague, "Sire, here is Bazire." The king smiled, and made answer, "Gentlemen, I know the motive which has brought you here; I will see that your petition is granted, and I am very well satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your mission as deputies." *Excunt* Bazire and Soulaigre, lost in admiration of the royal grace and condescension. What power, what prestige, and what treasures of loyalty must have been fooled away by the successors of Louis, before the France of 1715 could be changed into the France of 1793!

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QUARTERING THE ROYAL ARMS.

IT might well be imagined, by any one who had given no particular heed to the matter, that, outside the limits of the royal family at home and the kingly or princely

houses abroad with which it has become allied by marriage, legitimate descent from the sovereigns of England was a very rare distinction indeed. But everybody who has paid even passing attention to genealogical questions is aware that it is, in fact, exceedingly common, and that the persons of all ranks and conditions of life, who share in it are to be reckoned by thousands rather than by hundreds. As Mr. Long says in his well-known work on "Royal Descents"—a leading authority on the subject—"when once you are enabled to place your client in a current of decent blood, you are certain (by a slight Hibernicism) to carry him up to some one of the three great fountains of honor, Edward III., Edward I., or Henry III.; and in families of good, or even partially good descent, the deducing of a husband and wife from all the children of Edward III. and all the children of Edward I. has been successfully established by perseverance and research." Still, although mere royal descents are thus numerous, only a minority of them are of the kind which convey a title to quarter the royal arms. All the males and females of a family have a right to bear the paternal coat of their ancestors. But the paternal coat of one family can be added to the paternal coat of another family only when the ancestress bearing it was an heiress or a co-heiress of some male of the family originally entitled to it. And heiresses or co-heiresses cannot exist unless there are no males of the generation to which they belong, and neither males nor females nor the descendants of males of that or any subsequent generation in the same line. But even the more select class of royal descents are very plentiful, and the right to quarter the royal arms is participated in by what may be called, with little or no exaggeration, a vast and heterogeneous multitude. Sir Bernard Burke enumerates over sixty members of the peerage who have it, and they with their various relations, lineal and collateral, would of themselves make a formidable array. But it also belongs to a great many families which are not noble in every grade of society, down to those in the humblest circumstances. Yet from the number of those descendants from our old stock of kings who are privileged by inheritance to quarter their arms one very singular exception is to be made—namely, the present royal family. The descent of the House of Brunswick from the Plantagenets through the Tudors and the Stuarts, derives from the electress Sophia, mother

of George I., and daughter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and neither of these princesses was either an heiress or a co-heiress. The brother of Princess Elizabeth was Charles I., and when his last male descendant, Cardinal York, died, the representation of his line passed to the descendants of the princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., and first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. Her senior co-heiress is the archduchess Maria Theresa, niece and heiress of the late duke of Modena and wife of Louis, prince of Bavaria. Moreover, even if the princess Elizabeth had been an heiress or a co-heiress, she could not have transmitted the right to quarter the royal arms through the princess Sophia. Her son, Charles Lewis, the elector palatine, brother of the princess Sophia, left a daughter and heiress, who was the second wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, and his heir and representative by her in the seventh generation is the Comte de Paris. All the descendants of Philip, Duke of Orleans, by both his wives, therefore, must die out before the right to quarter the arms of the Plantagenets can devolve by inheritance upon their successors of the reigning house of England, which, however, as it is in possession of the oyster, may view with complacency the claims of others to the shells.

The royal descents which carry the right to quarter the royal arms, many and various as they are, proceed from only six principal stems, although the quarterings are those of nine branches of the Plantagenet tree. The descendants of Elizabeth of York and of George, Duke of Clarence, the daughter and brother of Edward IV., quarter not only their arms, but those also of Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, the second and fourth sons of Edward III. Again, the descendants of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the third son of Edward III., quarter as well the arms of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, the second son of Henry III. The three other descents with quarterings are those from Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the fifth son of Edward III., Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, the second son, and Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the sixth son of Edward I. These several coats are distinguished by differences which it is needless to specify, but which are of great moment in the art and mystery of blazonry. Of the above personages the senior co-representatives are — of Elizabeth of York, the archduchess Maria Theresa, princess of

Bavaria; of George, Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Loudoun; of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Isabella, ex-queen of Spain; of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, Lord Stafford; of Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, Lord Stourton; and of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the archduchess Maria Theresa, princess of Bavaria. It is to be observed that one line of royal descent is rigidly excluded by Mr. Long. The Beauforts, the children of John of Gaunt and his third wife, Catherine Swinford, were born out of wedlock, although they were afterwards legitimated by act of Parliament. They bore the arms of their father within a "bordure gobony;" and Mr. Long contends that there is no doubt as to what the "bordure gobony" meant. *A propos* of the Beauforts, we may notice how comparatively few of the peerage quarter, or rather bear, the royal arms by reason of bastard descent. The illegitimate descendants of the illegitimate Beauforts, Dukes of Somerset, are the Somersets, Dukes of Beaufort. The Dukes of Buccleuch, Richmond and Gordon, St. Albans, and Grafton, and Lord Southampton are the illegitimate descendants of Charles II., and the Earl of Munster is the illegitimate descendant of William IV. — seven in all with the "baton sinister" against sixty odd without it.

Sir Bernard Burke's "List of Peers and Peeresses in their own right who are entitled to quarter the Royal Arms of Plantagenet" does not in some instances quite agree with that which is either explicitly or implicitly given by Mr. Long. Sir Bernard Burke includes the Earls of Abingdon, Granville and Stamford and Warrington, who are not named by Mr. Long, and excludes the Earl of Essex and Lord Manners, who are both mentioned by him. For the rest, Sir Bernard Burke and Mr. Long are at one. The Dukes of Athole, Bedford, Buckingham and Chandos, Northumberland, and Sutherland, the Earls Brownlow, Dunmore, Ellesmere, Loudoun, and Jersey, Lord Egerton of Tatton, and Baroness Nairne (Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne) quarter the arms of Elizabeth of York, and the Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Huntingdon quarter the arms of George, Duke of Clarence. Lord Herries is the only peer who quarters the arms of John of Gaunt, and consequently of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. The arms of Thomas of Woodstock are quartered by Marquis Townshend, Earl Ferrers, Viscount Hereford, Lords Hatherton and Teynham, and

Baronesses Berners and Burdett-Coutts. The arms of Thomas of Brotherton are quartered by the Dukes of Norfolk, Manchester, and Richmond and Gordon, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earls of Berkeley, Carlisle, Devon, Effingham, Somers, Spencer, and Suffolk and Berkshire, and Lords Arundell of Wardour, Braybroke, Clifford, Dorchester, Eliot, Howard de Walden, Howard of Glossop, Lanerton, Petre, Stourton, and Suffield, and the arms of Edmund of Woodstock are quartered by the Duke of Rutland, the Earls of Abingdon, Bradford, Essex, Howth, and Tankerville, Viscounts Falkland and Gage, and Lords De Ros, Lyttelton, Manners, Scarsdale, Vaux, and Wentworth. Several of these families are entitled to quarter many of these arms through different and distinct descents. But we have ranged them under the best of these—that is, under the one by which they are most nearly connected with their Plantagenet ancestors.

These descendants of the Plantagenets are all of them of more or less eminent position. But among those who are mentioned by Mr. Long there are some whose rank and fortune are very dissimilar from theirs. Descended from and quartering the arms of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, by the second marriage of his daughter and heiress Anne Plantagenet with William Bouchier, Earl of Ewe, are John Penny, the only surviving son of Stephen James Penny (late sexton of St. George's, Hanover Square), who in 1845 was apprenticed to Mr. Watson, saddler, of Windmill Street, Haymarket; and his uncles, William John Penny, foreman to Messrs. Baker, upholsterers, of Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, and Thomas Penny, shoemaker at Brompton. Sir John Bouchier, a younger son of the Earl of Ewe, married the heiress of Sir Richard Berners, and was summoned to Parliament as Baron Berners. His great-granddaughter and heiress married Edmund Knyvett, serjeant porter to Henry VIII. In the sixth generation from him the male line of the Knyvetts became extinct, and the barony of Berners fell into abeyance between the two daughters and co-heiresses, Elizabeth and Lucy, of John Knyvett, of Norwich. Baroness Berners descends from the marriage of the elder co-heiress with Henry Wilson of Didlington, and the Pennys descend from the second marriage of the younger co-heiress with John Field, carpenter, of Reading. Among the descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, entitled to

quarter his arms are Joseph Smart, butcher, of Hales Owen, and George Wilmot, the keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. They are among the co-heirs of Frances, eventually heiress of Ferdinando Lord Dudley, the wife of Walter Woodcock, whose first and second daughters and co-heiresses were respectively the mothers of Joseph Smart and George Wilmot. They are thus co-heirs of the old barony of Dudley, created by writ in the reign of Edward II. Their royal descent and quarterings they derive direct through the Wards, the Suttons, the Tiptofts, the Cherletons, and the Hollands from Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent."

From The Spectator.

NEWS FROM JUPITER.

SINGULAR news has recently been received from an Australian observatory respecting the largest and most massive of the planets. We have from time to time called the attention of our readers to certain novel views respecting the planets Jupiter and Saturn which have been advanced during the last few years. Regarded, since the Copernican theory was established, as simply the largest members of the family to which our earth belongs, these giant orbs were made the subject of many interesting speculations respecting the conditions under which such life as we are familiar with may exist upon their surface. These speculations were to some degree checked by the well-known treatise in which Whewell attempted to show that Jupiter and Saturn must needs be too cold for life, unless perhaps some wretched gelatinous creatures float languidly in the half-frozen seas which he regarded as constituting the chief part of the bulk of the two largest planets. Even Whewell's views, however, widely though they differed from those which were in vogue when he announced them, were yet based on the ideas which had been so long entertained respecting the family of planets. It was because he regarded Jupiter and Saturn as in the same state as our own earth that he inferred from their small density that their substance must be in the main watery, and that he concluded they must be exceedingly cold on account of their remoteness from the sun. He did not inquire whether they may not be in an entirely different condition, passing, in fact, through

an entirely different stage of planetary existence.

It is singular how slowly astronomers allowed other theories which they had learned to regard as practically demonstrated to exercise their just effect on our views respecting the planets. We do not refer here to official astronomers, who have, for the most part, limited their attention to questions of astronomical time and position, regarding the planets and the moon as convenient sky-marks and time-measurers, without caring much what their true nature may be. But even astronomers more correctly so called, those who look beyond the mere motion of the celestial bodies, and inquire into their significance, have not been careful to inquire whether, when they came to admit the general uniformity of planetary development, they were not bound to admit also that some planets must be much more fully developed than others, — that some planets must as yet be scarce formed, some must be young, some in mid-life, others passing on towards old age, and yet others decrepit, if not dead. This was an inevitable consequence of the doctrine astronomers had admitted, yet it was not mentioned till nearly half a century later, and when first mentioned was regarded as too wild to be entertained. The arguments in its favor were, however, quietly urged; and it was shown that this theory alone possessed the quality, which every true theory must possess, of according well with all the known facts. This theory made the larger planets of necessity the younger planets — not, of course, in years, but in development. According to it, the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn would as yet scarce have passed through the process of planetary growth; at the utmost, would be still in a condition of intense heat. Enwrapped in enormous atmospheric envelopes loaded with deep cloud-masses, they would not show their true surface, and the astronomer measuring from the outer cloud-layers would attribute to these planets a far greater bulk, and therefore a far smaller density, than they really possess. Expanded by heat, the deep atmosphere would not be compressed by the planets' mighty attraction, as it would be but for that heat. The movements of the atmosphere and of the vast cloud-masses thrown into it from the heated surface below, would be much more active than the movements of air and clouds under the weak rays of the sun which shines in the heaven either of Jupiter or Saturn. In all these respects, and in many others, the aspect and changes

of aspect of the two planets correspond well with the theory that these orbs are still passing through the stage of planetary youth, and very ill with the theory which had been in vogue before.

Other circumstances had appeared not merely difficult to explain, but actually inexplicable according to the older theory, and were certainly not less so according to Whewell's ice-and-water theory. It had appeared from many observations that Saturn changes from time to time in shape. His shadow on his ring-system had presented equally inexplicable peculiarities, being at times not at all like the shadow of a solid globe. Jupiter had not been so notably changed at any time, no doubt because of the comparative uniformity of the conditions under which the prince of planets travels. Yet observers had occasionally suspected even Jupiter of changing in shape, and on one occasion, when a satellite happened to be crossing his outline, they had caught him in the act. For the outline, extending at first beyond the satellite (in appearance, be it understood) had shrunk so as to leave the satellite outside. We describe, indeed, rather what must have happened than what was observed, which was simply this, — a satellite, whose transit or passage across the face had just begun, was seen five minutes or so later outside the planet, so that moving onwards it began transit a second time. But as no one believes that Jupiter's moon had stopped in its course, retreated, and then advanced again, it is to all intents and purposes certain that the outline of the planet had changed. One may compare what had happened to the case of a bird passing at a great distance between the eye and a still more remote balloon. The bird's flight would at last cause it to be apparently projected upon the dark body of the balloon. Now, if a few moments later, the bird was again seen outside the balloon's disc, not having passed athwart, but reappearing where it had disappeared, we should be certain that either the bird had stopped, and even gone back a little on its former course, or else that the balloon had shrunk just at that part where the outline had been crossed by the bird. If we knew for certain that the bird had not stopped, we should be sure that the balloon had shrunk. Astronomers might have been equally sure that on the occasion referred to the outline of Jupiter had changed. Most of them preferred, however, to wait for more observations, many students of science considering that due respect for observations requires us

to avoid, above all things, any attempt to inquire what may be the true meaning of observations already made, and to ask constantly for more observations.

Now, however, we receive news of an observation which sets the question finally at rest. When one of Jupiter's moons passes behind the body of the planet, the moon does not necessarily enter the planet's shadow. It only does so when the sun, the earth, and Jupiter are nearly in a straight line; when the earth is considerably removed from the line joining Jupiter and the sun, a satellite passing behind the planet's outline on one side remains in sunlight for a considerable time. It probably has not occurred to any observer to try to see a satellite when thus in sunlight behind the planet. On the old theory, of course, it would have been absurd to look for a satellite under such conditions, when there would be several thousand miles of the planet's solid substance in the way. But of course, if the planet has an atmosphere thousands of miles deep, laden more or less heavily with cloud-masses, it might quite readily happen that a satellite should be seen apparently through the planet,—not, of course, through the middle of the planet, but through parts lying thousands of miles within the apparent outline. This is what has now actually happened. We should not quote the observation, if it were not, in the first place, one which will probably be repeated (now that it has once been made), and if it had not, in the second place, been accepted by astronomers. It is thus recorded by the council of the Astronomical Society. "A very interesting phenomenon was observed more than once independently by Mr. Todd, of Adelaide, using a new eight-inch telescope by Cooke, and his assistant, Mr. Ringwood, when a satellite was on the point of being hidden. Instead of disappearing gradually behind the planet, it was apparently projected on the disc, as if viewed through the edge of the planet, supposing the latter were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds. This curious phenomenon was noticed on two occasions at the disappearance of the first satellite, when it was thus distinctly visible through the edge of the disc for about two minutes before it was finally concealed." It must, therefore, have been seen where the line of sight passed fully two thousand miles below the apparent outline of the planet, or along a range of fully twelve thousand miles of cloud-laden air. It may safely be inferred from this

observation that the planet has an atmosphere extending six or seven, probably ten or twelve thousand miles below the apparent outline, so that a globe as large as our earth lying on the surface of Jupiter might not reach, or only barely reach, his outermost cloud-layers.

This is one of the most interesting discoveries yet effected by direct astronomical observation. It had indeed been inferred by a few astronomers, careful to interpret results already obtained, that Jupiter must be in the condition which the Australian observation indicates. But at present, and probably for many years yet to come, theories based on mere reasoning, however conclusive in reality, must be "caviare to the general," and we must still be content to wait (as recently in the case of the solar corona) till observations which every one can understand have demonstrated what only the few could infer confidently from reasoning based on less simple observations.

From St. James's Magazine.
MAIL COACHES.

THE letters, Mr. Palmer proposed, should be carried in strong and well-guarded coaches made expressly for the purpose, while the post-horses should be the finest England could supply; each coach should be accompanied by a man carrying firearms, and the post-boys should be well equipped for any dangers they might encounter: the coaches laden with the London mails were all to start from London at the same hour every evening, and their departure from the country should be so regulated as to ensure as far as possible their simultaneous arrival in London every morning. This plan, admirably as it was in harmony with the English taste, even to every exact detail, and hailed as it was, accordingly, with cheers from the multitude, met with opposition from a large and powerful party, and angry discussions arose in the wayside inns, at the clubs, at the dining-table, in the drawing-room, and even in the streets; for there were in those days, as now, many who set themselves resolutely to oppose any novelty, as fraught with evils, and dangers innumerable. . . . William Pitt, with his usual sagacity, at once comprehended that it was both excellent and practicable: accordingly the country was, after a few more exclamations from the malcontents, brought to the decision that Mr. Palmer's mail-coach

theory should be adopted; and Mr. Palmer was installed at the post-office as comptroller-general, which promotion enabled him to perfect all arrangements, and the first mail-coach left London for Bristol on the evening of August 4, 1784. The era of mail-coaches lasted for about half a century; these safely guarded and well-appointed vehicles increasing in number till within two years of their eclipse by the railway, when they had mounted to as many as twenty-seven, which started from the general post-office and Piccadilly every evening. "A short time before the hour of starting, the mail-coaches arrived in the yard around the post-office, from their respective inns, with the passengers already in their places. Through the iron railings, by the light of innumerable lamps, the public could see the process of packing the mail-bags. It was really a fine sight to see twenty of these vehicles drawn up, each occupying the same station night after night; the horses fine and spirited animals; the harness unexceptionally neat, and the coachmen and guards wearing the king's livery. . . . As the clock struck eight, the post-office porters dragged out huge bags, of which the guards of the different mails took charge. In a few minutes each coach, one by one, passed out of the yard, and the sound of the guard's horn became lost in the noise of the streets." About six of the mail-

coaches started from the western end of Piccadilly, the bags for their mails being conveyed in light carts under the care of guards. The starting of these was a sight for the people of the West End. At about twenty minutes past eight the mail-carts drove up at great speed, the guards' horns warning passengers to make way; the bags transported to the mail-coaches, the bugles sounded, and each coach successively took its departure. So spirited was the mail-coach travelling, that we find English gentlemen of that period declaring "five years of life" to be "worth giving up" for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach. Crowds would stand all along the line of the mail-coach route from London, to see it dashing past, and to catch the earliest news, especially during the occurrence of stirring events. The result of Queen Caroline's trial was shouted to the waiting crowds from the top of the mail-coach as it fled swiftly through the country roads. Such a brilliant reputation had the post-horses, that all the noblemen in England greatly desired their favorite steeds to make at least one journey with the letter-mail. A sight indeed after the hearts of the English was that of the mail-coach, with horses whose strength, celerity, and spirit were renowned throughout Europe, guards powerful and trusty, and the whole enlivened by the sound of the post-horn.

HURRY AND "HIGH PRESSURE."—It is the pace that kills; and of all forms of "overwork," that which consists in an excessive burst of effort, straining to the strength, and worrying to the will, hurry of all kinds—for example, that so often needed to catch a train, the effort required to complete a task of headwork within a period of time too short for its accomplishment by moderate energy—is injurious. Few suffer from overwork in the aggregate; it is too much work in too little time that causes the break down in nineteen cases out of twenty, when collapse occurs. Most sufferers bring the evil on themselves by driving off the day's work until the space allotted for its performance is past, or much reduced. Method in work is the great need of the day. If some portion of each division of time was devoted to the apportioning of hours and energy, there would be less confu-

sion, far less "hurry," and the need of working at high pressure would be greatly reduced, if not wholly obviated. A great deal has been written and said of late, to exceedingly little practical purpose, on the subject of "overwork." We doubt whether what is included under this description might not generally be more appropriately defined as work done in a hurry, because the time legitimately appropriated to its accomplishment has been wasted or misapplied. Hurry to catch a train generally implies starting too late. High pressure is, says the *Lancet*, either the consequence of a like error at the outset of a task, or the penalty of attempting to compensate by intense effort for inadequate opportunity. If brain is bartered for business in this fashion, the goose is killed for the sake of the golden eggs, and greed works its own discomfiture.

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APRIL.

O THE wealth of pearly blossom ! O the wood-
land's emerald gleam !
O the welcome, welcome sunshine on the dia-
mond-sparkling stream !
O the carol from the hawthorn, and the trill
from dazzling blue !
O the glory of the spring-time, making all
things bright and new !
O the rosy eve's surrender
To the Easter moonlight tender !
O the early morning splendor,
Fresh and fragrant, cool and clear,
In the rising of the year !
O the gladness of the children, after all the
dismal days,
In the freedom and the beauty, and the heart-
rejoicing rays !
Do we chill the gleeful spirits, check the pulses
bounding fast,
By the mournful doubt suggested, "Ah but,
darling ! will it last ?"

Though we know there may be tempests, and
we know there will be showers,
Yet we know they only hasten summer's
richer crown of flowers.

Blossom leads to golden fruitage, bursting bud
to foliage soon,

April's pleasant gleam shall strengthen to the
glorious glow of June.

April leads to merry May-time,
With its ever-lengthening daytime ;
This again to joyous hay-time,
When the harvest-home is near
In the zenith of the year.

So we only tell the children of the summer
days in store,

Of the treasures and the beauties that shall
open more and more.

So the silver carol rises, for the winter-tide is
past !

When the summer days are coming, need we
ask if spring shall last ?

O the gladness of the spirit when the true
and only light

Pours in radiant splendence, making all
things new and bright !

When the love of Jesus shineth in its over-
coming power,

And the secret sweet communion hallows
every passing hour.

O the calm and happy resting,
Free from every fear molesting !

O the Christ-victorious breasting
Of the tempter's varied art,
In the spring-time of the heart !

O the fervor and the freedom after all the
faithless days !

O the ever-new thanksgiving, and the ever-
flowing praise !

Shall we tempt the gaze from Jesus, and a
doubting shadow cast,
Satan's own dark words suggesting by the
whisper, "If it last ?"

Though we know there must be trials and
there will be tears below,

Yet we know his glorious purpose, and his
promises we know.

Only ask, "What saith the Master ?" and be-
lieve *his* word alone,

That "from glory unto glory" he will lead
and change his own.

Ever more and more bestowing,

Love and joy in ripper glowing,

Faith increasing, graces growing—

Such his promises to you.

He is faithful, he is true !

Each amen becomes an anthem, for we know
he shall fulfil

All the purpose of his goodness, all the splen-
dor of his will.

Only trust the living Saviour, only trust him
all the way,

And your spring-tide path shall brighten to
the perfect summer day.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Sunday Magazine.

EASTER EVE.

EARTH, what a precious burden dost thou bear,
This day and night, within thy rugged
breast !

With steadier course about the sun should fare
Thy footsteps, lest they break this sacred
rest.

All, all is ended ; now the form so marred

Lies, like a wind-worn blossom closed again,
Till morn restore its beauty, — yea, but scarred,
Lest our glad hearts forget too soon the
pain.

Yea, lest our hearts forget or disbelieve,

The prints are left in hands, and feet, and
side ;

So ev'n the sins those sufferings pardon leave
Upon our hearts such traces as abide.

Ah ! day, delay not, as in Ajalon,

To garner richer harvest in Death's store ;

But speed more swiftly to that joyful sun,
That sees Death spoiled, and terrible no
more.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From Temple Bar.

MOLIERE AND HIS WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

WHEN Louis the Fourteenth asked Boileau, who was the greatest genius that had adorned his reign, the poet replied, "Molière;" the king seems to have doubted the accuracy of this judgment, but posterity has confirmed it. Corneille and Racine are little appreciated by foreigners, since they reflect only the fashion of an epoch; but the whole world agrees upon the merits of the great comic writer who, while reflecting his age with marvellous fidelity, has, like Shakespeare, drawn those eternal types of human nature which are independent of time, country, or manners, and which are as true to-day as in the hour in which they were embodied, or as they will be a thousand years hence. The Tartuffes, the Sganarelles, the Dandins, the Agnès, the Orgons, the Jourdain, the Harpagon, will endure while humanity exists.

One of the first points that must strike a student of these comedies, is the extreme narrowness of the world they represent; the same personages, or rather varieties of the same, are constantly reappearing in different plays; and, with the exception of such individual types as Tartuffe and Harpagon, of which the reproduction was scarcely possible, the marquis, the valet, the bourgeois, the *ingénue*, and the *intrigante* form the whole of their *dramatis personæ*. The fact is, the elements of the society in which he lived were then as simple as those of a Greek tragedy, when compared with the complexities and multi-form aspects of our modern civilization. His world was broadly divided into two parts, the noble and the bourgeois, the grade below was non-existent in an artistic point of view, its individualisms were too coarse for the purposes of the stage. These two great divisions were, however, capable of several sub-divisions; there was the courtier, the provincial noble, and the plain gentleman; in the second division there were the *gens de robe*, the men of law and medicine, the merchant, and the shopkeeper.

It has been a matter of surprise that

Molière should have had the hardihood to ridicule the courtier so mercilessly as he has done in the "marquis." But the whole policy of Louis the Fourteenth was to abase the pride and lower the consequence of the *noblesse*, and all which tended to that object gave him pleasure, indeed it has been said that more than one character of this kind was suggested by himself. The "marquis" has always been a favorite subject of ridicule with French dramatists from Molière to Le-cocq.

"Always the marquises!" exclaims Madame Molière in "*L'Impromptu de Versailles*."

"Yes, always the marquises," replies her husband, "what the devil would you have me take as an amusing character for the stage? The marquis of the day is the buffoon of comedy; and as in all the ancient comedies we find a comic servant who affords laughter to the audience, so in all our pieces we must have a ridiculous marquis to divert the company."

In directing La Grange (the actor) how to support this *rôle*, he says:—

"You know how to come on, as I have told you, with that air which is called *le bel air*, combing your perruque and humming a song between your teeth, la, la, la, la, la, la. Make room there you others, two marquises must have some ground, they are not the people to content themselves with a small space."

Do you believe [he says, speaking in his own person] that Molière has exhausted all that is ridiculous in mankind? Without quitting the court has he not twenty characters he has not touched? Has he not, for example, those who profess the greatest friendship in the world, and who, their backs being turned, make it their business to revile one another? Are there not those extravagant adulators, those insipid flatterers, who do not season with any salt the praises they give, and whose flatteries have a nauseous sweetness which sickens the heart that listens to them? Are there not those sordid courtiers of favor, those perfidious adorers of fortune, who burn incense before you in prosperity and crush you in disgrace? Are there not those who are always the discontents of the court, those useless followers, those assiduous nuisances, those people, I say, who can count no services but importunities, and who desire to be recompensed for besieging the prince for ten years? Are there not those who caress all

alike, who promenade their civilities right and left, and run to every one they see with the same embraces and protestations of friendship? etc.

In "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," we have *le marquis* again, but in a yet more despicable light, fawning upon and flattering, borrowing from and cheating, the poor ignorant citizen, whom he despises. That these portraits were beneath rather than above truth, we have ample proof in the pictures of contemporary writers, where we find him entering the presence of a lady in a state of intoxication, his face stained with snuff and half concealed by an enormous perriwig, which it was the fashion to be constantly combing, in whatever place or company he might find himself; the comb had another use for these gallants, who *scratched* with it at their mistresses' doors instead of knocking — this denoted an advanced state of familiarity; another fashion, even more objectionable than the snuff and the comb, was allowing the nail of the little finger of the right hand to grow very long for the purpose of picking the teeth and cleansing the ears.

But there were worse men than the marquis about court and city, brutal libertines, veritable wehrwolves, believing in nothing, fearing nothing, knowing no law but their own devouring passions — the race greatly multiplied during the succeeding century — these he has typified in Don Juan in the "*Festin de Pierre*."

The fatuities and pretentiousness of the rustic *noblesse* have been held up to immortal laughter in the persons of M. de Pourceaugnac and the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas. Monsieur is so ignorant of every law and custom out of his own province, so credulous, yet puffed with self-importance, that he is ready to become the dupe of the first knave he meets. But *la comtesse* is of another order, she is as ignorant and as silly as monsieur, but she has been "two months at Paris and seen all the court," and gilds her rusticity with town airs, with new customs, new words, or old ones in a new sense, much to the bewilderment of her stupid rustic servants. Her neighbors are insupportable to her, "with the impertinent equality with which

they treat people," she condescends to flirt with monsieur the councillor and monsieur the receiver of taxes, "they serve to fill up at least the voids of galantry, and to make up the number of aspirants," but her heart is given to a young town gallant, who is making her a stalking-horse and a laughing-stock.

It is a noticeable fact that Molière never attacked the magistracy. Probably the fate which overtook Gros Guillaume and his companions* had so impressed his boyish imagination that he ever afterwards stood in awe of that grave body. The magistrates were men of simple and austere manners; they held no festivities, displayed no ostentation; their homes were gloomy and appointed in the plainest style, their tables served only with pewter, and all else to correspond. Next in the *bourgeois* grade came the merchants, a wealthy class, but as yet of little social consideration, their lives were passed in great obscurity, wholly devoted to business, and unlightened by any pleasure or distraction, their manners were harsh and surly, and they were sparing of civility, even to their customers. The merchant appears but once in Molière's comedies, "*Le Festin de Pierre*," and the servility with which he receives the cajoleries of Don Juan, who is deeply indebted to him, displays the inferior position of his order. Trade had been largely developed under the wise administration of Colbert, but it was not until the next century that wealth began to shoulder birth in society. Neither merchants, nor magistrates, nor men of any profession were admitted to the salons of the great. The financiers had not yet risen into importance, it was they who by the force of their enormous riches first broke down the barriers of caste in the succeeding reign.

The pedantry of scholastics was too

* Gros Guillaume, Gaultier Garguille, and Turlipin, were three celebrated buffoons, who performed a kind of half-extempore speaking pantomime in which they frequently held living persons up to ridicule. One day they had the audacity to caricature a well-known magistrate; an order was issued for their arrest; the two latter contrived to effect their escape, but the enormous size of Gros Guillaume prevented his following their example. He was captured and died in prison, and such was the grief of his two companions that they survived him scarcely a week.

rich a mine not to be worked by our comedian. Rabelais had ridiculed it more than a century before with wonderful and, indeed, unapproachable humor; that the so-called philosophers had little advanced in common sense since the days of Panurge and Gargantua, that their learning was still a mere cloud of verbosity, is shown in the person of M. Pancrace, the Aristotelean doctor of the "*Mariage Forcé*." A rival has asserted that the *form* of a hat is the proper expression, Pancrace maintains it should be the *figure* of a hat.

The world [he cries] is overthrown, fallen into a general corruption. A frightful license reigns everywhere, and the magistrates who are appointed to maintain order in the state ought to blush with shame to suffer a scandal so intolerable.* Is it not a horrible thing, a thing which cries to heaven for vengeance, that it is permitted to say publicly—the *form* of a hat?

He has one ear for the learned languages and the other for the vulgar tongue, and people must speak to him on one side or the other according to the language in which they address him. When asked a plain question he can only reply in the jargon of the schools, he is a man of syllogisms, all words and no meaning. Such were the "pedants" of that age.

After the citizen, however, the doctor of medicine was the favorite butt of Molière's wit. He was never weary of exposing his ignorance, his pedantries and absurdities. That the doctors deserved all the ridicule and censure that not only Molière, but so many other authors heaped upon them, cannot be doubted by any one acquainted with their mode of treatment; to bleed and purge until they had almost drained the patient of blood and vitality were the Alpha and Omega of the pharmacopœia of the time. Like the philosophers, they were all theory, and as Aristotle was the infallible guide to the one, so were Galen and Hippocrates the not-to-be-disputed authorities of the other. When one of the doctors in "*L'Amour Médecin*" is told that Sganarelle's coachman is

dead and buried, he persists that it is impossible, because Hippocrates says that the complaint of which he was sick terminates only on the fourteenth or twenty-first day, and he was ill but six. The highest praise the apothecary can bestow upon the doctor in "*M. de Pourceaugnac*" is, that "for all the gold in the world he would not cure a person with any other remedies than those the faculty permitted. I would sooner die of his remedies," he adds enthusiastically, "than be cured of any other man's. For whatever happens we may be certain that everything is done according to rule." When the first physician, in the same comedy, seeks in a very long speech to prove that M. de Pourceaugnac is both mad and hypochondriacal, the second exclaims in a burst of admiration, "Your reasonings are so learned and so beautiful that it is impossible for him not to be mad and under the influence of melancholy hypochondria, and although he were not it would be necessary that he should become so for the sake of the admirable things you have said and the justness of your reasoning." Again, that exquisitely comical Thomas Diafoirus is chiefly praised by his father because he never relinquishes an opinion, attaches himself blindly to the doctrines of the ancients, and has never wished "to understand or listen to the reasons and experiences of the pretended discoveries of the age touching the circulation of the blood."

But not even in the "*Malade Imaginaire*" is the satire so poignant as in "*L'Amour Médecin*." The four doctors there introduced represented the four head physicians of the king, Desfongerais, Esprit, Guenaut, and Daquin, under the names of Desfonandres, which signifies a man-killer; Bahis, a barker or stammerer (M. Esprit stammered); Macroton, a slow speaker; and Tomès, a bleeder. These worthies being left to what is supposed to be a learned consultation upon Lucinde's malady, never once mention the patient, but gossip about their business and compare notes. M. Tomès tells a story:—

We assembled one day, three of us, for a consultation. I stopped the whole affair, and would not permit any opinion unless things were conducted according to rule. The people

* In 1624 the university seriously endeavored to obtain the banishment of certain of their members for daring to dispute the authority of Aristotle.

of the house did what they could, the disease was urgent, but I would not give way, and the sick man died bravely during the contest. A man dead is only a man dead, and is of no consequence, but a formality neglected is prejudicial to the whole body of physicians.

The subsequent quarrel over the mode of treatment is richly humorous:—

M. Tomès: I sustain that an emetic will kill her. *M. Desfonandres*: And I that bleeding will cause her death. *M. Tomès*: It is well you should play the learned man. *M. Desfonandres*: Yes, I! I will cope with you in any kind of erudition. *M. Tomès*: Remember the man you made burst some days back. *M. Desfonandres*: Remember the lady you sent to the other world in three days, etc.

After M. Macroton and Bahis have enumerated to the father all the drugs, bleedings, and purgations they have in store for his daughter, they add: "But it does not follow that with all these your daughter will not die, but you will have at least the consolation of knowing she died in form. Better to die in accordance with rules than recover against rule."

The homily read to the disputants by another of their order, M. Filerin (friend of death), is full of scathing irony: "Since heaven has vouchsafed during so many ages that people should be infatuated with us, do not let us by our absurd cabals disabuse men's minds, but profit by their silliness as gently as we can." The popular impression went with Molière; as an instance, after Mazarin's death, the physician who attended him used to be pointed out in the streets as "the good doctor who killed the cardinal for us." In a succeeding generation Le Sage held up the faculty to a ridicule almost as terrible as that of his great predecessor.

The citizen shared with the doctor in the unenviable honor of being the most frequent subject of his satire. Molière knew every inch of him; he was born in his ranks, and had studied him in every phase—in his meanness, avarice, silliness, pride, jealousy, ostentation, and in all these aspects he has held him up to the laughter of posterity. His mode of life was similar to that of the magistrate and merchant. His home, save when, like M. Jourdain, he rose to considerable wealth, was plain to discomfort—one sitting-room, bare floored, a couple of armchairs for the mother and father, wooden stools for the rest, and a table for meals, served in pewter and wood; he kept no company, saw no pleasure; if he were gaily inclined, he might once or twice in his life pay a visit to the play-house of the Hôtel de Bour-

gogne; his dress was as simple as his home—a black, close-fitting jacket, a black cloak, and a leathern cap, formed his ordinary costume; he was wholly uneducated, credulous, superstitious, easily imposed upon. "*Les Sganarelles*" picture him to the life.

But George Dandin and M. Jourdain indicate the approach of a transition period; Sganarelle has grown wealthy, and, weary of his grub state, longs to soar among the butterflies; he marries an aristocratic wife, and becomes a Dandin; he is laughed at and betrayed by her, bullied and despised by her parents, and bound to submit to every indignity they choose to impose upon him. Yet Molière allows no pity for him, gifts him with no redeeming quality; he renders him cowardly, despicable, ungenerous in every action, and sides with his enemies; Dandin has no spark of gentleness or nobleness in his nature; he would wreak any vengeance on the man who dishonors him, provided he could do so without personal danger to himself, but the fear of that renders him ready to humbly apologize for daring to suspect; when his wife pleads to him for forgiveness for past faults, and promises to give him duty, respect, and even love, in the future, he only mocks her, and proclaims his determination of thrusting his advantage to the utmost; but when her ready wit turns the tables upon him, he is upon his knees craving her forgiveness.

M. Jourdain is a better type than George Dandin; we laugh at, but do not despise him, yet he aims very much higher than Dandin; married in his own sphere, he aspires to have a *marquise* for his mistress; he desires to gain all the accomplishments of a courtier, and all the learning of a doctor of the university, to be dressed like a *petit-maitre*, and to give entertainments like a prince. There is nothing in the whole range of comedy more amusing than the vagaries of M. Jourdain; how rich is the scene of instruction, the quarrel between the masters over the comparative excellence and usefulness of their different arts; the scene with the valets, the tailors; his delight when the *maitre de philosophie* tells him that he speaks prose—although, by-the-bye, Molière drew that stroke from a far higher source than a simple bourgeois, the Duc de Soissons, who, according to Madame de Sévigné, received the information with as much astonishment as M. Jourdain.

The Sganarelles were the bourgeois of the old *régime*, the Dandins and Jourdain were of the coming race.

Molière dared not touch the Church, but the greatest of all his works is devoted to the exposure of hypocrites and their dupes. Although under Louis the Fourteenth the outward forms of religion were observed, the spirit was dead, and society was cursed with a swarm of pretended devotees who made piety a mask for the concealment of the worst vices of human nature. A pretension to devoutness and asceticism was one of the fashions of the time.

The profession of hypocrite [says Don Juan, "*Festin de Pierre*"] has marvellous advantages. It is an act of which the imposture is always respected; and though it may be discovered no one dares do anything against it. All the other vices of man are liable to censure, and every one has the liberty of boldly attacking them, but hypocrisy is a privileged vice who with its hand closes everybody's mouth, and enjoys its repose with sovereign impunity.

There were hundreds of Tartuffes and Orgons in Paris in those days, but few Elmires, and, in depicting the hypocrite's attempted seduction of his patron's wife, the comedian raised the curtain upon one of the darkest and vilest secrets of the age; every lady who pretended to the character of a devotee kept not only a confessor in the house, but also a *directeur*, who governed her household, her conscience, her children, rendering the husband a mere cypher.

Tartuffe was a thunderbolt launched among these whited sepulchres. The subject inspired the poet; for never, whether we consider the subtlety of the dialogue, the power of the situations, the delineation of character, or the consummate skill with which the action is conducted, did the genius of Molière, either before or after, soar to such a height. He had struck his pen into one of the foulest ulcers of society. The storm he raised, however, was too terrible to be again evoked, but he had shown how terribly he could scourge, and what a mighty latent power there was within him.

Upon no class did his satire fall more heavily and more deservedly than upon the *précieuses*, the blue-stockings of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and their imitators.* "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*" was his first great success. "Courage, Molière," cried a voice from the front, on its first representation; "this is good comedy!" In his preface to that work he stated that its

satire was directed not against the true *précieuse*, but her imitator. Such was, probably, the fact; but "*Les Femmes Savantes*," produced some years afterwards, were no rustic imitators, but the veritable Parisian blue-stockings. Under the names of Trissotin and Vadius, he put upon the stage the Abbé Cotin and Ménage, the two idols of the *salons*, and introduced and turned into ridicule a sonnet composed by the former, which had obtained great applause at the hôtel. The famous quarrel between these worthies, one of the most humorous scenes in the whole range of comedy, is likewise an almost exact reproduction of an actual event. The reform of language is, however, the ruling passion of the ladies. In a furious rage Philaminte discharges her cook. "What has she done?" inquires the husband; has she broken some valuable piece of china? Worse. Has she allowed the plate to be stolen? Worse. Has she herself proved unfaithful to her trust? Worse, much worse. After thirty lessons she has insulted her lady's ear by using a barbarous and plebeian word decisively condemned by Vaugelas! We have also much about women's rights that is appropriately diverting at the present day.

The *savantes* loudly assert the equality of the sexes, aspire to scientific discoveries, cultivate the most abstruse learning. "Rise above these low and vulgar inclinations," says Armande to her sister, who is in love. "Marry yourself to philosophy. Give up to reason the sovereign lordship. What can you see, what is there to see in marriage?" They also discuss the distinctions between spiritual and sensual love with as much plainness as certain lady orators discourse upon a certain disgusting topic in our own day.

Of the Molière world there now remains to this brief *résumé* only the servants. His valet is Spanish, though Plautus and Terence were also laid under contribution for this character. The *soubrette* was first introduced by Corneille in his "*Galerie du Palais*;" but Molière has given us a wonderful variety of these personages, there are no two alike; all the *suivantes* and *servantes* are outspoken and sharp-tongued; all the valets cheat, lie, intrigue; all are knaves, and yet each has such special characteristics that it is impossible to confound him or her with another. Their familiarity with their masters, their zeal and affection in their interests, the endurance with which they suffer blows and abuse, indicate a state of society for-

* For a description of these celebrated literary coteries see "Corneille and the Literary Society of his Age," *Temple Bar*, December, 1875.

ever passed away, when equality was less talked about and more practised. It is a curious fact that the more republican we become in our institutions the more exclusive we become in our social relations; there is not such a terrible aristocrat in the world as your thoroughgoing radical.

But it is time to turn from the writings to the man.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin was born in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, in the year 1622. His parents were bourgeois uncomfortable circumstances; his father and grandfather were tapestry-makers, and *valets de chambre* to Louis the Thirteenth. The son was destined to the same calling. His grandfather, however, who greatly petted him, had a passion for the theatre, and frequently took the boy to the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The plays he witnessed there were not of a very elevated description, being chiefly comic dramas borrowed from the Spanish; the prolific Hardy was the *genius loci*; Corneille had only just begun to write, and had not produced any of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. There was no comedy, either in the classic or modern sense of the word.

The father of Jean Baptiste, however, with the true bourgeois hatred of all things without the limits of trade, regarded this play-going with great uneasiness. "Do you desire to make an actor of him?" he demanded one day angrily of the grandfather. "I would he were as good an actor as Bellerose,"* answered the old man. This reply struck the boy, and although he did not make up his mind at once to adopt the stage, he conceived a disgust for his father's trade, and after a time summed up courage to tell him that he should never be able to adapt himself to it. He had a powerful friend in the grandfather, by whose persuasions he was sent to the College of Jesuits, afterwards known as that of Louis le Grand. The Prince de Conti, the brother of the great Condé, also Chapelle and Bernier, were his schoolfellows; and for preceptor in philosophy he had the celebrated Gassendi. Here he remained five years, until 1641. His studies completed, he made a journey into Narbonne in the train of Louis the Thirteenth, probably as substitute for his father, who, as it has been before stated, was one of the royal *valets de chambre*. During the next year he was sent to Orléans to study the law, and he did not return to Paris until 1645, when he practised as advocate at the bar.

* A famous comedian of the time.

But the old love of the theatre was still as strong as in his boyish days. He and some other young men of his own class formed a company and performed plays for their own and their friends' entertainment, of which amusement and their own talents they by-and-by became so enamoured that they conceived the idea of turning them to profit. So they took a tennis-court in La Croix Blanche in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and called it the *Illustre Théâtre*, and developed from amateurs into actors. It was now that Jean Baptiste Poquelin became Jean Baptiste Molière. The change of name was doubtless made in deference to his father, who as a matter of course had the true bourgeois horror of players. And yet it must be admitted there was some cause for such a feeling in those days. The condition of the actor was most degraded; he was a pariah quite beyond the pale of society, and no society would receive him. It was reserved for this young aspirant to elevate the profession, and render it a calling for gentlemen. But the poor old upholsterer was not to know that.

Molière's first venture was not successful; like modern amateurs, probably his and his *confrères'* estimate of their abilities and that of the public was not precisely the same, and they confounded their friends' good nature with their judgment. Paris did not appreciate their efforts, so they migrated to the provinces.

Of the next eight years of his life few particulars are known. It was that of a strolling player, and those who would know what that life meant in the first half of the seventeenth century—not that it differed much from the same thing in the first half of the nineteenth—will find it minutely pictured in the pages of Scarron's "*Roman Comique*."

At Lyons, in 1653, he produced his first piece, "*L'Etourdi*," with some success. The next year he and his company passed into Languedoc, where they were well received by the Prince de Conti, Molière's old schoolfellow; here "*Le Dépit Amoureux*" was first acted. D'Assoucy, who was a kind of troubadour, musician, etc., a notable character of the period, gives us in his memoirs a delightful glimpse of the comedian and his troupe:—

What charmed me the most was my meeting with Molière and the Bérjarts. As the theatre has attractions, I could not very soon quit these charming friends; I remained at Lyons three months amidst comedy and festivity. . . . They took me with them to Pézénas, where I could not recount how many

favors I received from them all. It is said that the best brother will grow tired of feeding his brother by the end of a month; but these, more generous than all the brothers one could have, did not weary of seeing me at their table a whole winter, and I can say that I pleasantly passed the days in that gentle company feasting upon seven or eight dishes, free from care and embarrassment. Never more of a beggar and never better fed. Although you may sing and talk of your fine gentlemen with their estates, who every day have six ducats, and music and comedy, — at this table well supplied with dainty wines it was I who gave the toast and drank more than hypocras.* In fine, although I was with them, I could well say I was at home. I never saw so much goodness, so much frankness, nor so much honesty as among those people, well worthy to really represent in the world the persons of princes, whom they represent every day upon the stage.

The Prince de Conti confided to Molière the conduct of all his festivities and spectacles, and conceived such a high esteem for him that he offered him the post of secretary. Molière, however, solicited the prince to allow him to decline the offer; he better loved to be the head of his little republic, to be unrestrained, to exercise his talents as he liked best, than to be a dependant upon the caprices of the great. So far from forfeiting the prince's friendship by this refusal, he was promised that august personage's patronage upon his re-appearance in Paris, where he had determined to again try his fortune. Thither he went, and was presented by De Conti to the king and the queen-mother.

His and his company's first appearance before Louis was on the 14th of October, 1658, at the Louvre, in Corneille's "*Nicomède*." They were completely successful, especially the ladies. But Molière was too wise to enter into a rivalry with the Hôtel de Bourgogne in the representation of serious plays, for which its company was so much better trained than his that had performed little else than comedy; so when the performance was ended, he advanced to the front and thanked his Majesty for the goodness with which he had excused the faults of those who had only appeared trembling before so august an assembly, and that the desire they had of having the honor to divert the greatest king in the world, had rendered them forgetful that his Majesty had in his service some excellent originals of whom they were only very weak copies; but that since he had been willing to countenance

them, he entreated very humbly that they might be permitted to give one of those *divertissements* in which they had acquired some reputation in the provinces. Such permission was accorded, and he selected one of those *petites comédies*, after the style of the Italian, which had achieved much success in Languedoc; it was called "*Le Docteur Amoureux*." The style was new, and the piece and the acting of Molière were so good that the king gave orders that he and his company should establish themselves in Paris. "*Le Docteur Amoureux*" and several other pieces of the same kind are now lost, never having been printed; but there is no doubt that all that was good in them was subsequently worked into his existing comedies.

Molière's first theatre was *Le Petit Bourbon*, at the Louvre, but in 1660 he went to the Palais Royal, and his company took the name of *Les Comédiens de Monsieur*.

Before the end of the year 1658, he had given "*L'Etourdi*" and "*Le Dépit Amoureux*," and with considerable success. But it was not until the following year that he achieved his first great triumph in "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*;" the people rushed in such crowds to see this comedy that after the first night it was found necessary to double, and afterwards to treble, the prices of admission.

This play secured the fame of its author, and inaugurated a new era in the history of the French stage. "*Le Cocu Imaginaire*" and "*L'Ecole des Maris*" followed in rapid succession. Success always breeds enemies, and Molière's were numerous. His portraits were so lifelike, that there were always people angrily declaring themselves to be the originals, and threatening vengeance against him; then there were the unsuccessful poets and dramatists, a savage crew, to sneer at his works, and vow that they were plagiarists; but the public, paying no heed to them, continued to crowd his theatre, and every new work gave indication of a genius that grew finer and stronger with each effort. Ménage relates a curious anecdote of "*Les Fâcheux*." "In the comedy of the '*Fâcheux*'" he says, "which is one of the finest of M. Molière's, the huntsman who is introduced is M. de Soyecourt; it was the king who gave him this subject, upon leaving, after the first representation of this piece, which took place at M. Fouquet's. His Majesty, seeing M. de Soyecourt pass, said to Molière, 'There is a great original that you have not copied,'"

* These lines are in rhyme in the original.

and all the hunting terms are said to have been dictated by the king himself.

"*L'Ecole des Femmes*," produced in 1662, raised a great storm; prudery took alarm, and pronounced it immoral and indecent; pedantry was shocked at some familiar expressions introduced, especially at the words "*tarte à la crème*," which was bandied from mouth to mouth until it became a proverb. The Duc de la Feuillade pronounced the piece that contained such an expression to be unendurable. Molière replied to the clamor by a little sketch entitled "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," in which he mercilessly ridiculed the clamorers, especially La Feuillade, whom he introduced under the title of *le marquis*. This gentleman, when asked his objections to the play, can only repeat, "*Tarte à la crème!*" The duc revenged this satire in a very cowardly manner; meeting Molière in the street one day, he caught him in his arms, and rubbed his face against the cut buttons of his coat until he made it bleed, crying, "*Tarte à la crème, tarte à la crème.*" The king was very indignant when he heard of this outrage, and held La Feuillade in disgrace for some time afterwards. In the same year, 1663, Molière produced another satire of a similar kind, "*L'Impromptu de Versailles*," in which he again attacked courtiers and *précieuses* together with his literary detractors, especially Boursault, who had attacked him in a piece entitled "*Le Portrait du Peintre*." His satire was this time chiefly directed against the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, who, envious of the greater success of the rival theatre, were his most bitter enemies. These he held up to ridicule by mimicking their faults, extravagances, and peculiarities, which were seemingly of a very pronounced description. Montfleury, one of those imitated, revenged himself and his *confrères* in a comedy entitled "*L'Impromptu de l'Hôtel de Condé*," in which he imitated Molière in the rôle of César, in "*La Mort de Pompée*," and thus described his acting in tragedy:—

Il paroît tout de même ; il vient le nez au vent,
Les pieds en parenthèse, et l'épaule en avant ;
Sa perruque qui suit le côté qu'il avance,
Plus pleine de lauriers* qu'un jambon de Mayence.

Les mains sur les côtés, d'un air peu négligé,
La tête sur le dos comme un mulet chargé ;
Les yeux fort égarés ; puis, débitant ses rôles,
D'un hoquet éternel sépare ses paroles.

* The kings of French tragedy were at that time distinguished from the other characters in dress only by a wreath of laurels.

Now Molière, like all born comedians, had a great penchant for tragedy, and this satire galled him extremely. But not content with this legitimate retaliation, Montfleury endeavored to ruin him with the king by a most horrible accusation, to understand which it will be necessary to turn to the great writer's domestic life.

Among the ladies who joined the *Illustre Théâtre* was one named Madeleine Béjart, and she had never quitted him in all his wanderings. She was his friend and confidant, and possessed great influence over him; some say they were united by closer ties than friendship. Be that as it may, she had a young sister, Armande Béjart, who was a child when she first joined the troupe, but who afterwards became one of its members. Molière conceived a violent attachment for this girl, and ultimately married her. There were various stories circulated about this marriage; some said that Armande was Madeleine's daughter,* by a gentleman of Avignon, to whom she was secretly married; others went so far as to report that she was Molière's own child! It was this latter atrocious calumny that Montfleury laid before the king. Molière deigned no public reply, but it is evident that he fully satisfied his Majesty, for two months afterwards the king, together with Henriette d'Orléans, held at the baptismal font the comedian's first child, and gave it the name of Louis. It was a noble reply to his traducers. As a further proof of esteem, his Majesty conferred upon him a pension of a thousand livres.

The union was an unhappy one; Molière was many years her senior, she had little affection for him, his great fame and high position were probably the only incentives to the marriage. That he was devotedly attached to her is beyond a doubt, but there is something to be said

* This statement will be found in all the old biographies of Molière, and was not exploded until M. Beffara published the copy of the marriage deed. It runs as follows: "Jean Baptiste Poquelin, fils de Jean Poquelin et de feu Marie Cressé, d'une part; et Armande Gresinde Béjart, fille de feu Joseph Béjart et de Marie Hervé, d'autre part; tous deux de cette paroisse vis-à-vis le Palais Royal, fiancés et mariés, tout ensemble, par permission de M. Comtes, doyen de Notre Dame, et grand-vicaire de Monseigneur le Cardinal de Retz, archevêque de Paris, en présence dudit Jean Poquelin, père du marié, et d'André Boudet, beau-frère du marié, de ladite Marie Hervé, mère de la mariée, Louis Béjart, et Madeleine Béjart, frère et sœur de ladite mariée." This deed is signed by all the persons therein named.

The presence of the parents and relations of both parties clears the transaction of all the foul imputations cast upon it, as well as of the story that Madeleine was so violently opposed to the marriage that it had to be celebrated clandestinely.

upon both sides. He was very jealous, and it is to be feared he had ample cause to be so. She was a thorough coquette, with very little heart, and treated her husband very badly at times. But one smile of affection could always dispel his anger.

Her presence [he said to Chapelain] caused me to forget all my resolutions, and the very first words she uttered in her own defence left me so convinced that my suspicions were ill founded that I asked her pardon for my credulity. Everything in the world is connected in my heart with her; the idea of her has so seized me that I can think of nothing in her absence that will give me the least pleasure.

At another time, in some confidences with Rohault and Mignard, he spoke in a different strain:—

I am the most unfortunate of men [he said], and I have only what I merit. I have not considered I was too austere for domestic society. I have believed that my wife ought to subject her actions and her virtue entirely to my ideas; and I feel fully that in her situation she had been more unfortunate than I am if she had done so. She is sprightly, witty, and she is sensible of the pleasure of being so; all that annoys me spite of myself. I am always talking and complaining of it.

During his ruptures with his wife, Mademoiselle la Brie, the heroine and *ingénue* of so many of his comedies, and who played Agnès in "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," by the general demand of the audience, at sixty years of age, was his *chère amie*. One of his friends, surprised that a man so delicate as Molière should have placed his affections so badly, wished to disgust him with this lady:—

You know [he said] that La Barre and Florimont are her lovers, that she is not handsome, that she is, in truth, a skeleton, and that she has not common sense.

I know all that [replied Molière], but I am accustomed to her faults, and it would be too much trouble for me to accommodate myself to the imperfections of another, I have neither time nor patience.

He was evidently a most exacting man in domestic life:—

A window opened or shut before or after the time he had ordered would put him in convulsions; if a book was disarranged it was enough to throw him off his work for a fortnight; he had few domestics with whom he did not find fault, those of his friends who were the most precise were those whom he most esteemed.

In all his habits he observed the manners of a *grand seigneur*, he would not have arranged the folds of his cravat with

his own hands, and exacted an observance as punctilious from his valets as though he had been the king himself. These peculiarities throw some light upon his domestic grievances.

Be it as it may, he was Sganarelle at home as well as upon the stage, and, after making every possible deduction, Madame Molière was a very bad wife. Of her personal appearance he has bequeathed us a portrait, in that of Lucile, of which she was the original, in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*:"—

She has small eyes, but they are full of fire, the most brilliant and most piercing in the world; the most melting that one could see. She has a large mouth, but it has charms that you never see in other mouths, the very sight of it inspires desire, it is the most attractive, the most lovable mouth in the world. She is not tall, but her figure is easy and graceful. She affects a nonchalance in her speech and her actions, and her manners have I know not what charm that insinuates them into every heart. She has the finest and most delicate wit. Her conversation is charming. She is as capricious as it is possible to be. But her caprices become her. ("*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," act iii., scene 9.)

Tutored by her husband she was an admirable actress. "Her voice," says a contemporary, "was so pathetic that she had truly in her heart the passion which was only in her mouth."

At length their disagreements rose to such a height as to be no longer endurable, and they separated, still living under the same roof however; to come together again only one year before his death.

Molière lived among the wildest spirits of the age, Chapelle, Bachaumont, Cyrano de Bergerac, Boileau, Ninon de l'Enclos, Madame de la Sablière, all were guests at his country house at Auteuil, and made many a wild revel there. His health, however, compelled him to be abstemious in his own habits, and he frequently went to bed leaving Chapelle to play the host. Towards three o'clock one morning the company, very drunk, began moralizing in a melancholy vein, upon the ills of life, its vanities, and nothingness. "Life is a poor lot," exclaimed one. "Let us quit it for fear such good friends as us should be separated, let us go and drown ourselves, the river is at the door." "That is true," said a third, "we can never have a better opportunity of dying good friends and joyfully; and our death will make some noise." And thereupon the whole party started for the river, except one, Baron, the actor, who ran to wake Molière,

and to send some of the servants after them. The would-be suicides had already launched a boat to carry them into deep water, when the domestics came up and made every effort to stop them. In a great rage the gentlemen drew their swords and furiously attacked the interlopers, driving them back to Auteuil: there they were met by Molière, to whom they loudly complained of the insolent interference of his people. "Weary of the troubles of this world," said one, "we have determined to pass into the other to better ourselves; the river appeared to us the shortest road thither, and those rogues stopped us." "And what have I done," said Molière, feigning to be angry, "that you should form such an excellent purpose without asking me to take part in it? What, drown yourselves without me! I will never, again believe you to be my friends." "You are right," cried Chappelle, "we have done you injustice. Come, then, and drown yourself with us." "Softly," responded Molière, "it is not an affair to be improperly undertaken. Were we to drown ourselves at this hour of the morning people would say we had been carousing, and that we had done it like desperadoes or drunkards. To-morrow, between eight and nine in the morning, fasting, and before everybody, we will go and throw ourselves head foremost into the river." "*Morbleu!*" exclaimed Jean Baptiste Lulli, who was of the party, "Molière has always a hundred times more sense than we have. Let us put it off until to-morrow and go to bed, for I am sleepy."

And thus by his wit and finesse our poet averted what these headstrong bacchanalians would certainly have carried to a fatal catastrophe. He was himself a grave and silent man. There is a story told of a lady of distinction who invited him to meet a party, thinking that he would entertain them with his wit; he came, but throughout the evening scarcely opened his lips. He tells the story himself in his "*Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*." At Pézénas they used to show a chair in a barber's shop, where he would sit for hours without speaking a word. This taciturn melancholy is a frequent characteristic of great comedians.

The production of "Don Juan" ("*Le Festin de Pierre*"), in which he anticipated "Tartuffe" by his attacks upon the hypocrisy of the age, and by making his libertine hero, the very embodiment of all that is evil, turn false *dévo*t, was the signal for another furious attack upon him; he was

called a devil incarnate, and one writer prognosticated deluge, famine, and plague, unless the king put a bridle upon his impiety. Immediately afterwards, Louis conferred upon his company the title of *Troupe du Roi*, and a pension of seven thousand livres, together with one thousand livres for himself.

It was thus he always replied to the great writer's enemies. In what high esteem he held him is testified by the following anecdote related by Madame Campan in her "*Mémoires*:"—

Louis the Fourteenth discovered that the officers of his chamber having testified by the most offensive disdain how greatly they were mortified to eat at the table of the comptroller of the household with Molière, *valet de chambre* to the king, because he was an actor, that celebrated man had abstained from eating at that table. Louis the Fourteenth desiring to put an end to these outrages, which should not have been inflicted upon one of the greatest geniuses of his age, said one morning to Molière at rising, "They tell me you fare badly here, Molière, and that the officers of my chamber do not think you fit to eat with them. You are perhaps hungry, for my part I have awakened with a very good appetite, sit at that table and let there be served my *en cas de nuit*."* Then the king, carving his fowl, and having ordered Molière to be seated, served him with a wing, taking at the same time one for himself, and ordered that the *entrées familiares*, which were composed of some of the most distinguished and favored of the court, should be admitted. "You see me," said the king to them, "entertaining Molière, whom my *valets de chambre* do not find good company enough for them." From that time Molière had no need to present himself at that table; all the court overwhelmed him with invitations.

This act alone would have entitled Louis the Fourteenth to the title of *le grand monarque*.

"*L'Avare*," after "*Tartuffe*," one of the finest of his works, brought out in 1667, was not successful at first. "What!" said a duke, "is Molière a fool, and does he take us for ninnies to endure five acts of prose? Was there ever anything more absurd? How can one possibly be diverted by prose?" Only the jingle of rhyme was grateful to the exquisite ears of that age. Upon its reproduction, however, some time afterwards, it crowded the theatre for almost a year.

The return of the celebrated Italian comedian, Scaramouche,† after three

* Food left in readiness for the king during the night.

† Scaramouche was the most wonderful of pantomimists. Messetin in his life of this actor says: "Na-

years' absence, sent all Paris crowding to the Italian theatre. Molière's house was deserted. The company became dissatisfied, and urged several projects upon him to increase the receipts. Among others, they begged him to obtain an order from the king that the household troops, who had always been free of the *parterre*, and who nightly filled it to the manifest loss of the comedians, should not be admitted without paying as other spectators. Molière yielded to their desire, and obtained the order. But the first time it was put in force there was a riot, the soldiers forced their way into the theatre, slew the door-keepers who opposed their passage, and threatened the lives of the actors, which were saved only by Molière's courage in facing and exhorting the rioters. His troupe were now clamorous for the withdrawal of the prohibition, but his dignity would not permit of this. He complained to the king of the outrage that had been offered him. The offenders were punished, and the burdensome free admissions abolished forever.

But he was soon again in hot water over his comedy of "*Tartuffe*." The first three acts of this great work had been represented at Versailles as early as 1664, although the complete play was not given in Paris until 1667. The storm raised against it by the pious was so terrible that the king prohibited the second representation.

Eight days after the prohibition of "*Tartuffe*," [says Molière in his preface to that comedy], there was represented before the court a piece entitled "*Scaramouche Ermite*," and the king in leaving said to the great prince (Condé) what I am about to tell: "I would much like to know why the people who are so scandalized by Molière's comedy say not a word about that of *Scaramouche*." "It is," replied the prince, "because the comedy of *Scaramouche* mocks heaven and religion, for which these gentlemen care little, while that of Molière mocks themselves, and that they are not able to endure."

The date assigned to the production of "*Le Misanthrope*" in all the editions of Molière's works is 1666, but there is internal evidence in the play that it was not

ture had gifted *Scaramouche* with a marvellous talent, which was to convey by the postures of his body and the grimaces of his visage everything that he desired, and that in a manner so original, that the celebrated Molière, after having studied him a long time, ingeniously avowed that he owed to him all the beauty of his action." We also read in the *Ménagiana*: "*Scaramouche* was the most perfect pantomimist we have seen in our day; Molière, the French original, never lost a representation of this Italian original."

acted until after "*Le Tartuffe*." Although placed upon the stage in the month of June, it had a run of twenty-one consecutive performances, considered a great success in those days, more especially at such a time of year. It is the most refined although by no means the most amusing of his comedies, one scene of it probably suggested the scandal scenes of Sheridan's "*School for Scandal*." "*Melicerte*," "*Amphitryon*," "*Le Sicilien*," and "*Georges Dandin*," followed. There is an amusing anecdote relative to this last piece which is worth giving. While he was engaged upon the play, a friend warned him that there was a real Dandin who would most probably recognize his portrait, and who, by his position and influence, might cause him some trouble. "You are right," replied the author, "and I know a sure means of conciliating the man of whom you speak — I will read him my piece." One night at the theatre, of which he was a constant attendant, Molière said to this "Dandin" that when he had an hour to spare he should like to give him a reading. The man felt himself so honored by the compliment, that he proposed the next day, and ran all over Paris inviting friends to be present. The comedy was read to a large assembly, everybody was delighted, none more so than he whom it reflected, and who mightily enjoyed his stage presentment.

When the clamor against "*Le Tartuffe*" had subsided, Molière once more announced it for repetition. All the fury of its opponents was in an instant reawakened; the eagerness to secure places was so great that the most distinguished people were happy to obtain boxes on the third tier. But ere the curtain was raised there came an order from the representatives of the king, who was then in Flanders, prohibiting the performance. Molière immediately despatched two of his company, La Thorillière and La Grange, to the camp, with a petition praying his Majesty's protection. They returned with an order authorizing the representation. *Les Tartuffes* of Paris continued to howl and denounce; but the comedian had triumphed, and the piece continued to be played without further interruption.

"*M. de Pourceaugnac*," "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*," "*La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*," and "*Les Femmes Savantes*," were produced in the four following years 1669-72. The last was not an immediate success. "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*" had years before demolished the subjects satirized, and

the satire had lost much of its point. The king, however, was pleased to express his approval of the work, and from that time it rose in public estimation.

In 1672 his unhappy differences with his wife were patched up for the last time. His health had long been failing, he had suffered for years from a distressing cough, but from this period he became rapidly worse, and on the day of the third representation of "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," produced on the 10th of February, 1673, he was so ill that both his wife and Baron the actor entreated him not to perform. "What can I do?" he answered; "there are fifty poor workmen who have only their daily pay to live upon, what will they do if I do not act? I should reproach myself if I neglected to give them their bread for a single day." But he sent for the company, and told them if they were not ready by four o'clock he would not be able to play, as he felt himself more than usually indisposed. At four o'clock precisely the curtain rose, and he went through his part, but with great difficulty; once during the performance the audience could not help perceiving that he was convulsed, but he passed it off with a forced laugh. When the piece was finished, he put on his dressing-gown and went into Baron's box, and asked him what the people thought of the play. After expressing the opinions he had heard, Baron remarked that he appeared very unwell. "I am," replied Molière, "the cold is killing me." Then Baron felt his hands, which were quite frozen, and put them into a muff to try and warm them, and sent for his chairman to convey him home. He was put to bed, after eating a little bread and some Parmesan cheese. But soon afterwards he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and brought up a quantity of blood. Baron was very much frightened, but Molière endeavored to pass it off by saying he had frequently brought up a great deal more; nevertheless he requested him to fetch his wife up-stairs. When Baron returned with Madame Molière he was dead; he had expired in the arms of two sisters of charity, suffocated with blood that was pouring from his mouth.

He died on the 17th of February, 1673, aged fifty-three. The Archbishop of Paris refused him Christian burial, and his opposition was overcome only by the orders of the king. Considering the people who were called Christians in those days, Molière's body would have been quite as well out of their company. Nevertheless he was interred, but with maimed

rites. "What!" exclaimed his wife, "refuse burial to a man who has deserved altars!" But posterity has avenged him, and he shines an immortal star, while those wretched priests are lost in the clay to which they belonged. Madame raised a handsome tomb and paid all the respect to his memory she had refused to him living.*

Of his personal appearance we have the following description:—

He was neither too fat nor too lean; he was tall rather than short, he had a noble carriage, a fine leg, and he walked with a grave air; his nose was big, his mouth large, his lips thick, complexion dark, eyebrows black and heavy, and the different movements he gave them rendered his physiognomy very comic.

As an actor he was inimitable, and he imparted much of his own perfection to his company. "He understood," says a contemporary, "the capabilities of his actors so admirably in giving them their proper characters, and in afterwards so perfectly instructing them, that they seemed not so much comedians as the true persons they represented."

I have no space left for a critical examination of his works.† He borrowed much more than we can now trace, and he openly acknowledged doing so: "I take my property wherever I find it." Plautus, Terence, Boccaccio, and the Italian and Spanish dramatists were freely plundered, but such gatherings were distilled, transmuted in the alembic of his brain into forms of originality.

He was far from believing his works perfect. One day Boileau was reading some verses which directly referred to him; when he came to the line,—

Il plait à tout le monde, et ne sauroit se plaire,

he exclaimed, pressing the writer's hand, "That is the greatest truth you have ever

* There is a curious story told, and vouched as a fact, in more than one life of Molière, which is worth repeating here. It appears, according to these authorities, there was a courtesan in Paris who so wonderfully resembled his wife that the two could be scarcely distinguished apart. This woman, taking advantage of the circumstance, used to entertain her admirers in the character of the *comédienne*, with whom all the gallants were in love. Hence the stories which roused her husband's jealousy. The fraud was at last discovered, but only after his death, and the vile personator was condemned to a severe punishment.

† That they have many faults as well as beauties is only a truism which applies to all human productions; but the best proof of their truth and worth is their vitality; while Corneille, Racine, Voltaire have disappeared from the stage, and could only be galvanized into existence again by the appearance of another Talma or Rachel; these can still please the fickle Parisian, and their characters are still the highest efforts of the greatest French *artistes*.

uttered. I am not of the number of those sublime spirits of whom you speak, but such as I am, I have never done anything with which I am truly content."

He composed very slowly, although he liked the contrary to be understood, and many pieces supposed to have been written upon the spur of a royal command, had been prepared some time previously. When we consider, however, the great demands made upon his time in so many other ways, the amount of literary work he actually accomplished cannot fail to astonish us. He was the manager of a theatre, a position alone sufficient to monopolize the whole attention of an ordinary man; he played all the principal parts, he was constantly visited by friends and great personages; to these we have to add ill health and domestic troubles, and yet during twenty years he contrived to write thirty-one dramatic works, many of which are unsurpassed in the literature of the world.

Boileau says:—

I remember Molière pointed out to me several times an old servant that he had, to whom he told me he sometimes read his comedies, and he assured me that when the humorous passages did not strike her, he altered them because he had frequently proved that such passages did not take upon the stage.

As a man he had many virtues; he was a sincere friend, and his charities were munificent and freely given.

Ménage tells us:—

The great Condé had an especial friendship for Molière: he frequently sent for him to entertain him. One day he said to him in the presence of persons who related to me the circumstance: "Molière, perhaps I bring you here too often, I fear I distract you from your work, so I shall not send for you any more, but I pray you come to me in all your leisure hours, announce yourself by a *valet de chambre*, and I will leave every one to be with you." When Molière came the prince always left whoever might be with him, and he was often three or four hours with him. After these conversations this great prince has been heard to say publicly, "I am never weary of being with Molière, he is a man whose learning and judgment are never exhausted."

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CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

THE news which had produced so sudden and startling an effect upon the in-

mates of No. 7 had been known early in the morning of the same day to the inmates of No. 8. This it was which had prevented either of the young men from paying their ordinary visits; but the wonder was that no rumor should have reached at least the kitchen of Mr. Beresford's house of the sad news which had arrived next door. Probably the reason was that the servants were all fully occupied, and had no time for conversation. The news had come early, conveyed by Mr. Somerville personally and by post from the official headquarters, for Mr. Meredith was a civil servant of standing and distinction. There was nothing extraordinary or terrible in it. He had been seized with one of the rapid diseases of the climate, and had succumbed like so many other men, leaving everything behind him settled and in order. It was impossible that a well-regulated and respectable household could have been carried on with less reference to the father of the children, and nominal master of the house, than Mrs. Meredith's was; but perhaps this was one reason why his loss fell upon them all like a thunderbolt. Dead! no one had ever thought of him as a man who could die. The event brought him near them as with the rapidity of lightning. Vaguely in their minds, or at least in the wife's mind, there had been the idea of some time or other making up to him for that long separation and estrangement—how, she did not inquire, and when, she rather trembled to think of, but some time. The idea of writing a kinder letter than usual to him had crossed her mind that very morning. They did not correspond much; they had mutually found each other incompatible, unsuitable, and lately Mrs. Meredith had been angry with the distant husband, who had been represented as disapproving of her. But this morning, no later, some thrill of more kindly feeling had moved her. She had realized all at once that it might be hard for him to be alone in the world, and without that solace of the boys, which from indifference, or from compunction, he had permitted her to have without interference all these years. She had thought that after all it was cruel, after such a long time, to deny him a share in his own children, and she had resolved, being in a serious mood and agitated state of mind, to make the sacrifice, or to attempt to make the sacrifice more freely, and to write to him to express her gratitude to him for leaving her both the boys so long: had not he a right to them no less than hers?—in the eye of nature no

less, and in the eye of the law more. Yet he had been generous to her, and had never disputed her possession of her children. These were the softening thoughts that had filled her mind before she came down-stairs. And no sooner had she come down than the news arrived. He was dead. When those die who are the most beloved and cherished, the best and dearest, that calamity which rends life asunder and overclouds the world for us, has seldom in it the same sickening vertigo of inappropriateness which makes the soul sick when some one essentially earthly is suddenly carried away into the unseen, with which he seems to have had nothing to do all his previous life. He! *dead!* a man so material, of the lower earth. What could dying be to him? What connection had he with the mystery and solemnity of the unseen? The vulgar and commonplace awe us more at these dread portals than the noble or great. What have they to do there? What had a man like Mr. Meredith to do there? Yet he had gone, no one knowing, and accomplished that journey which classes those who have made it, great and small, with the gods. A hundred discordant thoughts entered into his wife's mind — compunction, and wonder, and solemn trembling. Could he have known what she had been thinking that morning? Was it some dumb approach of his soul to hers which had aroused these more tender thoughts? Had he been aware of all that had gone on in her mind since the time when, she knowing of it, he had died? Nature has always an instinctive certainty, whatever philosophy may say against it, and however little religion may say in favor of it, that this sacred and mysterious event of death somehow enlarges and expands the being of those who have passed under its power. Since we lost them out of our sight, it seems so necessary to believe that they see through us more than ever they did, and know what is passing within the hearts to which they were kindred. Why should the man, who living had concerned himself so little about what his wife did, *know* now instantaneously all about it, having died? She could not have given a reason, but she felt it to be so. The dark ocean, thousands of miles of it, what was that to an emancipated soul? He had died in India; but he was there, passing mysteriously through the doors, standing by her, "putting things into her head," in this corner of England. Which of us has not felt the same strange certainty? All at once the house seemed full of him, even

to the children, who had scarcely known him. He was dead; passed into a world which mocks at distance, which knows nothing of fatigue. He was as God in some mysterious way, able to be everywhere, able to influence the living unconsciously, seeing, hearing them — simply because he was dead, and had become to mortal vision incapable of either seeing or hearing more.

There is nothing more usual than to rail at the dreadful and often unduly prolonged moment between death and the final ceremonial which clears us away from cumbering the living soil any longer; but this moment is often a blessing to the survivors. In such a case as this "the bereaved family" did not know what to do. How were they to gain that momentary respite from the common round? If the blinds were drawn down, and the house shut up, according to the usual formula, that would be purely fictitious; for of course he had been buried long ago. Edward paused with the shutter in his hand when about to close it, struck by this reflection, and Oswald gave vent to it plainly — "What's the good? he's in his grave long ago." Mrs. Meredith had retired to her room on the receipt of the news, where her maid took her her cup of tea; and the young men sat down again, and ate their breakfast, as it were under protest, ashamed of themselves for the good appetites they had, and cutting off here and there a corner of their usual substantial meal, to prove to themselves that they were not quite without feeling. What were they to do to make the fact evident that they had just heard of their father's death, and to separate this day, which was to them as the day of his death, from other days? They were very much embarrassed to know how they were to manage this. To abstain altogether from their usual occupations was the only thing which instinctively occurred to them. They sat down after breakfast was over, as though it had been a doubly solemn dolorous Sunday, on which they could not even go to church. Edward was doubtful even about the *Times*, and Oswald hesitated about going to his smoking-room as usual. A cigar seemed a levity when there was a death in the house. On the whole, however, it was Oswald who settled the matter most easily, for he began a copy of verses "To the Memory of my Father," which was a very suitable way indeed of getting through the first hours, and amusing too.

The house was very still all the morning, and then there was another subdued

meal. Meals are a great thing to fall back upon when young persons of healthful appetite, not broken down by grief, feel themselves compelled to decorous appearance of mourning. By this time Oswald and Edward both felt that not to eat was an absurd way of doing honor to their dead father, and accordingly they had an excellent luncheon; though their mother still "did not feel able," her maid reported, to come down. After this the two young men went out together to take a walk. This, too, was a kind of solemn Sabbatical exercise, which they had not taken in the same way since they were boys at school together. When they met any acquaintance, one of them would bow formally, or stretch out a hand to be shaken, passing on, too grave for talk, while the other paused to explain the "bad news" they had received. When it was a friend of Oswald's, Edward did this, and when it was Edward's friend Oswald did it. This little innocent solemn pantomime was so natural and instinctive that it impressed every one more or less, and themselves most of all. They began to feel a certain importance in their position, enjoying the sympathy, the kind and pitying looks of all they met as they strolled along slowly arm-in-arm. They had not been so much united, or felt so strong a connection with each other, for years. Then they began to discuss in subdued tones the probable issues. "Will it change our position?" Edward asked.

"I think not, unless to better it," said Oswald. "I don't think you need go to India now unless you like."

He had just said this, when they were both addressed by some one coming up behind them, as hasty and business-like as they were languid and solemn.

"I say, can you tell me whereabouts the India Office is?" said the new-comer. "Good-morning. I shouldn't have disturbed you but that I remembered you were going to India too. I'm in for my last Exam., that is, I shall be directly, and I've got something to do at the India Office; but the fact is, I don't know where to go."

It was Edward who directed him, Oswald standing by holding his brother's arm. Roger Burchell was very brisk, looking better than usual in the fresh spring sunshine, and Oswald's eye was caught by his face, which was like some one he had seen recently—he could not remember where—the ruddy, mellow, warmly-toned complexion, brown eyes, and dusky gold of the hair. Who was it? Roger, being out of his depth in London,

was glad to see faces he knew, even though he loved them little; and then he had heard that Cara was to return to the Hill, and felt that he had triumphed, and feared them no more.

"I hope your neighbors are well?" he said. "They are coming back, I hear, to the country. I suppose they don't care for London after being brought up in a country place. I should not myself."

"Mr. Beresford is going abroad," said Edward, coldly.

"Everybody is going abroad, I think; but few people so far as we are. I don't think I should care for the Continent—just the same old thing over and over; but India should be all fresh. You are going to India too, ain't you? at least, that is what I heard."

"I am not sure," said Edward. "The truth is, we have had very bad news this morning. My father died at Calcutta—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Roger, who had kind feelings. "I should not have stopped you had I known; I thought you both looked grave. I am very sorry. I hope you don't mind——"

"Don't mind my father's death?"

"Oh, I mean don't mind my having stopped you. Perhaps it was rude; but I said to myself, 'Here is some one I know.' Don't let me detain you now. I am very sorry, but I wish you were coming to India," said Roger, putting out his big fist to shake hands. Oswald eluded the grip, but Edward took it cordially. He was not jealous of Roger, but divined in him an unfortunate love like his own.

"Poor fellow!" Edward said as they went on.

"Poor fellow!—why poor fellow? he is very well off. He is the very sort of man to get on; he has no feelings, no sensitiveness, to keep him back."

"It is scarcely fair to decide on such slight acquaintance that he has no feelings; but he is going to India."

"Ned, you are a little bit of a fool, though you're a clever fellow. Going to India is the very best thing a man can do. My mother has always made a fuss about it."

"And yourself——"

"Myself! I am not the sort of fellow. I am no good. I get dead beat; but you that are all muscle and sinew, and that have no tie except my mother——"

"That to be sure," said Edward with a sigh, and he wondered did his brother now at last mean to be confidential and inform him of the engagement with Cara?

His heart began to beat more quickly. How different that real sentiment was from the fictitious one which they had both been playing with! Edward's breath came quickly. Yes, it would be better to know it—to get it over; and then there would be no further uncertainty; but at the same time he was afraid—afraid both of the fact and of Oswald's way of telling it. If Cara's name was spoken with levity, how should he be able to bear it? Needless to say, however, that Oswald had no intention of talking about Cara, and nothing to disclose on that subject at least.

"You that have no tie—except my mother," repeated Oswald "(and of course she would always have me), I would think twice before I gave up India. It's an excellent career, nothing better. The governor (poor old fellow) did very well, I have always heard, and you would do just as well, or more so, with the benefit of his connection. I wonder rather that my mother kept us out of the Indian set, except the old spy. Poor old man, I dare say he will be cut up about this. He'll know better than any one," continued Oswald, with a change of tone, "what arrangements have been made."

"I wonder if it will be long before we can hear?" Thus they went on talking in subdued tones, the impression gradually wearing off, and even the feeling of solemn importance, the sense that, though not unhappy, they ought to conduct themselves with a certain gravity of demeanor becoming sons whose father was just dead. They had no very distinct impression about the difference to be made in their own future, and even Oswald was not mercenary in the ordinary sense of the word. He thought it would be but proper and right that he should be made "an eldest son;" but he did not think it likely—and in that case, though he would be absolutely independent, he probably would not be very rich, not rich enough to make work on his own part unnecessary. So the excitement on this point was mild. They could not be worse off than they were, that one thing he was sure of, and for the rest, one is never sure of anything. By this time they had reached the region of clubs. Oswald thought there was nothing out of character in just going in for half an hour to see the papers. A man must see the papers whoever lived or died. When the elder brother unbent thus far, the younger brother went home. He found his mother still in her own room taking a cup of tea. She had been crying, for her eyes were red, and she had a shawl

wrapped round her, the chill of sudden agitation and distress having seized upon her. Mr. Meredith's picture, which had not hitherto occupied that place of honor, had been placed above her mantelpiece, and an old Indian box, sweet with the pungent odor of the sandal-wood, stood on the little table at her elbow. "I was looking over some little things your dear papa gave me, long before you were born," she said, with tears in her voice. "Oh, my poor John!"

"Mother, you must not think me unfeeling; but I knew so little of him."

"Yes, that was true—yes, that was true. Oh, Edward, I have been asking myself was it my fault? But I could not live in India, and he was so fond of it. He was always well. He did not understand how any one could be half killed by the climate. I never should have come home but for the doctors, Edward."

She looked at him so appealingly that Edward felt it necessary to take all the responsibility unhesitatingly upon himself. "I am sure you did not leave him as long as you could help it, mother."

"No, I did not—that is just the truth—as long as I could help it; but it does seem strange that we should have been parted for so much of our lives. Oh, what a comfort it is, Edward, to feel that whatever misunderstanding there might be, he knows all and understands everything now!"

"With larger, other eyes than ours," said Edward piously, and the boy believed it in the confidence of his youth. But how the narrow-minded, commonplace man who had been that distinguished civil servant, John Meredith, should all at once have come to this godlike greatness by the mere fact of dying, neither of them could have told. Was it nature in them that asserted it to be so? or some prejudice of education and tradition, so deeply woven into their minds that they did not know it to be anything but nature? But be it instinct or be it prejudice, what more touching sentiment ever moved a human bosom? He had not been a man beloved in his life; but he was as the gods now.

By-and-by, however—for reverential and tender as this sentiment was, it was neither love nor grief, and could not pretend to the dominion of these monarchs of the soul—the mother and son fell into talk about secondary matters. She had sent for her dressmaker about her mourning, and given orders for as much crape as could be piled upon one not gigantic female figure, and asked anxiously if the

boys had done their part — had got the proper depth of hat-bands, the black studs, etc., that were wanted. "I suppose you may have very dark grey for the morning; but it must be *very* dark," she said.

"And you, mother, must you wear that cap — that mountain of white stuff?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Meredith with fervor. "You don't think I would omit any sign of respect? And what do I care whether it is becoming or not? Oh, Edward, your dear papa has a right to all that we can do to show respect."

There was a faltering in her lip as of something more she had to say, but decorum restrained her. That first day nothing ought to be thought of, nothing should be mentioned, she felt, in which consolation had a part. But when the night came after that long, long day, which they all felt to be like a year, the secret comfort in her heart came forth as she bade her boy good-night. "Edward, oh, I wish you had gone years ago, when you might have been a comfort to him! but now that there is no need —" Here she stopped and kissed him, and looked at him with a smile in her wet eyes, which, out of "respect," she would no more have suffered to come to her lip than she would have worn pink ribbons in her cap, and said quickly, "You need not go to India now."

This was the blessing with which she sent him away from her. She cried over it afterwards, in penitence looking at her husband's portrait, which had been brought out of a corner in the library down-stairs. Poor soul, it was with a pang of remorse that she felt she was going to be happy in her widow's mourning. If she could have restrained herself, she would have kept in these words expressive of a latent joy which came by means of sorrow. She stood and looked at the picture with a kind of prayer for pardon in her heart, oh, forgive me! with once more that strange confidence that death had given the attributes of God to the man who was dead. If he was near, as she felt him to be, and could hear the breathing of that prayer in her heart, then surely, as Edward said, it was with "larger, other eyes" that he must look upon her, understanding many things which up to his last day he had not been able to understand.

But they were all very glad when the day was over — that first day which was not connected with the melancholy business or presence of death which "the family" are supposed to suffer from so deeply, yet which proves a kind of chapel and seclusion for any grief which is not of the

deepest and most overwhelming kind. The Merediths would have been glad even of a mock funeral, a public assuming of the trappings of woe, a distinct period after which life might be taken up again. But there was nothing at all to interrupt their life, and the whole affair remained unauthentic and strange to them. Meanwhile, in the house next door these strange tidings had made a sudden tumult. The packings had been stopped. The servants were angry at their wasted trouble; the ladies both silenced and startled, with thoughts in their minds less natural and peaceful than the sympathy for Mrs. Meredith, which was the only feeling they professed. As for Mr. Beresford himself, it would be difficult to describe his feelings, which were of a very strange and jumbled character. He was glad to have the bondage taken off his own movements, and to feel that he was free to go where he pleased, to visit as he liked; and the cause of his freedom was not really one which moved him to sorrow though it involved many curious and uncomfortable questions. How much better the unconscious ease of his feelings had been before any one had meddled! but now so many questions were raised! Yet his mind was relieved of that necessity of immediate action which is always so disagreeable to a weak man. Yes, his mind was entirely relieved. He took a walk about his room, feeling that by-and-by it would be his duty to go back again to Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room to ask what he could do for her, and give her his sympathy. Not to-night, but soon; perhaps even to-morrow. The cruel pressure of force which had been put upon him, and which he had been about to obey by the sacrifice of all his comforts, relaxed and melted away. It was a relief, an undeniable relief; but yet it was not all plain sailing — the very relief was an embarrassment too.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TAKING UP DROPT STITCHES.

NEXT day Mr. Beresford paid Mrs. Meredith a visit of condolence. It was natural and necessary, considering their friendship; but the manner in which that friendship had been interrupted, and the occasion upon which it was resumed, were both embarrassing. It had been a short note from Maxwell which had communicated the news to him, and in this it had been taken for granted that he would now remain at home. Old Mr. Sommerville had himself communicated the information

to Maxwell, and his letter was enclosed. "I hear your friend Beresford had made up his mind to go away, out of consideration for Mrs. Meredith," he had written, "which was very gentlemanly on his part, and showed fine feeling. I think it right accordingly to let you know at once of the great change which has taken place in her position. I have received the news this morning of her husband my poor friend John Meredith's death at Calcutta, on the 3rd inst. It was sudden, but not quite unexpected, as he had been suffering from fever. This of course changes Mrs. Meredith's situation altogether. She is now a widow, and of course responsible to no one. I would not for the world be answerable for depriving her of the sympathy of a kind friend, *which may in the long run be so important for her*, at a period of trouble. So I trust you will communicate the news to your friend with the least possible delay. I have not seen Mrs. Meredith; but as they have been long separated, I do not doubt that she bears the loss with Christian composure," said the sharp-witted old man. "I send you old Sommerville's letter," Mr. Maxwell added on his own account; "it does not require any comment of mine; and of course you will act as you think proper; but my own opinion is that he is an old busybody, making suggestions of patent absurdity." Mr. Beresford was much nettled by this note. Whatever Sommerville's suggestion might mean it was for him to judge of it, not Maxwell, who thrust himself so calmly into other people's business. Sommerville's letter might not have pleased him by itself, but Maxwell's gloss was unpardonable. He tore it up and threw it into his waste-basket with unnecessary energy. But for that perhaps he might have felt more abashed by the embarrassing character of the reunion; but being thus schooled, he rebelled. He went to the house next door in the afternoon, towards the darkening. The spring sunshine had died away, and the evening was cold as winter almost. There had been no reception that day — visitor after visitor had been sent away with the news of the "bereavement." The same word has to be used whether the loss is one which crushes all delight out of life, or one which solemnly disturbs the current for a moment, to leave it only brighter than before. All the servants at Mrs. Meredith's were preternaturally solemn. The aspect of the house could not have been more funereal had half the population succumbed. Already, by some wonderful effort of milli-

nery, the maids as well as their mistress had got their black gowns.

Mrs. Meredith herself sat in the drawing-room, crape from head to foot, in all the crispness of a fresh widow's cap. Never was black so black, or white so white. She had an innocent satisfaction in heaping up this kind of agony. Already a design drawn by Oswald was in the hands of a goldsmith for a locket to hold her husband's hair. She would not bate a jot of anything that the most bereaved mourner could do to show her "respect." Even the tears were ready, and they were sincere tears. A pang of compunction, a pang of regret, of remorseful pity and tenderness, melted her heart, and there was a certain pleasure of melancholy in all this which made it spontaneous. It was the very luxury of sentiment, to be able to feel your heart untouched underneath, and yet to be so deeply, unfeignedly sorry, to be so true a mourner at so little real cost. Mrs. Meredith held out her hand to her visitor as he came in — he was the only one whom she had received.

"This is kind," she said, "very kind. As you were always such a good friend to us, I could not say no to you."

"I was very sorry," he said; "as indeed what else was there to say?"

"Oh, yes, I knew you would feel for us. It was so sudden — quite well when the last mail came in, and this one to bring such news! You scarcely knew him; and oh, I feel it so much now, that none of my friends, that not even the boys knew him as they ought to have known him. It seems as if it must have been my fault."

"*That* it could never have been. You must not reproach yourself; though one always does, however the loss happens," he said, in a low and sorrowful tone. He was thinking of his wife, for whom he had mourned with the intensity of despair, but the same words answered both cases. He stood as he had done the last time he was there, not looking at her in her panoply of mourning, but looking dreamily into the fire. And she cried a little, with a childish sob in her throat. The grief was perfectly real, childlike, and innocent. He was much more affected by the recollection of that last meeting at which he had taken leave of her than she was — he remembered it better. The new incident even kept her from seeing anything more than the most ordinary every-day fact, one friend coming to see another, in his return.

"I suppose you have no details?"

"Not one. We cannot hear till the next

mail. It will be some comfort to have particulars. Poor John! he was always so strong, one never had any fear. I was the one that could not stand the climate; and yet I am left and he is taken!"

"But you have not been exposed to the climate," said Mr. Beresford. She was not wise in these expressions of her personal grief, though her friend always thought her so wise in her sympathy. She resumed softly, —

"I have no fears about the boys to embitter my grief. I know they will be well cared for. He was so good a father, though he had them so little with him. Oh, why did you not tell me to send him one of the boys?"

Mr. Beresford would have felt himself the cruelest of malignants, had he ventured to make such a suggestion in former days, but he did not say this now. "You did what you thought was best for them," he said.

"Ah yes," she said eagerly, "for them; there was their education to be thought of. That was what I considered; but I do not think — do you think," she added with an unconscious clasping of her hands and entreating look, "that, since the great occasion for it is over, Edward need go to India now?"

The form of the speech was that of an assertion — the tone that of a question. She might follow her own inclinations like other people; but she liked to have them sanctioned and approved by her friends.

"Surely not, if you don't wish it. There is only your wish to be considered."

"It is not myself I am thinking of. It is for him," she said, faltering. Of all things that could happen to her, she was least willing to allow that her own will or wish had any share in her decisions. It was a weakness which perhaps the more enlightened of her friends were already aware of. As for Mr. Beresford, he was more critical of her than ever he had been before, although more entirely sympathetic, more ready to throw himself into her service. She looked at him so anxiously. She wanted his opinion and the support of his concurrence. There was nothing for him to do, to be of use as he proposed, but to agree with her, to support what she had thought of — that was friendship indeed.

On the next day Miss Cherry paid a similar visit of condolence, but she was not so tenderly sympathetic as, under other circumstances, she would naturally have been. She looked at the new-made widow with a critical eye. A short time

before no one had been more anxious than Miss Cherry that Mrs. Meredith should suffer no harm, should lose no tittle of the respect due to her. She had with her own soft hand struck a blow, the severity of which astonished herself, at her favorite and only brother on Mrs. Meredith's account; but the sudden revolution in their neighbor's affairs, instead of touching her heart, closed it. The position was changed, and a hundred tremors and terrors took at once possession of her gentle bosom. Who could doubt what James would wish now — what James would do? and who could doubt that the woman who had permitted him so intimate a friendship would respond to these wishes? This idea leaped at once into the minds of all the lookers-on. Old Sommerville sent the news with a chuckle of grim cynicism yet kindness; Maxwell communicated it with a grudge; and Miss Cherry received it with an instant conviction yet defiance. They had no doubt of what would, nay must ensue, and jumped at the conclusion with unanimous agreement; and it would be quite true to say that Mr. Meredith's death brought quite as great a pang to Miss Cherry, who had never seen him, as it did to his wife, though in a different way. If the first marriage, the natural youthful beginning of serious life, brings often with it a train of attendant embarrassments, almost miseries, what is a second marriage to do? Good Miss Cherry's maidenly mind was shocked by the idea that her brother, so long held up somewhat proudly by the family as an example of conjugal fidelity and true sorrow, had allowed feelings less exalted to get possession of him. And what would Cara do? how would her imaginative, delicate being, too finely touched for common issues, conform to the vulgar idea of a step-mother? Miss Cherry grew hot and angry as she thought of it. And a man who had such a child, a grown-up daughter, sweetest and only fit substitute for the mother dead, what did he want with a new companion, a new love? Faugh! to use such a word disgusted her; and that James, *James!* the most heart-broken and inconsolable of mourners, should come to that! With all this in her mind, it may be supposed that Miss Cherry's feelings when she went to see Mrs. Meredith and found her in all her crape, crying softly by the fire, were not so sweet as they ought to have been. She said the usual things in the way of consolation — how, as it was to be, perhaps it was best that they had heard of it all at once, and had not been

kept in anxiety; and how she supposed such afflictions were necessary for us, though it was very sad that the dear boys had known so little of their father; but, on the other hand, how that fact must soften it to them all, for of course it was not as if he had died at home, where they would have felt the loss every day. This last speech had a sting in it, which was little intentional, and yet gave Miss Cherry a sense of remorse after it was said; for though she had a certain desire to give pain, momentary, and the result of much provocation, yet the moment the pain was given, it was herself who suffered most. This is what it is to have a soft nature; most people have at least a temporary satisfaction in the result when they have been able to inflict a wound.

"Oh yes, my dear, she feels it, I suppose," Miss Cherry said, when she returned. "She was sitting over the fire, and the room much too warm for the season; for it is really like spring to-day. Of course a woman must feel it more or less when she has lost her husband. I have never been in these circumstances, but I don't see how one could help that—however little one cared for the man."

"Did she care little for the man?" Cara was at the age when most things are taken for granted. She had not entered into any peculiarities in the position of Mrs. Meredith with her husband. She was like Hamlet, recognizing more and more, as she realized her own position, the quagmires and unsafe footing round her—was this another? There was a sinking sensation in Cara's youthful mind, and a doubt and faltering wherever she thought to place her foot.

"My dear child," said Miss Cherry, "when a woman spends years after years away from her husband, never making any effort to join him, quite satisfied with a letter now and then, receiving her own friends, making a circle, going into society, while the poor man is toiling to keep it up, thousands and thousands of miles away"—here Miss Cherry paused, a little frightened by the blackness of the picture which she had herself drawn. "I hope I am not doing any one injustice," she faltered. "Oh, my dear, you may be sure I don't mean that. And I believe poor Mrs. Meredith could not stand the climate, and of course there was the boys' education to think of—children always must come home. Indeed, how any one can settle in India knowing that their children must be sent away——"

"Aunt Cherry, no one is to be trusted,"

said the girl, tears coming to her eyes; "there is no truth anywhere. We are all making a pretence one way or another; pretending to care for people who are living, pretending to mourn for people who are dead; pretending that one thing is our object, while we are trying for another; pretending to be merry, pretending to be sad. Ah! it makes my heart sick!"

"Cara, Cara! What do you know about such things? They say it is so in the world; but you and I have very little to do with the world, dear. You must not think—indeed, indeed, you must not think that it is so with us."

"I don't know anything of the world," said Cara. "I only know what is round me. If Mrs. Meredith is false, and papa false, and other people——"

"My dear," said Miss Cherry, trembling a little, "it is always dangerous to apply abstract principles so. When I say that Mrs. Meredith was a long time away from her husband, I do not say that she is *false*. Oh, Cara, no! that would be terrible. If I say anything, all I mean is that she could not be so grieved, not so *dreadfully* grieved, as a woman would be whose husband had been always with her. Think of the boys, for instance; they did not know him really; they may be very sorry; but, how different would it be if it was a father like your father. And other people—what do you mean by other people?"

"Nothing," said Cara, turning away, for she could not reply to Miss Cherry's argument. Would she indeed, in her own person, grieve for her father more than the Merediths did for theirs? Here was another mystery unpenetrated by Miss Cherry, incomprehensible to herself. Nobody knew the gulf that lay between her and him, and she could not tell herself what it meant. How kind he had been to her, though she repaid him in this way; but did he love—really love—his child any more than she loved him? Did anybody love any other, or only pretend and go through the semblance of loving? She did not doubt her aunts, it is true; but then her certainty in respect to them took, to some degree, the form of indifference. Taken for granted, not inquired into, that love itself might have failed, perhaps—but Cara never thought of it as possible. It was like the sunny house it dwelt on, always open, due not to anything in her, but to the mere fact that she was Cara. They would have loved any other kind of girl, she said to herself, under the same name just as well. Poor child! she was like Hamlet, though unaware of that sub-

limity. Friends, lovers, relations, all had failed her. Every soul thought of himself, no one truly or unfeignedly of others. Her head swam, her heart sank, the firm ground gave way under her feet wherever she turned. It might not cost the others much, but it cost her a great deal; even she herself in her own person—did she love more truly than they did? no; she was not devoted to her father, nor to Oswald, whom she was supposed to care for; and if to—any one else, then they did not care for her, Cara said to herself, and fled from her thoughts with a beating heart.

That evening there was an interchange of visits, something in the old fashion. Edward thought he might come in, in the evening, when the public about would not be scandalized by the idea that he was able to visit his friends so soon after his father's death; and Mr. Beresford said to himself that, surely he might go for a little to comfort his neighbor who was in trouble, and who had not herself been out of doors for these two long days. The young man and the older man crossed each other, but without meeting; and both of the visits were very pleasant. Miss Cherry was as kind to Edward as she had been cold to his mother. She got up to meet him and took his two hands in hers. She called him, inarticulately, her dear boy, and asked after his health tenderly, as if he had been ill. As for Cara, she did nothing but look at him with a wistful look, trying to read in his eyes what he felt; and when her aunt entered into the usual commonplaces about resignation to God's will, Cara broke in almost abruptly, impatient even of this amiable fiction.

"You forget what you were saying to-day," she said; "that Edward did not know his father, and therefore could not grieve as—I should."

"That is quite true," he said, "and therefore it is a different kind of feeling. Not the grief that Cara would feel; but that painful sense of not being able to feel, which is almost worse. I never thought of my father—scarcely knew him. Some time, of course, we were to meet—that was all; and gratitude to him, or any attempt to repay him, was not in my thoughts. And now it is impossible ever, in any place, were one to go to the world's end, or at any time, were one to live as long as Methuselah, to say a kind word to him, to try to make up to him a little. This is more painful than Cara's worst grief would be, knowing she had done everything, made everything bright."

"Oh, no, no!" she said, putting up her hands.

"Ah, yes, yes!" he said, looking at her with melting eyes, softened and enlarged by the moisture in them, and smiling upon her. Cara, in her confusion, could not meet the look and the smile.

"Oh, Edward," she said, "it is you who are the best of us all. I am not good, as you think me. I am a sham, like all the rest; but if there is one that is true——"

"Cara is foolish," said Miss Cherry. "I don't know what is come to her, Edward. She talks as if nobody was to be relied upon; but I suppose she is at the age of fancy, when girls take things into their heads. I remember when I was your age, my darling, I had a great many fancies too. And I am afraid I have some still, though I ought to know better. I suppose you will take your mother away somewhere, Edward, for a little change?"

"I have not heard anything about it, Miss Cherry; but there will be one change, most likely, very important to me, if I settle to do it. I need not go out to India now—unless I please."

"Oh, Edward, I am so glad; for, of course, you would not wish it—you did not wish it?"

"No," he said, slowly. "I did not wish it; but, after all, if that seemed the best way to be good for something—to make some use of one's life——"

He spoke to Miss Cherry, but his eyes were on Cara. If she had said anything; if she had even lifted her eyes; if she had made any sign to show that even as her brother—her husband's brother—he could be of use to her! But Cara made no reply either by word or look. She put her hand nervously upon the book which lay on the table—the book he had been reading.

"Oh Cara, you must not think of that," said Miss Cherry; "we can't be so selfish as to ask Edward to read to-night."

"Yes; let me read," he said. "Why should not I? I am glad to do anything after these two days. It seemed unkind to *him*, not to make some break in life—though I don't know why; and there is nothing within reach to do. Let me read."

Then Cara looked at him, with eyes like his own, suffused; her heart was melting, her mind satisfied. "But this is the one who does not care for me," she was saying to herself.

Next door there was less conversation between the elder people. Mr. Beres-

ford tried, indeed, to take upon him the part of consoler—to talk to her and lessen her burden; but that change, of all their relations did not answer. He fell silent after a while, and she dried her eyes and began to talk to him. The maid who brought up tea announced that missis had picked up wonderful; while the other servants in the kitchen looked at each other, and shook their heads.

"Anyhow, *that's* better than the other way," the cook said, oracularly, "and we knows what we has before us—if the young gentlemen don't find nothing to say."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LITTLE EMMY'S VISITORS.

OSWALD had found his particular pursuit interrupted by his father's death. He could not go that day, which happened to be the hospital day, to meet Agnes at the gate; indeed, for once, his own inclinations were, for the moment, driven out of his head; and, in the many things there were to think of, from hat-bands upwards, he forgot that this was the day on which alone he could secure a little conversation with the object of his thoughts. When the recollection flashed upon him in the evening, he was more disturbed than was at all usual to his light-hearted nature. What would she think of him? that he had deserted her, after compromising her; an idea equally injurious to his pride and to his affection; for he had so much real feeling about Agnes, that he was not self-confident where she was concerned, and shrank from the idea of appearing in an unfavorable light. Ordinarily, Oswald did not suppose that any one was likely to look at him in an unfavorable light. And then there was the fear which sprang up hastily within him that this day which he had missed might be the last hospital day. Little Emmy had been gradually getting better, and when she was discharged, what means would he have of seeing Agnes? This thought took away all the pleasure from his cigar, and made him pace back and forward in his room, in all the impatience of impotence, ready to upbraid his father with dying at such an inconvenient moment. Yesterday would not have mattered, or to-morrow—but to-day! How often, Oswald reflected, it happens like this in human affairs. Given an unoccupied day, when anything might occur without disturbing your arrangements—when, indeed, you have no engagements, and are perfectly free and at

the command of fate—nothing, even under the most favorable circumstances, happens; but let it be a moment when something very urgent is on your hands, when you have an opportunity that may never occur again, and immediately earth and heaven conspire to fill it with accidents, and to prevent its necessary use. At that hour, however, nothing could be done. It was nearly midnight, and the "house," with all its swarms of children and kindly attendants, must be wrapped in the sleep of the innocent. Would Agnes, he asked himself, share that sleep, or would any troubled thoughts be in her mind touching the stranger who had so sought her society, and who had exposed her to reproof, and then left her to bear it as she might? This, it is to be feared, drove out of Oswald's mind any feeling he might have had for his father. In any case, such feeling would have been short-lived. He had no visionary compunctions, such as Edward had, though it was Oswald, not Edward, who was supposed to be the poetical one of the brothers; but then Edward was not "in love," at least not in Oswald's way.

A week had to elapse before the day on which he could hope to see Agnes again, and this contrariety made him more earnest in his determination to let nothing stand in his way a second time. He was so eager, indeed, that he neglected what would otherwise have been so important in his eyes—the arrival of the mail, which brought definite information as to Mr. Meredith's property, and must settle what his own prospects were to be.

No man could give a warmer evidence of his love than this, he felt within himself as he took his way towards the hospital. During the intervening week he had seen the little teacher almost daily, accompanying the procession of schoolgirls, and she had, he thought, been conscious that he was there, though she would not look at him. Naturally, Oswald made all he could of his deep hat-band, his black gloves, and even the black border of his handkerchief, as he crossed the line; and once he felt that Agnes perceived these indications of woe in a quick glance she gave at him, though she avoided his eyes. This then was a point in his favor—if only little Emmy were still at the hospital. This time he was more bold than usual, and asked to be admitted to see the child, explaining who he was, and what was his connection with the accident. In this respect he took upon himself more than was necessary, blaming himself for being

the cause of it — and at length got admittance, his mourning naturally standing him in stead with all the officials. Little Emmy had been by this time transported into the convalescent ward, and was lying on a sofa there, very bright-eyed and pale, looking eagerly, as Oswald saw, with a leap of his heart, for some visitor. When she perceived him, a cloud of disappointment passed over her little face, then a glance of surprise and recognition, then the swift rising color of weakness.

"Do you know me?" said Oswald, taking the chair the nurse offered him.

"Oh, yes!" cried the child, with a mixture of awe and delight. No further preliminaries were necessary.

He listened, with patience, to an account of all the stages of her recovery, and delicately introduced his own inquiries. The ladies at the "house" had been very kind to her; had they not? They had come to see her?

"Oh, yes, sir," cried little Emmy. "Miss Burchell came every week, and Sister Mary Jane has been twice. Miss Burchell is the kindest of all. I thought she was coming to-day; oh, isn't she coming to-day?" the child added, after a pause, looking at him with rising tears. "Did she send you instead, please?" and though Oswald was so grand a gentleman, and his inquiries filled her with pride, yet his possible substitution for her more beloved visitor made Emmy ready to cry. Oswald did not like to be thus thrust into a secondary place, even with a child. A momentary irritation arose in his mind; then he laughed and forgave Emmy, remembering who it was that she preferred to him.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "I have not come instead of Miss — did you say Burchell? Is she one of the sisters?" he asked, hypocritically. "I thought you called them by their Christian names."

"Oh, sir, Miss Burchell is not a sister. She is the teacher. I am in the third division," said the child, with pride; "and she teaches us. She is a lady — not like Miss Davies in the infant school, you know; but a real, real lady. And all the sisters are ladies. It is for goodness they take care of us, and not because they are obliged. Such a trouble as they take!" said little Emmy, with the naïve surprise of her class, "and for nothing at all! And Miss Burchell is the kindest of them all."

"She has come to see you very often?"

"Oh, sir, every open day! and she told me that — that — you had come to ask for me. She said it was so good and kind.

She said, sir, as you were a very kind gentleman, and took an interest in poor children — especially orphans like me."

"Yes; I take a great interest in you, my poor little Emmy," said Oswald, blushing with pleasure. "I think you ought to have change of air after your long illness. Is there not a place where the children at the 'house' go to when they have been ill?"

"Oh!" cried the little girl, with eyes as round as her exclamation, "Nelly Brown went to Margate after the fever. She used to tell us about the sands and the shells, and riding on donkeys; but Nelly had a kind lady who took an interest in her," said Emmy, her countenance falling, "and paid for her. There are such a many orphans, sir," she added, with a wistful look at him. "Such a many! They would do more for us, if there wasn't such a many of us, Sister Mary Jane says."

A certain half-aggrieved and serious wonder was in the child's eyes. Why there should be so many orphans puzzled little Emmy; and she felt that it was a special grievance to her, as one of them, debarred from the privileges which a smaller number might have shared.

"And you have a kind gentleman, Emmy," said Oswald. "I hope it comes to the same thing. That is what I came to talk to you about —"

"Ah, there she is!" said little Emmy, growing red with delight.

Oswald got up precipitately from his chair. What would she say to find him here already installed before her? She came up, light-footed, in her nun's dress; her face looked doubly sweet, or so, at least, her young lover thought, in the close circle of the poke bonnet, to meet the rapture in the child's eyes.

Agnes had no thought that Oswald was likely to penetrate here; therefore, she did not see him or think of him as she came up to the child, and he was a witness of the clinging of the little orphan's arms, the tender sweetness of the salutation. Agnes could not have said anything more homely than the "How have you been, dear?" but it sounded like the very softest utterance of loving kindness — maternal, dove-like murmurings, tender and caressing, to Oswald's ear.

"Oh, I am well — almost well; and here is the kind gentleman come to see me!" cried little Emmy.

Agnes turned quickly, and looked at him. She thought it was the surgeon, who was young too, and had shown an almost

unprofessional eagerness to explain to her all the peculiarities of this interesting case. When she saw who it really was, she turned crimson, gave him a look which was half reproach and half satisfaction, and went away to the other side of the sofa, keeping the little patient between them. This suited both parties very well; for while Agnes felt it at once a demonstration of displeasure and flight out of a dangerous vicinity, it brought her face to face with him, and gave him a favorable point of view for all her changes of countenance. And who could object to his visit here, which charity — only charity — could have brought about? By little Emmy's sofa, Oswald felt brave enough to defy all the sisters in the world.

"I came to inquire into Emmy's prospects of convalescence," said Oswald, insinuatingly; "and she tells me there is some place in Margate where children are sent to from the 'house.' If the sisters will let me pay for the child — she wants sea-breezes, I think," and he looked at her in a serious, parental way, "before she can be fit for work again."

"Oh, I think they will be very glad!" said Agnes, somewhat breathless. She did not want him to know that she had as much as remarked his absence; and yet, in spite of herself, there was a slight tone of coldness and offence in her voice.

"May I ask you to arrange it for me? I don't know when she will be able to be moved; but when she is — summer is coming on, and the weather is quite genial already." (The weather *is* quite genial generally, one time or other in April, to take the unwary in.)

"Oh, yes," said Agnes again, assenting out of sheer timidity and embarrassment. Then she said, hesitating a little, "Perhaps it would be better to send word to the sister superior yourself."

"Is it necessary? I have been in great trouble lately, which is why I could not ask for poor Emmy last week," he said; and he so managed as that the deep hat-band should catch the eye of Agnes. Her face softened at once, as he saw, and her eyes, after a momentary glance at the hat-band, returned inquiring and kind, not furtive or offended, to his face.

"I am very sorry," she said, looking again at the hat, and in an eager, half-apologetic tone. "I will speak of it, if you wish. It is very kind of you to think of her — very kind."

"Kind! How can I be sufficiently grateful to Emmy?" he said, low and quickly, in a tone which the child could

not hear; and then he took the little girl's thin, small hand into his, and folded the fingers on a gold coin.

"This is to hire donkeys on the sands, Emmy," he said; "but mind, you must tell me all about it when you come back."

"Oh, sir! Oh, Miss Burchell! look what he has given me," said the child, in ecstasy. But Oswald knew how to beat a retreat gracefully. He gave a little squeeze to Emmy's fist, keeping it closed over the sovereign, and, bowing to Agnes, went away.

Was that the last of him? Better, far better, that it should be the last of him, poor Agnes felt, as her heart contracted, in spite of herself, at his withdrawal; but the surprise, and that pang of disappointment, which she would have gone to the stake rather than acknowledge, made her incapable of speech for the moment. It is very wicked and wrong to speak to a gentleman to whom you have never been introduced; but, then, when that gentleman has a legitimate opportunity of making a little acquaintance in a natural way, how strange, and rather injurious, that he should not take advantage of it! This failure of all necessity for resistance at the moment when she was buckling on her best armor to resist, gave an extraordinary twist to Agnes Burchell's heart. It almost would have brought the tears to her eyes, had not she started in instant self-despair — though she would not have shed such tears for all the treasures of the world.

"Oh, look what he has given me!" cried little Emmy, "a sovereign, a whole sovereign — all to myself!"

"He is — very kind," said Agnes, stiffly, and she was restrained even in her intercourse with Emmy, not saying half so much to her as she did on ordinary occasions, which was wrong; for, in fact, Emmy could not justly bear blame for anything committed, neither for his coming nor his going away. The child was quite cast down by Miss Burchell's coldness. She began to inquire if Agnes was ill, if she was tired, if she thought the sisters would object to let her go to Margate; thus plainly showing that she perceived her visitor's abstraction, which was, of all things in the world, the last thing which Agnes wished to be remarked. And poor Agnes could not conceal how worried she was by these questions; she could not account for the discouragement, the sickness of heart, that had come over her. She was tired all at once — overcome by the heat or the cold; which was it?

"It is the spring, miss," said the nurse.

And she was very willing to allow that it must be the spring.

"I will send you word as soon as I have spoken to the sister," she said, kissing little Emmy as she went away; "and forgive me, dear—for I have a headache. I have not been able to talk to you to-day."

"Oh, have you a headache?" cried poor little Emmy, ready to cry for sympathy. What perverse things hearts are when they are young! Agnes walked away through the wards the emblem of peaceful quiet, in her black bonnet, her soft face breathing serenity and ease, as one sufferer and another thought as she passed, but under that conventual drapery a hundred thoughts rustling and stinging, so that the girl was afraid lest they should be heard. Oh, she was glad that he was gone! Glad to be spared the struggle and the necessity for telling him that he must haunt her steps no more. Glad to be let alone, to do her work in peace; her work, that was what she lived for, not absurd romances which she was ashamed even to dream of. Her mind was brimful and running over with these thoughts. It was like carrying a hive full of bees, or a cage full of birds through the place, to walk through it like this, her heart beating, and so many voices whispering in her ears. But suddenly, all at once, as she came out of the great doors, they all hushed in a moment. Her heart stopped (she thought); her thoughts fled like frightened children. She was stilled. Why? It was all for no better reason than that Oswald Meredith was visible at the gate, in his black clothes, looking (the hospital nurses thought) like an interesting young widower, bereaved and pensive, yet not inconsolable. He had put on a look in conformity with his hat-band, and stood there waiting for her as she came out, claiming her sympathy. Agnes grew still in a moment, the tumult and the commotion ceasing in her mind as by magic. She tried to look as if she did not see him, and then to pass him when she got out beyond the gate; but he stepped forward quickly into her path.

"May I ask if you will speak for me about little Emmy," he said; "the child looks weak and rather excitable? I should like, if the authorities will permit me, to pay her expenses to the sea."

"Oh yes, they will permit you," said Agnes, smiling in spite of all her terrors. "You are very kind. I will speak—if you wish it."

"And write to me," said Oswald eagerly.

"It will be necessary to write to me to let me know."

But Agnes demurred to this easy settlement of the matter. "Sister Mary Jane will write. She manages these things herself. But she will be pleased. Good morning," she said, making an attempt to quicken her steps.

"I am going this way," said Oswald. "I could not come last week. We had bad news."

She looked up at him, half alarmed, half sympathetic. She was sorry, very sorry, that he should suffer. It was not possible (she thought) to be like the priest and the Levite, pass on the other side, and pretend to care nothing for one's neighbor. But then she ought to tell him to go away. So Agnes compounded with her conscience by uttering nothing; all she did was to look up at him with tender brown eyes, so full of pity and interest, that words would have been vain to express all they were able to say.

"My father is dead in India," said Oswald. "You may fancy how hard it is upon us to hear of it without any of the details, without knowing who was with him, or if he was properly cared for. I have not had time for anything since but to attend upon my mother, and see to what had to be done."

He felt that this was a quite correct description; for had he not sacrificed the last hospital day to the shock of the news, if not to the service of his mother; and there had been things to do, hat-bands, etc., which had kept him occupied.

"I am very sorry," said Agnes, with downcast eyes.

"You who are so tender and sympathetic, I knew you would feel for—my mother," said Oswald; upon which name, the girl looked up at him again. To feel for his mother—surely there could not be anything more natural, more right, than this.

"You would like my mother—every one does. It is amusing the way in which people run after her. Not that there is any room for amusement in our mournful house at present," said Oswald, correcting himself. "This is the first day the sun has seemed to shine or the skies to be blue since I saw you last."

"I am very sorry," said Agnes again; and then, after a pause, she added nervously, "It is not that I think anything—and, oh, I hope you will not be vexed now that you are in trouble!—but you must not come with me. The sister thinks it is not right, and neither do I."

"Not right!" said Oswald with an ingenuous look of surprise.

Agnes was driven to her wit's end. "I do not want to seem absurd," she said, trembling, "and indeed there is no need for explanation. Please, you must not wait for me at the hospital, or walk back with me any more."

"Alas! have we not been planning to send little Emmy away? That means that I shall not have the chance, and that the brightest chapter in my life is almost over. Must it be over? You don't know what it has been to me. You have made me think as I never thought before. Will you abandon me now, just when I feel on the threshold of something better?"

"You must not talk so," said Agnes, roused to something like anger. "You know very well that, meeting me as you have done, it is wrong; it is not the part of a gentleman to talk so."

"Is it not the part of a gentleman to admire, to reverence — to love?" Oswald said the last words almost under his breath, and yet she heard them, notwithstanding the noises in the street.

"Mr. Meredith!" She gave him an indignant look, but it ended in a blush, which ran like a warm suffusion all over her, and checked further words on her lips.

"I know your name, too," he said. "And it is not love only, but reverence, that is in my heart. Oh, Agnes! don't turn me away! May not my mother come, when she is well enough to go anywhere, and plead my cause? She might speak if I may not."

"Oh, go away, please, go away," said Agnes, in distress. "We are almost at the house again."

"And why should not we be at the house, if you will let me hope," cried Oswald. "I don't want to skulk away! Yes, I will go and hide myself somewhere if you will not hear me. I shall not care what becomes of me. But, Agnes —"

"Oh, Mr. Meredith! Go, please. I cannot think it is right. I — don't understand you. I ought not to listen to you — in this dress; and I have only begun the work."

"There are other kinds of work. There is the natural work. Is not a wife better than a sister?"

Agnes lighted up with the sudden flash which was characteristic of her. She raised her eyes to him glowing with indignant fire, her face suffused with color. "Better?" she said; "better to live for one's self and one other than for the poor

and the helpless and the miserable! Oh! do you know what you say? You are a tempter; you are not a true Christian! Better! when there are so many who are wretched and friendless in the world, with no one to care whether they live or die? Do you think a woman does better who tries to make *you* happy than one who gives herself up for *them*?"

In the heat of this sudden burst of controversial eloquence, she turned aside into another street, which led out of the way of the house. Nothing else would have tempted her to such a curious breach of decorum; but the argument did, which filled her with indignant fervor. She did it only half consciously, by impulse, burning to know what he would answer, what plea he could bring up against her. But here Oswald's cleverness failed him. He was not wise enough to see that a little argument would have led her on to any self-committal. He answered softly, with mistaken submission.

"I will retract. I will say anything you please. No, not better; only happier. You would make me the most blessed of men; and what can you do for the poor? So little; everybody says, so little! But for me there would be no limit to what you could do. I have the most need of conversion. Ah! let your mission be me!"

Agnes started and came to herself. She looked round her, alarmed and scared, when she knew, yet only half knew, that she had left the direct road. "I have taken the wrong turn," she said, with confusion. "Mr. Meredith, let us forget that we have ever met. How could I turn back, having just put my hand to the plough? Oh, it is very weak and wicked of me, but I do not want the sister to see you. She will think — but you have been kind, and I will say good-bye here."

"Do you want to say good-bye? Why should we forget we have ever met? Tell me to forget that I am born!"

"Oh, no, no; it is not like that. Mr. Meredith, we have only known each other, four or five — a few weeks."

"Six — I have kept closer count than you."

"And what does that matter in a life?" said Agnes, looking up at him with a courageous smile. "Nothing! no more than a moment. We have not done any harm," she added, collecting all her strength. "We have not neglected our work nor wasted our time. And we never meant anything. It was all an accident. Mr. Meredith, good-bye. I shall pray that you may be happy."

"Ah! that is like what the world says of saints," he said, sharply. "You make me wretched and then pray that I may be happy."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, the tears coming to her eyes. "How can I have made you wretched? It was only an accident. It has been only a moment. You will not refuse to say good-bye."

Foolish Agnes! she had nothing to do but to leave him, having said her say. But, instead of this she argued, bent upon making a logical conclusion to which he should consent, convinced, though against his will. On the whole she preferred that it should be against his will — but convinced she had determined that he must be. They walked away softly through the little street into the sunset, which sank lower every moment, shedding a glory of slant light upon the two young figures so sombre in garb, so radiant in life. Where they were going they did not know, nor how the charmed moments were passing. Every shade of the coming evening lay behind them, but all the glory of the rose tints and glowing purple, the daffodil skies and gates of pearl, before.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RELIGION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

DURING the last few years a new sect has appeared which, though as yet small in numbers, is full of zeal and fervor. The faith professed by this sect may be called the religion of the great pyramid, the chief article of their creed being the doctrine that that remarkable edifice was built for the purpose of revealing — in the fulness of time, now nearly accomplished — certain noteworthy truths to the human race. The founder of the pyramid religion is described by one of the present leaders of the sect as "the late worthy John Taylor, of Gower Street, London;" but hitherto the chief prophets of the new faith have been in this country Professor Smyth, astronomer royal for Scotland, and in France the Abbé Moigno. I propose to examine here some of the facts most confidently urged by pyramidalists in support of their views.

But it will be well first to indicate briefly the doctrines of the new faith. They may be thus presented: —

The great pyramid was erected, it would seem, under the instructions of a certain Semitic king, probably no other than Mel-

chizedek. By supernatural means, the architects were instructed to place the pyramid in latitude 30° north; to select for its figure that of a square pyramid, carefully oriented; to employ for their unit of length the sacred cubit corresponding to the twenty-millionth part of the earth's polar axis; and to make the side of the square base equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in a year. They were further, by supernatural help, enabled to square the circle, and symbolized their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Moreover, the great precessional period, in which the earth's axis gyrates like that of some mighty top around the perpendicular to the ecliptic, was communicated to the builders with a degree of accuracy far exceeding that of the best modern determinations, and they were instructed to symbolize that relation in the dimensions of the pyramid's base. A value of the sun's distance more accurate by far than modern astronomers have obtained (even since the recent transit) was imparted to them, and they embodied that dimension in the height of the pyramid. Other results which modern science has achieved, but which by merely human means the architects of the pyramid could not have obtained, were also supernaturally communicated to them; so that the true mean density of the earth, her true shape, the configuration of land and water, the mean temperature of the earth's surface, and so forth, were either symbolized in the great pyramid's position, or in the shape and dimensions of its exterior and interior. In the pyramid also were preserved the true, because supernaturally communicated, standards, of length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time, and money. The pyramid also indicated, by certain features of its interior structure, that when it was built the holy influences of the Pleiades were exerted from a most effective position — the meridian, viz., through the points where the ecliptic and equator intersect. And as the pyramid thus significantly refers to the past, so also it indicates the future history of the earth, especially in showing when and where the millennium is to begin. Lastly, the apex or crowning stone of the pyramid was no other than the antetype of that stone of stumbling and rock of offence, rejected by builders who knew not its true use, until it was finally placed as the chief stone of

the corner. Whence naturally, "whosoever shall fall upon it" — that is upon the pyramid religion — "shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

If we examine the relations actually presented by the great pyramid — its geographical position, dimensions, shape, and internal structure — without hampering ourselves with the tenets of the new faith on the one hand, or on the other with any serious anxiety to disprove them, we shall find much to suggest that the builders of the pyramid were ingenious mathematicians, who had made some progress in astronomy, though not so much as they had made in the mastery of mechanical and scientific difficulties.

The first point to be noticed is the geographical position of the great pyramid, so far, at least, as this position affects the aspect of the heavens, viewed from the pyramid as from an observatory. Little importance, I conceive, can be attached to purely geographical relations in considering the pyramid's position. Professor Smyth notes that the pyramid is peculiarly placed with respect to the mouths of the Nile, standing "at the southern apex of the delta-land of Egypt." This region being shaped like a fan, the pyramid, set at the part corresponding to the handle, was, he considers, "that monument pure and undefiled in its religion through an idolatrous land alluded to by Isaiah; the monument which was both 'an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof,' and destined withal to become a witness in the latter days, and before the consummation of all things, to the same Lord, and to what he hath purposed upon mankind." Still more fanciful are some other notes upon the pyramid's geographical position: as (i.) that there is more land along the meridian of the pyramid than on any other all the world round; (ii.) that there is more land in the latitude of the pyramid than in any other; and (iii.) that the pyramid territory of Lower Egypt is at the centre of the dry land habitable by man all the world over.

It does not seem to be noticed by those who call our attention to these points that such coincidences prove too much. It might be regarded as not a mere accident that the great pyramid stands at the centre of the arc of shore-line along which lie the outlets of the Nile; or it might be regarded as not a mere coincidence that the great pyramid stands at the central point of all the habi-

table land-surface of the globe; or, again, any one of the other relations above mentioned might be regarded as something more than a mere coincidence. But if, instead of taking only one or other of these four relations, we take all four of them, or even any two of them, together, we must regard peculiarities of the earth's configuration as the result of special design which certainly have not hitherto been so regarded by geographers. For instance, if it was by special design that the pyramid was placed at the centre of the Nile delta, and also by special design that the pyramid was placed at the centre of the land-surface of the earth, if these two relations are each so exactly fulfilled as to render the idea of mere accidental coincidence inadmissible, then it follows, of necessity, that it is through no merely accidental coincidence that the centre of the Nile delta lies at the centre of the land-surface of the earth; in other words, the shore-line along which lie the mouths of the Nile has been designedly curved so as to have its centre so placed. And so of the other relations. The very fact that the four conditions *can* be fulfilled simultaneously is evidence that a coincidence of the sort may result from mere accident.* Indeed the peculiarity of geographical position which really seems to have been in the thoughts of the pyramid architects, introduces yet a fifth condition which by accident could be fulfilled along with the four others.

It would seem that the builders of the pyramid were anxious to place it in latitude 30°, as closely as their means of observation permitted. Let us consider what result they achieved, and the evidence thus afforded respecting their skill and scientific attainments. In our own time, of course, the astronomer has no difficulty in determining with great exactness the position of any given latitude-parallel. But at the time when the great pyramid was built it must have been a matter of very serious difficulty to determine the position of any required latitude-parallel with a great degree of exactitude. The most obvious way of dealing with the difficulty would have been by observing the length of shadows thrown by upright posts at noon

* Of course it may be argued that nothing in the world is the result of *mere* accident, and some may assert that even matters which are commonly regarded as entirely casual have been specially designed. It would not be easy to draw the precise line dividing events which all men would regard as to all intents and purposes accidental from those which some men would regard as results of special providence. But common sense draws a sufficient distinction, at least for our present purpose.

in spring and autumn. In latitude 30° north, the sun at noon in spring (or, to speak precisely, on the day of the vernal equinox) is just twice as far from the horizon as he is from the point vertically overhead; and if a pointed post were set exactly upright at true noon (supposed to occur at the moment of the vernal or autumnal equinox), the shadow of the post would be exactly half as long as a line drawn from the top of the pole to the end of the shadow. But observations based on this principle would have presented many difficulties to the architects of the pyramid. The sun not being a point of light, but a globe, the shadow of a pointed rod does not end in a well-defined point. The moment of true noon, which is not the same as ordinary or civil noon, never does agree exactly with the time of the vernal or autumnal equinox, and may be removed from it by any interval of time between zero and twelve hours. And there are many other circumstances which would lead astronomers, like those who doubtless presided over the scientific preparations for building the great pyramid, to prefer a means of determining the latitude depending on another principle. The stellar heavens would afford practically unchanging indications for their purpose. The stars being all carried round the pole of the heavens, as if they were fixed points in the interior of a hollow revolving sphere, it becomes possible to determine the position of the pole of the star-sphere, even though no bright conspicuous star actually occupies that point. Any bright star close by the pole is seen to revolve in a very small circle, whose centre is the pole itself. Such a star is our present so-called pole-star; and, though in the days when the great pyramid was built, that star was not near the pole, another, and probably a brighter, star lay near enough to the pole * to serve as a pole-star, and to

indicate by its circling motion the position of the actual pole of the heavens. This was at that time, and for many subsequent centuries, the leading star of the great constellation called the Dragon.

The pole of the heavens, we know, varies in position according to the latitude of the observer. At the north pole it is exactly overhead; at the equator the poles of the heavens are both on the horizon; and, as the observer travels from the equator towards the north or south pole of the earth, the corresponding pole of the heavens rises higher and higher above the horizon. In latitude 30° north, or one-third of the way from the equator to the pole, the pole of the heavens is raised one-third of the way from the horizon to the point vertically overhead; and when this is the case the observer knows that he is in latitude 30° . The builders of the great pyramid, with the almost constantly clear skies of Egypt, may reasonably be supposed to have adopted this means of determining the true position of that thirtieth parallel on which they appear to have designed to place the great building they were about to erect.

It so happens that we have the means of forming an opinion on the question whether they used one method or the other; whether they employed the sun or the stars to guide them to the geographical position they required. In fact, were it not for this circumstance, I should not have thought it worth while to discuss the qualities of either method. It will presently be seen that the discussion bears importantly on the opinion we are to form of the skill and attainments of the pyramid architects. Every celestial object is apparently raised somewhat above its true position by the refractive powers of our atmosphere, being most raised when nearest the horizon, and least when nearest the point vertically overhead. This effect is, indeed, so marked on bodies close to the horizon that if the astronomers of the pyramid times had observed the sun, moon, and stars attentively when so placed, they could not have failed to discover the peculiarity. Probably, however, though they noted the time of rising and setting of the celestial bodies, they only made instrumental observations upon them when these bodies were high in the heavens, and so remained ignorant of the refractive powers of the air.* Now, if they had determined

* This star, called *Thuban* from the Arabian *al-Thuban*, the Dragon, is now not very bright, being rated at barely above the fourth magnitude, but it was formerly the brightest star of the constellation, as its name indicates. Bayer also assigned to it the first letter of the Greek alphabet; though this is not absolutely decisive evidence that so late as his day it retained its superiority over the second-magnitude stars to which Bayer assigned the second and third Greek letters. In the year 2790 B.C., or thereabouts, the star was at its nearest to the true north pole of the heavens, the diameter of the little circle in which it then moved being considerably less than one-fourth the apparent diameter of the moon. At that time the star must have seemed to all ordinary observation an absolutely fixed centre, round which all the other stars revolved. At the time when the pyramid was built this star was about sixty times farther removed from the true pole, revolving in a circle whose apparent diameter was about seven times as great as the moon's. Yet it would still be re-

garded as a very useful pole-star, especially as there are very few conspicuous stars in the neighborhood.

* Even that skilful astronomer Hipparchus, who may be justly called the father of observational astronomy,

the position of the thirtieth parallel of latitude by observations of the noonday sun (in spring or autumn), then since, owing to refraction, they would have judged the sun to be higher than he really was, it follows that they would have supposed the latitude of any station from which they observed to be lower than it really was. For the lower the latitude the higher is the noonday sun at any given season. Thus, when really in latitude 30° they would have supposed themselves in a latitude lower than 30° , and would have travelled a little farther north to find the proper place, as they would have supposed, for erecting the great pyramid. On the other hand, if they determined the place from observations of the movements of stars near the pole of the heavens, they would make an error of a precisely opposite nature. For the higher the latitude the higher is the pole of the heavens; and refraction, therefore, which apparently raises the pole of the heavens, gives to a station the appearance of being in a higher latitude than it really is, so that the observer would consider he was in latitude 30° north when in reality somewhat south of that latitude. We have only then to enquire whether the great pyramid was set north or south of latitude 30° , to ascertain whether the pyramid architects observed the noonday sun or circumpolar stars to determine their latitude; always assuming (as we reasonably may) that those architects did propose to set the pyramid in that particular latitude, and that they were able to make very accurate observations of the apparent positions of the celestial bodies, but that they were not acquainted with the refractive effects of the atmosphere. The answer comes in no doubtful terms. The centre of the great pyramid's base lies about one mile and a third *south* of the thirtieth parallel of latitude; and from this position the pole of the heavens, as raised by refraction, would appear to be very near indeed to the required position. In fact, if the pyramid had been set about half a mile still farther south the pole would have *seemed* just right.

Of course, such an explanation as I have here suggested appears altogether heretical to the pyramidalists. According to them the pyramid architects knew perfectly well where the true thirtieth parallel lay, and knew also all that modern science has discovered about refraction; but set

overlooked this peculiarity, which Ptolemy would seem to have been the first to recognize.

the pyramid south of the true parallel and north of the position where refraction would just have made the apparent elevation of the pole correct, simply in order that the pyramid might correspond as nearly as possible to each of two conditions, whereof both could not be fulfilled at once. The pyramid would indeed, they say, have been set even more closely midway between the true and the apparent parallels of 30° north, but that the Jeezeh hill on which it is set does not afford a rock foundation any farther north. "So very close," says Professor Smyth, "was the great pyramid placed to the northern brink of its hill, that the edges of the cliff might have broken off under the terrible pressure had not the builders banked up there most firmly the immense mounds of rubbish which came from their work, and which Strabo looked so particularly for 1,800 years ago, but - could not find. Here they were, however, and still are, utilized in enabling the great pyramid to stand on the very utmost verge of its commanding hill, within the limits of the *two* required latitudes, as well as over the centre of the land's physical and radial formation, and at the same time on the sure and proverbially wise foundation of rock."

The next circumstance to be noted in the position of the great pyramid (as of all the pyramids) is that the sides are carefully oriented. This, like the approximation to a particular latitude, must be regarded as an astronomical rather than a geographical relation. The accuracy with which the orientation has been effected will serve to show how far the builders had mastered the methods of astronomical observation by which orientation was to be secured. The problem was not so simple as might be supposed by those who are not acquainted with the way in which the cardinal points are correctly determined. By solar observations, or rather by the observations of shadows cast by vertical shafts before and after noon, the direction of the meridian, or north and south line, can theoretically be ascertained. But probably in this case, as in determining the latitude, the builders took the stars for their guide. The pole of the heavens would mark the true north; and equally the pole-star, when below or above the pole, would give the true north, but, of course, most conveniently when below the pole. Nor is it difficult to see how the builders would make use of the pole-star for this purpose. From the middle of the northern side of the intended base they would bore a slant

passage tending always from the position of the pole-star at its lower meridional passage, that star at each successive return to that position serving to direct their progress; while its small range, east and west of the pole, would enable them most accurately to determine the star's true mid-point below the pole; that is, the true north. When they had thus obtained a slant tunnel pointing truly to the meridian, and had carried it down to a point nearly below the middle of the proposed square base, they could, from the middle of the base, bore vertically downwards, until by rough calculation they were near the lower end of the slant tunnel; or both tunnels could be made at the same time. Then a subterranean chamber would be opened out from the slant tunnel. The vertical boring, which need not be wider than necessary to allow a plumb-line to be suspended down it, would enable the architects to determine the point vertically below the point of suspension. The slant tunnel would give the direction of the true north, either from that point or from a point at some known small distance east or west of that point.* Thus, a line from some ascertained point near the mouth of the vertical boring to the mouth of the slant tunnel would lie due north and south, and serve as the required guide for the orientation of the pyramid's base. If this base extended beyond the opening of the slant tunnel, then, by continuing this tunnelling through the base tiers of the pyramid, the means would be obtained of correcting the orientation.

This, I say, would be the course naturally suggested to astronomical architects who had determined the latitude in the manner described above. It may even be described as the only very accurate method available before the telescope had been invented. So that if the accuracy of the orientation appears to be greater than could be obtained by the shadow method, the natural inference, even in the absence of corroborative evidence, would be that the stellar method, and no other, had been employed. Now, in 1779, Nouet, by refined observations, found the error of orientation measured by less than twenty minutes of arc, corresponding roughly to a displacement of the corners by about 37·5 inches from their true position, as sup-

posed to be determined from the centre; or to a displacement of a southern corner by fifty-three inches on an east and west line from a point due south of the corresponding northern corner. This error, for a base length of 9,140 inches, would not be serious, being only one inch in about five yards (when estimated in the second way). Yet the result is not quite worthy of the praise given to it by Professor Smyth. He himself, however, by much more exact observations, with an excellent altazimuth, reduced the alleged error from twenty minutes to only 4·5, or to nine-fortieths of its formerly supposed value. This made the total displacement of a southern corner from the true meridian through the corresponding northern corner, almost exactly one foot, or one inch in about twenty-one yards — a degree of accuracy rendering it practically certain that some stellar method was used in orienting the base.

Now there is a slanting tunnel occupying precisely the position of the tunnel which should, according to this view, have been formed in order accurately to orient the pyramid's base, assuming that the time of the building of the pyramid corresponded with one of the epochs when the star Alpha Draconis was distant $3^{\circ} 42m$. from the pole of the heavens. In other words, there is a slant tunnel directed northwards and upwards from a point deep down below the middle of the pyramid's base, and inclined $26^{\circ} 17m$. to the horizon, the elevation of Alpha Draconis at its lower culmination when $3^{\circ} 42m$. from the pole. The last epoch when the star was thus placed was *circa* 2160 B.C.; the epoch next before that was 3440 B.C.; and between these two we should have to choose, on the hypothesis that the slant tunnel was really directed to that star when the foundations of the pyramid were laid. For the next epoch before the earlier of the two named was about 28000 B.C., and the pyramid's date cannot have been more remote than 4000 B.C.

The slant tunnel, while admirably fulfilling the requirements suggested, seems altogether unsuited for any other. Its transverse height (that is, its width in a direction perpendicular to its upper and lower faces) did not amount to quite four feet; its breadth was not quite three feet and a half. It was, therefore, not well fitted for an entrance passage to the subterranean chamber immediately under the apex of the pyramid (with which chamber it communicates in the manner suggested by the above theory). It could not have been intended

* It would only be by a lucky accident, of course, that the direction of the slant tunnel's axis and that of the vertical from the selected central point would lie in the same vertical plane. The object of the tunnelling would, in fact, be to determine how far apart the vertical planes through these points lay, and the odds would be great against the result proving to be zero.

to be used for observing meridian transits of the stars in order to determine sidereal time; for close circumpolar stars, by reason of their slow motion, are the least suited of all for such a purpose. As Professor Smyth says, in arguing against this suggested use of the star, "no observer in his senses, in any existing observatory, when seeking to obtain the time, would observe the transit of a circumpolar star for anything else than *to get the direction of the meridian to adjust his instrument by.*" (The italics are his.) It is precisely such a purpose (the adjustment, however, not of an instrument, but of the entire structure of the pyramid itself), that I have suggested for this remarkable passage — this "cream-white, stone-lined, long tube," where it traverses the masonry of the pyramid, and below that dug through the solid rock to a distance of more than three hundred and fifty feet.

Let us next consider the dimensions of the square base thus carefully placed in latitude 30° north, to the best of the builders' power, with sides carefully oriented.

It seems highly probable that, whatever special purpose the pyramid was intended to fulfil, a subordinate idea of the builders would have been to represent symbolically in the proportions of the building such mathematical and astronomical relations as they were acquainted with. From what we know by tradition of the men of the remote time when the pyramid was built, and what we can infer from the ideas of those who inherited, however remotely, the modes of thought of the earliest astronomers and mathematicians, we can well believe that they would look with superstitious reverence on special figures, proportions, numbers, and so forth. Apart from this, they may have had a quasi-scientific desire to make a lasting record of their discoveries, and of the collected knowledge of their time.

It seems altogether probable, then, that the smaller unit of measurement used by the builders of the great pyramid was intended, as Professor Smyth thinks, to be equal to the five-hundred-millionth part of the earth's diameter, determined from their geodetical observations. It was perfectly within the power of mechanicians and mathematicians so experienced as they undoubtedly were — the pyramid attests so much — to measure with considerable accuracy the length of a degree of latitude. They could not possibly (always setting aside the theory of divine inspiration) have known anything about the compression of the earth's globe, and

therefore could not have intended, as Professor Smyth supposes, to have had the five-hundred-millionth part of the earth's polar axis, as distinguished from any other, for their unit of length. But if they made observations in or near latitude 30° north, on the supposition that the earth is a globe, their probable error would exceed the difference even between the earth's polar and equatorial diameters. Both differences are largely exceeded by the range of difference among the estimates of the actual length of the sacred cubit, supposed to have contained twenty-five of these smaller units. And, again, the length of the pyramid base-side, on which Smyth bases his own estimate of the sacred cubit, has been variously estimated, the largest measure being 9,168 inches, and the lowest 9,110 inches. The fundamental theory of the pyramidalists, that the sacred cubit was exactly one twenty-millionth part of the earth's polar diameter, and that the side of the base contained as many cubits and parts of a cubit as there are days and parts of a day in the tropical year (or year of seasons), requires that the length of the side should be 9,140 inches, lying between the limits indicated, but still so widely removed from either that it would appear very unsafe to base a theory on the supposition that the exact length is or was 9,140 inches. If the measures 9,168 inches and 9,110 inches were inferior, and several excellent measures made by practised observers ranged around the length 9,140 inches, the case would be different. But the best recent measures gave respectively 9,110 and 9,130 inches; and Smyth exclaims against the unfairness of Sir H. James in taking 9,120 as "therefore the [probable] true length of the side of the great pyramid when perfect," calling this "a dishonorable shelving of the honorable older observers with their larger results." The only other measures, besides these two, are two by Colonel Howard-Vyse and by the French *savants*, giving respectively 9,168 and 9,163.44 inches. The pyramidalists consider 9,140 inches a fair mean value from these four. The natural inference, however, is, that the pyramid base is not now in a condition to be satisfactorily measured; and assuredly no such reliance can be placed on the mean value 9,140 inches that, on the strength of it, we should believe what otherwise would be utterly incredible, viz., that the builders of the great pyramid knew "both the size and shape of the earth exactly." "Humanly, or by human science, finding it out in that age was, of

course, utterly impossible," says Professor Smyth. But he is so confident of the average value derived from widely conflicting base-measures as to assume that this value, not being humanly discoverable, was of necessity "attributable to God and to his divine inspiration." We may agree, in fine, with Smyth, that the builders of the pyramid knew the earth to be a globe; that they took for their measure of length the sacred cubit, which, by their earth-measures, they made very fairly approximate to the twenty-millionth part of the earth's mean diameter; but there seems no reason whatever for supposing (even if the supposition were not antecedently of its very nature inadmissible) that they knew anything about the compression of the earth, or that they had measured a degree of latitude in their own place with very wonderful accuracy.*

But here a very singular coincidence may be noticed, or, rather, is forced upon our notice by the pyramidalists, who strangely enough recognize in it fresh evidence of design, while the unbeliever finds in it proof that coincidences are no sure evidence of design. The side of the pyramid containing three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter times the sacred cubit of twenty-five pyramid inches, it follows that the diagonal of the base contains twelve thousand nine hundred and twelve such inches, and the two diagonals together contain twenty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty-four pyramid inches, or almost exactly as many inches as there are years in the great precessional period. "No one whatever amongst men," says Professor Smyth, after recording various estimates of the precessional period, "from his own or school knowledge, knew anything about such a phenomenon, until

* It may, perhaps, occur to the reader to enquire what diameter of the earth, supposed to be a perfect sphere, would be derived from a degree of latitude measured with absolute accuracy near latitude 30° . A degree of latitude measured in polar regions would indicate a diameter greater even than the equatorial; one measured in equatorial regions would indicate a diameter less even than the polar. Near latitude 30° the measurement of a degree of latitude would indicate a diameter very nearly equal to the true polar diameter of the earth. In fact, if it could be proved that the builders of the pyramid used for their unit of length an exact subdivision of the polar diameter, the inference would be that, while the coincidence itself was merely accidental, their measurement of a degree of latitude in their own country had been singularly accurate. By an approximate calculation I find that, taking the earth's compression at one three-hundredth, the diameter of the earth, estimated from the accurate measurement of a degree of latitude in the neighborhood of the great pyramid, would have made the sacred cubit—taken at one twenty-millionth of the diameter—equal to 24.98 British inches; a closer approximation than Professor Smyth's to the estimated mean probable value of the sacred cubit.

Hipparchus, some nineteen hundred years after the great pyramid's foundation, had a glimpse of the fact; and yet it had been ruling the heavens for ages, and was recorded in Jeezeh's ancient structure." To minds not moved to most energetic forgetfulness by the spirit of faith, it would appear that when a square base had been decided upon, and its dimensions fixed, with reference to the earth's diameter and the year, the diagonals of the square base were determined also; and, if it so chanced that they corresponded with some other perfectly independent relation, the fact was not to be credited to the architects. Moreover it is manifest that the closeness of such a coincidence suggests grave doubts how far other coincidences can be relied upon as evidence of design. It seems, for instance, altogether likely that the architects of the pyramid took the sacred cubit equal to one twenty-millionth part of the earth's diameter for their chief unit of length, and intentionally assigned to the side of the pyramid's square base a length of just so many cubits as there are days in the year; and the closeness of the coincidence between the measured length and that indicated by this theory strengthens the idea that this was the builders' purpose. But when we find that an even closer coincidence immediately presents itself, which manifestly is a coincidence *only*, the force of the evidence before derived from mere coincidence is *pro tanto* shaken. For, consider what this new coincidence really means. Its nature may be thus indicated: Take the number of days in the year, multiply that number by fifty, and increase the result in the same degree that the diagonal of a square exceeds the side—then the resulting number represents very approximately the number of years in the great precessional period. The error, according to the best modern estimates, is about one five-hundred-and-seventy-fifth part of the true period. This is, of course, a merely accidental coincidence; for there is no connection whatever in nature between the earth's period of rotation, the shape of a square, and the earth's period of gyration. Yet this merely accidental coincidence is very much closer than the other supposed to be designed could be proved to be. It is clear, then, that mere coincidence is a very unsafe evidence of design.

Of course the pyramidalists find a ready reply to such reasoning. They argue that, in the first place, it may have been by express design that the period of the earth's

rotation was made to bear this particular relation to the period of gyration in the mighty precessional movement; which is much as though one should say that by express design the height of Monte Rosa contains as many feet as there are miles in the six-thousandth part of the sun's distance.* Then, they urge, the architects were not bound to have a square base for the pyramid; they might have had an oblong or a triangular base, and so forth — all which accords very ill with the enthusiastic language in which the selection of a square base had on other accounts been applauded.

Next let us consider the height of the pyramid. According to the best modern measurements, it would seem that the height when (if ever) the pyramid terminated above in a pointed apex, must have been about four hundred and eighty-six feet. And from the comparison of the best estimates of the base-side with the best estimates of the height, it seems very likely indeed that the intention of the builders was to make the height bear to the perimeter of the base the same ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Remembering the range of difference in the base-measures it might be supposed that the exactness of the approximation to this ratio could not be determined very satisfactorily. But as certain casing stones have been discovered which indicate with considerable exactness the slope of the original plane-surfaces of the pyramid, the ratio of the height to the side of the base may be regarded as much more satisfactorily determined than the actual value of either dimension. Of course the pyramidalists claim a degree of precision, indicating a most accurate knowledge of the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle; and, the angle of the only casing stone measured being diversely esti-

* It is, however, almost impossible to mark any limits to what may be regarded as evidence of design by a coincidence-hunter. I quote the following from the late Professor De Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes." Having mentioned that 7 occurs less frequently than any other digit in the number expressing the ratio of circumference to diameter of a circle, he proceeds: "A correspondent of my friend Piazzi Smyth notices that 3 is the number of most frequency, and that 3 1-7 is the nearest approximation to it in simple digits. Professor Smyth, whose work on Egypt is paradox of a very high order, backed by a great quantity of useful labor, the results of which will be made available by those who do not receive the paradoxes, is inclined to see confirmation for some of his theory in these phenomena." In passing, I may mention as the most singular of these accidental digit relations which I have yet noticed, that in the first 110 digits of the square root of 2, the number 7 occurs more than twice as often as either 5 or 9, which each occur eight times, 1 and 2 occurring each nine times, and 7 occurring no less than eighteen times.

mated at $51^{\circ} 50m.$ and $51^{\circ} 52\ 1-4m.$, they consider $50^{\circ} 51m. 14'3sec.$ the true value, and infer that the builders regarded the ratio as $3'14159$ to one. The real fact is, that the modern estimates of the dimensions of the casing stones (which, by the way, ought to agree better if these stones are as well made as stated) indicate the values $3'1439228$ and $3'1396740$ for the ratio; and all we can say is, that the ratio really used lay *probably* between these limits, though it may have been outside either. Now the approximation of either is not remarkably close. It requires no mathematical knowledge at all to determine the circumference of a circle much more exactly. "I thought it very strange," wrote a circle-squarer once to De Morgan ("Budget of Paradoxes," p. 389), "that so many great scholars in all ages should have failed in finding the true ratio, and have been determined to try myself." "I have been informed," proceeds De Morgan, "that this trial makes the diameter to the circumference as 64 to 201, giving the ratio equal to $3'1410625$ exactly. The result was obtained by the discoverer in three weeks after he first heard of the existence of the difficulty. This quadrator has since published a little slip, and entered it at Stationers' Hall. He says he has done it by actual measurement; and I hear from a private source that he uses a disc of twelve inches diameter which he rolls upon a straight rail." The "rolling" is a very creditable one; it is about as much below the mark as Archimedes was above it. Its performer is a joiner who evidently knows well what he is about when he measures; he is not wrong by one in three thousand." Such skilful mechanics as the builders of the pyramid could have obtained a closer approximation still by mere measurement. Besides, as they were manifestly mathematicians, such an approximation as was obtained by Archimedes must have been well within their power; and that approximation lies well within the limits above indicated. Professor Smyth remarks that the ratio was "a quantity which men in general, and all human science too, did not begin to trouble themselves about until long, long ages, languages, and nations had passed away after the building of the great pyramid; and after the sealing up, too, of that grand primeval and prehistoric monument of the patriarchal age of the earth according to Scripture." I do not know where the Scripture records the sealing up of the great pyramid; but it is all but certain that during the very time

when the pyramid was being built astronomical observations were in progress which, for their interpretation, involved of necessity a continual reference to the ratio in question. No one who considers the wonderful accuracy with which, nearly two thousand years before the Christian era, the Chaldæans had determined the famous cycle of the Saros, can doubt that they must have observed the heavenly bodies for several centuries before they could have achieved such a success; and the study of the motions of the celestial bodies compels "men to trouble themselves" about the famous ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

We now come upon a new relation (contained in the dimensions of the pyramid as thus determined) which, by a strange coincidence, causes the height of the pyramid to appear to symbolize the distance of the sun. There were 5,813 pyramid inches, or 5,819 British inches, in the height of the pyramid according to the relations already indicated. Now, in the sun's distance, according to an estimate recently adopted and freely used,* there are 91,400,000 miles or 5,791 thousand millions of inches, — that is, there are approximately as many thousand millions of inches in the sun's distance as there are inches in the height of the pyramid. If we take the relation as exact we should infer for the sun's distance 5,819 thousand millions of inches, or 91,840,000 miles — an immense improvement on the estimate which for so many years occupied a place of honor in our books of astronomy. Besides, there is strong reason for believing that, when the results of recent observations are worked out, the estimated sun distance will be much nearer this pyramid value than even to the value 91,400,000 recently adopted. This result, which one would have thought so damaging to faith in the evidence from coincidence — nay, quite fatal after the other case in which a close coincidence had appeared by merest accident — is regarded by the pyramidalists as a perfect triumph for their faith. They connect it with another coincidence, viz., that assuming the height determined in the way already indicated, then it so happens that the height bears to half a diagonal of the base the ratio nine to ten. Seeing that the perimeter of the base symbolizes the annual motion of the earth

round the sun, while the height represents the radius of a circle with that perimeter, it follows that the height should symbolize the sun's distance. "That line, further," says Professor Smyth (speaking on behalf of Mr. W. Petrie, the discoverer of this relation), "must represent" this radius "in the proportion of one to one billion" (or *ten* raised to power *nine*), "because amongst other reasons ten to nine is practically the shape of the great pyramid." For this building "has such an angle at the corners, that for every ten units its structure advances inwards on the diagonal of the base, it practically rises upwards, or points to sunshine" (*sic*) "by *nine*. Nine, too, out of the ten characteristic parts (viz., five angles and five sides) being the number of those parts which the sun shines on in such a shaped pyramid, in such a latitude near the equator, out of a high sky, or, as the Peruvians say, when the sun sets on the pyramid with all his rays." The coincidence itself on which this perverse reasoning rests is a singular one — singular, that is, as showing how close an accidental coincidence may run. It amounts to this, that if the number of days in the year be multiplied by one hundred, and a circle be drawn with a circumference containing one hundred times as many inches as there are days in the year, the radius of the circle will be very nearly one billionth part of the sun's distance. Remembering that the pyramid inch is assumed to be one five-hundred-millionth part of the earth's diameter, we shall not be far from the truth in saying that, as a matter of fact, the earth by her orbital motion traverses each day a distance equal to two hundred times her own diameter. But, of course, this relation is altogether accidental. It has no real cause in nature.*

Such relations show that mere numerical coincidences, however close, have little weight as evidence, except where they occur in series. Even then they re-

* I have substituted this value in the article "Astronomy," of the "British Encyclopædia," for the estimate formerly used, viz. 95,233,055 miles. But there is good reason for believing that the actual distance is nearly 92,000,000 miles.

* It may be matched by other coincidences as remarkable and as little the result of the operation of any natural law. For instance, the following strange relation, which introduces the dimensions of the sun himself, nowhere, so far as I have yet seen, introduced among pyramid relations, even by pyramidalists: "If the plane of the ecliptic were a true surface, and the sun were to commence rolling along that surface towards the part of the earth's orbit where she is at her mean distance, while the earth commenced rolling upon the sun (round one of his great circles), each globe turning round in the same time, then, by the time the earth had rolled its way once round the sun, the sun would have almost exactly reached the earth's orbit. This is only another way of saying that the sun's diameter exceeds the earth's in almost exactly the same degree that the sun's distance exceeds the sun's diameter."

quire to be very cautiously regarded, seeing that the history of science records many instances where the apparent law of a series has been found to be falsified when the theory has been extended. Of course this reason is not quoted in order to throw doubt on the supposition that the height of the pyramid was intended to symbolize the sun's distance. That supposition is simply inadmissible if the hypothesis, according to which the height was already independently determined in another way, is admitted. Either hypothesis might be admitted were we not certain that the sun's distance could not possibly have been known to the builders of the pyramid; or both hypotheses may be rejected: but to admit both is out of the question.

Considering the multitude of dimensions of length, surface, capacity, and position, the great number of shapes, and the variety of material existing within the pyramid, and considering, further, the enormous number of relations (presented by modern science) from among which to choose, can it be wondered at if fresh coincidences are being continually recognized? If a dimension will not serve in one way, use can be found for it in another; for instance, if some measure of length does not correspond closely with any known dimension of the earth or of the solar system (an unlikely supposition), then it can be understood to typify an interval of time. If, even after trying all possible changes of that kind, no coincidence shows itself (which is all but impossible), then all that is needed to secure a coincidence is that the dimensions should be manipulated a little. Let a single instance suffice to show how the pyramidalists (with perfect honesty of purpose) hunt down a coincidence. The slant tunnel already described has a transverse height, once no doubt uniform, now giving various measures from 47'14 pyramid inches to 47'32 inches, so that the vertical height from the known inclination of the tunnel would be estimated at somewhere between 52'64 inches and 52'85. Neither dimension corresponds very obviously with any measured distance in the earth or solar system. Nor when we try periods, areas, etc., does any very satisfactory coincidence present itself. But the difficulty is easily turned into a new proof of design.

Putting all the observations together (says Professor Smyth), I deduced 47'24 pyramid inches to be the transverse height of the entrance passage; and computing from thence with the observed angle of inclination the

vertical height, that came out 52'76 of the same inches. But the sum of those two heights, or the height taken up and down, equals one hundred inches; which length, as elsewhere shown, is the general pyramid linear representation of a day of twenty-four hours. And the mean of the two heights, or the height taken one way only, and impartially to the middle point between them, equals fifty inches; which quantity is, therefore, the general pyramid linear representation of only half a day. In which case, let us ask what the entrance passage has to do with half rather than a whole day?

On relations such as these, which, if really intended by the architect, would imply an utterly fatuous habit of concealing elaborately what he desired to symbolize, the pyramidalists base their belief that

a mighty intelligence did both think out the plans for it, and compel unwilling and ignorant idolaters, in a primal age of the world, to work mightily both for the future glory of the one true God of revelation, and to establish lasting prophetic testimony touching a further development, still to take place, of the absolutely divine Christian dispensation.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE-ACE JACK.

WE will now let Mr. Balfour and his young and charming bride go off together on their wedding-trip—a trip that ought to give them some slight chance of becoming acquainted with each other, though a certain profound philosopher, resident in Surrey, would say that the glamor of impossible ideals was still veiling their eyes—and we will turn, if you please, to a very different sort of traveller, who just about the same time was riding along a cattle-trail on the high-lying and golden-yellow plains of Colorado. This was Buckskin Charlie—so named from the suit of grey buckskin which he wore, and which was liberally adorned with loose fringes cut from the leather. Indeed, there was a generally decorative air about this herdsman and his accoutrements, which gave him a half-Mexican look, though the bright, sun-tanned complexion, the long light-brown hair, and the clear blue eyes were not at all Mexican. There was a brass tip to the high pommel in front of him, round

which a lasso was coiled. He wore huge wooden stirrups which looked like sabots with the heels cut out. The rowels of his spurs were an inch and a half in diameter. And the wiry little pony he rode had both mane and tail long and flowing.

It is a pleasant enough morning for a ride, for on these high-lying plains the air is cool and exhilarating even in the glare of the sunshine. The prospect around him is pleasant too, though Buckskin Charlie probably does not mind that much. He has long ago got accustomed to the immeasurable breadth of billowy prairie-land, the low yellow-brown waves of which stretch away out into the west until they meet with the range of the Rocky Mountains—a wall of ethereal blue standing all along the western horizon, here and there showing a patch of shining white. And he is familiar enough, too, with the only living objects visible—a herd of antelope quietly grazing in the shadow of some distant and low-lying bluffs; an occasional chicken-hawk that lifts its heavy and bespeckled wings and makes away for the water in the nearest gully; and everywhere the friendly little prairie-dog, standing up on his hillock like a miniature kangaroo, and coolly staring at him as he passes. Buckskin Charlie is not hungry, and therefore takes no interest in natural history.

It is a long ride across the plains from Eagle Creek ranch to New Minneapolis, but this important place is reached at last. It is a pretty little hamlet of wooden cottages, with a brick schoolhouse, and a small church of the like material. It has a few cottonwood-trees about. It is irrigated by a narrow canal which connects with a tributary of the South Platte.

Buckskin Charlie rides up to the chief shop of this hamlet, and dismounts, leaving his pony in charge of a lad. The shop is a sort of general store, kept by one Ephraim J. Greek, who is also, as a small sign indicates, a notary public, conveyancer, and real-estate agent. When Buckskin Charlie enters the store, Mr. Greek—a short, red-faced, red-haired person, who is generally addressed as judge by his neighbors—is in the act of weighing out some sugar for a small girl who is at the counter.

"Hello, Charlie," says the judge, carelessly, as he continues weighing out the sugar, "how's things at the ranch? And how is your health?"

"I want you to come right along," says Charlie, without further ceremony. "The boss is just real bad."

"You don't say!"

Charlie looks for a second or two at the judge getting the brown-paper bag, and then he says impatiently, —

"He wants you to come right away, and he won't stand no foolin'—you bet."

But the judge is not to be hurried. He asks his small customer what else her mother wants, and then he turns leisurely to the sun-tanned messenger.

"Taint the fooist time, Charlie, the colonel has been bad like that. Oh, I know. I knowed the colonel before you ever set eyes on him—yes, sir. I knowed him in Denver, when he was on'y Five-Ace Jack. But now he's the boss, and no mistake. Reckon he's doin' the big Bonanza business, and none o' your peanut consarns —"

Here Buckskin Charlie broke in with a number of words which showed that he was intimately familiar with Scripture, and might have led one to suppose that he meant to annihilate the dilatory judge, but which, as it turned out, were only intended to emphasize his statement that the colonel had branded eighteen hundred calves at the ranch last year, and had also got up two thousand head from Texas. By the time this piece of information had been delivered and received, the wants of the small girl in front of the counter had been satisfied; and then the judge, having gone out and borrowed a neighbor's pony, set forth with his impatient companion for Eagle Creek ranch.

On the way they had a good deal of familiar talk about the boss, or the colonel, as he was indifferently called; and the judge, now in a friendly mood, told Buckskin Charlie some things he did not know before about his master. Their conversation, however, was so saturated with Biblical lore that it may be advisable to give here a simpler and plainer history of the owner of Eagle Creek ranch. To begin with, he was an Englishman. He was born in Cumberland, and as a young fellow achieved some little notoriety as a wrestler; in fact, that was all the work his parents could get out of him. It was in vain that they paid successive sums to have him apprenticed to that business, or made a partner in this; Jack Sloane was simply a ne'er-do-well, blessed with a splendid physique, a high opinion of his own importance, and a distinguished facility in wheedling people into lending him money. Such was his position in England when the rush to California occurred. Here was Jack's opportunity. His mother wept bitter tears when she parted with him;

but nobody else was affected to the same extent.

As a gold-digger Jack was a failure, but he soon managed to pick up an amazing knowledge of certain games of cards, inasmuch that his combined luck and skill got for him the complimentary title of Five-Ace Jack. Whether he made money or not at this profession does not appear, for at this point there is a gap in his history. When his relatives in England — among whom, I regret to say, was a young lady incidentally alluded to in the first chapter of this story — next heard of him, he was in Texas, employed at a ranch there. No one ever knew what had made the social atmosphere of San Francisco rather too sultry for Five-Ace Jack.

Then the Pike's Peak craze occurred — in 1859; and once again Jack was induced to join the general rush. He arrived at Denver just as the bubble had burst. He found a huge multitude of people grown mad with disappointment, threatening to burn down the few wooden shanties and canvas tents that then constituted the town, and more especially to hang incontinently an esteemed friend of the present writer, who had just issued the first numbers of the *Rocky Mountain News*. Then the great crowd of bummers and loafers, not finding the soil teeming with nuggets, stampeded off like a herd of buffalo, leaving a few hardy and adventurous spirits to explore the neighboring canyons, and find out by hard work whether or not gold existed there in paying quantities. Jack Sloane remained behind also — in Denver. He started what was called a whiskey saloon in a tent, but what was really a convenient little gambling-hell for those who had grown reckless. Times grew better. Rumors came down from the mountain that the gulch and placer mines, which had been opened, were giving a fair yield; here and there — as for example in the Clear Creek canyon — a vein of rotten quartz had been struck, containing free gold in surprising richness. Now was Jack's time. He opened a keno and faro bank in a wooden shanty; and he charged only ten per cent. on the keno winnings. He was an adept at euchre and poker, and was always willing to lend a hand; his chief peculiarity being that he invariably chose that side of the table which enabled him to face the door so that he might not be taken unawares by an unfriendly shot. He drove a rousing trade. The miners came down from "the Rockies" with their bags of gold dust ready open to pay for a frolic; and Five-Ace

Jack received a liberal percentage from the three-card monte men who entertained these innocent folks. But for a sad accident Jack might have remained at Denver, and become an exemplary member of society. He might have married one of the young ladies of accommodating manners who had even then managed to wander out to that western town. He and she might at the present moment have been regarded as one of the twelve "Old Families" of Denver, who, beginning for the most part as he began, are now demonstrating their respectability by building churches like mad, and by giving balls which, in the favored language of the place, are described as "quite the toniest things going." But fortune had a grudge against Jack.

There was an ill-favored rascal called Bully Bill, who was coming in from the plains one day, when he found two Indians following him. To shoot first, and then ask the Indians' intentions afterwards, was the rule in these parts; and accordingly Bully Bill fired, bringing one Indian down, the other riding off as hard as he could go. The conqueror thought he would have the scalp of his enemy, as a proof of his valor; but he was a bad hand at the business, and as he was slowly endeavoring to get at the trophy, he found that the other Indian had mustered up courage and was coming back. There was no time to lose. He simply hewed the dead Indian's head off, jumped on his pony, and, after an exciting chase, reached the town in safety. Then he carried the head into Five-Ace Jack's saloon, and as there were a few of the boys there, ready for fun, they got up an auction for that ghastly prize. It was knocked down at no less a sum than two hundred dollars — a price which so fired the brain of Bully Bill that he went in wildly for playing cards. But Five-Ace Jack never played cards wildly, and he was of the party. He observed that not only did Bully Bill lose steadily, but also that his losses seemed to vex him much; and, in fact, just as the last of the two hundred dollars were disappearing, he was surprised and deeply pained to find that Bully Bill was trying to cheat. This touched Jack's conscience, and he remonstrated; whereupon there was a word or two; and then Jack drew his shooter out and shot Bully Bill through the head. They respectfully placed the body on two chairs, and Jack called for some drinks.

This incident ought to have caused no great trouble; for at that time there was no Union Pacific Railroad Company — a

troublesome body, which has ere now impeached judge, jury, and prisoner, all in a lump, for a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, when some notorious offender has got off scot free. But Bully Bill had three brothers up in the mountains; and Jack was of the opinion that, if he remained in Denver, his mind would be troubled with many cares. However, he had amassed a good deal of money in this gambling-hell of his; and so he was able to persuade a few of his meaner dependents to strike their tents along with him, and go out into the wilderness. He wandered over the plains until he saw a good place for a ranch — not a stock-raising ranch, but a place to accommodate the droves of pilgrims who were then slowly and laboriously making their way to the west. He built his ranch about a hundred yards back from the wagon-route; and calmly awaited custom.

But even in these peaceful solitudes, if all stories be true — and we in England heard nothing of Jack Sloane for many years — he did not quite desist from his evil ways. Finding, first of all, that many of the wagon-parties went by without calling in at his ranch, he and his men dug a large pit right across the route, so that the drivers had perforce to turn aside and come right up to his hostelry. Then he stationed a blacksmith a mile or two down the road, for the greater convenience of the travellers, who were always glad to have the feet of their mules and oxen examined. It was very singular, however, that between the blacksmith's shop and Jack's ranch, so many of the animals should go lame; but what did that matter, when Jack was willing to exchange a perfectly fresh team for the tired team, a little consideration of money being added? It is true that the lame oxen became rapidly well so soon as they were left in Jack's possession; but was not that all the more lucky for the next comers, who were sure to find something wrong with their teams between the blacksmith's shop and Eagle Creek ranch?

Another peculiarity of this part of the plains was that the neighborhood seemed to be infested with Indians, who, whether they were Utes or Arapahoes, showed a surprising knowledge as to which wagon-trains were supplied with the most valuable cattle, and never stampeded an indifferent lot. These attacks were made at night; and doubtless the poor travellers, stunned by the yells of the red men and the firing of guns and revolvers, were glad to escape with their lives. But on

one occasion, it is rumored, an Indian would appear to have been hurt, for he was heard to exclaim, in a loud voice, "*Holy Fabers! Me fut! Me fut!*" Neither the Utes nor the Arapahoes, it was remembered, pronounce the word "foot" in that fashion, even when they happen to know English; and so it came about that, always after that, there were ugly rumors about Eagle Creek ranch and the men who lived there. But not even the stoutest bull-whacker who ever crossed the plains would dare to say a word on this subject to Five-Ace Jack; he would have had a bullet through his head for his pains.

And now we take leave of "Five-Ace Jack," for in his subsequent history he appears as "Colonel Sloane," "the colonel," or "the boss." As he grew more rich, he became more honest, as has happened in the case of many worthy people. His flocks and his herds increased. He closed the ranch as a place of entertainment — indeed, people were beginning now to talk of all sorts of other overland routes; but he made it the centre of a vast stock-rearing farm, which he superintended with great assiduity. He was an imperious master with his herders — the physical force that was always ready to give effect to his decisions was a weapon that stuck upright in the south-east corner of his trousers; but he was a just master, and paid his men punctually. Moreover, by-gones being by-gones, he had made an excursion or two up into "the Rockies," and had become possessed of one or two mines, which, though they were now only paying working expenses, promised well. Time flies fast in the west; people come and go rapidly. When Colonel Sloane stopped at the Grand Central of Denver, and drank petroleum-champagne at four dollars a bottle at that pretentious, dirty, and disagreeable hostelry, there was no one to recognize him as Five-Ace Jack. He was cleanly shaved; his linen was as brilliant as Chinese silk and Colorado air could make it; he could have helped to build a church with any of them. But somehow he never cared to remain long within the precincts of Denver; he was either up at Idaho, looking after his mines, or out at the ranch, looking after his herdsmen.

It was towards this ranch that Buckskin Charlie and Judge Greek were now riding, on this cool, clear, beautiful morning. All around them shone the golden-yellow prairie, an immeasurable sea of grass and flowers; above them shone the clear sky of Colorado; far away on their right the

world was enclosed by the pale, transparent blue of the long wall of mountains. Eagle Creek ranch was a lonely-looking place, as they neared it. The central portion of the buildings spoke of the times when the Indians — the real Indians, not Five-Ace Jack and his merry men — were in the habit of scouring the plains; for it was a block-house, built of heavy logs of pine. But from this initial point branched out all sorts of buildings and enclosures, sheds, pens, stables, and what not, some of them substantially erected, and others merely made of cottonwood fence. Out there they speak disrespectfully of cottonwood, because of its habit of twisting itself into extraordinary shapes. It is admitted, however, by the settlers that this very habit defeats the most perverse ingenuity on the part of a hog; for the hog, intent on breaking away, fancies he has got outside the fence, whereas, owing to the twisting of the wood, he is still in the inside.

The colonel lay in his bed, thinking neither of his hogs nor of his pens, nor yet of his vast herds of cattle roaming over the fenceless prairie-land. The long, muscular, bony frame was writhing in pain; the black, dishevelled hair was wet with perspiration; the powerful hands clutched and wrung the coarse bed-clothing. But the colonel had all his wits about him; and when Mr. Greek, approaching him, began to offer some expressions of sympathy, he was bidden to mind his own business in language of quite irrelevant force. Buckskin Charlie was ordered to bring in his master's writing-desk, which was the only polished piece of furniture in the ranch. Then the colonel, making a powerful effort to control his writhings, proceeded to give his instructions.

He was not going to die yet, the colonel said. He had had these fits before. It was only a tough antelope-steak, followed by a hard ride, and a consuming thirst too hastily quenched. But here he was, on his back; and as he had nothing else to do, he wanted the judge to put down on paper his wishes and intentions with regard to his property. The colonel admitted that he was a rich man. Himself could not tell what head of cattle he owned. He had two placer mines in the Clear Creek canyon; and he had been offered twelve thousand dollars for the celebrated Belle of St. Joe, up near Georgetown. He had a house at Idaho Springs. He had a share in a bank at Denver. Now the colonel, in short and

sharp sentences, interrupted by a good deal of writhing and hard swearing, said he would not leave a brass farthing — a red cent was what he actually mentioned — to any of his relatives who had known him in England, for the reason that they knew too much about him, and would be only too glad that he was gone. But there was a young girl who was a niece of his. He doubted whether she had ever seen him; if she had, it must have been when she was a child. He had a photograph of her, however, taken two or three years before, and she was a good-looking lass. Well, he did not mind leaving his property to her, under one or two conditions. There he paused for a time.

Five-Ace Jack was a cunning person, and he had brooded over this matter during many a lonely ride over the plains. He did not want his money to go amongst those relatives of his, who doubtless — though they heard but little about him — regarded him as a common scoundrel. But if he could get this pretty niece of his to come out to the Far West with her husband, might they not be induced to remain there, and hold and retain that property that had cost the owner so much trouble to pull together? If they disliked the roughness of the ranch, could anything be more elegant than the white wooden villa at Idaho, with its verandah and green blinds? Then he considered that it was a long way for her to come. If she had children — and she might have, for it was two or three years since he heard she was married — the trouble and anxiety of bringing them all the way from England would dispose her to take a gloomy view of the place. Surely it was not too hard a condition that, in consideration of their getting so large a property, this young Bell and her husband should come out, free from encumbrances of all sorts, to live one year in Colorado, either at Idaho or at Eagle Creek ranch, just as they chose?

Both the colonel and the judge were bachelors; and it did not occur to either of them, when that condition was put down on paper, that a young woman on this side of the water could be so foolish as to get up with flashing eyes and say — as actually happened in less than a year afterwards — that not for all the cattle in Colorado, and not for all the gold in the Rocky Mountains, and not for twenty times all the diamonds that were ever gotten out of Golconda, would she leave her poor, dear, darling, defenceless children for a whole year. Just as little did they think, when this memorandum was

finally handed over to the judge to be drawn out in proper form, that any proceeding on the part of Five-Ace Jack, of Eagle Creek ranch, could have the slightest possible influence on the fortunes of Lady Sylvia Balfour. Jack was a Colorado ranchman; Lady Sylvia was the daughter of an English earl.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
NATURAL RELIGION.

IX.

IN the last paper* we entered upon the application of our principles to the practical religious questions of the day. We considered the general relation between natural religion as it has been here described, and historical religion. We found the doctrine that all living morality rests upon a basis of religion, upon a worship of ideal humanity harmonizing with the general tenor of the Bible, or rather that this doctrine is actually the idea around which the Bible has grown up. But the Bible, though the greatest literary monument of historical religion, is nevertheless not the only mirror in which it is to be contemplated. There are the eighteen centuries of Church history. There is modern society with its countless Churches and religious sects, there are prevailing views on the subject of religion. In what relation do these principles which have been laid down stand to all these?

We shall not be greatly surprised if we find the Churches and sects of the day occupied with very different ideas from those which have been here represented as the fundamental ideas of religion. The machinery of institutions is very apt to choke the ideas which originally the institutions were intended to realize. Nay, we shall not at once allow ourselves to be disconcerted if we come upon what appear to be great religious movements which nevertheless in no way agree with our ideas of what religion essentially consists in, and even run counter to them. For we remember that there are at least two powerful impulses, which, though they are quite distinct from religion, yet often assume its appearance and its name. There is first ecclesiasticism. Often, in the decline of Churches or priesthods, waves of eager enthusiasm are seen to pass through them, which might seem to indicate a renewal of vitality, a return of

the inspiration which first gave them life; and yet this is but a delusive appearance. The *esprit de corps* has been aroused, and that is all. The natural feeling of loyalty to caste, of enthusiasm for a venerable institution, has been awakened for the time; as a matter of course it revives the old religious watchwords; but the impulse nevertheless is not religious, but only ecclesiastical. And secondly, there is superstition. This too has its manifestations, not less imposing than those of religion, and other manifestations are produced by the two principles acting together; for if superstition be the effect of terror as religion is of admiration, these two emotions, it is evident, pass easily into each other. We often fear what we admire, and on the other hand the servile human heart readily persuades itself that it admires what in fact it only fears. When we look back upon the great evangelical revival of the last century and this, it is melancholy to be obliged to admit how large a part of it was mere *Shamanism*. The fear of hell may be as powerful an impulse as any other; when it seizes a great multitude it may produce notable manifestations; but no such manifestations concern us here, for there can never be anything properly religious in them.

And as it may happen that great movements which have convulsed Churches and sects, or strong opinions which now characterize them, may not concern us at all; so we may be much interested, and find much confirmation of our views in other movements of opinion and feeling which have gone on outside all Churches, or even in opposition to them. That the Renaissance, for instance, was often hostile to the hierarchy, does not prevent us from regarding it as a religious movement. That science now proclaims the downfall of religion as about to be accomplished by its hands, is no reason why we should not regard the scientific movement as one of the most powerful and most hopeful religious impulses that the world has seen, evidently destined to raise religion out of the tremors, the misgivings, the fits and moods in which she has so long lived, and make her a strong and robust spirit, capable of inspiring great enterprises. It is one of the standing difficulties of religious discussion, as it is also of political, that the question which is most completely unsettled, and which people are least willing to consider, is precisely the first and most necessary of all, viz., what the subject of discussion is. As in politics liberty is perpetually talked of and never

* See LIVING AGE, No. 1689.

defined, so that a multitude of different notions, many of which are contradictory to each other, are attached to the same word by the same persons, so it is in religion with the word religion. The misfortune arises in both cases from the same cause, namely, that it is the multitude by and for whom both politics and religion are discussed, and that the multitude are utterly careless of exactness in the use of language. To them religion will always mean what parsons talk about, what goes on in churches and chapels. But we, as we recognize that parsons are concerned with many things besides religion, and that it is often true according to the proverb, that "the nearer the church the farther from God;" so must we be prepared without the smallest hesitation to acknowledge the presence of religion in much which the clergyman does not countenance, and in much which he calls secular, or in which he scents atheism.

Perhaps it may be well to begin by pointing out how far the view of religion here given, which represents it as consisting in the great habitual admirations which elevate the human spirit, and form the nutriment of the higher life, differs from the view of religion now most current. First, then, in the popular view, religion is a something truly possessed by very few, and creating in those few a kind of virtue or sanctity quite different from the ordinary virtues of human nature, and in a manner supernatural. There seems indeed much confusion in the language used in the religious world, both about ordinary virtue, and about that transcendent kind of virtue which they believe religion to produce. They profess, indeed, to lay it down that no virtue of any kind is possible except as the result of religion, and yet they seem to have no hesitation, nay, even to have pleasure, in asserting that some of the most splendid virtues, the most exalted perfections of character that history can show, have not had their root in religion. The doctrine of "splendid sins" has been invented; but the sins in question seem to be often as solid as they are splendid; and the perplexed lay world when it hears the most scrupulous justice, the most delicate honor, the most genuine benevolence branded as "filthy rags," wonders what more the religious would have, and what better virtues they can show themselves. Not less unsatisfactory is their way of meeting this challenge. The virtues produced by religion are indeed, they tell us, as much above mere secular virtues as heaven is above earth;

but they do not profess to have themselves more than the beginnings and rudiments of such virtues. Their progress in the heavenly life is indeed lamentably slow; and did not even Paul call himself the chief of sinners? Still it is not to be denied that this transcendent virtue has at times been seen, a purity, an elevation which seemed superhuman. Certainly no one would think of denying this; but who can admit that the connection between this elevated form of virtue, which is occasionally seen, and what the religious world understands by religion, is made out half so plainly as it ought to be?

In opposition to all this, religion, in our view, so far from being a rare thing, is one of the commonest or rather most universal things in the world. We agree with the religious world that there can be no true virtue without religion; nay, we agree also that there is a certain respectability which usurps the name of virtue without having any of the substance. But this pinchbeck virtue which is really nothing more precious than prudence is, we hold, distinguishable at a glance from the genuine metal. All virtue, therefore, which strikes us as admirable, we admire without misgiving, and do not stop to examine whether it is connected with religion, because we know beforehand that it must be so. Instead of arguing that, in spite of all appearance, it must be spurious because no religion is at the root of it, we should be prepared to argue that because it is genuine, therefore, in spite of all appearance, religion must be at the root of it. But in fact we are never reduced to this shift. It is indeed common enough to meet with this genuine virtue entirely disconnected from any recognized *cultus*, or from membership in any church; but few even in the religious world would be hardy enough absolutely to identify these externals with religion. To our eyes the religious principle in all such cases appears very visible, however formless. Take from history the hardest and least sentimental specimen of acknowledged virtue; take old Cato. That type of virtue springs out of religion not less truly than the saintly type which seems most opposite to it; it springs out of the worship of ancestors.

To us then religion seems necessarily as common in the world as virtue. But it seems far commoner. For first we recognize much religion which bears and can bear no fruit in virtue, unless indeed we use virtue to describe any healthy condition of the soul. And secondly, we recog-

nize that half the vices of the world are just as plainly the result of religion in a perverted shape, that is of some worship not properly subordinated, as all the virtues are the result of religion working normally.

If then we write of religion, or would exhort men to it, we do so not with the melancholy pathos of our preachers, who are convinced that nine-tenths of mankind will not listen; that the foolish are too foolish and most of the wise too wise to do so, and that only a few people of very peculiar temperament are capable of religious impressions. All are capable of them, almost all are strongly animated with them. Men without religion must be in the lowest depth of barbarism, or rather in that still lower deep of monkeyism which fashionable speculations have opened for us in human nature. But we recommend religion because though there is plenty of it there is very little compared with our needs; then again the higher kinds are sadly deficient, and in large parts of the earth almost unknown; and the lower kinds of religion are often too strong for the higher, which leads to great disorders, and sometimes the higher kinds are unjust to the lower, which leads to hypocrisy and concealed exasperation; lastly, in industrial ages and nations the vitality of religion itself languishes, all ideals together shrink and dwindle, till men learn to aspire to no bliss higher than comfort and obey no law higher than convention.

This view of religion is less melancholy than the popular view, just as much when it looks at the age in general and at the recent course of history as when it regards individual men. In the popular view the present is a period of rapid and almost hopeless decline in religion. It is indeed only of late years that such despondency has come upon us, and it seems only yesterday that we used to speak of the great religious revival which the age had witnessed, and how far more zealous and successful all religious bodies now were than formerly. The public mind has changed now, and believes itself to have been misled by a passing wave of reaction which for a moment hid the steadfast tendency of the time. Science has declared open war against the clergy; news arrives that on the Continent Protestantism is dying a natural death as fast as Catholicism a violent one. The memories of the eighteenth century revive; Voltaire and Diderot are spoken of as enlightened thinkers who were before their age; the later generation that abjured them is described as in-

fluenced by passing and accidental causes. And so we begin to think of religion as in an advanced stage of dissolution and as evidently not long for this world; to be a little ashamed of the tincture of it that we ourselves have taken from the age of spasmodic revival; to wonder a little and be half amused at our own knowledge of the Bible; to think of the religious conflicts of past English history much as the later Romans thought of the age of Numa, when they said, "*Majores nostri, religiosissimi mortales*;" and at times almost to picture the Almighty himself as some Pius IX. deprived of his temporal power, and only allowed, out of traditional respect, to inhabit his Vatican above until the course of nature takes him away.

To us it is needless to say that all this seems the most extravagant misconception caused by identifying religion with ecclesiastical systems in a way which no one could seriously justify. That existing Churches, even some leading Protestant ones, have lost very much of their influence is certain, and it is true that two centuries ago these organizations answered to men's thoughts and wants far more than they do now. This is a pity; but such misfortunes must happen as long as Church authorities cling to the notion that they can invent forms which will never wear out, or that they have been intrusted with a revelation so complete that the course of time has long ceased to add anything to it. No one would ever complain of the doctrine that the Eternal reveals himself to men, if it were presented still in the old Hebrew manner; if the revelation were described as ever growing, and receiving the addition of a new chapter in every age that passes by. But when it is pretended that the Eternal had once the habit of revealing himself to men but has long since ceased to do so, how is it possible but that sooner or later that degrading conception of him should spring up which exhibits him as an ecclesiastical potentate of declining influence and a teacher of old-fashioned science? If it was by constantly growing and expanding that the religion of Moses survived all other religions of antiquity and became the religion of Europe, what can be expected but that by reversing this rule, by declaring itself complete and its canon of inspiration closed, it will in an age of busy thought and progress lose all the ascendancy it has gained? That is, the institution will decay—the organization in which the religion was embodied, and which in popular parlance is confounded with the

religion itself. But if, when we are told that religion is dying out, nothing more is meant than that ecclesiastical institutions have grown stiff and unserviceable for want of timely reform, the phenomenon is described in language which is needlessly alarming. If, that be all, organization is by no means indispensable to religion — nay, perhaps excess of organization is one of its principal dangers. If that be all, religion will subsist for a time independent of organization, and then, unless it languishes from other causes, will gather strength to create anew for itself what organization may be needful.

And what, from our point of view, shall we say of that revival of religion in England in the first half of this century, which already looks so curious when we read histories of the surplice controversy of thirty years ago and of the Gorham case? We shall say that, along with religion, both superstition and ecclesiasticism counted for much in that movement. It was perhaps less a stirring of the higher life in English society than a vigorous attempt to furbish up the old ecclesiastical machinery. It was a discovery made by the clergy that the indolence in which they had indulged did not suit an age of reform. The three old schools of Anglicanism took their turn to rouse themselves. After the Low Church, the High Church awoke in great energy, and then the old party of latitude revived in the Broad Church. But in all these revivals the question properly religious, the question of the higher life, seemed almost secondary to the merely clerical question whether the old machinery could still be made to work. Clerical subscription was always in the foreground. Each revival seemed in turn to fail when it was found to strain the Church machinery too far. Evangelicalism was refuted by being shown to lead to Dissent, Tractarianism by being shown to lead to Popery, Broad Churchism by being shown to lead to heterodoxy. And yet this mode of argument was of course purely professional. To the simple inquirer after the higher life, who desired only to know how he and others might rise out of worldliness and lead a life worthy of the dignity of human nature, it was clearly important to know only whether the different religious systems put before him would help in that task, and not towards what quarter of the ecclesiastical horizon they led. Accordingly even in the midst of that revival, although religious controversy occupied the nation in a way which astonished foreign observ-

ers, yet the remark was made by some of these, as by Bunsen, how verbal and superficial the controversies were, and that beside them there was a hollowness, a conventionality of feeling, which was, in fact, want of religion, and might lead sooner than was expected to an open rejection of it.

Putting, then, clerical and anti-clerical controversies on one side as likely to give us no safe gauge of the state of religion, we turn to quite different phenomena and arrive at quite different conclusions. We inquire, not whether the name of God is often in men's mouths or whether they garnish their conversation with texts of Scripture, but whether the realities which answer to sacred names, or are expressed in sacred oracles, influence them. And as tried by this criterion much that calls itself revival seems little to be trusted, so that general appearance as if in the last centuries religion everywhere had been in steady decline because the unprogressive Church organizations have declined, appears delusive. In religion itself what is, and for a long time past has been, observable, is not decline but reconstruction. There was indeed a period which may be truly called irreligious, which set in when men first began to feel deeply discontented with ecclesiastical systems. A good part of the eighteenth century was really irreligious, not because it attacked the Church, but because it abandoned the very principle of worship. Yet even then the advance of science was a redeeming feature. For to us science, instead of counting among the forces hostile to religion, is the outward manifestation of one of the grandest religious principles; it is the modern form of that old Hebrew worship which was paid to a deity who was not to be represented in the human form. And the most irreligious period of the eighteenth century felt itself more religious in one respect than the seventeenth, namely, in having a deeper sense of God's incomprehensible greatness. The "Essay on Man" is in this respect in advance of "Paradise Lost," and much of Voltaire's most reckless mockery agrees in substance with the closing chapters of book of Job where the Almighty out of the whirlwind rebukes the disputing theologians. Nor was this feeling barren, for it is by recognizing clearly that God is not a man that science becomes possible. Accordingly those years, otherwise so irreligious, are the years when science began its steady advance. But in those years everything else, Church, State, society it-

self, seemed hastening to ruin. Later, however, reconstruction begins. Virtue comes back into fashion, and is spoken of with affectation. This to us is evidence of a revival of religion. The religion of humanity begins to take its place beside that worship of Deity which is science. All those ideas which form the basis of Christianity proper are now, as it were, rediscovered. Respect for humble life, tenderness for children, pity for the poor, are awakened in turn. Soon rights of man are heard of, and a kind of wild Pentecost of the revived religion is witnessed. The story does not need telling again, nor what strange effects followed from the lighting of a spark of inspiration upon so much explosive matter. All the strangeness could not prevent the nations from feeling that "still the light that led astray was light from heaven." A sort of new birth of the moral virtues takes place in the very midst of massacres and lawless wars. And in our view such a result is far better evidence of a revival of religion than the building of many new churches or the reviving of many obsolete controversies. In the same age nature vindicated again her old right to worship from poets and artists, and thus the three admirations which constitute religion, and the proper adjustment of which to each other constitutes pure and healthy religion, were restored to men.

What was then begun has continued since. The nineteenth century has been still more plainly a time of reconstruction. How is it possible for those who believe that religion is to be tested by its fruits to consider the present a period of decline in religion? Has it not been an age of great improvements, of great emancipations? Slavery abolished in the New World and serfdom in the Old, despotism and unjust privilege almost suppressed; these are the larger results. Failures and partial retrogression have not been wanting, nor crimes on a great scale; but these have been comparatively accidental and transitory. Were religion really dying out we should have that sense of desertion and desolation which has been felt in some former periods; but the sense of progress is in this age stronger than usual. Those who think the sense of health and progress consistent with the disappearance of religion teach men to regard religion as a thing superfluous. So much may be urged upon those who, identifying religion with Christianity, look upon virtue as its only fruit. To us the signs of religious revival are much more numerous.

For we look upon the advance of science as among the greatest of these, and when we see this taking quite a new rate of rapidity, when we see the love of science passing from the few to the many, and the contemplation of the laws of nature taking its place among the habitual enjoyments of life, we recognize a new revelation, and the opening of a new channel of communion between man and the Eternal.

Nevertheless, what to the writer of all this seems palpably clear will no doubt be condemned by many readers as vague. They will say that it is easy to make out religion prosperous by collecting all the hopeful signs that the age presents, and attributing them arbitrarily to a single secret cause, and then, still more arbitrarily, and in defiance of all usage, calling that secret cause religion. Religion, they will insist, means, and must mean, churches and clergymen, and you determine the condition of it by ascertaining what proportion of the population goes to church, and whether the number of candidates for orders increases or diminishes, just as you ascertain the state of trade by looking at the returns of export and import. One can only hope by slow degrees to remove a prejudice which will know nothing of the chief lesson taught by ecclesiastical history, that religion is constantly at war with its own organization — a prejudice which, if transferred to politics, would argue a country to be in a state of political decline, in which resistance was offered to a tyrannous government. The excuse for it is that whereas in earlier times, as at the Reformation, those who rebelled against the reigning Church did so in the name of religion, and began immediately to frame new Churches, in this age the rebellion repudiates the name of religion altogether, and would destroy the Church without substituting anything for it. It has chosen to identify religion with its corruptions, and when it speaks of its own positive objects, calls them by new names — the most secular that can be chosen. Accordingly it will seem to many perverse that I should urge the improvements of modern life and the reform of abuses in proof of the vitality of religion. "What has all this to do with religion? It is progress, civilization, if you will; but religion (*i.e.*, of course, churches and parsons) has nothing to do with it, and has, in fact, throughout rather hindered than furthered it."

Now it is not from carelessness or looseness of thought that religion is here

spoken of as identical with civilization. No doubt it is a common abuse of high-sounding names to apply them to anything which, being in itself good, belongs to the genus of which they denote some one species, as, in politics, whatever people approve is, in England at least, peremptorily called liberty. We, however, mean seriously to assert that the civilization of a nation or an age is strictly the religion of the nation or age; at least that if any distinction is to be made between them it can only be the distinction between the external and the internal, so that civilization should express the habits and ways of acting, religion the views and principles out of which they spring. This is the idea which has dictated these papers, and we have labored to show that what is so vaguely called civilization, or, more distinctly, culture, is not a mere mass of conveniences, comforts, or contrivances stored up by nations out of their experience, but a system of living corresponding to the growth of the higher life within them, and everywhere closely connected with their religion, except when, according to well-known laws, the religion, corrupted or paralyzed by its own organization, assumes a new and morbid character. When this happens it is evident that the real religion of the nation must be distinguished from its nominal one; the formularies or catechisms in use no longer express what it is, but only what it was, and in this case, in order to ascertain it, you must take the unorganized civilization of the nation, its customs and ways of life, and infer from this, with the help of its literature, what its religion now really is.

It is difficult to catch what is characteristic about these ways of life so long as you look only at the nation itself, or all the nations that share them. But the civilization of a nation becomes at once visible by contrast when it is compared with nations whose civilization is different. And the principal outlines of our own European civilization have become plain to us all, partly through our dealings with Asiatics, partly through our dealings with those among ourselves who disapprove of it and would drag us back into the ways of life we have abandoned. Thus we find ourselves able to teach the whole Asiatic world that definiteness of conception, accuracy of observation and computation, that intellectual conscientiousness and patience, which are necessary to science. This, then, is one leading constituent of our civilization, and we recognize it to be so. Closely connected with this is the ac-

tive spirit which believes that man's condition can be bettered by his efforts. Then comes that constituent which is so conspicuous that we often summarily call it civilization, viz., humanity. No doubt it does not characterize European civilization alone, but it does characterize it, and in a peculiarly effective, because peculiarly active and hopeful form, and in many nations outside that sphere it is almost wholly wanting. Then come many other principles affecting man's dealings with his kind, respect for women, respect for individual liberty, respect for misfortune, etc. And again, when we look back upon our own past we discover that our civilization has in the later centuries acquired a new principle, that it has thrown off that dread of external nature, and that depreciation of the present life in comparison with the future which marked monasticism and Puritanism, and has found in the enjoyment of natural forms not merely an allowable pleasure, but a great spring of mental health.

This, then, is our civilization, not as one may think it ought to be, but as it evidently is. And the religion that inspires it is scarcely less evident. That scientific spirit of observation and method is the worship of God, whose ways are not as our ways, but whose law is eternal, and in the knowledge of whom alone is solid well-being. That spirit of active humanity is Christianity, and it is supplemented by several other forms of the worship of man which have grown up round it. Lastly, that enjoyment of the visible world is a fragment saved from the wreck of paganism. It is the worship of the forms of nature derived from Greece, first widely diffused at the Renaissance, and welcomed since and spread still more widely by artist natures from age to age. Now this three-fold religion is not in a state of decline. What *is* in a state of decline is the body of ecclesiastical organizations whose doors are not promptly enough thrown open to receive it.

So far then of the difference between the view here taken of religion and the popular view. But how far is the popular view identical with real Christianity? In differing from it do we cease to be Christians? Do we leave Christianity behind us? Evidently there is no reason why we should. Against popular Christianity, the religious men of almost every generation have protested, declaring that it was not genuine Christianity, but a corruption of it. We may do the same and represent that our ideas are all Christian, and lie

hidden in the original documents of the faith. Are we prepared to do this?

Certainly not altogether. It is evidently contrary to our conception of the Deity, as the Eternal Power of the universe — *der da waltet gut und gross* — to imagine that his revelation of himself could be confined to one country and nation. If this seems here and there to be asserted in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, we ascribe it to a narrowness which few nations — and our own less than most — are free from. We regard the religion which lies at the bottom of modern civilization as containing elements almost unknown both to ancient Judaism and to primitive Christianity. The scientific impulse is foreign to both, and not less the artistic; and these have come to us from quite other sources. Yet even here, as we have had occasion to remark, the new elements are only additional, not in any way incompatible or discordant with the old. The spirit of joy and nature-worship finds no asceticism to combat in the original religious tradition. It finds the Founder of Christianity separating himself in a pointed manner from asceticism, and dropping at times words which a lake poet might take for his motto. It finds the prophets of Judaism describing nature with free enjoyment. And the zeal against anthropomorphism, though it did not in the Hebrew race lead to science, is yet strikingly in harmony with the scientific spirit. If our men of science wished to give to their favorite conviction about the Unknown and Unknowable an imaginative form in which it might work upon the popular mind, they would find that the work has already been done for them in an incomparable manner by the prophets of the Old Testament. But beyond this and some rude outlines of a philosophy of universal history which are to be discerned in the prophetic books, it is plain that we do not draw our science or our art from the sources from which we draw our Christianity. It is plain, also, that neither art nor science has flourished freely where Christianity has been regarded as the one source of spiritual life. But to avow this and to assert that we cannot do with Christianity alone, is not to abandon Christianity, nor is it to assert that within its own province, anything can come into competition with Christianity, much less supersede it.

That province is the province of morals, of man's struggle towards his ideal. Assuredly here, too, it is contrary to our principles to imagine that the Eternal exhausted himself long ago, and for many

centuries has had nothing more to reveal. We believe that those who assert this in words, deny it unconsciously in their actions. Else why do they read new biographies with such interest? Why do they crowd with such enthusiasm in every generation round new objects of admiration, the hero, or the saint, or the adored teacher? The ideal of humanity is not so revealed once for all, but that it needs continually to be presented again, that we may see its bearing in the midst of the new conditions into which mankind are brought. But we hold at the same time that it was by and in Jesus Christ that man was aroused — that is, in these western regions — to the worship most necessary to him, to the religion which gives life to morality, and that the introduction of this highest worship was both so made and so recorded that the record is the most precious among all the heirlooms of our race. We hold that though there may arise by chance a Zoilus who has the courage of his stupidity, and will tell the world boldly that he doesn't see it, yet few people would listen to him if their minds were not irritated by the professional pedantry with which the subject has been handled, and if the origins of Christianity were not contemplated through a vista of centuries, in which it was barbarized, and in which it became at times a wild superstition or a childish mythology, though not losing, even in these perversions, its original elevation and tenderness; at times a merciless, though even then, it may be, a necessary and beneficial theocracy. So far from having gained an accidental importance beyond its desert, nothing has been so unjustly misrepresented, so unfairly judged, or mixed up with so much that it has no concern with, as Christianity, and yet in spite of all this, it remains the core, the best and most precious part of that religion of modern civilization which we have described as extending beyond it. To pretend to be able to dispense with it would be a folly as well as an impiety, even if all the sacerdotalism and spiritual tyranny which have gathered round it, could fairly be laid to its account. But the charges against it fall to the ground when we look back to its original character, and see how deeply penetrated it was with the idea of progress. If the religion of modern civilization is not quite the same thing even in its moral part as the religion of the New Testament, if it has grown larger and richer with the process of time, we may fairly say that it is all the more Christian on that account. It is

what Christianity would be if it had been allowed to develop itself in the spirit of its founders, and of their precursors, the prophets. For in the original plan it is assumed, what sacerdotalism denies, that new light is ever to be expected, and that the divine revelation of one age gives place in due season to the larger revelation of another. With what a singular mixture of reverence, and the sense of superiority, does the young Christian Church look back upon its Jewish parent! It is an inimitable model of the way the ages should behave to each other. There is no touch of rebellion, and yet there is the calmest assertion of freedom. There is no depreciation of the old truth, no denial that it was divine, and yet the finest assertion of the new truth as divine also, and still more divine. Who can doubt that that apostolical age which so treated its predecessors, desired and expected to be so treated in turn by its successors? Who that reads its glowing expectations of the future can fail to see that it did not look forward to a Christianity of timid repetition, a commentatorial age of religion, but to an unheard-of increase and diffusion of the spirit of prophecy? Who that knows the ring of original Christianity does not hear it in those words of Milton, "In that day it shall no more be said as in scorn that it was never yet seen in such a fashion, when men have better learned that the times and seasons pass along under Thy feet, to go and come at Thy bidding?"

This notion of modern civilization as constituting or as enshrining a religion which, though not exclusively, is yet substantially Christian, may provoke the following objection. It may be said that civilization is a matter of birth and physical conditions, that it is to nations what personal character is to individuals, a thing peculiar to themselves and incommunicable, whereas Christianity announced itself as something publishable, and to be published to all nations, a gospel or message, the acceptance of which would elevate men to a higher spiritual condition. The world was lying in darkness, and the new religion was to rise upon it like the sun. Certainly Christianity did announce itself so, and it is curious to observe with what helpless automatism Christian teachers repeat the original language, forgetting that what was news when it was first announced, can hardly continue news when it has been repeated with unparalleled reiteration for eighteen centuries; and that unless Christianity has broken its promise,

the world that lay in darkness before it was preached, must now lie in light. But is it true that modern civilization does not resemble Christianity in this respect? that it belongs to a few countries in Europe, among which it has grown up in some way only half understood, and that it can never be communicated to other races? Does it consist merely of certain habits or ways of action which, though convenient, can yet never be referred to any principle so that nothing like a creed or catechism of civilization could ever be drawn up? Because this has, perhaps, never been attempted, it does not follow that it is impossible. We remember that much of what constitutes Christianity lay for a long time hidden in Judaism, passive and unaggressive, and it also seems that the other great aggressive religion of the world, Buddhism, did not begin its missionary course for some centuries after its foundation. May not the same change pass over modern civilization? May not it too have at last its missionaries conscious and devoted!

Civilization again is often spoken of in a sceptical tone, as if it were only a flattering name which nations give to their own usages which, from mere prejudice, they regard as superior to the usages of foreigners, whereas in reality each nation develops for itself the way of life that suits it best, so that each nation would do wisely to stick to the usages it has inherited.

Assuredly — to deal with the last question first — it will never do for one nation to set up its own culture as the standard which all mankind should conform to. An absolute civilization, such as might deserve to have its formularies and its missionaries, could only be gathered from a comparison of the usages of very many nations. But then when we speak of modern civilization, we actually mean a civilization of this kind. The usages of nations have actually been carefully compared in recent times; even many nations differing most widely from the European have been studied with sympathy and candor; and in consequence we can and do now speak of civilization without exclusive reference to our own usages. Nothing could be worse than for any nation to preach its own culture as a gospel of deliverance to mankind; yet the English in India may, with perfect modesty, with perfect consciousness of their own woful deficiencies, assert that part at least of the gospel of civilization is committed to them to preach there — for instance, scientific method, for this

they know is not peculiar to themselves, but belongs to absolute civilization.

This example may show that it is actually not impossible to draw out into a formula the principles of absolute civilization. An attempt has been made in these papers to give distinctness to some of these principles, and in this way to bring out the conception of a religion which consists, not of the crotchets of any individual, but of those grand views of life which may fairly be said to have been revealed to our times by the Eternal, because they have commended themselves to whole nations, and have then victoriously invaded other nations, subduing mankind with large and gradual processes of conviction. And if there exist this absolute civilization, it is certainly not true that it cannot be propagated, but can only be called into existence within a new population by the same inscrutable and gradual influences which created it originally. The culture of a nation is eminently capable of being transmitted to other nations by direct teaching, and by the exhibition of its fruits, appealing to the admiration and envy of those alien to it. We may wonder and conjecture in what way, and through what causes, the old Hellenic culture sprang up, and concentrated itself at Athens; but when this had happened, there was no such mystery about the way in which it could be propagated further. The Hellenizing of other nations went on easily and naturally, because all who saw what Hellenic culture could do, desired to participate in it, and would not be refused their share.

Now the culture of modern Europe — not those views of life which are matters of controversy among us, but those in which all who have a high standard agree — is now what Hellenic culture was in the days of Alexander, what Hebrew culture was in the time of the early Church; it is a great religion about to gather all nations into its communion. It conquers wherever it comes, not so much by argument as by an evident superiority that makes argument superfluous. Our missionaries go out to convert the Hindoos to our ecclesiastical Christianity, and not without success; but meanwhile without missionaries the Hindoos are converted to Europeanism, to that total of views and principles which is so much larger than ecclesiastical Christianity. They are converted to our science, to our energetic mode of life; so that their old traditional religion seems not unlikely to pass away from their minds like a dream; and we might influ-

ence them much more powerfully if we ourselves were not so backward in some parts of European culture, if our Christianity were not so dry and formal, and all our religion so much corrupted by worldly views.

It is easy to trace in the life of Livingstone, and in other records of modern missions, that the view here presented has often occurred to practical men, and that there is something very unnatural in separating our Christianity from the rest of our civilization, as if it alone deserved to be carried to the heathen as a message of redemption; and as if there ought not to be missionaries to preach to the heathen those laws of nature upon which health, whether bodily or intellectual, depends, or those truths about institution and government which are the life of society.

This great modern religion, of which Christianity is the core, requires just as much to be sedulously preached and inculcated within the limits where it is professed, as to be carried beyond them. For within those limits it has been corrupted into numberless heresies. There is the asceticism which disbelieves in nature, the obscurantism which shrinks from science, and will not know God as he is, the scientific fanaticism and cynicism which reject humanity. And worse than all these heresies there is the naked irreligion which believes in nothing, that is, worships nothing, and aims only at the getting, or increasing, or consuming of a livelihood.

Here, too, at home as well as in the fields of missionary enterprise, it is easy to see that the mistake made is that of putting a part of our religion for the whole, of supposing that we are merely Christians in the ecclesiastical sense of the word, when in fact our religion is something beyond comparison wider. Our religion, what is it in reality but the great system of views which supports the higher life in us? And what then in all this system of views can be outside of the province of the religious teacher? But our religious teachers have thoroughly accustomed themselves to the notion that they have no concern with, perhaps, the greater part of this province. It costs them nothing to admit that there may be great laws of the universe profoundly affecting the life of man; that there may be elevating thoughts, nay, that there may be noble deeds and noble characters fit to be set up as examples, which nevertheless do not concern them at all as religious teachers, and have no bearing upon religion. "If

this be not worship," says Carlyle somewhere, "why then I say the more pity for worship!" And just such is the reflection which mankind have long been making upon that definition of religion which has been put before them by the teachers of it. The consequence is that it is now proposed to exclude religious teaching from schools, and that the theological faculty begins to be abolished in universities, while many of the most serious-minded men feel that little will be lost. Religion has been so defined, that morality can be separated from it, that the laws of the universe can be separated from it, that all noble and elevating arts can be separated from it; what wonder then that nothing but a *caput mortuum* seems to remain?

In spite of all that can be said of scientific objections to Christian doctrine, it is most plain that the decline observable in the influence of religious teachers is owing, not to anything they have taught, but to what they have not taught. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." While new knowledge of God, of man, and of nature has been pouring in upon us for generations past, while society has taken new forms, so as to need new advice and new instruction, religious teaching has remained much the same. "It may be true, it may even be good, but it is not God's truth, it is not religion." Subtle distinction! Meanwhile the more liberal-minded among religious teachers have labored commendably to show that the new truths are not inconsistent with the old oracles, so that there is no reason to reject either, or that prophets and apostles have said things which make it conceivable that they would not have disapproved, or perhaps that they in some degree anticipated, the modern discoveries. But that God can reveal a new truth which may stand on the same level as the old, they will hardly admit, and so they scarcely get beyond tolerance for such new truths, or can be brought to conceive that they may deserve precedence over the old, as in fact they generally do. Thus while the mass of religious teachers are lost in the depths of the past, the more liberal are commonly just sighting the present. Unfortunately those who are to be taught, at least the more busy-minded of them, know nothing of the past, but live wholly either in the struggles of the present, or in wild dreams of the future.

Were it otherwise, the decline of churches would be by no means such as we see. The arguments against miracles, or those against a future life, are by no

means so convincing, but that they could easily be resisted, or almost disregarded, by churches which preached the real religion of the age. The churches lose their hold, not because they dare to hope more than science does, but because they respond so little to the positive aspirations, admirations, devotions of the age, not, in a word, because they teach more than men can believe, but because they teach infinitely less. They are dragged down by the superstition that God has long ago ceased to reveal truth, and that the truths which have come to mankind since, though not wanting in certainty nor yet in importance, are destitute somehow of a certain quality of sacredness. It would be hard indeed to define this quality, or to say why it is that some doctrines are fit to be preached from pulpits and called religious, while others are not so, though admitted to be both true and to affect nearly the higher life of man. But the test is none the less effective for being so wholly unreasonable, and it excludes most of the doctrines which form the real religion of the present age.

The reason why it seems worth while to state all this, is that in Protestant Churches, at least, nothing stands in the way of an immediate and complete reform. They are bound by no syllabus. No articles surely have ever laid it down that the Almighty has finally ceased to reveal new truth to man, and that it is heterodox to say that those true ideas with which the world is now alive, and of which only germs, or not even germs are to be found in the Scriptures, come from the same source from whence prophets of old drew truth, from the source in fact from which Christianity appears to teach that all truth comes. It is worth while to point out that the real cause of decline in Churches is not the so-called conflict of religion with science, that is, not the disagreement of their positive teaching with the philosophy of the age, but something quite different, viz., their want of any positive teaching upon the topics in which the age is most interested. If this distinction were once apprehended, the hopelessness which paralyzes so many religious men might pass away. To reconcile religion with science is a great matter, and many of those who have the strongest faith that the reconciliation can and will be accomplished feel entirely unable to contribute towards it. The other work of filling up the gaps of religion, of doing justice to the neglected revelation of the eighteen centuries which have passed since the canon

of inspiration was said to be closed, of admitting into the creeds and catechisms of religion all those truths about God and man which a sacerdotal prejudice has hitherto pronounced "common and unclean," this work is not so difficult. It need not strain the formularies of any church. It might go forward without secession and without schism. And yet it is as much more important than the other work as it is less difficult. For the opposition of science is only formidable to a religion which lacks inherent vitality. When the prophetic power has gone out of a Church the boldness of the hopes and promises on which it is built ceases to appear sublime, and then the world gains courage to criticise and to sneer; but when she recovers her grasp of reality, and her prophets enrich their eloquence with fresh observation, and warm it with first-hand conviction, the peevish negations—not of science but of scientific people—die away again speedily into inaudible murmurs.

From The Spectator.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

THE sudden death of the editor of the *Economist*, in the fulness of his powers, has been thought of, and will continue to be thought of, in relation to the public life of Englishmen, chiefly as the sudden loss of a cool, sagacious, wise, and unusually independent element in the formation of the economical and financial opinion of the world to which he belonged. And that assuredly it is. If Mr. Bagehot's mind, as a factor in political opinion of any kind, had a defect, that defect was the very unusual one of its too complete independence of the influence of the thought around him. He had what Dr. Newman has called "intellectual detachment" in as high a degree probably as any man of his generation,—so high that he sometimes found it all but impossible to understand the force of the ordinary currents of feeling around him and consequently at times allowed too much and at times also too little for those external influences of which he rather guessed than gauged the strength. But those who knew Mr. Bagehot well will probably find it hard to remember in him the economist at all. Much of his time as he devoted to these subjects, and greatly as he influenced the opinion of his day upon them, it will remain very difficult for his personal friends

to think chiefly of economical subjects when they remember him. And even those who have studied none of his writings except those devoted to these subjects, will in some degree be able to understand how this may be. For what he introduced into these as into all subjects on which he wrote at all, was life, animation, the real view of a man who had mastered the abstract theory indeed, and attached to it the first importance, but who cared chiefly to consider its bearing on the facts of the world of business, and the manner in which it blended with and modified the transactions of living men. No one can have read the financial and economical papers of Mr. Bagehot for many years without seeing that the various kinds of city men, the merchant, the stock-broker, the banker, were all living figures to him, and that he loved to dissect, with that realistic humor of which he was a master, the relative bearing of their disturbing passions and conventions on that instinct of gain which forms the sole basis of economical reasoning.

And it was the life, humor, and animation, looking out of the glance of those large and brilliant black eyes, and often presenting a curious contrast with the supposed dryness of the subjects with which Mr. Bagehot so frequently dealt, that made him what he was to his friends. In spite of his detached, cool, solitary intellect, he was the most buoyant of men, the loss of whom is like the loss of sunlight to his friends' dimmer lives. As a young man, his nonsense was the most enjoyable of all nonsense, for with all its extravagance, it had strong and piercing discrimination for its chief ground; but while always following the lead of some true perception, he lashed out in all directions into caricature of his meaning with all the animation of high spirits and a bold imagination. He was a dashing rider, too, and a fresh wind was felt blowing through his earlier literary efforts, as though he had been thinking in the saddle,—an effect wanting in his later essays, where you see chiefly the calm analysis of a lucid observer. What animation there is, for example, in this description of Shakespeare!—"The reverential nature of Englishmen has carefully preserved what they thought the great excellence of their poet,—that he made a fortune. . . . It was a great thing that he, the son of the wool-comber, the poacher, the good-for-nothing, the vagabond (for so, we fear, the phrase went in Shakespeare's youth), should return upon the old scene a substantial man, a person

of capital, a freeholder, a gentleman to be respected, and over whom even a burges could not affect the least superiority. The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you can't do. Why did Mr. Disraeli take the duties of chancellor of the exchequer with so much relish? Because people said he was a novelist, an *ad captandum* man . . . who could not add up. No doubt it pleased his inmost soul to do the work of the red-tape people better than those who could do nothing else. And so with Shakespeare,—it pleased him to be respected by those whom he had respected with boyish reverence—but who had rejected the imaginative man—on their own ground and in their own subject, by the only title which they would regard, in a word, as a moneyed man. We seem to see him eyeing the burgesses with good-humored fellowship, and genial though suppressed and half-conscious contempt, drawing out their old stories, acquiescing in their foolish notions, with everything in his head and easy sayings upon his tongue, a full mind and a deep dark eye that played upon an easy scene—now in fanciful solitude, now in cheerful society, now occupied with deep thoughts, now and equally so with trivial recreations, forgetting the dramatist in the man of substance, and the poet in the happy companion; beloved and even respected, with a hope for every one and a smile for all." Mr. Bagehot's own success as a banker and economist certainly pleased him not a little, and for the same reason. As a boy he was thought a metaphysical dreamer by those who did not know him well. And he was always laughing at himself because he could not make figures "add up." Nevertheless, after a year or two's study of law, and after being called to the Bar, he exchanged the law for the counting-house, with some tinge probably of the same motive which he here attributes to Shakespeare. Certainly much of the pleasure of his great success—and a great success it was; for the leading men of both Liberal and Conservative governments consulted him eagerly on financial questions, and often followed his advice—consisted in the thought that he had attained that success in the most practical and apparently the least dreamy of all pursuits, in spite of an imagination that ranged into the highest subjects, and at one time gained him the reputation of incapacity for practical life.

Again, what vividness is there in this description of the historian Gibbon!—

"Grave, tranquil, decorous pageantry is a part, as it were, of the essence of the last age. There is nothing more characteristic of Gibbon. A kind of pomp pervades him. He is never out of livery. He ever selects for narration the themes which look most like a *levée*. Grave chamberlains seem to stand throughout; life is a vast ceremony, the historian at once the dignitary and the scribe. . . . [Nevertheless] the manner of the 'Decline and Fall' is almost the last which should be recommended for strict imitation. It is not a style in which you can tell the truth. . . . The petty order of sublunary matters, the common gross existence of ordinary people, the necessary littlenesses of necessary life, are little suited to his sublime narrative." And again, "The truth clearly is, that Gibbon had arrived at the conclusion that he was the sort of person a populace kill. People wonder a great deal why very many of the victims of the French Revolution were particularly selected; the Marquis de Custine especially cannot divine why they executed his father. The historians cannot show that they committed any particular crime. The marquises and marchionesses seem very inoffensive. The fact is, they were killed for being polite. The world felt itself unworthy of it. There were so many bows, such regular smiles, such calm, supreme condescension,—could a mob be asked to stand it? Have we not all known a precise, formal, patronizing old gentleman,—bland, imposing, something like Gibbon? Have we not suffered from his dignified attentions? If we had been on the Committee of Public Safety, can we doubt what would have been the fate of that man? Just so, wrath and envy destroyed in France an upper-class world." This was taken partly from his own observation. Mr. Bagehot was in France at the time of the *coup d'état* of 1851, and very vividly he described the impression which the revolutionary passion of the Reds made upon him. "Of late," he wrote to a friend, "I have been devoting my entire attention to the science of barricades, which I found amusing. They have systematized it in a way which is pleasing to the cultivated intellect. We had only one good day's fighting, and I naturally kept out of cannon-shot. But I took a quiet walk over the barricades in the morning, and superintended the construction of three with as much keenness as if I had been clerk of the works. You've seen lots, of course, at Berlin, but I should not

think those Germans were up to a real Montagnard, who is the most horrible being to the eye I ever saw,—sallow, sincere, sour fanaticism, with grizzled moustaches, and a strong wish to shoot you rather than not. The Montagnards are a scarce commodity, the real race,—only three or four, if so many, to a barricade.

The rest are mere shop-boys and *gamins*, who get knocked about by the *Fraternité* fanatics, if they put the stones wrong, or don't upset the cabs to an inch." "Till the Revolution came, I had no end of trouble to find conversation, but now they'll talk against everybody, and against the president like mad,—and they talk immensely well, and the language is like a razor, capital if you are skilful, but sure to cut you if you aren't. A fellow can talk German in crude forms, and I don't see it sounds any worse, but this stuff is horrid unless you get it *quite* right. A French lady made a striking remark to me: '*C'est une révolution qui a sauvé la France. Tous mes amis sont mis en prison.*' She was immensely delighted that such a pleasing way of saving her country had been found." Mr. Bagehot's stay in France, short as it was, confirmed him in his profound English reserve; and also in his lively dread of that ready-made, neat-looking theory which, even to his mind, added so much to the attractiveness of French literature, while it squared so ill with the complexity of actual life. Yet his admiration for the effectiveness and perspicuity of French style was almost unlimited, though he regarded the French audacity of generalization as a grave warning, not as a seductive example. Perhaps his familiarity with it taught him that disposition to scoff at mere literature, and that deep belief in the educating power of all large mercantile life, which he was always expressing, sometimes with humorous exaggeration, sometimes with earnest conviction. "You see," he once wrote to a friend, "I have hunting, banking, ships, publishers, an article, and a Christmas to do, all at once, and it is my opinion they will all get muddled. A muddle will *print*, however, though it won't add up,—*which is the real advantage of literature.*"

It is of course difficult to decide, as it is difficult to answer all hypothetical questions, whether Mr. Bagehot would have succeeded if he had ever got into Parliament,—as in 1866 he was within eight votes of doing for Bridgewater. It is certain enough that dozens of vastly inferior men have at various times succeeded

in making a great Parliamentary and political reputation. But it does not follow that because he was a man of much higher and wider intellectual range than many of them, he would have succeeded too. As we have said, his mind was not a mind which got merged in his work and duties. It was a mind which he kept singularly detached from them, and this was one of the great obstacles to his popularity. He was a thorough Liberal so far as a steady belief in the educational advantages of popular institutions, and especially of wide and directly practical discussions, could make him a Liberal, but he had no sympathy with the "enthusiasms" of the Liberal party, and was, in a humorous way, almost proud of belonging to a county which, as he used to say, "would not subscribe a thousand pounds to be represented by an archangel." "I hate the Liberal enthusiast," he once wrote to a friend. "I feel inclined to say, 'Go home, sir, and take a dose of salts, and see if it won't clean it all out of you.' Nature did not mean me for a popular candidate." Clearly not; and even if he had got over that stage of the business, we are not sure that Mr. Bagehot did not a little too distinctly realize the wide chasm between his views and those of the popular party to which he must have belonged, to have exercised a perfectly natural and therefore a powerful influence over political opinion. He was a Liberal of the middle party, and always approved Liberal governments resting on the Liberal-Conservatives, and Conservative governments resting on the Conservative-Liberals, rather than governments of energy, enthusiasm, and action. Yet Mr. Bagehot was a Liberal from conviction, not from prepossession. His book on the British Constitution—much the ablest, indeed the only book on the real working of that constitution, and one which has been eagerly welcomed in Germany and France as quite a new light on the true meaning of the British political system—shows that intellectually he would have preferred a conservative republic to a constitutional monarchy, if it had but had the same magic hold on the British people. He did not like the many unreal fictions of constitutional monarchy, nor did he esteem highly the prepossessions in which national fidelity to a hereditary dynasty is rooted. Nevertheless, he steadily maintained that mankind being what it is, the position of a constitutional monarch, if used by a wise and patient sovereign, is one of the most powerful, and one conferring power of the most

enviable kind, that exists in the world. He would have liked to be one.

Mr. Bagehot had a keen delight in following the methods of modern scientific investigation, and his remarkable book on "Physics and Politics" sufficiently shows how strong a hold Mr. Darwin's theories of the elimination of inefficient competitors in the struggle for life, and Sir Henry Maine's studies on the relation of ancient customs to law, had got of his mind. He held that the doctrine of evolution and natural selection gave a far higher conception of the Creator than the old doctrine of mechanical design, but, nevertheless, he never took the materialistic view of evolution. One of his early essays, written while at college, on some of the many points of the Kantian philosophy which he then loved to discuss, concluded with a remarkable sentence, which would probably have fairly expressed, even at the close of his life, his profound belief in God and his partial sympathy with the agnostic view that we are, in great measure, incapable of apprehending more than very dimly his mind or purposes: "Gazing after the infinite essence, we are like men watching through the drifting clouds for a glimpse of the true heavens on a drear November day; layer after layer passes from our view, but still the same immovable grey rack remains." Yet he held to the last that the religious instincts have their own significance and a significance with which scientific reasoning cannot and will not ultimately interfere; and the haunting sense which he often strongly expressed of the eternal continuity of personal life doubtless also remained with him to the end.

Not very many perhaps, outside Mr. Bagehot's own inner circle, will carry about with them that hidden pain, that burden of emptiness, inseparable from an image which has hitherto been one full of the suggestions of life and power when that life and power are no longer to be found,—for Mr. Bagehot was intimately known only to the few. But those who do, will hardly find again in this world a store of intellectual sympathy of so high a stamp, so wide in its range, and so full of original and fresh suggestion, a judgment to lean on so real and so sincere, or a friend so frank and constant, with so vivid and tenacious a memory for the happy associations of a common past, and so generous in recognizing the independent value of divergent convictions in the less pliant present.

From Temple Bar.

DERONDA'S MOTHER.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

CRITICS have been busy of late detecting prototypes. A temperate and thoughtful writer has recently alluded to the probable identity of the cultured visionary Mordecai in "Daniel Deronda" with the German Kohn, or Cohen, president of a philosophical club in Red Lion Square, at one time attended by Mr. G. H. Lewes, and fully described in the same novel; and a brilliant essayist more recently still discovers Benjamin Disraeli not merely in Vivian Grey himself, but in the ponderous and obtuse Lord Beaconsfield* of the premier's early book. The resemblance between Mr. Disraeli and Vivian Grey has been often urged, and probably with as much truth and in the same sense as Pelham may be said to have been Bulwer, Pendennis Thackeray, and David Copperfield Charles Dickens, inasmuch as an imaginative writer is keenly sensible of his own personality, and naturally endows some favorite character with more or less of it—especially when fiction takes an autobiographical form.

The conjunction of the two names, Disraeli and Deronda, belonging to the same nationality, reminds me that none of these ingenious critics seem to have looked for the germ of Leonora, Princess of Halm-Eberstein, born Charisi, in the mother of the chronicler of "The Calamities of Authors." Yet the points of similarity between the real Jewess as described by her grandson and the ideal Jewess as painted by George Eliot are remarkable enough to fill an inedited page of the "Curiosities of Literature."

The personal charms, the strong will, the fascination, the excitable temperament of genius tyrannizing over and indeed usurping the place of natural affection are as clearly indicated in the sketch of Mrs. Disraeli as they are in the study of Leonora Charisi. Even the first step which Leonora takes towards altering the destiny of her son had its precedent in the annals of our premier's family. When Deronda, indignant at the disguise which has been thrown around him, exclaims, "Then it is not my real name!" The princess replies indifferently:—

Oh, as real as another. The Jews have always been changing their names. My father's family had kept the name of Charisi; my hus-

* "Powerful, but a dolt." — See "Vivian Grey."

band was a Charisi. When I came out as a singer we made it Alcharisi. But there had been a branch of the family who called themselves Deronda, and when I wanted a name for you . . . I thought of Deronda.

In the "Life and Writings of Isaac Disraeli," by his son, we read:—

My grandfather, who became an English denizen in 1748, was an Italian descendant from one of those Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century. . . . His ancestors had dropped their Gothic surname on their settlement in the *terra firma*, and grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of DISRAELI, a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognized.

The revolt of Leonora, Princess Halm-Eberstein's proud, passionate nature against the restrictions and humiliations of her race may be illustrated by a few sentences taken from her confession to Deronda, not, however, strictly observing the order in which they are uttered:—

I was to be what is called "the Jewish woman" [she exclaims]: I was to feel everything I did not feel, and believe everything I did not believe. . . . I was to love the long prayers in the ugly synagogue, and the howling, and the gabbling, and the dreadful fasts, and the tiresome feasts, and my father's endless discoursing about Our People, which was a thunder without meaning in my ears. I was to care forever about what Israel had been, and I did not care at all. I cared for the wide world and all that I could represent in it. . . . I wanted to live a large life, with freedom to do what every one else did.

Might not such a speech as that have come from Mrs. Disraeli, thus described by her grandson?—

My grandmother, the beautiful daughter of a family who had suffered much from persecution, had imbibed that dislike for her race which the vain are too apt to adopt when they find that they are born to public contempt. The indignant feeling that should be reserved for the persecutor in the mortification of their disturbed sensibility, is too often visited on the victim. And the cause of annoyance is recognized, not in the ignorant malevolence of the powerful, but in the conscientious conviction of the innocent sufferer.

And not only in this comprehensive resentment against the humiliations and restrictions of their religion and their race, but in the peculiar warping and distortion given by this embittered feeling to

their personal character and their domestic relations, do the ideal and the real Jewess resemble each other. The very dislike to her son which in the fictitious character we are apt hastily to pronounce "unnatural" existed in the real one, and sprang from the same cause. The mother of Isaac Disraeli never pardoned her husband for his name.

So mortified by her social position was she [says her grandson] that she lived until eighty without indulging a tender expression; and did not recognize in her only offspring a being qualified to control or vanquish his impending fate. *His existence only served to swell the aggregate of many humiliating particulars. It was not to her a source of joy, or sympathy, or solace.* She foresaw for her child only a future of degradation.

I am not a loving woman [cries George Eliot's princess to her son]. It is a talent to love—I lacked it. Others have loved me, and I have acted their love. . . . Every woman is supposed to have the same set of motives or else to be a monster. I am not a monster, but I have not felt exactly what other women feel—or say they feel for fear of being thought unlike others. . . . *I did not wish you to be born.* I parted with you willingly. . . . When you reproach me in your heart for sending you away from me, you mean that I ought to say I felt about you as other women say they feel about their children. I did not feel that. I was glad to be freed from you. . . . The bondage I hated for myself I wanted to keep you from. What better could the most loving mother have done? I relieved you from the bondage of having been born a Jew.

Leonora Charisi, in George Eliot's novel, banishes her child finally and forever as she intends and believes in order to free him from the trammels of race and religion. Isaac Disraeli's parents sent the future scholar and author to Amsterdam for some years to rouse him from the dreamy abstraction during which he had produced a poem, and thereby filled both father and mother with terror as to his prospects in life.

When fate and the dread of approaching death prove too powerful even for the princess's strong self-will, and she at last summons her son to her presence in Genoa in order to reveal their relationship, he hurries to the interview in a mood of high-wrought emotion; love, wonder, perplexity, enthusiasm all aflame within him. The two interviews between mother and son are, on both sides, at the same abnormal pressure throughout—though some of Leonora's taunts are not unlike "the tart remark and the contemptuous comment" with which, says Mr. Disraeli,

his grandmother used frequently to "elicit all the irritability of the poetic idiosyncrasy." The Princess Leonora, however cold in her affections, is passionate enough in her disclosures and her unavailing wrath against destiny.

The tender yearning after a being whose life might have been the worse for not having his care and love, the image of a mother who had not had her dues whether of reverence or compassion, had long been secretly present with him in his observation of all the women he had come near. . . . When Deronda presented himself at the door of his mother's apartment in the *Italia* he felt some revival of his boyhood, with its premature agitations. . . . He had lived through so many ideal meetings with his mother, and they had seemed more real than this!

The princess gives her hand to her son, looking at him "examiningly." "Then she kissed him on each cheek, and he returned her kisses. But it was something like a greeting between royalties."

When the period of Isaac Disraeli's educational exile was at an end he prepared to rejoin his mother with feelings of sensitive tenderness, and was received by her with chilling scrutiny, the very foreshadowing of George Eliot's creations. But into the real interview that ludicrous element entered which so often blends with our strongest emotions. Instead of being shaken in her impassive dignity by involuntary admiration, and ejaculating, like the Princess Leonora of Halm-Eberstein, "You are a beautiful creature!" the first Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli was revolted by her son's appearance. Nor had the mental discipline imposed upon him cured his objectionable bent to poetry and sentiment. Isaac Disraeli, says his illustrious son, returned to England a disciple of Rousseau.

He had exercised his imagination during the voyage in idealizing the interview with his mother, which was to be conducted on both sides with sublime pathos. . . . He was prepared to throw himself on his mother's bosom, to bedew her hands with his tears, and to stop her own with his lips; but, when he entered, his strange appearance, his gaunt figure, his excited manner, his long hair, and his unfashionable costume only filled her with a sentiment of tender (?) aversion; she broke into derisive laughter, and noticing his intolerable garments, she reluctantly lent him her cheek.

With these words Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli disappears from her grandson's pages. But we have seen enough of her to be justified in concluding either that his

vigorous outline, enlarged and filled up, shaded here and heightened in color there, to the uses of the story by the transcendent genius of George Eliot, supplied the original of Leonora Charisi, Princess Halm-Eberstein; or that such striking coincidences of feeling and situation suppose in the novelist a marvellous intuition of the possibilities of Jewish character.

From Nature.

DR. SCHLIEMANN ON MYCENÆ.

LAST Thursday night will be always regarded as a memorable one in the history of the Society of Antiquaries, when Dr. Schliemann described to an unusually distinguished audience his own and his wife's explorations on the site of the Acropolis of ancient Mycenæ. Taking as his clue the well-known passage in which Pausanias (A.D. 176) speaks of the ruins and traditions of the famous Greek city, Dr. Schliemann was led to the belief that his scholarly predecessors had mistaken its drift. The passage in Pausanias runs thus:—

"Among other remains of the wall is the gate, on which stand lions. They (the wall and the gate) are said to be the work of the Cyclopes, who built the wall for Pætus in Tiryns. In the ruins of Mycenæ is the fountain called Perseia, and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they stored their treasures. There is a sepulchre of Atreus, with the tombs of Agamemnon's companions, who on their return from Ilium were killed at dinner by Ægisthus. The identity of the sepulchre of Cassandra is called in question by the Lacedæmonians of Amyklæ. There is the tomb of Agamemnon and that of his charioteer Eurymedon. Teledamos and Pelops were deposited in the same sepulchre, for it is said that Cassandra bore these twins, and that, when still little babies, they were slaughtered by Ægisthus, together with their parent. Hellanikos (B.C. 495-411) writes that Pylades, who was married to Electra by the consent of Orestes, had by her two sons, Medon and Strophios. Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were buried at a little distance from the wall, because they were thought unworthy to have their tombs inside of it, where Agamemnon reposed, and those who were slain with him."

Previous explorers had searched in vain for any of the relics here referred to, because they searched in the wrong place, mistaking the wall spoken of for that of

the city, whereas Dr. Schliemann's instinct led him to infer that Agamemnon and his companions were buried within the wall of the citadel. Following this clue he began three years ago to sink many shafts in different parts of the Acropolis, and met with such encouraging results near the Lions' Gate mentioned by Pausanias that he devoted his main attention to diggings in this quarter. There were, however, so many hindrances, that it was only in last July he was able to carry out his plans.

In the Acropolis Dr. Schliemann had entirely cleared the famous Lions' Gate, which he went on to describe, discussing also the old question of the symbolism of the lions surmounting the gateway, and of the altar surmounted by a column, on either side of which rest the fore paws of one of the two lions. One theory was that the column related to the solar worship of the Persians, another that the altar is a fire altar, guarded by the lions; a third that we have here a representation of Apollo Agyieus. Dr. Schliemann himself was of this last opinion, which, he thought, was borne out by the Phrygian descent of the Pelopidæ. The lion-cult of the Phrygians was well known. Besides, among the jewels found in the tombs, and especially in the first tomb, this religious lion-symbolism reappeared. On two of the *repoussé* gold plates there found was seen a lion sacrificing a stag to Hera Βοώπις, who was represented by a large cow's head, with open jaws, just in the act of devouring the sacrifice. On entering the Lions' Gate were seemingly the ancient dwellings of the doorkeepers, of whom some account was given. Further on, as at Troy, was quadrangular Cyclopean masonry, marking the site of a second gate of wood. Still further on were two small Cyclopean water-conduits; to the right of the entrance passage were two Cyclopean cisterns. A little further on came to light that large double parallel circle of closely-jointed, slanting slabs, which has become so famous during the last three months. Only about one-half of it rests on the rock, the other half rests on a twelve-feet-high Cyclopean wall, which has been expressly built to support it in the lower part of the Acropolis. The double circle had been originally covered with cross slabs, of which six are still *in situ*. Inside the double slabs was, first, a layer of stones for the purpose of holding the slabs in their position. The remaining space was filled up with pure earth mixed with long thin cockles, in the places where the original covering remains in

its position, or with *débris* of houses mixed with countless fragments of archaic pottery wherever the covering was missing. This circumstance could leave no doubt that the cross slabs were removed long before the capture of Mycenæ by the Argives (B.C. 468). The entrance to the double circle was from the north side. In the western half of the circle Dr. Schliemann discovered three rows of tomb stelæ, nine in all, made of calcareous stone. All stood upright; four only which faced the west had sculptures in relief. One stelè, precisely that beneath which was found the body with the golden plates representing the lion sacrificing the stag to Hera Βοώπις, represents a hunting scene. The two next sculptured sepulchral slabs represent each a battle scene. The Mycenæ slabs, Dr. Schliemann said, were unique of their kind. The manner in which they fill up the spaces not covered by men and animals with a variety of beautiful spiral ornaments reminds us of the principles of the painting on the so-called Orientalizing vases. But in the Mycenæan sculptures nowhere do we see a representation of plants so characteristic of ancient Greek ornamentation of this class. The whole is rather linear ornamentation, representing the forms of the bas-relief. Hereby we have an interesting reference to the epoch in Greek art preceding the time when that art was determined by Oriental influences, an epoch which may approximately be said to reach far back into the Second Millennium (B.C.).

Here then in the Acropolis of Mycenæ are tombs which are no myth, but an evident reality. Who were these great personages entombed here, and what were the services rendered by them to Mycenæ which deserved such splendid funereal honors? It was argued at length that the inhabitants of these tombs could be none other than the very persons spoken of in the extract Dr. Schliemann had cited at the outset from Pausanias. Dr. Schliemann then proceeded to state the details of what he had found below the ruins of the Hellenic city. He spoke of the vast masses of splendidly archaic vases. Iron, he remarked, was found in the upper Hellenic city only, and no trace of it in the prehistoric strata. Glass was found now and then in the shape of white beads. Opal glass also occurred as beads or small ornaments. Sometimes wood was found in a perfect state of preservation, as in the board of a box (*νάρθηξ*), on which were carved in bas-relief beautiful spirals. Rock-crystal was frequent, for beads and

also for vases. There were also beads of amethyst, onyx, agate, serpentine, and the like precious stones, with splendid intaglio ornamentation representing men or animals. When towards the middle of November he wished to close the excavations, Dr. Schliemann excavated the spots marked by the sepulchral slabs, and found below all of them immense rock-cut tombs, as well as other seemingly much older tombstones, and another very large sepulchre from which the tombstones had disappeared. These tombs and the treasures they contained, consisting of masses of jewels, golden diadems, crowns with foliage, large stars of leaves, girdles, shoulder-belts, breast-plates, etc., were described in detail. He argued that as one hundred goldsmiths would need years to prepare such a mass of jewels, there must have been goldsmiths in Mycenæ from whom such jewels could have been bought ready-made. He spoke of the necklaces, too, and of the golden mask taken from one of the bodies, which must evidently be a portraiture of the deceased. Dr. Schliemann then proceeded to show that in a remote antiquity it was either the custom, or, at least, that it was nothing unusual that living persons wore masks. That also immortal gods wore masks was proved by the bust of Pallas Athenè, of which one copy was in the British Museum and two in Athens. It was also represented on the Corinthian medals. The treasures of Mycenæ did not contain an object which represented a trace of Oriental or Egyptian influences, and they proved, therefore, that ages before the epoch of Pericles there existed here a flourishing school of domestic artists, the formation and development of which must have occupied a great number of centuries. They further proved that Homer had lived in Mycenæ's golden age, and at or near the time of the tragic event by which the inmates of the five sepulchres lost their lives, because shortly after that event Mycenæ sank by a sudden political catastrophe to the condition of a poor powerless provincial town, from which it had never again emerged. They had the certainty that Mycenæ's flourishing school of art disappeared, together with its wealth; but its artistical genius survived the destruction, and when, in later centuries, circumstances became again favorable for its development, it lifted a second time its head to the heavens.

No doubt Dr. Schliemann's theories will be subjected to much criticism when the full details and drawings appear in his

forthcoming work. Of the value of the discoveries themselves there can be but one opinion. Those alone which have been made in the Acropolis of what many have been inclined hitherto to regard as a half mythical city are of themselves sufficient to entitle him to an important place in the field of scientific research. Both to the historian and ethnologist his researches must prove of the greatest value, and all who have been stirred with the recital of the deeds of the Homeric heroes will rejoice to have henceforth reasonable external evidence for regarding them as something more than myths.

From The Academy.

SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELLA.

NOT more than seven days' journey from London by way of Paris, Bordeaux, and thence by one of the Pacific Company's magnificent steamships to Coruña, stands, on its mountainous site, the to Englishmen little-known city of Santiago de Compostella, the Rome, or the Jerusalem, of Spain. Take it all in all, Santiago is one of the most curious and strikingly situated cities I have ever seen. Like Siena, it is tumbled about upon lofty hills, but instead of being surrounded by the rich fields of fertile Tuscany, it is hemmed in by bare rolling moors covered with brown heather and russet ferns, from which, now and then, protrude huge boulders of dark grey granite. Like the Jerusalem that now is, Santiago is a holy city and nothing else, and as it owed its original existence to the possession of the relics of St. James, so it continues to exist now solely by the vast but now impoverished ecclesiastical establishments which grew up around them. Nothing but its being a vast reliquary can account for its being what it is. No commerce-laden river flows near it, there is no fertility of soil, no charm of position. From the midst of wild, wind-swept moors, dark, damp, and dreary, like those of Cornwall or Dartmoor, its vast grey-granite towers and pinnacles rise up in solitary grandeur, and its deep-toned, ever-speaking bells, heavy with the reminiscences of the past, sound forth over a howling wilderness which reaches to the very walls. Though the granite, especially in wet weather — and there is much rain at Santiago — is of too dark a tint for perfection of color, yet nothing can be more striking than the view of the huge cathedral and surrounding palaces and

convents, when seen from the environs. Perched high up upon mountains, the hills nevertheless stand round about Santiago even as they stand round about Jerusalem. Amid its wild, heathery moors, the very *rococo* richness of the over-ornamented exterior of the cathedral, wrought as it all is in granite, does from its utter incongruity and unexpectedness add to, rather than diminish from, the general striking effect of the whole. We pardon the rudeness of the carving of a capital or doorway in a small parish church in Cornwall on account of the difficulty of the material employed. Yet, here we have a granite cathedral of the first class with carvings executed to a nicety, and in quantity absolutely superabundant. The great church stands on the steep sides of a hill, and the ground below it slopes down to a small brooklet, on the further side of which the wild moorland begins at once. Its main features consist of a nave, transepts, and choir proper, with radiating chapels around it, all in the round-arched, or what we should call the enriched Norman, style of architecture. In the nave and transepts there are simple round arches with a lofty clerestory without windows above, and a simple vaulted barred roof. The work of these portions is all original, but the effect of the clerestory is spoiled by an ugly late wooden gallery with balustrades. The *coro*, as is almost always the case in Spanish cathedrals, extends across the transepts and occupies several bays of the nave—a plan which may be seen at Norwich. It is fitted up with stall-work of richly-carved dark wood, and has two overgorgeously decorated organs, one on either side. The choir proper has its originally simple arches overlaid and encrusted with additions of barbaric richness, but the general effect of the profuse gilding, the precious marbles, the exquisite brass screens and pulpits, and the candlesticks of solid silver, is magnificent in the extreme. Over the high altar is a huge painted image of the patron saint, St. James, said to have been carved in the twelfth century. In the nave are numerous confessionals like those in St. Peter's at Rome, which so much affected the Puritan-bred novelist Hawthorne, with inscriptions in different languages inviting pilgrims of different nations—"Pro lingua Gallicâ," "Pro lingua Hungaricâ," and the like. The greatest glory, however, of the church, which alone would render it worth while to undertake a journey to Santiago, is the wonderful series of three portals called, and rightly, *La Gloria*,

of which a cast exists in the South Kensington Museum. Scarcely a nobler entrance can be found in the world. It was executed in the thirteenth century by one Maestro Mateo. The material is granite, the work marvellously fine. Over the central door is a large figure of the Saviour with angels, saints, and prophets, and the side pillars rest on grotesque heads of great power and expression. The aureole around the Saviour's head is gemmed with large crystals. The sculptures around the right-hand doorway represent the blessed in charge of serene angels, and the wicked tormented by fiends. One big devil, who is biting off the heads of two of the wicked at once, is a marvel of force and expression. This extraordinary portal originally opened to the outer air, but it is now enclosed within a Renaissance front—a piece of barbarism which at any rate preserves the better and earlier work from decay. Much of the ancient color is still left upon the figures and interlacing ornaments, and adds greatly to their effect. The only other ancient front, which opens into a small *plaza* at the entrance of the Rua de Villar, with its two tiers of windows and enriched window-arches, bears a very striking general resemblance to the entrance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. To the left of this front is the noble cloister, of late date indeed, but Gothic in feeling, and to the right rises the huge bell-tower. The bells of Santiago are very musical, and have that depth and richness of tone which is characteristic of the south of Europe, where the bells differ as much from those of the north as the climate does from that of England. The "ting-tang" of a cheap modern church is an impossibility in the south.

From The Athenæum.

MR. COWDEN CLARKE.

AT the patriarchal age of nearly ninety, there died on Tuesday, the 13th of March, in the Villa Novello, at Genoa, almost the very last of the intimate friends of Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt—one to whom Lamb was Charles and Leigh Hunt Leontius. Himself an accomplished man of letters, Charles Cowden Clarke was the cherished associate of wits, poets, critics, and essayists, with whose writings his own could never for an instant be brought into comparison. He was born as long ago as 1787, in the village of Enfield. His inter-

course with Elia and his companions helped to confirm him in his natural leaning towards literature. Yet the very earliest publication of his in book-form with which we are acquainted is a little duodecimo tale, called "Adam the Gardener," printed in 1824, its writer having then attained the mature age of thirty-seven. The year afterwards he issued, in 1825, with notes and a memoir, a new edition of Chaucer. For twenty years together he enjoyed a wide popularity as a lecturer upon English poets and writers of poetic prose. The most important event in his life befel him in 1828, when he was already forty-one years of age. This was his marriage with Mary, the eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, his bride being no more than nineteen. For nearly half a century the names of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke have been as intimately associated in the literary world as have been those of William and Mary Howitt. Husband and wife at frequent intervals during the last forty-nine years have appeared as *collaborateurs* upon many a title-page. Their labors have been so interwoven, that it is impossible to speak of one without reference to the other. Even when either has published a work separately, it has been difficult to disassociate from that book the one who ostensibly had nothing whatever to do with it. Cheered—there can be no doubt of this—by her husband's encouragement, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, within a period of sixteen years, beginning about a twelvemonth after the date of her marriage, contrived between 1829 and 1845, when the now famous "Concordance" was published, to perfect her wonderfully minute analysis of the works of Shakespeare. Gleams have been caught every now and then, from books with which the husband had doubtless nothing whatever to do, of the brightness of the humor gladdening his hearth during more than half his lifetime,—as, for example, in 1848, through the adventures of "Kit Bam, Mariner;" or in 1854, through the novel of "The Iron Cousin;" or again in 1856, through the wild and freakish fun of "The Song of Drop o' Wather, by Harry Wandworth Shortfellow." Among the works avowedly produced together by husband and wife, two demand especial commemoration: first, a birthday book, published by them in 1847, called "Many Happy Returns of the Day," and secondly, in 1869, a new and elaborately annotated edition of the plays of Shakespeare. Mr. Cowden Clarke's own independent labors as a man of letters may be only too easily

enumerated. Not one among them was in any way ambitious in its character, and when massed together they fail to be voluminous. Having edited the works of Chaucer, as already mentioned, in 1825, he eight years afterwards brought out "Tales from Chaucer." During the same year, 1833, he produced a graceful little volume, reprinted in 1840, called "Nyren's Cricketer's Guide." In 1828 he published "Readings in Natural Philosophy." Besides lecturing on the poets of Great Britain, Cowden Clarke passed through the press new editions of several among them, interspersed with notes, and frequently preceded by a compact biography. In this way he paid his tribute, in 1863, to George Herbert; in 1868 to Thomson; in 1871 to Cowper; in 1872 to Pope; and in the same year also, and in the same way, to Burns. As evidence that he himself could poetize, he brought out, in 1859, a collection of pieces in verse, modestly entitled "*Carmina Minima*." In 1835 he published a book, afterwards reissued in 1870, called the "Riches of Chaucer." As companion volumes, he published at Edinburgh, in 1863, his book of "Shakespeare Characters," chiefly, by the way, the minor or subordinate characters; and in 1865, also in Edinburgh, his book of "Molière Characters." When we have mentioned his series of essays published in 1871 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on the comic writers of England, we have run through the slender catalogue of the writings of this gentle and equable man of letters, our chief interest in whom arises from the fact of his intimate association fifty years ago with Elia and his contemporaries; and who, advancing along the even tenor of his way, survived them all until he was a nonogenarian.

From The Academy.

ROTATORY MAGNETIC POLARIZATION.

IN 1845 Faraday discovered that a powerful magnet exercises an action on many substances placed between its poles, such that if a ray of plane-polarized light traverses them in the direction of the line of the poles, the plane of polarization is deflected through a certain angle. The direction of displacement—according to the further experiments of Verdet—depends upon whether the medium between the poles is a diamagnetic or a paramagnetic substance. M. Henri Becquerel has lately presented to the French Academy an im-

portant memoir in which he endeavors to find some relation between the rotatory magnetic polarization of a substance and its refractive index, and has with this object investigated the optical properties of a great number of substances of high refracting power which have never before been examined from this point of view. It appears from the numbers given that the rotatory magnetic polarization increases with the refractive index, but much more rapidly than in a simple ratio. With respect to solutions of salts it appears that the rotation increases with the concentration, and, moreover, that anomalous rotatory dispersion is accompanied by negative magnetic rotation. In connection with this subject we may mention some observations which have been made by Mr. G. F. Fitzgerald, on the subject of Dr. Kerr's experiment. It will be remembered that at the last meeting of the British Association Dr. Kerr announced the discovery that the plane of polarization of a ray of light reflected from the polished pole of a magnet is rotated. Mr. Fitzgerald (Proc. Royal Soc., xxv. 441) offers an explanation of this remarkable fact by reference to the action of a diamagnetic transparent substance in a powerful magnetic field on a ray of plane-polarized light passing through it. The plane-polarized ray may be regarded as the resultant of two circularly-polarized rays, one right and the other left handed, the former of which has a higher refractive index for the medium than the latter, if the rotation is towards the right, and a less, if the rotation is towards the left. Applying this consideration to the case of reflection of a polarized ray from the reflecting surface of a south magnetic pole, Mr. Fitzgerald arrives at the conclusion that the reflected beam is elliptically polarized, the major axis of the ellipse making a small angle to the right of the plane of incidence. This theoretical result was confirmed by a direct experiment, and appeared also to be in harmony with Dr. Kerr's experiments. We understand that Dr. Kerr has obtained some further results in addition to those which he communicated to the British Association. We shall be glad when these are published, so that we may see their bearing on Mr. Fitzgerald's conclusions.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

AUSTRALIAN PEARL-FISHING.

SOMERSET HARBOR, the first Australian port of call, we entered in the midst of a tropical storm that made the little pearl-shelling vessels rock like paper boats. We remained long enough to learn something of this same pearl-fishery. One informant proved that it was a most thriving business, and deplored that, by some astonishing oversight, the Queenslanders allow the entire profit of the enterprise to go to another colony. Nearly the whole of the boats hail from Sydney, some of whose merchants are making rapid fortunes out of the trade, upon which, added my complainant, there was no tax; not even a boat-license, he said, was imposed by the government of Queensland. The vessels engaged in the business are smart little fore-and-aft schooners, and last year there was taken from the port of Somerset not less than two hundred tons of pearl-shells, the selling price of which would be about £200 per ton. One firm in Sydney received seventy-two tons, and I heard of one Birmingham house that had already brought £30,000 worth of the material. As is the case with many other important industries by which large fortunes are made in a short time, the pearl-shelling capabilities of Queensland were discovered by accident. The hardy seamen and native divers engaged in the *bêche de mer* trade, about four years ago, brought up an occasional pearl oyster, and as the matter was talked about in the straits it was remembered that the blacks along the coast were in the habit of wearing crescent-shaped pearl-shell ornaments about their necks. The industry was then organized, and with the most gratifying pecuniary results. The pearl oyster averages from seven to nine inches in diameter, and the inside is lined with a beautiful coat of the mother-of-pearl from which buttons and other articles are made. At Somerset I was presented with a pair that, mounted, make capital card-trays, being fully eight inches across. The people engaged in pearl-diving seem to be a very miscellaneous set. The white men are mostly big, rough-bearded fellows, who would not thank you for inquiring too closely into their antecedents, and who adopt a remarkably "conciliating" way of dealing with their colored assistants. Very often in Australia you hear that the blacks of a certain district have been conciliated — that is to say, knocked down or shot. But it is only a very few aborigines

who work at the pearl-fishery, or indeed any other steady pursuit. When the coasting steamers pass between the mainland and one of the more southern islands off the Queensland coast, the passengers are sometimes puzzled to account for the black balls bobbing up and down on the waves. The explanation is that they are natives swimming off from the island to board the boat, and beg a passage to one of these northern ports. Three or four may contrive to catch the rope that is thrown astern; the remainder return to

shore, swimming, as before, the entire distance of four or five miles. Some of the fortunate ones are amongst the aborigines to be found in Torres Straits with the pearl-fishers. The South Sea Islanders, however, or Kanakas, as it is the fashion to call them, make the best divers. In some of the boats may be found natives of the islands around New Guinea; gentlemen who, if report does not belie them, are not, at their own domestic hearths, insensible of the attractions of nicely-cooked human flesh.

THE ANATOMY OF THE GORILLA. — Dr. H. Bolau, director of the Zoological Gardens at Hamburg; has recently had the fortunate opportunity of dissecting three gorillas preserved in spirit, with the viscera intact. His results are just published in the "*Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete der Naturwissenschaften*," and they add much to our zoological information. The brain is figured by photography from three aspects, Dr. Ad. Pausch describing the convolutions. In all the specimens the liver exhibited the lateral fissures or incisions which are not found in man, the orang, the chimpanzee, or the gibbon, but in all the lower monkeys. This agrees with the descriptions given by Professors Huxley and Flower of the specimen in the museum of the College of Surgeons; and serves to separate off the gorilla from the rest of the anthropoid apes. The caudate lobe is minute, and the spigelian lobelet of fair size. As in man only among the primates, valvulæ conniventes, the transverse folds of the mucous membrane of the small intestine, so large in the Sumatran rhinoceros, are present, although they are not large. We hope to be able to enter more fully into the results arrived at by Dr. Bolau next week.

Nature.

A PROPOSAL to reduce the week from seven days to five, and, further, to rename the days, comes to us from Australia. Mr. H. K. Rusden, the author of this scheme, enunciates his view in a paper on the week in the last volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria, where he expresses the opinion that while reducing the number of the days in the week it would be a good opportunity to discard the present pagan names, and to substitute Oneday, Twoday, Threeday, and Four-day for them — Sunday to be called Goodday. The author is very sanguine as to the success of his proposal, and answers the plea of impracticability with the remark that "the week itself was actually altered by the Romans, Greeks, and many other peoples; and, in fact,

as there is no record of any attempt to alter the week having ever failed, the allegation of impracticability is so far proved to be utterly baseless."

Academy.

BURIED.

WE stand upon the churchyard sod and gaze
Into the grave of our beloved dead;
We hear the solemn words of prayer and
praise;

We mark the yew-trees waving overhead;
We see the sunshine flicker on the grass —
The green grass of the graves — and daisies
white;

Adown the lane the village children pass,
And shyly pause to watch the holy rite.
Deep in the earth upon the coffin-lid,
Lies the last gift despairing love could
make,

White, scented blossoms, that must soon be
hid

With all we loved, from eyes and hearts
that ache.

Love, strong as life, was powerless to save;
We can but strew fresh flowers upon the
grave.

Yet in this grave, tear-moistened and new-
made,

Where we must leave the happiness of years,
May not a worthier sacrifice be laid
Than even our fairest flowers or wildest
tears?

If we should bury with the pure white bloom,
A cherished folly or a secret sin,
It might make holier the silent tomb,

Deepen the peace the dead lies folded in.
Oh, mute, cold grave! that doth receive our
lost,

And with our lost the offerings of our love,
Take these things also; we do count the cost,
And God in heaven doth, looking down,
approve.

Sleep, darling, sleep; pray God *that* dies with
thee

Which might have parted us eternally!

All The Year Round.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SONGS.

FROM H. HEINE'S "BUCH DER LIEDER."

I.

WARM summer dwells upon thy cheeks
And in thy dancing eyes ;
But in thy little heart, fair child,
Cold, frosty winter lies.

Yet these, I think, as years grow on,
Will play a different part ;
Then, winter on thy cheeks shall be,
And summer in thy heart.

II.

HAST thou forgotten, quite forgotten, dear,
That I possessed thy heart for many a year ?
Thy little heart, so small, so false, so sweet,
Sweetest and falsest heart that ever beat.

The love and pain hast thou forgotten, dear,
That weighed upon my heart for many a year ;
I know not which was greater of the twain,
Only that they were great, both love and pain.

III.

I LONGED to linger, resting
Beside you, free from care ;
But you ran off, protesting
You had no time to spare.

I vowed my soul should never
Know other queen but you ;
You only laughed, however,
And dropped a curtsy, too.

All day you sorely tried me ;
And, not content with this,
You cruelly denied me
Even a farewell kiss.

But if you will not soften,
I shall survive it still ;
I've been through this so often,
Sweet — and it does not kill.

Examiner.

AN APRIL PICTURE.

A BLACK-WALLED barn, with roof of sombre
red ;

Within, a dusty, sunlit granary-floor ;
On either side a widely opened door
Let in broad sunlight on the thrasher's head,
And showed the cattle 'neath a neighb'ring
shed.

Beyond the sunshine, piled in golden store,
Lay the clean grain ; while ever more and
more
The empty straw, and the bright heap it made,
O'ertopped the well-stacked sheaves of
heavy wheat

That in the sunlight close beside our feet
Lay ready to the thrasher's busy hand,
Who in the midst with wilful-falling flail
Beat a slow music they could understand
To lazy barn-fowls seated on the rail.

Spectator.

E. C. T.

A PANCAKE-MAKER, — IN PARIS.

UNDER an archway he stands, — every day he
is there,
The little old pancake-man, with his tins and
his cooking-ware ;
Tossing his batter aloft, as he brays out many
a yarn
Concerning the making of *crêpes*, which he
designates *à la MacMahon*.

"First, there are eggs to be sifted, — the
country's best silver and gold ;
Next for some flummery mixture, or else the
matter won't hold ;
Stir it about with sugar, then pop it into the
pan,
And out comes a *crêpe* for the marshal — or —
any popular man."

The people around him laugh, — "There's
wisdom in that !" they cry ;
For had not old Antoine seen the violets
bloom and die ?

The lilies, too, — yet there, still there, with
his "*voix d'âne*,"

He praises now, and tosses his *crêpes*, — *à la*
MacMahon !

Spectator.

H. A. DUFF.

Rue St. Honoré, March 5, 1877.

IN ABSENCE.

GOD keep you, dearest, all this lonely night.
The winds are still,
The moon drops down behind the western hill.
God keep you safely, dearest, till the light !

God keep you still, when slumber melts away,
For care and strife
Take up new arms to fret our waking life.
God keep you through the battle of the day !

God keep you ! Nay, beloved soul, how vain,
How poor is prayer !

I can but say again, and yet again,
God keep you every time and everywhere !

Evening Post.

M. A. DE V.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

THE primrose-head is bowed with tears,
The wood is rippling through with rain,
Though now the heaven once more appears,
And beams the bounteous sun again.
From every blade and blossom-cup
The earth sends thankful incense up.

O happy hearts of flower and field,
That, soon as grief be overpast,
Your fragrant thankfulness can yield
For troubled skies and rainfull blast !
I would that I as soon could see
The blessings of adversity !

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The British Quarterly Review.
ACROSS AFRICA.*

THE record of African travel has a personal interest to almost every class of educated readers: to the lover of adventure, it is the story of adventures wild beyond even the wildest of dreams; to the sportsman, it tells of the biggest of big game; to the geographer, it is an onward step towards the solution of one of the great geographical problems of the day; to the merchant or trader, to the geologist, botanist, or zoologist, it equally tells of new fields for the exercise of commerce, of industry, or of science; and to those who more especially recognize that "the proper study of mankind is man," it offers the newest of novelties—it brings to the knowledge of the anthropologist customs yet unheard of, and soon again, we may hope, to be heard of no longer; or marshals before the missionary countless hordes as yet ignorant of the sacred name.

Appealing thus to so many distinct interests, it is not to be wondered at that the occasional short notices of Lieutenant Cameron's remarkable journey across Africa have been eagerly seized on; that crowds have everywhere gathered to hear Commander Cameron tell his own story in the fewest of words; and that the book, whose title stands at the head of this article, has been demanded at all the libraries for many months before its publication. Could it by any possibility have come out on the day that Mr. Cameron landed in England, it would have had a success such as perhaps no book has had for many years. Now that it appears, after the lapse of a considerable interval, it has been in a measure forestalled; so much of its subject-matter has been made public in other ways, that it may almost run a risk of falling dead in the literary market. And the more so, as it has been published just as Parliament opens on a time of intense political excitement, and without having any particular claim, from a literary or artistic point of view, to the attention of the more æsthetic part of the public. It would be a pity if such should

be the case; for the book, though carelessly, or perhaps we should rather say clumsily, put together, has a very real and permanent interest, as the genuine story of difficult and dangerous exploration; and it will, of necessity, continue for many years to be the text-book for the geography and anthropology of south tropical Africa.

It is, we may suppose, within the recollection of our readers that Mr. Cameron was appointed by the Royal Geographical Society to the command of an expedition which should enter Africa from Zanzibar; should look for and join Dr. Livingstone—supposed then to be somewhere to the west of Lake Tanganyika—and, under his orders, should continue the exploration of central Africa, "for the purpose of supplementing his great discoveries." Joined with Mr. Cameron, was his old messmate, Dr. Dillon, a surgeon in the navy; and the two left England on the 30th of November, 1872. At Zanzibar, or at Bagamoyo on the mainland opposite, they were joined by Mr. Murphy, a lieutenant of artillery, and afterwards by Mr. Robert Moffat, a nephew of Dr. Livingstone, who, on hearing of the expedition, had sold his sugar plantation at Natal, and was now eager to devote himself and the whole of his little fortune to the cause of African exploration. His devotion was indeed to the death: he died of fever, at Simbo, within a few weeks after the beginning of the journey.

From the time of their arrival at Zanzibar it was some two months before the stores were all ready, and a sufficient number of men enlisted to carry them; and after the many and usual vexatious delays, the expedition made its final start from Kikoka on the 28th of March, 1873.

We may pass lightly over the earlier part of Mr. Cameron's journey, through a country which the travels of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Stanley have made almost classical: it is now well mapped along the different routes, and is, or may be, familiar to every student of geography. The expedition arrived at Unyanyembe on the 2nd of August, without further hindrance than that commonly experienced from the laziness or dishonesty of the

* *Across Africa*. By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy. Two Vols. London. 1877.

pagazi, or porters, the only system of carriage yet devised in this roadless and rugged country.

The question of portage is, beyond doubt, next to the want of coinage, the great obstacle in the way of African travel; and until some substitute can be found for the idle, cowardly, thievish scoundrels picked up at Zanzibar or near the coast, whether this substitute is the horse, the honest, hard-working, and faithful donkey, the bullock, useful in life, useful also in death, or even a locomotive engine on a line of railway, travelling will continue to be slow and costly, and remunerative traffic quite impossible. We will not doubt that some improvement will soon be made. The London Missionary Society has, we believe, determined to establish a station at Mpwapwa, half-way to Unyanyembe; and one of their missionaries, the Rev. Roger Price, by taking a more northerly route from Sidani, and so avoiding the Makata swamp, succeeded last July in reaching that place, with four oxen and a donkey, all in good health, and in bringing them back again to the coast. This must of itself tend to settle the difficulty, which, once conquered, will probably disappear. There seems no reason why others should not do easily what Mr. Price has shown them how to do; the London Missionary Society means to make the attempt on a large scale, intending, if success crowns its efforts, to push on to Ujiji; and there is, we understand, a remote possibility that the sultan of Zanzibar may see it advantageous to his government to carry a caravan road through from Bagamoyo, or more probably from Sidani.

Taborah, the chief town or settlement of Unyanyembe, has been from time immemorial a centre of inland traffic. It is a point to which all caravans come, and from which they diverge, whether to the north, south, or west, to carry on their trade in slaves or ivory with distant tribes. It is now held by a detachment of Balooch and Arab troops, in the pay of the sultan of Zanzibar, and is the home of a considerable number of Arab settlers, who live there in comfort and Oriental luxury, untroubled even by the social want of which we, in England, hear so much — the want

of good cooks, for the best is to be bought for two hundred dollars. The trade is, however, by no means exclusively in the hands of the Arabs: the natives take their share in it with eagerness and remarkable industry, being, according to Speke, the only people of Africa who have shown any commercial aptitude.

Some years previous to Cameron's visit this industrious community had been drawn by some peculiarly "smart" trick on the part of one of their number, into a savage war with a neighboring chief, Mirambo, who had indeed — if Cameron's information was correct — been foully swindled in the first instance; though Mr. Stanley has taken a different view of the affair: but, as matter of fact, the disturbed state of the country, added to continually recurring attacks of fever, detained Cameron and his companions there for some weeks; and he was still there on the 20th of October, when, as he lay in bed prostrate from fever, his servant came running in with a letter. It was from Jacob Wainwright, Livingstone's attendant, and contained the melancholy news of Livingstone's death.

It is no part of our present purpose to speak of the character or labors of David Livingstone; they are known wherever the English tongue extends, wherever African geography or exploration has any interest, and they have been very fully noticed in two recent numbers of this review.*

The effect of this news on the expedition was, however, important. The expedition had been fitted out, primarily, to relieve and assist Livingstone; and now that he was dead, and the party bearing his body to the coast was on the way to Taborah, its special work seemed to be prematurely ended. Murphy accordingly announced his intention of returning. Dillon and Cameron, on the contrary, determined to go on, at least to Ujiji, to secure Livingstone's remaining effects; and then, if possible, to push westward and follow up his explorations. Unhappily, Dillon fell sick a few days before the time fixed for their start, and was compelled to give up the idea. Murphy offered to go

* *British Quarterly Review*, Nos. 118 and 112.

on with Cameron, but the everlasting difficulty about *pagazi* — porters, beasts of burden — determined him to decline the offer. He resolved to go on alone; and from this time the story of the expedition is simply the story of Cameron's adventure — of what he suffered, what he endured, and, let us not forget it, what he did.

On the 9th of November, Livingstone's caravan, with Dillon and Murphy, started for the coast, and Cameron on his westward route. The parting was a solemn one, for Dillon was very ill, and Cameron far from well. He was, he tells us, nearly blind from ophthalmia, and very weak from the fever which was still hanging about, and had reduced him to a mere skeleton: his weight on leaving Taborah was only seven stone four. It seemed more than probable that the two friends then separating would meet no more in life, and this probability was in fact fulfilled; for on the 18th, Dillon, who was suffering from the complicated effects of dysentery and fever, being left alone, in an access of delirium shot himself through the head.

Diplomatic difficulties and the caprice of his mob of *pagazi* compelled Cameron from this point to make a considerable bend to the southward, and to follow a route midway between the direct line taken by Burton, and the still more devious track which had been forced on Stanley. This was, in reality, fortunate, as it opened out to him a district till then unexplored, and thus threw new light on the river system which feeds Tanganyika on the east. The country, at a high level (thirty-eight hundred feet), was for the most part flat, though here and there undulating and of a park-like beauty, in which "clumps of magnificent trees were grouped with an effect that could not have been surpassed had they been arranged by the art of the landscape gardener." Owing to this prevailing flatness, the rivers during the wet season spread to a great width. The South Ngombé, one of the southern affluents of the Malagarazi, spreads, in time of flood, "about three miles on either side," giving thus to a minor tributary a total width of six miles.

Passing through Ugara, he was heavily

mulcted in *mhongo*, or toll. But that being paid, the natives were friendly enough, and supplied him with guides, one of whom was the proud possessor of an umbrella, under the shade of which he strutted in a condition of pristine nudity. Throughout, the country was beautiful, apparently fertile to an exuberant degree; the climate, too, does not appear to be bad; and the rain, though at times extremely heavy, is so only in sharp and short bursts, with occasional storms of thunder and lightning: even during the rainy season it is not excessive. Colonel Grant has estimated the annual rainfall at Unyanyembe and northwards at about thirty-four inches, or three-fourths of what it is at Plymouth; and, without any measurements, that of Ugara would appear to be about the same.

But the country, notwithstanding its great natural advantages, is desolate. A state of war is perpetual, and is kept up as a matter of interest by slave-drivers, with whom commercial success means — plundering a village. Travelling through a land in this ingrained state of anarchy is necessarily difficult, and so Cameron found it. Belonging to no party, he was suspected by all. His intentions were peaceful, but that the natives could neither believe nor understand: they attributed his moderation to weakness, and their demands for *mhongo* — tribute — increased accordingly. They were to some extent right; for whilst he had laid down as a rule that exploration was not to be pushed at the risk of bloodshed, he had neglected that great political rule which teaches that the best security for peace is a preparation for war, and he was thus at the mercy of every black ruffian who called himself a chief, and had some half-hundred other ruffians in his train. He had no warlike equipment, and his men would seem to have been the veriest set of cowards that were ever got together, even in tropical Africa. Some illustrations of this read comically enough now, though they could scarcely have appeared so at the time. On one occasion a solitary buffalo, taking a playful gallop over the plain, caused a general stampede: burdens, guns, everything that could im-

pede flight was thrown away, and the bearers with one consent sought safety up or behind the nearest trees.

On the 2nd of February they crossed the Sindi, the main southern branch of the Malagarazi, and which indeed is formed by the junction of every important tributary on the south. Its size appears to be quite equal to that of the northern branch, which Burton has spoken of as the Malagarazi itself, being so far in error that the Malagarazi which falls into the Tanganyika Lake is as much a southern as a northern stream, and drains the country to the south-east as well as to the north-east. The manner of crossing the Sindi, a deep stream a hundred yards wide, was peculiar. A dense vegetable growth, extending about three-quarters of a mile down the river, had covered the whole breadth, leaving only, on each side, a channel about two feet wide. This growth, becoming closely matted together and mixed up with earth and mud, in which different plants take root and twine into a compact mass, forms an island or bridge, over which one may walk safely, though with a feeling like stepping on a quaking bog. Such bridges continue to grow for about six years, when they are from three to four feet thick: they then begin to rot, and in about four years more they break up. In this latter stage of decay, while seeming still sound, they are very dangerous, and cases are on record of whole caravans, attempting to pass over them, being engulfed and lost. The bridge over the Sindi, however, held firm, and Cameron's party passed without accident.

A few days later, travelling in a northerly direction, they came to the northern branch of the Malagarazi, which, after a tedious dispute about the necessary payment, was crossed in canoes; and a march of nine days brought them to the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, where Cameron was able to take boat on to Ujiji, a distance of little more than an hour.

It will be remembered that Lake Tanganyika, the semi-mythical existence of which had been reported three centuries ago by Portuguese writers, was first authentically seen by Captain Burton on the 13th of February, 1858; and the peculiar features of its geography have been, ever since, the cause of much dispute, which is so far needless, as they cannot possibly be settled without actual and positive evidence. The all important question has been, and — notwithstanding all that has been done and said — still is,

whether the Tanganyika drains into Baker's Albert Nyanza, or not: in other words, is Tanganyika the head of the Nile? Burton, in 1858, taking boat at Ujiji, crossed over to the north-west, and sailed along some forty miles of its north-west coast to Uvira, beyond which his boatman refused to proceed. He had been told of a northerly outflow, but the information gathered at Uvira contradicted this, and named the Rusizé as flowing into the lake.

Owing to the imperfections of his instruments, Speke's observations, on this occasion, gave the height of the lake above sea-level as only eighteen hundred and fifty feet; and though this was suspected to be wrong from the first comparison of the instruments; and though, on the strength of this comparison, Mr. Findlay very positively laid down the height at twenty-eight hundred feet, a correction which was very generally accepted; it was not till Cameron visited the lake, with a mercurial barometer, that its height above sea-level was really established. According to his observations, it is twenty-seven hundred and ten feet, and there is no reason to doubt that that is approximately correct.

When Baker had found the level of the Albert Nyanza to be about twenty-seven hundred and twenty feet, an estimate which was supposed to err in excess, the very great importance of this question was at once felt; for if Findlay's correction of Speke's observation was to be received, the correspondence between the levels of the two lakes inevitably suggested the idea of a connection; and we do not think that the doubt on this point has yet been satisfactorily cleared up. And it is just this point on which the old problem of the Nile sources now hangs. We propose, therefore, to state what is really known about Lake Tanganyika, distinguishing it from what is only guessed at, or believed.

When the American traveller, Stanley, joined Livingstone at Ujiji, in November, 1871, Livingstone, speaking of the geography of Tanganyika, at first said that he had not the least doubt that the lake was connected with the Albert Nyanza by a river flowing out; basing his opinion on native reports, and still more on the current which he had observed constantly flowing northwards, past Ujiji, a northerly current which had been observed also by Burton, more especially near Uvira.

When, however, Livingstone was made to understand the importance which was attached in England to a search for the

outlet, he agreed to accompany Stanley to the north end of the lake. On arriving there, they found the shape to be very different from what it appears on Speke's map; the north coast running for about fourteen miles nearly west and east, and indented with bays two or three miles deep, which are separated from each other by sandy spits overgrown with cane grass. A stream, the mouth of which was hidden by the grass, to which they were guided by a fishing-canoe, and which they were told was the Rusizé, was found to flow *into* the lake, and they seem to have at once accepted the conclusion that this was the only opening. The other bays were examined in the most cursory manner, and some ten miles of coast-line in the north-east corner were looked at only from a distance.

We cannot therefore attach to this search, and the conclusion arrived at, the very great importance which Stanley and Mr. Waller, the editor of Livingstone's "Last Journals," have done. It is far from impossible, or even from improbable, that what appeared to be the end of the lake was but a false coast-line of vegetable growth, similar to what we have already described as choking the Sindi, a growth peculiar to this country, and to which we shall have again to refer. It is thus neither impossible nor improbable that behind a false coast an outlet lay hidden; and there is nothing particularly exceptional in the supposition that the outlet may be in the immediate neighborhood of an inlet. Not to speak of the Albert Nyanza, where the main stream enters and leaves the lake within a short distance, and without even going out of England, we have in Derwentwater a very striking illustration of our meaning. The Greta bursts violently into the lake at the very spot where the Derwent itself sluggishly flows out to Bassenthwaite; and that, too, through a channel which is sometimes so choked with weeds and water grass, that it might easily escape the notice of a careless observer in a boat on the lake.

On the other hand, the evidence which Baker gathered near the north end of the Albert Nyanza as to the existence of a connection between the two lakes, seems to us to be too strong to be easily disposed of. Sir Samuel Baker is quite competent to cross-examine even such accomplished liars as native Africans; and the very distinct testimony of *two* merchants — "that they had formerly travelled from one lake to the other by boats, but had ceased to perform the journey in that way, because

the canoes were too small to carry the ivory" — cannot be altogether put on one side.

Cameron's survey of Tanganyika Lake is much more satisfactory. As a naval officer and a trained observer, he had peculiar advantages; and by equipping a couple of boats at Ujiji, and sailing thence round the southern half of the lake, he was enabled to give us a map, which, so far as it goes, is the most perfect thing of the kind which has yet been attempted. His evidence, and more especially when collated with that of Captain Burton, may be regarded as establishing that Tanganyika is, in its origin, a volcanic cleft in the rocks, and not a mere basin of surface drainage, such as the Victoria Nyanza; that it is of great depth; and is surrounded, or nearly surrounded, by precipitous cliffs rather than mountains, of a height reaching up to two or three thousand feet above the water level; and that, in this southern part of the lake, there is no outlet or possibility of an outlet. His evidence is, therefore, peculiarly valuable when he states that about the middle of the western side, opposite to and some sixty miles south of Ujiji, is an outlet, which appears on his map as the Lukuga River, a name that it will probably hold, though he has proposed to call it after the Duchess of Edinburgh — the Marie Alexandrovna. The extreme importance of this discovery must be our excuse for pausing a moment on his exact statement.

About noon, on the 3rd of May, with a strong easterly wind, he arrived at the entrance of the Lukuga, which was found to be "more than a mile across, but closed by a grass-grown sandbank, with the exception of a channel three or four hundred yards wide," which also is partially choked by a sill, over which the depth is but one fathom. The chief of the district adjoining said "that the river was well known to his people, who often travelled for more than a month along its banks, until it fell into a larger river, the Lualaba." In company with this chief, Cameron went four or five miles down the river, until further progress was impossible, owing to masses of floating vegetation. "Here the depth was three fathoms; breadth, six hundred yards; current, one knot and a half, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the edge of the vegetation."

There is no doubt whatever that, through this channel, at the time that Mr. Cameron was there, the water was flowing out of the lake. Cameron's nautical training renders it quite impossible that he should

be mistaken on such a point. But whether this outflow is permanent or not, is a totally different question, which unfortunately has not been answered. In his book, now published, Lieutenant Cameron has not expressed any doubt on this point, and has spoken of the Lukuga as a permanent outflowing stream; but in his earlier letters to the Geographical Society, he did express great doubt, and was inclined "to think that in the dry season, or when the lake is at its lowest level, little or no water leaves it."

He had intended to examine the Lukuga more closely. On the 9th of May, 1874, he wrote from Ujiji: "I propose buying three canoes, which will hold all I intend to take, and then, wherever that river goes, D.V., I go too." But six days later he had to write: "I have abandoned the idea of proceeding down the Lukuga, as such a journey would be most expensive, and require a very long time, as cutting the grass for a way would be hard work, and we should most likely require the assistance of the natives, for which one would have to pay heavily." Those who remember the account which Sir Samuel Baker has given of the obstruction which stopped his passage up the Nile, in 1870, or have read Colonel Long's account of how, in 1874, the "putrid mass of vegetable matter" was cut through by a battalion of Soudan soldiers, after a sickly and deadly work of three weeks, will the better understand the decisive nature of the obstacle which stopped Cameron.

As a matter of fact, then, the Lukuga was not examined. There is no proof that it is anything more than an overflow into an adjoining swamp; and there is, equally, no proof that it is not a river, and a very important branch of a great river system. Whatever conviction Lieutenant Cameron now has, it is not the result of observation, but is based on native testimony; as such it is, after all, still a matter of opinion; and on that there is little to be said, for mere opinion can never decide a point of geography.

The sluggishness of the stream might, indeed, seem to be proof that the Lukuga cannot be the outflow of such a body of water; but it is rightly enough answered that the outlet of great lakes is often extremely sluggish. On a smaller scale, we have already referred to the outlet of Derwentwater; and Mr. Clements Markham has instanced two similar cases—the Kirkaig and the Inver, on the west coast of Sutherlandshire. The Niagara itself issues from Lake Erie with a cur-

rent almost imperceptible, and it is difficult to observe the flow of the Nile as it leaves the Albert Nyanza; so that from the sluggishness of the stream no argument can fairly be drawn one way or the other.

If the natives' testimony is to be accepted, the Lukuga, flowing into the Lu-alaba, is a main branch of that river which, near the sea, we know as the Congo; and one piece of evidence in support of this, one to which perhaps sufficient weight has not been given, is that a Portuguese map, dated 1623, and now in the British Museum, shows one large lake—clearly Nyassa and Tanganyika combined, a pardonable enough mistake—with an outlet to the south-east, which we may identify with the Shire, flowing towards the Indian Ocean, and another outlet to the west, shown as a head stream of the Congo. We are perhaps too prone to refuse the very loose testimony of an inexact and unscientific age; but when we bear in mind that seventeen hundred years ago Ptolemy described the Nile as issuing from two lakes lying east and west of each other, lakes which we now know as the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas; and that the old map of two hundred and fifty years ago shows, with fair accuracy, what we know to be the course of the Shire, we cannot but attach some importance to its testimony as regarding the origin of the Congo.

But if the Lukuga is to be accepted as a veritable outlet of Tanganyika, does it necessarily follow that there is no outlet to the north, no connection with the Albert Nyanza, the lake so near, and so exactly on the same level? If there is no connection, the correspondence of level is an extraordinary freak of nature; and if there is a connection, then Tanganyika presents to us the very remarkable phenomenon of a lake with two outlets.

The opinion held by many geographers is that a lake with two outlets is absolutely unknown; but this opinion is certainly too sweeping, too comprehensive. There are, beyond doubt, lakes which, on authority more or less good, are said to have a double outlet—Lake Masanga (Colonel Long's Lake Ibrahim Pasha) is one of these; and the bifurcation of a river is by no means the very rare thing which it was long maintained to be. Strictly speaking, a river bifurcates at every island or eyot which lies in its stream: it is the mere accident of position which permits it to close again. Signor Gessi, an officer on the staff of

Colonel Gordon, in his account of the recent survey of the Albert Nyanza, has mentioned an important bifurcation of the Nile, a few miles north of its escape from the lake;* and we know of at least one instance which can be examined by any tourist in our own lake country. It is that of the stream which rises between Eel-Crags and Grasmoor. This for the most part, as the Liza Beck, runs west to join the Cocker and fall into Loweswater; but in wet weather it divides on the shoulder of Grasmoor, and sends off a branch eastwards, which falls into the Coledale Beck, and so into Bassenthwaite.

Whilst, then, admitting the great probability of Cameron's Lukuga being really the outlet of Lake Tanganyika, and a head stream of the Congo, we cannot but regret that he was unable to establish it by eye-proof; failing which, we are not prepared to admit the impossibility of a northerly stream to the Albert Nyanza, and the more so, as the latest accounts from Mr. Stanley speak of an extension of that lake to the southward, far beyond what has lately been received on the report of Signor Gessi. We may fairly entertain a hope that Stanley, whose energy has recently done so much for African exploration, has by this time cleared up the question beyond all doubt; but we feel that that cannot be done except by actually passing between the two lakes, down the west side of Tanganyika to the Lukuga, and following it to its junction with the Lualaba, or elsewhere; and when that has been done, the sources of the Nile will be definitely known.

As it actually was, the different reports that Mr. Cameron was able to collect led him eventually to think that the Lukuga did flow into the Lualaba; and being unable, by reason of the obstructive growth, to follow it down in canoes, and learning that boats could be got without difficulty at Nyangwé, a position on the Lualaba which Livingstone had already determined, he resolved to make the best of his way thither. This he did, and after a journey of rather more than two months, through a country generally marshy, often wooded, sometimes beautiful, occasionally hilly, he arrived there on the third of August, 1874.

Space would fail us to speak at appropriate length of the difficulties of his route,

* This bifurcation, as well as the second outlet of Lake Masanga, is shown in the map published in the last number of the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xxi., p. 56.

of the misadventures and hardships to which he was subjected, or of the disgusting abominations with which he was made familiar. If we make especial mention of one of these last, it is not so much on account of its horrible nature, as of its peculiarity. In the history of savage life we do not remember any custom at all approaching one which is now recorded of a tribe in Manyuéma, near the River Luama, subject to a chief, Moéné Booté. These people are described as very affectionate among themselves, and decidedly more prolific than any race in that part of the country; but also, as being not only cannibals, but "most filthy cannibals."

The horrors of ordinary cannibalism, as exercised on the carcasses of enemies slain in fight, are too familiar to call for remark. They have in them a certain ferocity of hatred that seems not out of place in the savage; neither does the practice appear to be opposed to the best traits of savage nature, and is, in fact, in vogue amongst those tribes which in many respects excel in manly dignity and capability of receiving instruction, the Maoris of New Zealand, and the Nyam-nyams, as lately described by Colonel Long. But the abominations habitual to the people of Manyuéma are, we believe and trust, without a parallel on the face of the earth. "Not only," writes Cameron, "do they eat the bodies of enemies killed in battle, but also of people who die of disease. They prepare the corpses by leaving them in running water until they are nearly putrid, and then devour them without any further cooking. They also eat all sorts of carrion, and their odor is very foul and revolting." Assuredly the story of anthropology has disagreeable features from which the study of geography is free. We will endeavor to wash away the foul taint.

The very remarkable water system which stretches through some eight degrees of latitude, or about five hundred miles to the south of Nyangwé, has been described at great length in Livingstone's "Last Journals;" and if we are at all to accept the interpretation of it as shown in the map published with them, and referred to Livingstone's own observations, or in the very clear little map by Mr. Turner, of the Royal Geographical Society, which accompanies Commander Cameron's book, Lake Bangwéolo, with a height above sea-level estimated by Livingstone as three thousand six hundred and eighty-eight feet, is the real origin of the Congo; although, of course, the remote heads of such streams as the Chambezi would more

properly be called its sources. And though much of these maps is hypothetical, or based on the always doubtful testimony of natives, the whole seems to agree so well with what has been definitely established, that Mr. Turner's map may, we think, be provisionally accepted as a fair representation of the country, and as the base of future examination. But a country which is such a confused network of bogs and rivers, a country which Livingstone finds no other name for than "sponge," is not a country to tempt the traveller. And as, with all the promise of central Africa, this particular bit of it can scarcely be a land of either commerce, or mining, or agriculture, it will assuredly be left to the mere explorer for many years to come.

For the explorer, however, there is still plenty to do before we can know, and not merely guess at, even the main features of this extraordinary river system. That Cameron's Lukuga, if a river at all, is a tributary of the Lualaba, is almost certain; but the Lualaba itself flows away into the unknown. Cameron, collating much hearsay evidence at Nyangwé and other places on the Lualaba and its known tributaries, came to the conclusion that it certainly was the Congo. Livingstone, it is well known, held to the last the opinion that it was the Nile; but that, at any rate, is positively disproved, for the level at Nyangwé, as measured by Cameron, is a hundred feet or more lower than that at Gondokoro, and it is very well established that below that point, the Nile, or rather the Bahr-el-Abiad, receives no important tributary from the west; whilst the Lualaba at Nyangwé is a larger stream, and carries down five times more water than the Nile itself at Gondokoro. Where else than in the Congo, Cameron fairly argues, could such a volume of water find an outlet? Where else than from the Lualaba and its congeners could such a volume of water as the Congo pours into the Atlantic be collected?

So far as argument has anything to do with a geographical question, we would entirely agree with Lieutenant Cameron; but unfortunately he was compelled to give up his idea of following the river down, and the certainty of actual discovery remains for some successor who may be more fortunate or less scrupulous than he was; and meantime there are those who maintain—and an adventurous German naturalist, Dr. Pogge, after travelling far to the south and collecting the evidence of natives of Ulunda, has quite lately

maintained before the Geographical Society of Berlin—that the Lualaba has nothing whatever to do with the Congo, and that the main head of that river is the Kasai or Kassabé, which is marked in Mr. Turner's map as joining the Lualaba in Lake Sankorra. As to the Lualaba, Dr. Pogge has no definite opinion, but thinks that it may possibly appear on the seaboard as the Ogovai. This seems to us as nearly an impossibility as any piece of unknown geography can be; for the volume of the Ogovai does not correspond to that of its reputed tributary nearly two thousand miles away; and, however unwillingly, we would prefer believing in the hypothetical inland and salt-water sea of Caspian-like dimensions. But we will not, we absolutely refuse to believe in any such thing, without further demonstration. And it seems to us that, so far as the Lualaba is concerned, Dr. Pogge, collecting native evidence at a distance, was at a disadvantage as compared with Lieutenant Cameron collecting evidence at Nyangwé, actually on the Lualaba.

Let us then consider what this evidence of Cameron's amounts to. That the Lualaba, flowing past Nyangwé, continues its course in a westerly direction; that it is joined by three large rivers coming from the north, the Lilwa, the Lindi, the Lowa, this last-named being as large as the Lualaba itself; that from the south it receives an important tributary, the Lomâmi; that the river, thus swollen to about three times its volume at Nyangwé, enters a large lake, Sankorra, at a distance of some two or two hundred and fifty miles to the westward; that there is communication, more or less direct, between Lake Sankorra and the west coast, as is absolutely proved by the cloth and beads which had been brought from there, which Cameron actually saw, and which were distinctly different from the cloth and beads of the east coast; whilst the directness of this communication is implied in the report that these were brought to Sankorra by traders "wearing hats and trowsers, and having boats with two masts."

But Cameron's desire to explore the Lualaba from Nyangwé, or to visit Lake Sankorra, was fruitless. At Nyangwé, he could not get canoes, and he decided to go with an Arab trader, Tipo-tipo, to his camp, ten marches off, on the Lomâmi, from whence, according to Tipo, he would have no difficulty about procuring guides, crossing the Lomâmi, and marching to the lake. But at Tipo's camp things wore a

less favorable aspect. There was, as we have just said, no doubt about the traffic with some place that the natives agreed in calling Lake Sankorra, and through it, with the west coast; but the chief of the intervening country positively refused to allow Cameron to pass. No strangers with guns, he said, had ever passed through his country, and none should, without fighting their way.

Cameron's resolve in this most difficult and disappointing position was worthy of his country and the service to which he belongs. We state it emphatically in his own words: "Although I could have obtained sufficient men from Nyangwé and Tipo-tipo to have easily fought my way through, I recognized it as my duty not to risk a single life unnecessarily, for I felt that the merit of any geographical discovery would be irretrievably marred by shedding a drop of native blood, except in self-defence."

It is to this resolve, which the country with one voice has approved, that the partial failure of this part of Cameron's journey is alone to be attributed. That he could have passed through, had he made up his mind to do so, we see no reason to doubt; that the conclusion he came to was painful, is certain; but Lieutenant Cameron's training had been that of a service whose traditions all teach the sacredness of duty, and to the dictates of duty he now sacrificed his long hopes.

Other travellers, following after him, and reaping the benefit of his moderation, may possibly succeed where he has failed; but we are quite sure that even the most complete geographical success will be coldly received if it is won by a violation of what we, in England, have learned to consider the laws of humanity.

We have stated Cameron's evidence with regard to the Lualaba; but the Kassabé runs altogether out of his country, and though he afterwards passed by and amongst its sources, far to the south, he has nothing to tell us of its course. But that the Kassabé, from the very first a river of great volume, draining, as it goes on, a wide tract of wet country, is a main feeder of the Congo, has never, we believe, been doubted, and certainly not by Livingstone or Cameron; although "a Portuguese," writing to the *Times*, in apparent ignorance of all that Livingstone and Cameron have done, has spoken of the connection of the Kassabé with the Congo as a thing unthought of by either of these travellers.

From a statistical point of view, so far

as our information goes, the case stands thus. The discharge at the mouth of the Congo is estimated at about two million cubic feet per second. Cameron estimates the volume of the Lualaba at Nyangwé, during the dry season, as one hundred and twenty-three thousand cubic feet per second, which we may perhaps consider as equivalent to an average of one hundred and fifty thousand. The northern tributaries which Cameron heard of, together with the Lomâmi, may treble this; so that the Lualaba may be supposed to pour into Lake Sankorra about five hundred thousand cubic feet per second. If the Kassabé does as much, its volume is enormous; and the remaining million which the Congo discharges must come from the Kwango, which drains the whole country east of Angola for many hundreds of miles, and from other, probably northern sources, as yet unknown.

We would thus say decidedly that we prefer the river system, as laid down by Cameron, to any other yet before us; and we accept it provisionally, waiting none the less eagerly for the more certain solution of the problem, which may perhaps be given us, ere long, by Mr. Stanley, if he should have resolved to go west, as, in his last letters, he spoke of doing.

From Tipo's camp on the Lomâmi, Cameron decided to take a southerly route: there seemed a possibility of his being yet able to turn to the north-west and strike Lake Sankorra; and whether or not, it was, from there, the only way open to him; besides which, the evidence was convincing that Kilemba, the residence of Kasongo, chief or king of Urua, the country he was now in, was visited by Portuguese traders, through whom he would, at the worst, be able to reopen a communication with the civilized world. To Kilemba he accordingly went. The chief, Kasongo, was absent from his capital, and the government, such as it was, was meantime carried on by his favorite wife, Fuméa-Kenna, who received Cameron with flattering attention, in which curiosity played a great part, but who, nevertheless, refused to let him go on until Kasongo returned.

Meanwhile he met, and became associated with, a certain José Antonio Alvez, one of the Portuguese traders of whom he had heard so much. He had almost taken for granted that Alvez was a white man: great, therefore, was his disappointment when he turned out to be an ugly old negro, and though dressed in very dirty European garments, and speaking Portu-

guese, to have but a very small degree of civilization. Unprincipled scoundrel as Alvez no doubt was, we think that this disappointment has made Mr. Cameron's estimate unduly harsh, or, rather, has inclined him to judge by a civilized standard; but if we were to consider Alvez as a negro, his conduct seems to have been more humane than that of his fellows; and the small tincture of civilization, which had in some respects given point to his vices, had also rendered him more sensible to his own interests, and able to see that he might make a good thing out of Cameron, whose stores were running short, and who was thus in a position of some difficulty. He agreed to conduct Cameron to Loanda or Benguella, of course "for a consideration," which the necessities of Cameron's party enabled him to fix proportionately high. Lieutenant Cameron, from his personal point of view, naturally enough considers this as a most dishonest and rascally extortion, which none but a ruffian such as Alvez would have attempted; but we fear that making capital out of the needs of business acquaintance is not altogether a peculiarity of the dirty old Portuguese negro.

But, independent of this, Alvez was, by the habit and trade of a long life, a traveler through that part of the country: he must have been comparatively well acquainted with the topography of it, and may perhaps have spoken a little truth where he had no special interest to lie. So far as his evidence is worth anything, he knew Lake Sankorra by hearsay, but had never been to it. Some of his men had gone within a few days of it, but they had found no ivory and had turned back: the road by which they went was practicable only in the dry season, for it led across wide plains which were intersected by numerous rivers, and which, in the rainy season, were converted into swamps.

Not the least interesting or important part of the geography of this country would be an examination into its meteorology; but on this point Lieutenant Cameron has given us nothing more than a few accidental hints. Strange omission for a sailor, he has scarcely once mentioned the word *wind*; he has barely alluded to a distinction between the wet and dry seasons, and has made no attempt to connect changes of season and changes of weather with each other. This is a most serious omission, and we would express a hope that it is due to an unwillingness to interrupt a popular narrative — though the book professes, indeed, to be something

more — with scientific details, rather than to any want of material; and that we may therefore have, at some future time, exact information on this point, with regard to which our knowledge is very defective.

That the rainfall in the interior of Africa to the west of Tanganyika, and from 14° S. to the equator, is excessive, is evident; but the point left in doubt, and which if settled would clear up some very interesting questions with regard to atmospheric circulation, is, where does this rain come from? It is a meteorological axiom, of which some writers are curiously ignorant, that any such rainfall must come from the sea: but from which sea does this come? from the Atlantic or Indian Ocean? from the northern or southern hemisphere? Cameron leaves us quite in the dark; Livingstone does the same; Burton only, of south African travellers, has noticed the problem, and has done so rather with the assumption that the rainfall which drains into Tanganyika comes from the South Indian Ocean, borne inland by the south-east trade. But in the absence of any observations to confirm this view, we doubt it, and for this reason; that during the months from October to March, between which the rainy season lies, and more especially in January, the south-east trade of the South Indian Ocean does not blow home to the African coast, and over a great part of the tropical belt of that sea gives place to the middle or north-west monsoon. And, besides, there is between the east coast and the low land to the west of Tanganyika a range of high land, from four to five thousand feet above sea-level, which would, which must, intercept any rain-bearing currents of air. And when we further consider that during these months a wet wind from south-west does blow home to the Atlantic coast of inter-tropical south Africa, bringing the rainy season all along the coast from the equator southwards, and especially near the mouth of the Congo, we are inclined to believe that the rain which feeds the sources and affluents of such streams as the Lualaba or the Kassabé is derived from the South Atlantic Ocean, and is borne inland on this south-west wind, which, curling back on itself, will appear as a north-westerly, northerly, or even north-easterly wind. On this point the evidence of Lieutenant Cameron would have an important bearing, and it is much to be regretted that he has altogether passed it by.

Whilst detained at Kilemba, awaiting Kasongo's return, Cameron visited the neighboring Lake Mohrya, which is of but

small extent, but noticeable as the home of a lake tribe, who build on piles. There does not seem to be any particular reason why they should live in this manner, for, though distrustful of strangers, they are on friendly terms with the dwellers on the shore; but they had a monopoly of the canoes, and declined to let the white man come near them.

As Kasongo was still away when he got back from this excursion, he was allowed to make another to Lake Kassali, through which flows one of the main branches of the Lualaba; and it is to this, and the information collected during his tedious detention at Kilemba, that we owe not only the very important contributions to our geographical knowledge of this remarkable river system, but a most interesting and valuable account of the vast territory of Urua, extending over some one hundred thousand square miles, and subject to Kasongo, a chief to whom the sense of absolute power has given perhaps a certain dignity, and whose relative wealth permits a certain degree of rude luxury, but who is described as a brutal, ignorant, and sensual savage.

When Kasongo at last returned, he was accompanied by Coimbra, a mongrel negro and slave-driver of the worst description, who was closely associated with Alvez in many atrocities connected with that loathsome trade, the horrors of which cannot be related without repeating a great part of the volumes now before us. It is enough to say, that after being detained at Kilemba for nearly nine months, and having endeavored in vain to get back to what he believed to be the line of the Congo, Cameron was at last compelled to start as the vassal, rather than the companion, of Alvez and the more bestial Coimbra; and from June, 1875, travelled with them in a south-westerly direction, through a country naturally rich and fertile, but devastated by the atrocities which he could not avoid witnessing, and which he was powerless to prevent. Nor was it till they reached Alvez's settlement in Bihé, that he was able to leave them, Alvez selling him, for bills at an extortionate rate, such stores as he was obliged to purchase.

From Bihé to the sea is less than two hundred miles, and it is worthy of notice that in this last short distance, over a route not unknown, Mr. Cameron incurred his most serious danger. His stores ran out, his people were exhausted, and on the point of dying of starvation. The situation was critical, and, as a last desperate resource,

he determined to leave the bulk of his party, with all his possessions, except the instruments and journals; and, with a few picked men, make a forced march to the coast, from whence he could send back assistance; and in this way he did achieve safety and success.

Of his reception at Katombela and Benguella, as later on at Loanda and in England, it is needless here to speak: nor indeed does the limited space at our disposal permit us to do more than allude to the many interesting and important points which are related in detail by Lieutenant Cameron. Of these, the sketches that he gives of native customs are perhaps the most interesting, and his ideas of a possible traffic the most important. As closely connected with these are his contributions to the science of physical geography; and if in this article we have dwelt more fully on these geographical considerations, it is that they seem to us to influence the whole, and, as such, to have claims superior to all others, as tending, more than any other one set can do, to elucidate the great problems which the wishes of civilization and Christianity would propound.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PORTLOSSIE AND SCAURNOSE.

MEANTIME, things were going rather badly at Portlossie and Scaurnose, and the factor was the devil of them. Those who had known him longest said he must be *fey*—that is *doomed*—so strangely altered was his behavior. Others said he took more counsel with his bottle than had been his wont, and got no good from it. Almost all the fishers found him surly, and upon some he broke out in violent rage, while to certain whom he regarded as Malcolm's special friends he carried himself with cruel oppression. The notice to leave at midsummer clouded the destiny of Joseph Mair and his family, and every householder in the two villages believed that to take them in would be to call down the like fate upon himself. But Meg Partan at least was not to be intimidated. Her outbursts of temper were but the hurricanes of a tropical heart—not much the less true and good and steadfast that it

was fierce. Let the factor rage as he would, Meg was absolute in her determination that if the cruel sentence were carried out—which she hardly expected—her house should be the shelter of those who had received her daughter when her severity had driven her from her home. That would leave her own family and theirs three months to look out for another abode. Certain of Blue Peter's friends ventured a visit of intercession to the factor, and were received with composure and treated with consideration until their object appeared, when his wrath burst forth so wildly that they were glad to escape without having to defend their persons: only the day before had he learned with certainty from Miss Horn that Malcolm was still in the service of the marchioness, and in constant attendance upon her when she rode. It almost maddened him. He had for some time taken to drinking more toddy after his dinner, and it was fast ruining his temper. His wife, who had from the first excited his indignation against Malcolm, was now reaping her reward. To complete the troubles of the fisher-folk, the harbor at Portlossie had, by a severe equinoctial storm, been so filled with sand as to be now inaccessible at lower than half tide, nobody as yet having made it his business to see it attended to.

But in the midst of his anxieties about Florimel and his interest in Clementina, Malcolm had not been forgetting them. As soon as he was a little settled in London he had written to Mr. Soutar, and he to architects and contractors, on the subject of a harbor at Scaurnose. But there were difficulties, and the matter had been making but slow progress. Malcolm, however, had insisted, and in consequence of his determination to have the possibilities of the thing thoroughly understood, three men appeared one morning on the rocks at the bottom of the cliff on the west side of the Nose. The children of the village discovered them, and carried the news; whereupon the men being all out in the bay, the women left their work and went to see what the strangers were about. The moment they were satisfied that they could make nothing of their proceedings, they naturally became suspicious. To whom the fancy first occurred nobody ever knew, but such was the unhealthiness of the moral atmosphere of the place, caused by the injustice and severity of Mr. Crathie, that, once suggested, it was universally received that they were sent by the factor, and that for a purpose only

too consistent with the treatment Scaurnose, they said, had invariably received ever since first it was the dwelling of fishers. Had not their fathers told them how unwelcome they were to the lords of the land? And what rents had they not to pay! and how poor was the shelter for which they paid so much!—without a foot of land to grow a potato in! To crown all, the factor was at length about to drive them in a body from the place—Blue Peter first, one of the best as well as most considerable men amongst them! His notice to quit was but the beginning of a clearance. It was easy to see what those villains were about—on that precious rock, their only friend, the one that did its best to give them the sole shadow of harborage they had, cutting off the wind from the north-east a little, and breaking the eddy round the point of the Nose! What *could* they be about but marking the spots where to bore the holes for the blasting-powder that should scatter it to the winds, and let death and destruction and the wild sea howling in upon Scaurnose, that the cormorant and the bittern might possess it, the owl and the raven dwell in it? But it would be seen what their husbands and fathers would say to it when they came home! In the mean time, they must themselves do what they could. What were they men's wives for, if not to act for their husbands when they happened to be away?

The result was a shower of stones upon the unsuspecting surveyors, who forthwith fled, and carried the report of their reception to Mr. Soutar at Duff Harbor. He wrote to Mr. Crathie, who till then had heard nothing of the business; and the news increased both his discontent with his superiors and his wrath with those whom he had come to regard as his rebellious subjects. The stiff-necked people of the Bible was to him always now, as often as he heard the words, the people of Scaurnose and the Seaton of Portlossie. And having at length committed this overt outrage, would he not be justified by all in taking more active measures against them?

When the fishermen came home and heard how their women had conducted themselves, they accepted their conjectures and approved of their defence of the settlement. It was well for the land-loupers, they said, that they had only the women to deal with.

Blue Peter did not so soon hear of the affair as the rest, for his Annie had not been one of the assailants. But when the

hurried retreat of the surveyors was described to him in somewhat graphic language by one of those concerned in causing it, he struck his clenched fist in the palm of his other hand, and cried, "Weel saired! There! that's what comes o' yer new —"

He had all but broken his promise, as he had already broken his faith, to Malcolm, when his wife laid her hand on his mouth and stopped the issuing word. He started with sudden conviction, and stood for a moment in absolute terror at sight of the precipice down which he had been on the point of falling, then straightway excusing himself to his conscience on the ground of non-intent, was instantly angrier with Malcolm than before. He could not reflect that the disregarded cause of the threatened sin was the greater sin of the two. The breach of that charity which thinketh no evil may be a graver fault than a hasty breach of promise.

Peter had not been improving since his return from London. He found less satisfaction in his *religious exercises*; was not unfrequently clouded in temper, occasionally even to sullenness; referred things oftener than formerly to the vileness of the human nature, but was far less willing than before to allow that he might himself be wrong; while somehow the Bible had no more the same plenitude of relation to the wants of his being, and he rose from the reading of it unrefreshed. Men asked each other what had come to Blue Peter, but no one could answer the question. For himself, he attributed the change which he could not but recognize, although he did not understand it, to the withdrawing of the spirit of God, in displeasure that he had not merely allowed himself to be inveigled into a playhouse, but, far worse, had enjoyed the wickedness he saw there. When his wife reasoned that God knew he had gone in ignorance, trusting his friend, "What's that to him," he cried, "wha judges richteous judgment? What's a' oor puir meeserable excuzes i' the een 'at can see throu' the wa's o' the hert? Ignorance is no innocence."

Thus he lied for God, pleading his cause on the principles of hell. But the eye of his wife was single, and her body full of light: therefore to her it was plain that neither the theatre nor his conscience concerning it was the cause of the change: it had to do with his feelings toward Malcolm. He wronged his friend in his heart—half knew it, but would not own it. Fearing to search himself, he

took refuge in resentment, and to support his hard judgment put false and cruel interpretations on whatever befell. So that, with love and anger and wrong unacknowledged, his heart was full of bitterness.

"It's a' the drumblet (*muddied, troubled*) luve o' 'im!" said Annie to herself. "Puir fallow! gien only Ma'colm wad come hame an' lat him ken he's no the villain he taks him for! I'll no believe mysel' 'at the laad I kissed like my ain mither's son afore he gaed awa' wad turn like that upo' 's maist the meenute he wat oot o' sicht, an' a' for a feow words about a fulish playactin'. Lord bliss us a'! markisses is men! — We'll see, Peter, my man," she said, when the neighbor took her leave, "whether the wife, though she hasna been to the ill place — an' that's surely Lon'on — canna tell the true frae the fause full better nor her man 'at kens sae muckle mair nor she wants to ken! Lat sit an' lat see."

Blue Peter made no reply; but perhaps the deepest depth in his fall was that he *feared* his wife might be right, and he have one day to stand ashamed before both her and his friend. But there are marvellous differences in the *quality* of the sins of different men, and a noble nature like Peter's would have to sink far indeed to be beyond a ready redemption. Still, there was one element mingling with his wrongness whose very triviality increased the difficulty of long-delaying repentance: he had been not a little proud at finding himself the friend of a marquis. From the first they had been friends, when the one was a youth and the other a child, and had been out together in many a stormy and dangerous sea. More than once or twice, driven from the churlish ocean to the scarce less inhospitable shore, they had lain all night in each other's arms to keep the life awake within their frozen garments. And now this marquis spoke English to him! It rankled.

All the time Blue Peter was careful to say nothing to injure Malcolm in the eyes of his former comrades. His manner when his name was mentioned, however, he could not honestly school to the conveyance of the impression that things were as they had been betwixt them. Folk marked the difference, and it went to swell the general feeling that Malcolm had done ill to forsake a seafaring life for one upon which all fishermen must look down with contempt. Some in the Seaton went so far in their enmity as even to hint

an explanation of his conduct in the truth of the discarded scandal which had laid Lizzy's child at his door.

But amongst them was one who, having wronged him thus, and been convinced of her error, was now so fiercely his partisan as to be ready to wrong the whole town in his defence: that was Meg Partan, properly Mistress Findlay, Lizzy's mother. Although the daughter had never confessed, the mother had yet arrived at the right conclusion concerning the father of her child — how, she could hardly herself have told, for the conviction had grown by accretion: a sign here and a sign there, impalpable save to maternal sense, had led her to the truth; and now, if any one had a word to say against Malcolm, he had better not say it in the presence of the Partaness.

One day Blue Peter was walking home from the upper town of Portlossie, not with the lazy gait of the fisherman off work, poised backward with hands in trouser-pockets, but stooping care-laden with listless swinging arms. Thus Meg Partan met him, and of course attributed his dejection to the factor: "Deil hae 'im for an upsettin' rascal 'at hasna pride eneuch to haud him ohn lickit the gentry's shune! The man maun be fey! I houp he may, an' I wuss I saw the beerial o' 'im makin' for the kirkyaird. It's nae ill to wuss weel to a' body 'at wad be left! His nose is turnt twise the color i' the last twa month. He'll be drinkin' byous. Gien only Ma'colm MacPhail had been at hame to haud him in order!"

Peter said nothing, and his silence, to one who spoke out whatever came, seemed fuller of restraints and meanings than it was. She challenged it at once: "Noo, what mean ye by sayin' naething, Peter? Guid kens it's the warst thing man or woman can say o' onybody to haud their tongue. It's a thing I never was blamed wi' mysel', an' I wadna du't."

"That's verra true," said Peter.

"The mair weicht's intill't whan I layt 't to the door o' anither," persisted Meg. "Peter, gien ye hae onything again' my freen', Ma'colm MacPhail, oot wi' 't like a man, an' no playac' the gunpoother plot ower again. Ill wull's the warst poother ye can lay i' the boddom o' ony man's boat. But say 'at ye like, I s' uphaud Ma'colm again' the haill poustie o' ye. Gien he was but here! I say 't again, honest laad!"

But she could not rouse Peter to utterance, and losing what little temper she

had, she rated him soundly, and sent him home saying with the prophet Jonah, "Do I not well to be angry?" for that also he placed to Malcolm's account. Nor was his home any more a harbor for his riven boat, seeing his wife only longed for the return of him with whom his spirit chode: she regarded him as an exiled king, one day to reappear and justify himself in the eyes of all, friends and enemies.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

TORTURE.

THOUGH unable to eat any breakfast, Malcolm persuaded himself that he felt nearly as well as usual when he went to receive his mistress's orders. Florimel had had enough of horseback, indeed, for several days to come, and would not ride. So he saddled Kelpie, and rode to Chelsea to look after his boat. To get rid of the mare, he rang the stable-bell at Mr. Lenorme's and the gardener let him in. As he was putting her up, the man told him that the housekeeper had heard from his master. Malcolm went to the house to learn what he might, and found to his surprise, that if he had gone on the Continent he was there no longer, for the letter, which contained only directions concerning some of his pictures, was dated from Newcastle, and bore the Durham postmark of a week ago. Malcolm remembered that he had heard Lenorme speak of Durham Cathedral, and in the hope that he might be spending some time there, begged the housekeeper to allow him to go to the study to write to her master. When he entered, however, he saw something that made him change his plan, and having written, instead of sending the letter, as he had intended, enclosed to the postmaster at Durham, he left it upon an easel. It contained merely an earnest entreaty to be made and kept acquainted with his movements, that he might at once let him know if anything should occur that he ought to be informed concerning.

He found all on board the yacht in shipshape, only Davy was absent. Travers explained that he sent him on shore for a few hours every day. He was a sharp boy, he said, and the more he saw the more useful he would be, and as he never gave him any money, there was no risk of his mistaking his hours.

"When do you expect him?" asked Malcolm.

"At four o'clock," answered Travers.

"It is four now," said Malcolm.

A shrill whistle came from the Chelsea shore.

"And there's Davy," said Travers.

Malcolm got into the dinghy and rowed ashore.

"Davy," he said, "I don't want you to be all day on board, but I can't have you be longer away than an hour at a time."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Davy.

"Now attend to me."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you know Lady Lossie's house?"

"No, sir, but I ken hersel'."

"How is that?"

"I hae seen her mair nor twa or three times ridin' wi' yersel' to yon hoose yon'er."

"Would you know her again?"

"Ay wad I — fine that. What for no, sir?"

"It's a good way to see a lady across the Thames and know her again."

"Ow! but I tuik the spy-glass till her," answered Davy, reddening.

"You are sure of her, then?"

"I am that, sir."

"Then come with me, and I will show you where she lives. I will not ride faster than you can run. But mind you don't look as if you belonged to me."

"Na, na, sir. There's fowk takin' notice."

"What do you mean by that?"

"There's a wee laddie been efter mysel' twice or thrice."

"Did you do anything?"

"He wasna big enouch to lick, sae I jist got him the last time an' pu'd his niz, an' I dinna think he'll come efter me again."

To see what the boy could do, Malcolm let Kelpie go at a good trot, but Davy kept up without effort, now shooting ahead, now falling behind, now stopping to look in at a window, and now to cast a glance at a game of pitch-and-toss. No mere passer-by could have suspected that the sailor-boy belonged to the horseman. He dropped him not far from Portland Place, telling him to go and look at the number, but not stare at the house.

All the time he had had no return of the sickness, but, although thus actively occupied, had felt greatly depressed. One main cause of this was, however, that he had not found his religion stand him in such stead as he might have hoped. It was not yet what it must be to prove its reality. And now his eyes were afresh opened to see that in his nature and thoughts lay large spaces wherein God ruled not supreme — desert places where

who could tell what might appear? For in such regions wild beasts range, evil herbs flourish, and demons go about. If in very deed he lived and moved and had his being in God, then assuredly there ought not to be one cranny in his nature, one realm of his consciousness, one wellspring of thought, where the will of God was a stranger. If all were as it should be, then surely there would be no moment, looking back on which he could not at least say, —

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody —
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it —
Thou, the mean while, was blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy!

"In that agony o' sickness, as I sat upo' the stair," he said to himself — for still in his own thoughts he spoke his native tongue — "whaur was my God in a' my thoughts? I did cry till 'im, I min' weel, but it was my reelin' brain an' no my trustin' hert 'at cried. Aih me! I doobt gien the Lord war to come to me noo, he wadna fin' muckle faith i' my pairt o' the yerth. Aih! I wad like to lat him see something like lippenin'! I would fain trust him till his hert's content. But I doobt it's only speeritual ambection, or better wad hae come o' 't by this time. Gien that sickness come again, I maun see, noo 'at I'm forewarned o' my ain wake-ness, what I can du. It maun be something better nor last time, or I'll tine hert a'thegither. Weel, maybe I need to be heumblet. The Lord help me!"

In the evening he went to the school-master, and gave him a pretty full account of where he had been and what had taken place since last he saw him, dwelling chiefly on his endeavors with Lady Clementina.

From Mr. Graham's lodging to the north-eastern gate of the Regent's Park the nearest way led through a certain passage, which, although a thoroughfare to persons on foot, was little known. Malcolm had early discovered it, and always used it. Part of this short cut was the yard and back premises of a small public-house. It was between eleven and twelve as he entered it for the second time that night. Sunk in thought and suspecting no evil, he was struck down from behind and lost his consciousness. When he came to himself he was lying in the public-house, with his head bound up and a doctor standing over him, who asked him if he had been robbed. He searched his pockets and found that his old watch was gone, but his money left. One of the men

standing about said he would see him home. He half thought he had seen him before, and did not like the look of him, but accepted the offer, hoping to get on the track of something thereby. As soon as they entered the comparative solitude of the park he begged his companion, who had scarcely spoken all the way, to give him his arm, and leaned upon it as if still suffering, but watched him closely. About the middle of the park, where not a creature was in sight, he felt him begin to fumble in his coat-pocket and draw something from it. But when, unresisted, he snatched away his other arm, Malcolm's fist followed it, and the man fell, nor made any resistance while he took from him a short stick loaded with lead, and his own watch, which he found in his waistcoat pocket. Then the fellow rose with apparent difficulty, but the moment he was on his legs ran like a hare, and Malcolm let him run, for he felt unable to follow him.

As soon as he reached home he went to bed, for his head ached severely; but he slept pretty well, and in the morning flattered himself he felt much as usual. But it was as if all the night that horrible sickness had been lying in wait on the stair to spring upon him; for the moment he reached the same spot on his way down, he almost fainted. It was worse than before: his very soul seemed to turn sick. But although his heart died within him, somehow, in the confusion of thought and feeling occasioned by intense suffering, it seemed while he clung to the balusters as if with both hands he were clinging to the skirts of God's garment, and through the black smoke of his fainting his soul seemed to be struggling up toward the light of his being. Presently the horrible sense subsided as before, and again he sought to descend the stair and go to Kelpie. But immediately the sickness returned, and all he could do after a long and vain struggle was to crawl on hands and knees up the stairs and back to his room. There he crept upon his bed, and was feebly committing Kelpie to the care of her Maker, when consciousness forsook him.

It returned, heralded by frightful pains all over his body, which by-and-by subsiding, he sunk again to the bottom of the black Lethe.

Meantime, Kelpie had got so wildly uproarious that Merton tossed her half a truss of hay, which she attacked like an enemy, and ran to the house to get somebody to call Malcolm. After what seemed endless delay the door was opened by his

admirer, the scullery-maid, who, as soon as she heard what was the matter, hastened to his room.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PHILTRE.

BEFORE he came again to himself Malcolm had a dream, which, although very confused, was in parts more vivid than any he had ever had. His surroundings in it were those in which he actually lay, and he was ill, but he thought it the one illness he had before. His head ached, and he could rest in no position he tried. Suddenly he heard a step he knew better than any other approaching the door of his chamber; it opened, and his grandfather in great agitation entered, not following his hands, however, in the fashion usual to blindness, but carrying himself like any sight-gifted man. He went straight to the washstand, took up the water-bottle, and with a look of mingled wrath and horror dashed it on the floor. The same instant a cold shiver ran through the dreamer, and his dream vanished. But instead of waking in his bed, he found himself standing in the middle of the floor, his feet wet, the bottle in shivers about them, and, strangest of all, the neck of the bottle in his hand. He lay down again, grew delirious, and tossed about in the remorseless persecution of centuries. But at length his tormentors left him, and when he came to himself he knew he was in his right mind.

It was evening, and some one was sitting near his bed. By the light of the long-snuffed tallow candle he saw the glitter of two great black eyes watching him, and recognized the young woman who had admitted him to the house the night of his return, and whom he had since met once or twice as he came and went. The moment she perceived that he was aware of her presence she threw herself on her knees at his bedside, hid her face and began to weep. The sympathy of his nature rendered yet more sensitive by weakness and suffering, Malcolm laid his hand on her head and sought to comfort her. "Don't be alarmed about me," he said: "I shall soon be all right again."

"I can't bear it," she sobbed. "I can't bear to see you like that, and all my fault." "Your fault! What *can* you mean?" said Malcolm.

"But I did go for the doctor, for all it may be the hanging of me," she sobbed. "Miss Caley said I wasn't to, but I would

and I did. They can't say I meant it — can they?"

"I don't understand," said Malcolm feebly.

The doctor says somebody's been an' p'isoned you," said the girl with a cry that sounded like a mingled sob and howl; "an' he's been a-pokin' of all sorts of things down your poor throat." And again she cried aloud in her agony.

"Well, never mind: I'm not dead, you see, and I'll take better care of myself after this. Thank you for being so good to me: you've saved my life."

"Ah! you won't be so kind to me when you know all, Mr. MacPhail," sobbed the girl. "It was myself gave you the horrid stuff, but God knows I didn't mean to do you no harm no more than your own mother."

"What made you do it, then?" asked Malcolm.

"The witch-woman told me to. She said that — that — if I gave it you — you would — you would —" She buried her face in the bed, and so stifled a fresh howl of pain and shame. "And it was all lies — lies!" she resumed, lifting her face again, which now flashed with rage, "for I know you'll hate me worse than ever now."

"My poor girl, I never hated you," said Malcolm.

"No, but you did as bad: you never looked at me. And now you'll hate me out and out. And the doctor says if you die he'll have it all searched into, and Miss Caley she look at me as if she suspect me of a hand in it; and they won't let alone till they've got me hanged for it; and it's all along of love of you; and I tell you the truth, Mr. MacPhail, and you can do anything with me you like — I don't care — only you won't let them hang me, will you? Oh, please don't!" She said all this with clasped hands and the tears streaming down her face.

Malcolm's impulse was of course to draw her to him and comfort her, but something warned him. "Well, you see I'm not going to die just yet," he said as merrily as he could; "and if I find myself going I shall take care the blame falls on the right person. What was the witch-woman like? Sit down on the chair there and tell me all about her."

She obeyed with a sigh, and gave him such a description as he could not mistake. He asked where she lived, but the girl had never met her anywhere but in the street, she said.

Questioning her very carefully as to

Caley's behavior to her, Malcolm was convinced that she had a hand in the affair. Indeed, she had happily more to do with it than even Mrs. Catanach knew, for she had traversed her treatment to the advantage of Malcolm. The midwife had meant the potion to work slowly, but the lady's-maid had added to the pretended philtre a certain ingredient in whose efficacy she had reason to trust; and the combination, while it wrought more rapidly, had yet apparently set up a counteraction favorable to the efforts of the struggling vitality which it stung to an agonized resistance.

But Malcolm's strength was now exhausted. He turned faint, and the girl had the sense to run to the kitchen and get him some soup. As he took it her demeanor and regards made him anxious, uncomfortable, embarrassed. It is to any true man a hateful thing to repel a woman: it is such a reflection upon her. "I've told you everything, Mr. MacPhail, and it's gospel truth I've told you," said the girl after a long pause. It was a relief when first she spoke, but the comfort vanished as she went on, and with slow perhaps unconscious movements approached him. "I would have died for you, and here that devil of a woman has been making me kill you! Oh, how I hate her! Now you will never love me a bit — not one tiny little bit forever and ever!"

There was a tone of despairful entreaty in her words that touched Malcolm deeply. "I am more indebted to you than I can speak or you imagine," he said. "You have saved me from my worst enemy. Do not tell any other what you have told me, or let any one know that we have talked together. The day will come when I shall be able to show you my gratitude."

Something in his tone struck her, even through the folds of her passion. She looked at him a little amazed, and for a moment the tide ebbed. Then came a rush that overmastered her. She flung her hands above her head, and cried, "That means you will do anything but love me!"

"I cannot love you as you mean," said Malcolm. "I promise to be your friend, but more is out of my power."

A fierce light came in the girl's eyes. But that instant a terrible cry, such as Malcolm had never heard, but which he knew must be Kelpie's, rang through the air, followed by the shouts of men, the tones of fierce execration and the clash

and clang of hoofs. "Good God!" he exclaimed, and forgetting everything else, sprung from the bed and ran to the window outside his door. The light of their lanterns dimly showed a confused crowd in the yard of the mews, and amid the hellish uproar of their coarse voices he could hear Kelpie plunging and kicking. Again she uttered the same ringing scream. He threw the window open and cried to her that he was coming, but the noise was far too great for his enfeebled voice. Hurriedly he added a garment or two to his half-dress, rushed to the stair, passing his new friend, who watched anxiously at the head of it, without seeing her, and shot from the house.

CHAPTER L.

THE DEMONESS AT BAY.

WHEN he reached the yard of the mews the uproar had nothing abated. But when he cried out to Kelpie, through it all came a whinny of appeal, instantly followed by a scream. When he got up to the lanterns he found a group of wrathful men with stable-forks surrounding the poor animal, from whom the blood was streaming before and behind. Fierce as she was, she dared not move, but stood trembling, with the sweat of terror pouring from her. Yet her eye showed that not even terror had cowed her. She was but biding her time. Her master's first impulse was to scatter the men right and left, but on second thoughts, of which he was even then capable, he saw that they might have been driven to apparent brutality in defence of their lives, and besides, he could not tell what Kelpie might do if suddenly released. So he caught her by the broken halter and told them to fall back. They did so, carefully—it seemed unwillingly. But the mare had eyes and ears only for her master. What she had never done before, she nosed him over face and shoulders, trembling all the time. Suddenly one of her tormentors darted forward and gave her a terrible prod in the off hind-quarter. But he paid dearly for it. Ere he could draw back she lashed out and shot him half across the yard with his knee-joint broken. The whole set of them rushed at her.

"Leave her alone," shouted Malcolm, "or I will take her part. Between us we'll do for a dozen of you."

"The devil's in her," said one of them.

"You'll find more of him in that rascal groaning yonder. You had better see to

him. He'll never do such a thing again, I fancy. Where is Merton?"

They drew off and went to help their comrade, who lay senseless.

When Malcolm would have led Kelpie in, she stopped suddenly at the stable-door, and started back shuddering as if the memory of what she had endured there overcame her. Every fibre of her trembled. He saw that she must have been pitifully used before she broke loose and got out. But she yielded to his coaxing, and he led her to her stall without difficulty. He wished Lady Clementina herself could have been his witness how she knew her friend and trusted him. Had she seen how the poor bleeding thing rejoiced over him, she could not have doubted that his treatment had been in part at least a success.

Kelpie had many enemies amongst the men of the mews. Merton had gone out for the evening, and they had taken the opportunity of getting into her stable and tormenting her. At length she broke her fastenings: they fled, and she rushed out after them.

They carried the maimed man to the hospital, where his leg was immediately amputated.

Malcolm washed and dried his poor animal, handling her as gently as possible, for she was in a sad plight. It was plain he must not have her here any longer: worse to her at least was sure to follow. He went up, trembling himself now, to Mrs. Merton. She told him she was just running to fetch him when he arrived: she had no idea how ill he was. But he felt all the better for the excitement, and after he had taken a cup of strong tea wrote to Mr. Soutar to provide men on whom he could depend—if possible the same who had taken her there before—to await Kelpie's arrival at Aberdeen. There he must also find suitable housing and attention for her at any expense until further directions, or until, more probably, he should claim her himself. He added many instructions to be given as to her treatment.

Until Merton returned he kept watch, then went back to the chamber of his torture, which, like Kelpie, he shuddered to enter. The cook let him in and gave him his candle, but hardly had he closed his door when a tap came to it, and there stood Rose, his preserver. He could not help feeling embarrassed when he saw her.

"I see you don't trust me," she said.

"I do trust you," he answered. "Will

you bring me some water? I dare not drink anything that has been standing."

She looked at him with inquiring eyes, nodded her head and went. When she returned he drank the water.

"There! you see I trust you," he said with a laugh. "But there are people about who for certain reasons want to get rid of me: will you be on my side?"

"That I will," she answered eagerly.

"I have not got my plans laid yet; but will you meet me somewhere near this to-morrow night? I shall not be at home, perhaps, all day."

She stared at him with great eyes, but agreed at once, and they appointed time and place. He then bade her good-night, and the moment she left him lay down on the bed to think. But he did not trouble himself yet to unravel the plot against him, or determine whether the violence he had suffered had the same origin with the poisoning. Nor was the question merely how to continue to serve his sister without danger to his life; for he had just learned what rendered it absolutely imperative that she should be removed from her present position. Mrs. Merton had told him that Lady Lossie was about to accompany Lady Bellair and Lord Liftore to the Continent. That must not be, whatever means might be necessary to prevent it. Before he went to sleep things had cleared themselves up considerably.

He woke much better, and rose at his usual hour. Kelpie rejoiced him by affording little other sign of the cruelty she had suffered than the angry twitching of her skin when hand or brush approached a wound. The worst fear was that some few white hairs might by-and-by in consequence fleck her spotless black. Having urgently committed her to Merton's care, he mounted Honor and rode to the Aberdeen wharf. There, to his relief, time growing precious, he learned that the same smack in which Kelpie had come was to sail the next morning for Aberdeen. He arranged at once for her passage, and saw, before he left, to every contrivance he could think of for her safety and comfort. He warned the crew concerning her temper, but at the same time prejudiced them in her favor by the argument of a few sovereigns. He then rode to the Chelsea Reach, where the Psyche had now grown to be a feature of the river in the eyes of the dwellers upon its banks.

At his whistle Davy tumbled into the dinghy like a round ball over the gunwale, and was rowing for the shore ere his

whistle had ceased ringing in Malcolm's own ears. He left him with his horse, went on board and gave various directions to Travers; then took Davy with him, and bought many things at different shops, which he ordered to be delivered to Davy when he should call for them. Having next instructed him to get everything on board as soon as possible, and appointed to meet him at the same place and hour he had arranged with Rose, he went home.

A little anxious lest Florimel might have wanted him, for it was now past the hour at which he usually waited her orders, he learned to his relief that she was gone shopping with Lady Bellair, upon which he set out for the hospital whither they had carried the man Kelpie had so terribly mauled. He went, not merely led by sympathy, but urged by a suspicion also which he desired to verify or remove. On the plea of identification he was permitted to look at him for a moment, but not to speak to him. It was enough: he recognized him at once as the same whose second attack he had foiled in the Regent's Park. He remembered having seen him about the stable, but had never spoken to him. Giving the nurse a sovereign and Mr. Soutar's address, he requested her to let that gentleman know as soon as it was possible to conjecture the time of his leaving. Returning, he gave Merton a hint to keep his eye on the man, and some money to spend for him as he judged best. He then took Kelpie for an airing. To his surprise, she fatigued him so much that when he had put her up again he was glad to go and lie down.

When it came near the time for meeting Rose and Davy he got his things together in the old carpet-bag, which held all he cared for, and carried it with him. As he drew near the spot, he saw Davy already there, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides. Presently Rose appeared, but drew back when she saw Davy. Malcolm went to her. "Rose," he said, "I am going to ask you to do me a great favor. But you cannot except you are able to trust me."

"I do trust you," she answered.

"All I can tell you now is that you must go with that boy to-morrow. Before night you shall know more. Will you do it?"

"I will," answered Rose. "I dearly love a secret."

"I promise to let you understand it if you do just as I tell you."

"I will."

"Be at this very spot, then, to-morrow

morning at six o'clock. Come here, Davy. This boy will take you where I shall tell him."

She looked from the one to the other. "I'll risk it," she said.

"Put on a clean frock, and take a change of linen with you and your dressing-things. No harm shall come to you."

"I'm not afraid," she answered, but looked as if she would cry.

"Of course you will not tell any one."

"I will not, Mr. MacPhail."

"You are trusting me a great deal, Rose, but I am trusting you too—more than you think. Be off with that bag, Davy, and be here at six to-morrow morning to carry this young woman's for her." Davy vanished.

"Now, Rose," continued Malcolm, "you had better go and make your preparations."

"Is that all, sir?" she said.

"Yes. I shall see you to-morrow. Be brave."

Something in Malcolm's tone and manner seemed to work strangely on the girl. She gazed up at him half frightened, but submissive, and went at once, looking, however, sadly disappointed.

Malcolm had intended to go and tell Mr. Graham of his plans that same night, but he found himself too much exhausted to walk to Camden Town. And thinking over it, he saw that it might be as well if he took the bold measure he contemplated without revealing it to his friend, to whom the knowledge might be the cause of inconvenience. He therefore went home and to bed, that he might be strong for the next day.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ON CERTAIN RELATIONS BETWEEN
PLANTS AND INSECTS.*

At the close of the last century, Sprengel published a remarkable memoir on the relations of flowers and insects, and showed in a variety of cases how beautifully the flowers were so constructed as to secure their fertilization by insects. Neither plants nor insects, indeed, would be what they are, but for the influence which each has exercised on the other. Some plants, indeed, are altogether dependent on insects for their very existence. We know now, for instance, that certain plants produce no seeds at all, unless

* The substance of this article was delivered as a lecture before the Society of Arts. Some additions have been made to it, in its present form.

visited by insects. Thus, in some of our colonies, the common red clover sets no seeds on account of the absence of humble-bees; for the proboscis of the hive bee is not long enough to effect the object. According to Mr. Belt, the same is the case, for the same reason, in Nicaragua, with the scarlet-runner. But even in those instances in which it is not absolutely necessary, it is a great advantage that the flowers should be fertilized by pollen brought from a different plant, and, with this object in view, insects are tempted to visit flowers for the sake of the honey and pollen; while the colors and scents are useful in making the flowers more easy to find.

Fortunately for us, bees like the same odors as we do; and as the great majority of flowers are adapted for bees, they are consequently sweet; but it might have been otherwise, for flies prefer evil smells, such as those of decaying meat, and other animal substances on which they live as larvæ, and some flowers, consequently, which are fertilized by them, are characterized by very evil odors. Colors, also, are affected in the same manner, for while bee flowers (if I may coin such an expression) have generally bright, clear colors, fly flowers are usually reddish or yellowish brown.

The real use of honey now seems so obvious that it is remarkable to see the various theories which were once entertained on the subject. Patrick Blair thought that the honey absorbed the pollen, and then fertilized the ovary. Pontedera thought it kept the ovary in a moist condition. Linnæus confessed his inability to solve the question. Other botanists considered that it was useless material thrown off in the process of growth. Krünitz observed that in meadows much visited by bees the plants were more healthy, but the inference he drew was, that the honey, unless removed, was very injurious, and that the bees were of use in carrying it off.

Kurr observed that the formation of honey in flowers is intimately associated with the maturity of the stamens and pistil. He lays it down, as a general rule, that it very seldom commences before the opening of the anthers, is generally most copious during their maturity, and ceases so soon as the stamens begin to wither, and the development of the fruit commences. Rothe's observations also led him to a similar conclusion, and yet neither of these botanists perceived the intimate association which exists between the presence of honey and the period at which the visits

of insects are of importance to the plant. Sprengel was the first to point out the real office of honey, but his views were far from meeting with general consent, and even so lately as 1833 were altogether rejected by Kurr, who came to the conclusion that the secretion of honey is the result of developmental energy, which afterwards concentrates itself on the ovary.

No doubt, however, seems any longer to exist that Sprengel's view is right; and that the true function of honey is to attract insects and thus to secure cross-fertilization. Thus most of the *Rosaceæ* are fertilized by insects and possess nectaries; but, as Delpino has pointed out, the genus *Poterium* is anemophilous, or wind-fertilized, and possesses no honey. So also the maples are almost all fertilized by insects and produce honey; but *Acer negundo* is anemophilous and honeyless. Again among the *Polygonaceæ* some species are insect-fertilized and melliferous, while on the other hand certain genera, *Rumex* and *Oxyria*, have no honey, and are fertilized by the wind. At first sight it might appear an objection to this view, — and one reason perhaps why the earlier botanists missed the true explanation may have been the fact, — that some plants secrete honey on other parts besides the flowers. Belt and Delpino have, I think, suggested the true function of these extra-floral nectaries. The former of these excellent observers describes a South American species of acacia, which, if unprotected, is apt to be stripped of the leaves by a leaf-cutting ant, which uses the leaves, not directly for food, but, according to Mr. Belt, to grow mushrooms on. The acacia, however, bears hollow thorns, and each leaflet produces honey in a crater-formed gland at the base, and a small, sweet, pear-shaped body at the tip. In consequence, it is inhabited by myriads of a small ant, *Pseudomyrma bicolor*, which nests in the hollow thorns, and thus finds meat, drink, and lodging all provided for it. These ants are continually roaming over the plant, and constitute a most efficient body-guard, not only driving off the leaf-cutting ants, but, in Belt's opinion, rendering the leaves less liable to be eaten by herbivorous mammalia. Delpino mentions that on one occasion he was gathering a flower of *Clerodendron fragrans*, when he was suddenly attacked by a whole army of small ants.

I am not aware that any of our English plants are protected in this manner from the browsing quadrupeds, but not the less

do our ants perform for them a very similar function, by keeping down the number of small insects, which would otherwise rob them of their sap and strip them of their leaves.

Forel watched, from this point of view, a nest of *Formica pratensis*. He found that the ants brought in dead insects, small caterpillars, grasshoppers, cercopis, etc., at the rate of about twenty-eight a minute, or more than one thousand six hundred in an hour. When it is considered that the ants work not only all day, but in warm weather often all night too, it is easy to see how important a function they fulfil in keeping down the numbers of small insects.

Some of the most mischievous insects, indeed — certain species, for instance, of aphids and coccus — have turned the tables on the plants, and converted the ants from enemies into friends, by themselves developing nectaries, and secreting honey, which the ants love. We have all seen the little brown garden ant, for instance, assiduously running up the stems of plants, to milk their curious little cattle. By this ingenious idea, not only do the aphides and cocci secure immunity from the attacks of the ants, but even turn them from foes into friends. They are subject to the attacks of a species of ichneumon, which lays its eggs in them, and Delpino has seen the ants watching over them with truly maternal vigilance, and driving off the ichneumons whenever they attempted to approach.

But though ants are in some respects very useful to plants, they are not wanted in the flowers. The great object is to secure cross-fertilization; but for this purpose winged insects are almost necessary, because they fly readily from one plant to another, and generally confine themselves for a certain time to the same species. Creeping insects, on the other hand, naturally would pass from each floret to the next; and, as Mr. Darwin has shown in his last work, it is of little use to bring pollen from a different flower of the same plant; it must be from a different plant altogether. Moreover, creeping insects when they quitted a plant would naturally creep up another close by, without any regard to species. Hence, even to small flowers (such as many cruciferæ, compositæ, saxifrages, etc.), which, as far as size is concerned, might well be fertilized by ants, the visits of flying insects are much more advantageous. Moreover, if larger flowers were visited by ants, not only would they deprive the flowers of their

honey without fulfilling any useful function in return, but they would probably prevent the really useful visits of bees. If you touch an ant with a needle or a bristle, she is almost sure to seize it in her jaws; and if bees when visiting any particular plant were liable to have the delicate tip of their proboscis seized on by the horny jaws of an ant, we may be sure that such a plant would soon cease to be visited.

On the other hand, we know how fond ants are of honey, and how zealously and unremittingly they search for food. How is it, then, that they do not anticipate the bees and secure the honey for themselves? Kerner has recently published a most interesting memoir on this subject, and pointed out a number of ingenious contrivances by which flowers protect themselves from the unwelcome visits of such intruders. The most frequent are the interposition of *chevaux de frise*, which ants cannot penetrate, glutinous parts which they cannot traverse, slippery slopes which they cannot climb, or barriers which close the way.

Firstly, then, as regards *chevaux de frise*. In some respects these are the most effectual protection, since they exclude not only creeping insects, but also other creatures, such as slugs. With this object, it will be observed that the hairs which cover the stalks of so many herbs usually point downwards. A good example of this is afforded, for instance, by a plant allied to our common blue scabious, *Knautia dipsacifolia*. The heads of the common carline (*Carlina vulgaris*), again, present a sort of thicket, which must offer an impenetrable barrier to ants. Some species of plants are quite smooth, excepting just below the flowers. The common but beautiful cornflower (*Centaurea cyanus*) is quite smooth, but the involucre forming the flower-head are bordered with recurved teeth. In this case neither the stem nor the leaves show a trace of such prickles. In this species the stigma projects about one-fifth of an inch above the flower, so that if ants could obtain access they would steal the honey without fertilizing the flower; a flying insect, on the contrary, alighting on the flower, could scarcely fail to touch the stigma.

Another common mode of protection is by glutinous surfaces.

Kerner has called attention to a very interesting illustration afforded by *Polygonum amphibium*. The beautiful rosy flowers of this species are rich in nectar; the stamens are short; the pistil, on the contrary, projects considerably above the

corolla. The nectar is not protected by any special arrangement of the flower itself, and is accessible even to very small insects. The stamens ripen before the pistil, and any flying insect, however small, coming from above, would assist in cross-fertilization. Creeping insects, on the contrary, which in most cases would enter from below, would rob the honey without benefiting the plant. *P. amphibium*, as its name denotes, grows sometimes in water, sometimes on land. So long, of course, as it grows in water, it is thoroughly protected, and the stem is smooth; while, on the other hand, those specimens which live on land throw out certain hairs which terminate in sticky glands, and thus prevent small insects from creeping up to the flowers. In this case, therefore, the plant is not sticky, except just when this condition is useful.

All these viscous plants, as far as I know, have upright or horizontal flowers. On the other hand, where the same object is effected by slippery surfaces, the flowers are often pendulous; creeping creatures being thus kept out of them, just as the pendulous nests of the weaver bird are a protection from snakes and other enemies. As instances of this kind, I may mention the common snowdrop, or the cyclamen.

I have elsewhere suggested that the so-called "sleep" of flowers had reference to the habits of insects, on the ground that flowers which are fertilized by night-flying insects would derive no advantage by being open in the day; while, on the other hand, those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. I confess that I suggested this with much diffidence, but it may now, I think, be regarded as well established.

Silene nutans, the Nottingham catchfly, is a very instructive species from this point of view, and indeed illustrates a number of interesting points in the relations between plants and insects. Its life history has recently been well described by Kerner. The upper part of the flowering stem is viscid, from which it has derived its local name, the Nottingham catchfly. This prevents the access of ants and other small creeping insects. Each flower lasts three days, or rather three nights. The stamens are ten in number, arranged in two sets, the one set standing in front of the sepals, the other in front of the petals. Like other night flowers, it is white, and opens towards evening, when it also becomes extremely fragrant. The first evening, towards dusk, the stamens in front of the sepals

grow very rapidly for about two hours, so that they emerge from the flower; the pollen ripens, and is exposed by the bursting of the anther. So the flower remains through the night, very attractive to and much visited by moths. Towards three in the morning the scent ceases, the anthers begin to shrivel up or drop off, the filaments turn themselves outwards so as to be out of the way, while the petals, on the contrary, begin to roll themselves up, so that by daylight they close the aperture of the flower, and present only their brownish-green undersides to view, which, moreover, are thrown into numerous wrinkles. Thus, by the morning's light, the flower has all the appearance of being faded. It has no smell, and the honey is covered over by the petals. So it remains all day. Towards evening, however, everything is changed. The petals unfold themselves, by eight o'clock the flower is as fragrant as before, the second set of stamens have rapidly grown, their anthers are open, and the pollen again exposed. By morning the plant is again asleep, the anthers are shrivelled, the scent has ceased, and the petals rolled up as before. The third evening again the same process, but this time it is the pistil which grows, and the long spiral stigmas on the third evening take the position which on the previous two had been occupied by the anthers, and can hardly fail to be dusted by the moths with pollen brought from another flower.

An objection to the view that the sleep of flowers is regulated by the visits of insects, might be derived from the cases of those flowers which close early in the day, the well-known *Tragopogon pratense*, or "John go to bed at noon," for instance; still more, such species as *Lapsana communis*, or *Crepis pulchra*, which open before six and close again before ten in the morning. Bees, however, are very early risers, while ants come out much later, when the dew is off the grass; so that it might well be an advantage to a flower which was quite unprotected to open early for the bees, and close again before the ants were out, thus preserving its honey for another day.

So much for the first part of my subject. I must now pass to the second—the action of plants upon insects. It would here, perhaps, be most natural to discuss the modifications which have been produced in insects by the search after honey and pollen; especially the gradual lengthening of the proboscis in butterflies, moths, and bees, to enable

them to suck the honey, and the adaptation of the legs of bees to enable them to carry off the more or less dry and dusty pollen. Having, however, already treated of them elsewhere, it will be better for me to take other illustrations, and fortunately there is no lack or difficulty.

Many of the cases in which certain insects escape danger by their similarity to plants are well known; the leaf insect and the walking-stick insect are familiar and most remarkable cases. The larvæ of insects afford, also, many interesting examples, and, in other respects also, teach us, indeed, many instructive lessons. It would be a great mistake to regard them as merely preparatory stages in the development of the perfect insect. They are much more than this, for the external circumstances act on the larvæ, as well as on the perfect insect, and both, therefore, are liable to adaptation. In fact, the modifications which insect larvæ undergo may be divided into two kinds—developmental, or those which tend to approximation to the mature form; and adaptational or adaptive, those which tend to suit them to their own mode of life.

It is a remarkable fact that the forms of larvæ do not depend on that of the mature insect. In many cases, for instance, very similar larvæ produce extremely dissimilar insects. In other cases similar, or comparatively similar, perfect insects have very dissimilar larvæ. Indeed, a classification of insects founded on larvæ would be quite different from that founded on the perfect insects. The hymenoptera, for instance, which, so far as the perfect insects are concerned, form a very homogeneous group, would be divided into two—or rather one portion of them, namely, the saw-flies, would be united to the butterflies and moths. Now, why do the larvæ of saw-flies differ from those of other hymenoptera, and resemble those of butterflies and moths? It is because their habits differ from those of other hymenoptera, and they feed on leaves, like ordinary caterpillars.

From this point of view, the transformations of the genus *Sitaris*, which has been very carefully investigated by M. Fabre, are peculiarly interesting.

The genus *Sitaris* (a small beetle allied to *Cantharis*, the blister-fly, and to the oil-beetle) is parasitic to a kind of bee (*Anthophora*) which excavates subterranean galleries, each leading to a cell. The eggs of the sitaris, which are deposited at the entrance of the galleries, are hatched at the end of September or beginning of October,

and M. Fabre not unnaturally expected that the young larvæ, which are active little creatures with six serviceable legs, would at once eat their way into the cells of the anthophora. No such thing: till the month of April following they remain without leaving their birthplace, and consequently without food; nor do they in this long time change either in form or size. M. Fabre ascertained this, not only by examining the burrow of the anthophoras, but also by direct observations of some young larvæ kept in activity. In April, however, his captives at last awoke from their long lethargy, and hurried anxiously about their prisons. Naturally inferring that they were in search of food, M. Fabre supposed that this would consist either of the larvæ or pupæ of the anthophora, or of the honey with which it stores its cell. All three were tried without success. The first two were neglected, and the larvæ, when placed on the latter, either hurried away or perished in the attempt, being evidently unable to deal with the sticky substance. M. Fabre was in despair: "*Fa-mais expérience,*" he says, "*n'a éprouvé pareille déconfiture. Larves, nymphes, cellules, miel, je vous ai tous offert; que voulez-vous, donc, bestioles maudites?*" The first ray of light came to him from our countryman, Newport, who ascertained that a small parasite found by Léon Dufour on one of the wild bees was, in fact, the larva of the oil-beetle. The larvæ of sitaris much resembled Dufour's larvæ. Acting on this hint, M. Fabre examined many specimens of anthophora, and found on them at last the larvæ of his sitaris. The males of anthophora emerge from the pupæ sooner than the females, and M. Fabre ascertained that, as they come out of their galleries, the little sitaris larvæ fasten upon them. Not, however, for long: instinct teaches them that they are not yet in the straight paths of development; and, watching their opportunity, they pass from the male to the female bee. Guided by these indications, M. Fabre examined several cells of the anthophora; in some, the egg of the anthophora floated by itself on the surface of the honey, in others, on the egg, as on a raft, sat the still more minute larva of the sitaris. The mystery was solved. At the moment when the egg is laid the sitaris larva springs upon it. Even while the poor mother is carefully fastening up her cell, her mortal enemy is beginning to devour her offspring; for the egg of the anthophora serves not only as a raft, but as a repast. The honey, which is enough for either,

would be too little for both; and the sitaris, therefore, at its first meal, relieves itself from its only rival. After eight days the egg is consumed, and on the empty shell the sitaris undergoes its first transformation, and makes its appearance in a very different form.

The honey, which was fatal before, is now necessary, the activity, which before was necessary, is now useless; consequently, with the change of skin, the active, slim larva changes into a white, fleshy grub, so organized as to float upon the surface of the honey, with the mouth beneath and the spiracles above the surface: "*Grâce à l'embonpoint du ventre,*" says M. Fabre, "*la larve est à l'abri de l'asphyxie.*" In this state it remains until the honey is consumed; then the animal contracts, and detaches itself from its skin, within which the further transformations take place. In the next stage, which M. Fabre calls the pseudo-chrysalis, the larva has a solid corneous envelope and an oval shape, and in its color, consistency, and immobility reminds one of a dipterous pupa. The time passed in this condition varies much. When it has elapsed the animal moults again, again changes its form; after this it becomes a pupa, without any remarkable peculiarities. Finally, after these wonderful changes and adventures, in the month of August the perfect sitaris makes its appearance.

In fact, whenever in any group we find differences in form or color, we shall always find them associated with differences in habit. Let us take the case of caterpillars. The prevailing color of caterpillars is green, like that of leaves. The value of this to the young insect, the protection it affords, is obvious. We must all have observed how difficult it is to distinguish small green caterpillars from the leaves on which they feed. When, however, they become somewhat larger, their form betrays them, and it is important that there should be certain marks to direct the eye from the outlines of the body. This is effected, and much protection given, by longitudinal lines, which accordingly are found on a great many caterpillars. These lines, both in color and thickness, much resemble some of the lines on leaves (especially those, for instance, of grasses), and also the streaks of shadow which occur among foliage. If, however, this is the explanation of them, then they ought to be wanting, as a general rule, in very small caterpillars, and to prevail most among those which feed on or among grasses. Now, similar lines occur on a

great number of caterpillars belonging to most different groups of butterflies and moths, as you may see by turning over the illustrations of any monograph of the lepidoptera. They exist among the hawk-moths, as, for instance, in the humming-bird hawk-moth; they occur in many butterflies, as, for instance, in *Arge galethea*, which feeds on the cat's-tail grass; and in many moths, as, for instance, in *Pyrophila tragopoginis*, which feeds on the leaves of the "John go to bed at noon" (*Tragopogon*). Now you will find that the smallest caterpillars rarely possess these white streaks. As regards the second point also, the streaks are generally wanting in caterpillars which feed on large-leaved plants. The *Satyridæ*, on the contrary, all possess them, and all live on grass. In fact we may say, as a general rule, that these longitudinal streaks only occur on caterpillars which live on or among narrow-leaved plants. As the insect grows, these lines often disappear on certain segments, and are replaced by diagonal lines. These diagonal lines occur in a great many other caterpillars belonging to the most distinct families of butterflies and moths. They come off just at the same angle as the ribs of leaves, and resemble them very much in general effect. They occur also especially in species which feed on large-leaved plants, and I believe I may say that though a great many species of caterpillars present these lines, they are rarely, if ever, present in species which live on grass, while, on the contrary, they are very frequent in those species which live on large-leaved plants. It might at first be objected to this view, that there are many cases, as in the elephant hawk-moth, in which caterpillars have both. A little consideration, however, will explain this. In small caterpillars these oblique lines would be useless, because they must have some relation, not only in color, but in their distances apart, to the ribs of the leaves. Hence, while there are a great many species which have longitudinal lines when young, and diagonal ones when they are older and larger, there is not, I believe, a single one which begins with diagonal lines and then replaces them with longitudinal ones. The disappearance of the longitudinal lines on those segments which have diagonal ones, is striking where the lines are marked. It is an advantage, because white lines crossing one another at such an angle have no relation to anything which occurs in plants, and would make the creature more conspicuous. It is an advantage, therefore,

that when the diagonal lines are developed, the longitudinal ones should disappear. There is one other point in connection with these diagonal lines to which I must call your attention. In many species they are white, but in some cases, as for instance in the beautiful green caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth, the white streak is accompanied by a colored one—in that case lilac. At first we might think that this would be a disadvantage, as tending to make the caterpillar more conspicuous; and in fact if we put one in full view out, for instance, on a table and focus the eye on it, the colored lines are very striking. But we must remember that the habit of the insect is to sit on the inside of the leaf, generally near the midrib, and in the subdued light of such a situation, especially if the eye is not looking exactly at them, the colored lines beautifully simulate a line of soft shadow, such as must always accompany a strong rib; and I need not tell any artist that the shadows of yellowish green must be purplish. Moreover, any one who has ever found one of these large caterpillars will, I am sure, agree with me that it is surprising, when we consider their size and conspicuous coloring, how difficult they are to see.

But though the prevailing color of caterpillars is green, there are numerous exceptions. Some caterpillars are white. These either feed on wood, in which they burrow, such as the species of *Sphecia* and *Trochilium zeuzera*, or on roots, as the ghost-moth (*Hepialus humuli*); *Hipparchia hyperanthus* (the ringlet butterfly) has also whitish caterpillars, and this may at first sight appear to contradict the rule, since it feeds on grass. Its habit is, however, to keep at the roots by day, and feed only at night.

In various genera we find black caterpillars, which are of course very conspicuous, and, so far as I know, are not distasteful to birds. In every case, however, it will be found that they are covered with hairs or spines, which protect them from most birds. In such species the bold dark color may be an advantage, by rendering the hair more conspicuous. As instances of caterpillars which are black and hairy, I may quote, among our English butterflies, *Melitæa cinxia*, *M. Artemis*, *M. athalia*, *M. selene*, *M. dia*, *M. Euphrosyne*, *Argynnis aglaia*, *Vanessa polychloros*, *V. Io*, and *V. Antiope*; while among moths there are *Arctia villica*, *A. caga*, and *Heraclea dominula*. I do not know, however, of any large caterpillar which is black and smooth.

Brown caterpillars, also, are frequently protected by hairs or spines in the same way. As instances may be mentioned *Cynthia cardui*, *Argynnis lathonia*, *Eriogaster lanestris*, *Odonestis potatoaria*, *Lasiocampa rubi*, *L. trifolii*, and *L. roboris*. Brown caterpillars, however, unlike black ones, are frequently naked. These fall into two principal categories: firstly, those which, like the *Geometridæ*, put themselves into peculiar and stiff attitudes, so that in form, color, and position they closely resemble bits of dry stick; and, secondly, those which feed on low plants, concealing themselves on the ground by day, and only coming out in the dark.

Yellow and yellowish-green caterpillars are abundant, and their color is a protection. Red and blue, on the contrary, are much less common colors, and are generally present as spots.

Caterpillars with red lines or spots are generally hairy, and for the reason given above. Such, for instance, are *Vanessa Antiopa*, *Limenitis Camilla*, *Oenistis quadra*, *Deiopa pulchella*, *Acronycta tridens*, *A. psi*, *A. rumicis*, *A. euphorbiæ*, *A. auricoma*, *Dipthera Orion*. On the other hand, *Papilio machaon* has red spots and still is smooth; but as it emits a strongly-scented liquid when alarmed, it is probably distasteful to birds. I cannot recall any other case of a caterpillar which has conspicuous red spots or lines, and yet is smooth.

Blue is among caterpillars even a rarer color than red. Indeed, among our larger species the only cases I can recall are the species of *Gastropacha*, which have two conspicuous blue bands, the death's-head moth, which has broad diagonal bands, and *Chærocampa*, which has two bright-blue oval patches on the third segment. The species of *Gastropacha* are protected by being hairy, but why they have the blue bands I have no idea. It is interesting that the other species both frequent plants which have blue flowers. The peculiar hues of the death's-head hawk-moth caterpillar, which feeds on the potato, unite so beautifully the brown of the earth, the yellow and green of the leaves, and the blue of the flowers, that, in spite of its size, it can scarcely be perceived unless the eye be focussed exactly upon it.

Chærocampa nerii is also a beautiful case. Many of the hawk-moth caterpillars have eye-like spots, to which I shall have to allude again presently. These are generally reddish or yellowish, but in *Ch. nerii*, which feeds on the periwinkle, they

are bright blue, and in form as well as color closely resemble the blue petals of that flower. *Ch. celerio* also has two smaller blue spots, with reference to which I can make no suggestion. It is a very rare species, and I have never seen it. Possibly, in this case, the blue spots may be an inherited character.

No one who looks at any representations of hawk-moth caterpillars can fail to be struck by the peculiar coloring of those belonging to the genus *Anceryx*, which differ in style of coloring from all other sphinx larvæ, having longitudinal bands of brown and green. Why is this? Their *habitat* is different. They feed on the leaves of the pinaster, and their peculiar coloring offers a general similarity to the brown twigs and narrow green leaves of a conifer. There are not many species of lepidoptera which feed on the pine, but there are a few; such for instance are *Achatia spreta* and *Dendrolimus pini*, both of which have a very analogous style of coloring to that of *Anceryx*, while the latter has also tufts of bluish green hair which singularly mimic the leaves of the pine. It is still more remarkable that in a different order of insects, that of the hymenoptera, we again find species, for instance, *Lophyrus socia*, which live on the pine, and in which the same style of coloring is repeated.

Let us now take a single group and see how far we can explain its various colors and markings, and what are the lessons which they teach us. For this purpose I think I cannot do better than select the larvæ of the *Sphingidæ*, which have just been the subject of a masterly monograph by Dr. Weissmann, the learned professor of Freiburg.

The caterpillars of this group are very different in color—green, white, yellow, brown, sometimes even gaudy, varied with spots, patches, streaks, and lines. Now, are these differences merely casual and accidental, or have they a meaning and a purpose? In many, perhaps in most cases, the markings serve for the purpose of concealment. When, indeed, we see caterpillars represented on a white sheet of paper, or if we put them on a plain table, and focus the eye on them, the colors and markings would seem, if possible, to render them even more conspicuous, as, for instance, in *D. galii*; but amongst the intricate lines and varied colors of foliage and flowers, and if the insect be a little out of focus, the effect is very different.

Let us begin with the *Chærocampa el-*

penor, the elephant hawk-moth. The caterpillars, as represented in most entomological works, are of two varieties, most of them brown, but some green. Both have a white line on the three first segments; two remarkable eye-like spots* on the fourth and fifth, a very faint median line, and another more than four inches long. I will direct your attention specially, for the moment, to three points, — what mean the eye-spots and the faint lateral line; and why are some green and some brown, offering thus such a marked contrast to the leaves of the *Epilobium parvum*, on which they feed? Other questions will suggest themselves later, for I must now call your attention to the fact that, when they first quit the egg, and come into the world, they are quite different in appearance, being like so many other small caterpillars, bright green, and almost exactly the color of the leaves on which they feed. That this color is not a necessary or direct consequence of the food, we see from the case of quadrupeds, which, as I need not say, are never green. It is, however, so obviously a protection to them, that the explanation of the green color of small caterpillars suggests itself to every one. After five or six days, and when they are about a quarter of an inch in length, they go through their first moult. In their second stage, they have a white subdorsal line stretching along the body, from the horn to the head; and after a few days, but not at first, traces of the eye-spots appear on the fourth and fifth segments. There is also a second pale line running along the side. After another five or six days, and when about half an inch in length, our caterpillars moult again. In their third stage, the commencement of the eye-spots is more marked, while, on the contrary, the lower longitudinal line has disappeared. After another moult, the eye-spots are still more distinct, the white gradually becomes surrounded by a black line, while the centre becomes somewhat violet. The subdorsal line has almost, or entirely disappeared, and in some specimens faint diagonal lines make their appearance. Some few assume a brownish tint, but not many. A fourth moult takes place in seven or eight days, and when the caterpillars are about an inch and a half in length. Now, the difference

shows itself still more between the two varieties, some remaining green, while the majority become brown. The eye-spots are more marked and the pupil more distinct, the diagonal lines plainer, while the subdorsal line is only indicated on the first three and eleventh segments. The last stage has been already described.

Now the principal points to which I desire to draw attention are (1) the green color, (2) the longitudinal lines, (3) the diagonal lines, (4) the brown color, and (5) the eye-spots.

As regards the first three, I think, however, I need say no more. The value of the green color to the young insect is obvious; nor is it much less clear that when it is somewhat larger, the longitudinal lines are a great advantage, while subsequently diagonal ones become even more important.

The next point is the color of the mature caterpillars. We have seen that some are green and others brown. The green ones are obviously merely those which have retained their original color. Now for the brown color. It is evident that this makes the caterpillar even more conspicuous among the green leaves than would otherwise be the case. Let us see, then, whether the habits of the insects will throw any light upon the riddle. What would you do if you were a big caterpillar? Why, like most other defenceless creatures, you would feed by night and lie concealed by day. So do these caterpillars. When the morning light comes they creep down the stem of the food-plant, and lie concealed among the thick herbage and dry sticks and leaves near the ground, and it is obvious that under such circumstances the brown color really becomes a protection. It might indeed be said that the caterpillars having become brown, concealed themselves on the ground; that in fact we were reversing the state of things. But this is not so, because while we may say, as a general rule, that (with some exceptions due to obvious causes) large caterpillars feed by night and lie concealed by day, it is by no means always the case that they are brown, some of them still retaining the green color. We may then conclude that the habit of concealing themselves by day came first, and that the brown color is a later adaptation. It is, moreover, interesting to note, that while the caterpillars which live on low plants often go down to the ground and turn brown, those which feed on large trees or plants remain on

* The shaded portions which replace the eye-spots on the other segments, are an instance of the general rule that a character which appears on every two segments has a tendency to develop itself on every other segment.

the under side of the leaves, and retain their green color.

Thus, in *Smerinthus ocellatus*, which feeds on the willow and sallow; *S. populi*, which feeds on the poplar; and *S. tilia*, which frequents the lime, the caterpillars all remain green; while in the convolvulus hawk-moth, which frequents the convolvulus; *Chærocampa nerii*, which feeds in this country on the periwinkle; *Chærocampa celerio*, *Ch. elpenor*, and *Ch. porcellus* (small low species which feed on galium), most of the caterpillars turn brown. There are, indeed, some caterpillars which are brown, and yet do not go down to the ground, as, for instance, those of *Aspilatis aspersaria*, and indeed of the *Geometridæ* generally. These caterpillars, however, as already mentioned, place themselves in peculiar attitudes, which, combined with their brown color, make them look almost exactly like bits of stick or dead twigs.

The last of the five points to which I called your attention was the eye-spots. In some cases spots may serve for concealment, by resembling the marks on dead leaves. In *Deilephila hippophae*, which feeds on the hippophae, or sea buckthorn, a very grey-green plant, the caterpillar also is a very similar grey-green, and has, when full grown, a single red spot on each side, which, as Weissmann suggests, at first sight much resembles in color and size one of the berries of hippophae, which, moreover, are present, though not ripe, at the same period of the year. Again, in *Chærocampa tersa* there is an eye-spot on each segment, which mimics the flower of the plant on which it feeds (*Spermacoce hyssopifolia*). White spots, in some cases, also resemble the spots of light which penetrate foliage. In other instances, however, and at any rate in our elephant hawk-moth, the eye-spots certainly render the insect more conspicuous. Now in some cases, as Wallace has pointed out, this is an advantage rather than a drawback. Suppose that from the nature of its food or any other cause, as, for instance, from being covered with hair, a small green caterpillar was very bitter, or in any way disagreeable or dangerous as food, still in the number of small green caterpillars which birds love it would be continually swallowed by mistake. If, on the other hand, it had a conspicuous and peculiar color, its evil taste would serve to protect it, because the birds would soon recognize and avoid it, as Weir and others have proved experimentally. I have already alluded to a case of this among the hawk-

moths in *Deilephila euphorbiae*, which, feeding on euphorbia, with its bitter milky juice, is very distasteful to birds, and is thus actually protected by its bold and striking colors. The spots on our elephant hawk-moth caterpillar do not admit of this explanation, because the insect is quite good to eat—I mean for birds. We must, therefore, if possible, account for them in some other way. There can, however, I think, be little doubt that Weissmann is right when he suggests that they actually protect the caterpillar by frightening its foes.

Every one must have observed that these large caterpillars have a sort of uncanny, poisonous appearance; that they suggest a small thick snake or other evil beast, and the eyes do much to increase the deception. Moreover, the segment on which they are placed is swollen, and the insect when in danger has the habit of retracting its head and front segments, which gives it an additional resemblance to some small reptile. That small birds are, as a matter of fact, afraid of these caterpillars (which, however, I need not say, are in reality altogether harmless) Weissmann has proved by actual experiment. He put a caterpillar in a tray in which he was accustomed to place seed for birds. Soon a little flock of sparrows and other small birds assembled to feed as usual. One of them lit on the edge of this tray, and was just going to hop in, when she spied the caterpillar. Immediately she began bobbing her head up and down, but was afraid to go nearer. Another joined her, and then another, until at last there was a little company of ten or twelve birds, all looking on in astonishment, but not one ventured into the tray, while one which lit in it unsuspectingly beat a hasty retreat in evident alarm as soon as she perceived the caterpillar. After watching for some time Weissmann removed the caterpillar, when the birds soon attacked the seeds.

Other caterpillars also are probably protected by their curious resemblance to spotted snakes. Moreover, as Weissmann points out, we may learn another very interesting lesson from these caterpillars. They leave the egg, as we have seen, a plain green, like so many other caterpillars, and gradually acquire a succession of markings, the utility of which I have just attempted to explain. The young larva, in fact, represents an old form, and the species in the lapse of ages has gone through the stage which each individual now passes through in a few weeks. Thus

the caterpillar of *Chærocampa porcellus*, the small elephant hawk-moth, a species very nearly allied to *Ch. elpenor*, passes through almost exactly the same stages as that of *Ch. elpenor*. But it leaves the egg with a subdorsal line, which the caterpillar of *Ch. elpenor* does not acquire until after its moult. No one can doubt, however, that there was a time when the new-born caterpillars of *Ch. porcellus* were plain green, like those of *Ch. elpenor*. In this respect, then, *Ch. porcellus* is a newer specific form than *Ch. elpenor*. Again, if we compare the mature caterpillars of *Chærocampa* we shall find that there are some forms, such as *Ch. myron* and *Ch. chærilus* which never develop eye-spots, but even when full grown correspond to the second stage of *Ch. elpenor*. Here, then, we seem to have a species still in the stage which *Ch. elpenor* must have passed through long ago.

The genus *Deilephila*, of which we have in England three species — the euphorbia hawk-moth, the galium hawk-moth, and the rayed hawk-moth — is also very instructive. The caterpillar of the euphorbia hawk-moth begins life of a clear green color, without a trace of the subsequent markings. After the first moult, however, it has a number of black patches, a white line, and a series of white dots, and has therefore, at one bound, acquired characters which in *Ch. elpenor*, as we have seen, were only very gradually assumed. In the third stage the line has disappeared, leaving the white spots. In the fourth the caterpillars have become very variable, but are generally much darker than before, and have a number of white dots under the spots. In the fifth stage there is a second row of white spots under the first. The caterpillars not being good to eat, there is, as has been already pointed out, no need for, nor attempt at, concealment. Now if we compare the mature caterpillars of other species of the genus, we shall find that they represent phases in the development of *D. euphorbiæ*. *D. hippophae*, for instance, even when full grown, is a plain green, with only a trace of the line, and corresponds, therefore, with a very early stage of *D. euphorbiæ*; *D. zygophylli* of south Russia, has the line, and represents the second stage of *D. euphorbiæ*; *Deilephila livornica* has the line and the row of spots, and represents, therefore, the third stage; lastly, *D. vespertilio* and *D. galii* have progressed further, and lost the longitudinal line, but they never acquire the second row of spots which characterize the last stage of *D. euphorbiæ*.

Professor Weissmann's memoir, from which these facts are taken, is most suggestive, and opens up many points of interest.

For such inquiries as this, the larvæ of lepidoptera are particularly suitable, because they live an exposed life; the different species even of the same genus often feed on different plants, and are therefore exposed to different conditions, and last, not least, because we know more about the larvæ of the lepidoptera than of any other insects. The larvæ of ants all live in the dark; they are fed by the perfect ants, and being, therefore, all subject to very similar conditions, are all very much alike. It would puzzle even a good naturalist to determine the species of an ant larva, while, as we all know, the caterpillars of butterflies and moths are as easy to distinguish as the butterflies and moths; they differ from one another as much as, sometimes more than, the perfect insect.

There are five principal types of coloring among caterpillars. Those which live inside wood, or leaves, or underground, are generally of a uniform pale line; the small leaf-eating caterpillars are green, like the leaves on which they feed. The other three types may, *si parva licet componere magnis*, be compared with the three types of coloring among cats. There are the ground cats, such as the lion or puma, which are brownish or sand color, like the open places they frequent. So also caterpillars which conceal themselves by day at the roots of their food-plant tend, as we have seen, even if originally green, to assume the color of earth. The spotted or eyed cats, such as the leopard, live among trees; and their peculiar coloring renders them less conspicuous by mimicking spots of light which penetrate through foliage. So also many caterpillars are marked with spots, eyes, or patches of color. Lastly, there are the jungle cats, of which the tiger is a typical species, and which have stripes, rendering them very difficult to see among the brown grass which they frequent. It may, perhaps, be said that this comparison fails, because the stripes of tigers are perpendicular, while those of caterpillars are either longitudinal or oblique. This, however, so far from constituting a real difference, confirms the explanation, because in each case the direction of the lines follows those of the foliage. The tiger, walking horizontally on the ground, has transverse bars; the caterpillar, clinging to the grass in a vertical position, has longitudinal lines, while those which live on large veined

leaves have oblique lines like the oblique ribs of the leaves.

Thus, then, I think, we see reasons for many at any rate of the variations of color and markings in caterpillars, which at first sight seem so fantastic and inexplicable. I should, however, produce an impression very different from that which I wish to convey, were I to lead you to suppose that all these varieties have been explained or are understood. Far from it, they still offer a large field for study; nevertheless, I venture to think the evidence now brought forward, however imperfectly, is at least sufficient to justify the conclusion that there is not a hair or a line, not a spot or a color, for which there is not a reason, which has not a purpose or a meaning in the economy of nature.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST EXPERIENCES.

MARRIAGE is in legal phrase the "highest consideration;" even the cold and unromantic eye of the law perceives that the fact of a woman giving herself up, body and soul, to a man, is more than an equivalent for any sort of marriage settlement. But at no period of the world's history was it ever contemplated that a woman's immediate duty, on becoming a wife, was forthwith to efface her own individuality. Now this was what Lady Sylvia deliberately set about doing, in the first flush of her wifely devotion. As she had married the very source and fountain-head of all earthly wisdom, what use was there in her retaining opinions of her own? Henceforth she was to have always at her side the lawgiver, the arbiter, the infallible authority; she would surrender to his keeping all her beliefs just as she implicitly surrendered her trunks. She never thought twice about her new dresses: what railway-guard could withstand that terrible, commanding eye?

Now, little has been said to the point in these pages about Balfour, if it has not been shown that he was a man of violent prejudices. Perhaps he was not unlike other people in that respect; except in so

far as he took little pains to conceal his opinions. But if there was anything likely to cure him of prejudices it was to see them mimicked in the faithful and loving mirror now always by his side; for how could he help laughing at the unintentional distortions? He had been a bitter opponent of the Second Empire, while that bubble still glittered in the political atmosphere; but surely that was no reason why Lady Sylvia should positively refuse to remain in Paris?

"Gracious goodness," said he, "have you acquired a personal dislike for thirty millions of people? You may take my word for it, Sylvia, that as all you are likely to know about the French is by travelling among them, they are the nicest people in the world, so far as that goes. Look at the courtesy of the officials—look at the trouble a working-man or a peasant, will take to put you in the right road. Believe me, you may go further and fare worse. Wait, for example, till you make your first plunge into Germany. Wait till you see the Germans on board a Rhine steamer—their manners to strangers, their habits of eating——"

"And then?" she said, "am I to form my opinion of the Germans from that? Do foreigners form their opinion of England by looking at a steamer-load of people going to Margate?"

"Sylvia," said he, "I command you to love the French."

"I won't," she said.

But this defiant disobedience was only the curious result of a surrender of her own opinions. She was prepared to dislike thirty millions of human beings merely because he had expressed detestation of Louis Napoleon. And when he ended the argument with a laugh, the laugh was not altogether against her. From that moment he determined to seize every opportunity of pointing out to her the virtues of the French.

Of course it was very delightful to him to have for his companion one who came quite fresh to all those wonders of travel which lie close around our own door. One does not often meet nowadays with a young lady who has not seen, for example, the Rhine under moonlight. Lady Sylvia had never been out of England. It seemed to her that she had crossed interminable distances, and left her native country in a different planet altogether, when she reached Brussels, and she could not understand her husband when he said that in the Rue Montague de la Cour he had always the impression that he had just

stepped round the corner from Regent Street. And she tried to imagine what she would do in these remote places of the earth if she were all by herself — without this self-reliant guide and champion, who seemed to care no more for the awful and mysterious officials about railway-stations and the entrances to palaces than he would for the humble and familiar English policeman. The great deeds of chivalry were poor in her eyes compared with the splendid battle waged by her husband against extortion; the field of Waterloo was nearly witnessing another fearful scene of bloodshed, all because of a couple of francs. Then the Rhine, on the still moonlight night, from the high balcony in Cologne, with the colored lights of the steamers moving to and fro — surely it was he alone who was the creator of this wonderful scene. That he was the creator of some of her delight in it was probable enough.

Finally, they settled down in the little village of Rolandseck; and now, in this quiet retreat, after the hurry and bustle of travelling was over and gone, they were thrown more directly on each other's society, and left to find out whether they could find in the companionship of each other a sufficient means of passing the time. That, indeed, is the peril of the honeymoon period, and it has been the origin of a fair amount of mischief. You take a busy man away from all his ordinary occupations, and you take a young girl away from all her domestic and other pursuits, while as yet neither knows very much about the other, and while they have no common objects of interest — no business affairs, nor house affairs, nor children to talk about — and you expect them to amuse each other day after day, and day after day. Conversation, in such circumstances, is apt to dwindle down into very small rills indeed, unless when it is feared that silence may be construed into regret, and then a forced effort is made to pump up the waters. Moreover, Rolandseck, though one of the most beautiful places in the world, is a place in which one finds it desperately hard to pass the time. There is the charming view, no doubt, and the Balfours had corner rooms, whence they could see, under the changing lights of morning, of midday, of sunset, and moonlight, the broad and rushing river, the picturesque island, the wooded and craggy heights, and the mystic range of the Drachenfels. But the days were still, sleepy, monotonous. Balfour seated in the garden just over the river, would

get the *Kölnische* or the *Allgemeine*, and glance at the brief telegram headed *Grossbritannien*, which told all that was considered to be worth telling about his native country. Or, together, they would clamber up through the warm vineyards to the rocky heights by Roland's Tower, and there let the dreamy hours go by in watching the shadows cross the blue mountains, in following the small steamers and the greater rafts as they passed down the stream, in listening to the tinkling of the cattle-bells in the valley below. How many times a day did Balfour cross over by the swinging ferry to the small bathing-house on the other side, and there plunge into the clear, cold, rushing green waters? Somehow the days passed.

And, on the whole, they passed pleasantly. In England there was absolutely nothing going on that could claim any one's attention; the first absolute hush of the recess was unbroken even by those wandering voices that, later on, murmur of politics in unfrequented places. All the world had gone idling; if a certain young lady had wished to assume at once the *rôle* she had sketched out for herself — of becoming the solace and comfort of the tired legislator — there was no chance for her in England at least. Perhaps, on the whole, she was better occupied here in learning something about the nature of the man with whom she proposed to spend a lifetime. And here, too, in these quiet solitudes, Balfour occasionally abandoned his usual bantering manner, and gave her glimpses of a deep under-current of feeling, of the existence of which not even his most intimate friends were aware. When, as they walked alone in the still evenings, with the cool wind stirring the avenues of walnut-trees, and the moonlight beginning to touch the mists lying about Nonnenwerth and over the river, he talked to her as he had never talked to any human being before. And curiously enough, when his love for this newly-found companion sought some expression that would satisfy himself, he found it in snatches of old songs that his nurse, a Lowland Scotchwoman, had sung to him in his childhood. He had never read these lyrics. He knew nothing of their literary value. It was only as echoes that they came into his memory now; and yet they satisfied him in giving something of form to his own fancies. He did not repeat them to her; but as he walked with her, these old phrases, and chance refrains, seemed to suggest themselves quite naturally. Surely it was of her that this was written? —

O saw ye my wee thing, and saw ye my ain
thing,

And saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the
gloaming,

Sought she the burnie where flowers the
haw-tree?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-
white,

Dark is the blue o' her saft rollin' ee,
Red, red her ripe lips and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

or this, again, —

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,

Tied up wi' siller thread,

And courtly sits she in the midst,

Men's langing eyes to feed;

She waves the ringlets frae her cheek

Wi' her milky, milky han' ;

And her cheeks seem touched wi' the finger o'
God,

My bonnie Lady Ann !

He forgot that he was in the Rhineland — the very cradle of lyrical romance. He did not associate this fair companion with any book whatever; the feelings that she stirred were deeper down than that, and they found expression in phrases that had years and years ago become a part of his nature. He forgot all about Uhland, Heine, and the rest of the sweet and pathetic singers who have thrown a glamor over the Rhine-valley; it was the songs of his boyhood that occurred to him.

Like dew on the gowan lying

Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,

And like winds in the summer sighing,

Her voice is low and sweet.

The lines are simple enough. Perhaps they are even commonplace. But they sufficed.

It must be said, however, that Balfour was the reverse of an effusive person; and this young wife very speedily discovered that his bursts of tender confidences were likely to be few and far between. He was exceedingly chary of using endearing phrases; more especially if there was a third person present. Now she had been used to elaborate and studied expressions of affection. There was a good deal of histrionics about Lord Willowby. He got into violent rages with his servants about the merest trifles; but these rages were as predetermined as those of the first Napoleon are said to have been; he found that it answered his purpose to have his temper feared. On the other hand, his affection for his daughter was expressed on all occasions with profuse phraseology — a phraseology that was a trifle mawkish and artificial when heard by others, but which

was not so to the object of it. She had grown accustomed to it. To her it was but natural language. Doubtless she had been taught to believe that all affection expressed itself in that way.

Here, again, she tried to school herself. Convinced — by these rare moments of self-disclosure — that the love he bore her was the deepest and strongest feeling of his nature, she would be content to do without continual protestation of it. She would have no lip-service. Did not reticence in such matters arise from the feeling that there were emotions and relations too sacred to be continually flaunted before the public gaze? Was she to distrust the man who had married her because he did not prate of his affection for her within the hearing of servants?

The reasoning was admirable; the sentiment that prompted it altogether praiseworthy. But before a young wife begins to efface her personality in this fashion, she ought to make sure that she has no personality to speak of. Lady Sylvia had a good deal. In these Surrey solitudes, thrown greatly in on herself for companionship, she had acquired a certain seriousness of character. She had very definite conceptions of the various duties of life; she had decided opinions on many points; she had, like other folks, a firmly-fixed prejudice or two. For her to imagine that she could wipe out her own individuality, as if it were a sum on a slate, and inscribe in its stead a whole series of new opinions, was mere folly. It was prompted by the most generous of motives; but it was folly none the less. Obviously, too, it was a necessary corollary of this effort at self-surrender, or rather self-effacement, that her husband should not be made aware of it; she would be to him, not what she was, but what she thought she ought to be.

Hyper-subtleties of fancy and feeling? the result of delicate rearing, a sensitive temperament, and a youth spent much in solitary self-communion? Perhaps they were; but they were real for all that. They were not affectations, but facts — facts involving as important issues as the simpler feelings of less complex and cultivated natures. To her they were so real, so all-important, that the whole current of her life was certain to be guided by them.

During this pleasant season, but one slight cloud crossed the shining heaven of their new life. They had received letters in the morning; in the evening, as they sate at dinner, Lady Sylvia suddenly said

to her husband — with a sort of childish happiness in her face, —

"Oh, Hugh, how delightful it must be to be a very rich person. I am eagerly looking forward to that first thousand pounds — it is a whole thousand pounds all at once, is it not? Then you must put it in a bank for me, and let me have a cheque-book."

"I wonder what you will do with it," said he. "I never could understand what women did with their private money. I suppose they make a pretence of paying for their own dress — but as a matter of fact they have everything given them — jewellery, flowers, bonnets, gloves —"

"I know," said she, with a slight blush, "what I should like to do with my money."

"Well?" said he. Of course she had some romantic notion in her head. She would open a co-operative store for the benefit of the inhabitants of Happiness Alley, and make Mrs. Grace the superintendent. She would procure "a day in the country" for all the children in the slums of Seven Dials. She would start a fund for erecting a gold statue to Mr. Plimsoll.

"You know," said she, with an embarrassed smile, "that papa is very poor, and I think those business matters have been harassing him more than ever of late. I am sure, Hugh, dear, you are quite right about women not needing money of their own — at least, I know I have never felt the want of it much. And now don't you think it would please poor papa if I were to surprise him some morning with a cheque for a whole thousand pounds! I should feel myself a millionaire."

He showed no surprise, or vexation. He merely said, in a cold way, —

"If it would please you, Sylvia, I see no objection."

But immediately after dinner he went out, saying he meant to go for a walk to some village on the other side of the Rhine — too distant for her to go. He lit a cigar, and went down to the ferry. The good-natured ferryman, who knew Balfour well, said "*'n Abend, Herr.*" Why should this sulky-browed man mutter in reply, "The swindling old heathen!" It was quite certain that Balfour could not have referred to the friendly ferryman.

He walked away along the dusty and silent road, in the gathering twilight, puffing his cigar fiercely.

"At it already," he was saying to himself, bitterly. "He could not let a week pass. And the child comes to me with

her pretty ways, and says, 'Oh, won't you pity this poor old swindler?'" And of course I am an impressionable young man; and in the first flush of conjugal gratitude and enthusiasm I will do whatever she asks; and so the letter comes within the very first week! By the Lord, I will stop that kind of thing as soon as I get back to London!"

He returned to the hotel about ten o'clock. Lady Sylvia had gone to her room; he went there, and found her crying bitterly. And, as she would not tell him why she was in such grief, how could he be expected to know? He thought he had acted very generously in at once acceding to her proposal; and there could not be the slightest doubt that the distance to that particular village was much too great for her to attempt.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1877.

PARIS, *March* 1877.

It seems to be so distinctly to the interest of France that knowledge of the realities of her military position should not be limited to special students — it appears to be so self-evident that she can but gain by the formation throughout the world at large of correct opinions as to her strengths and her weaknesses — that her friends may justly feel that they are forwarding her cause by openly scrutinizing her situation. That situation, as it now is, presents certain facts and certain probabilities which it will aid her to indicate distinctly. That situation, of course, may change; new circumstances may arise; but in its actual form it points to two unmistakable conclusions: the first, that France cannot attack Germany; the second, that, if invaded, she can now, most certainly, defend herself. In other words, the present evidence goes to show that the maintenance of peace between the two countries depends on the will of Germany alone; that it cannot be endangered by France; but that, all the same, Germany will have real hard work before her if she tries to conquer France again.

To set forth these probabilities, to point out these presumptions, cannot fail to render a service both to France and to the general cause of peace. With such an object in view, it is certainly permissible to carry further our investigation of the state of the French army.

Signal progress has been made since

1875; more vigor has been thrown into the management; in many directions energy has been substituted for routine; force has gone on steadily accumulating; and, though defects of system and of management are still terribly numerous, though a large variety of points are still open to just criticism, the organization is so advanced, the general improvement is so real, that it may now be said, at last, that France has indisputably an army.

The causes of this amelioration are distinctly evident. Abundance of money is the foremost of them all; France has been able to pay for what she needed. The steady, zealous action of the regimental officers is, as manifestly, the second source of strength. And next may be classed, successively, the influences of opinion, of time, of experience, and of accumulated labor.

The war minister has been changed. General Berthaut has replaced General de Cissey. The new-comer is a man of undeniable ability and of much scientific knowledge. His book "*Des Marches et des Combats*" is, perhaps, though rather too condensed, the cleverest composition which has been written by a French officer since the war. He is excessively laborious. But his great qualities are mixed up with little ones: he is constitutionally afraid of trusting anybody, and tries, therefore, to do everything himself; as a necessary consequence he gets into arrears with his work, and he is of course cordially disliked by his *bureaux*. Still, in the utter dearth of genius which so strangely distinguishes the present generation of Frenchmen, General Berthaut may be regarded as a valuable functionary.

He is struggling honestly to root out faults and to suppress abuses; he is fighting conscientiously not only against disorder, but also against—what is almost as bad—too much order. With time he may succeed; but he has still a tremendous deal to do. Many of the gravest of the old deficiencies remain unremedied. The Intendance, for instance, is still in the same unsatisfactory position as before. A law has been brought forward about it, but though that law has passed the Senate it has not yet been discussed in the Chamber. The Intendance is still the marrowless institution which we saw hobbling through its work in 1870; it still fondly clings to its immemorial feebleness and to its hereditary defects. Even at the last autumn manœuvres, where every movement was exactly known beforehand, it seems to have felt that it would be a dis-

grace to it to do its work properly; so, to keep up its traditions, the troops were left occasionally without food. Whether the proposed new law will change all this remains to be seen. Its principle is, that the Intendance shall be deprived of independent action, and that it shall work exclusively and entirely under the orders of the general commanding. It therefore introduces unity into the army, and destroys the duality of powers which has thus far existed. With generals who are really generals this change would indisputably be a progress; but it may most legitimately be doubted whether actual French commanders, taken as a whole, and excluding certain brilliant exceptions, will be able to direct the feeding of their soldiers any better than they direct their movements. The system is a wise one; but where are the men who are to apply it?

It is consoling to be able to turn one's eyes elsewhere, and to recognize that, in certain other directions, the march ahead has been prodigious. The system of tactics has been entirely changed; and in no army in the world is the substitution of open order for close formations likely to produce better results. The new *règlement des manœuvres* is considered to be the best in Europe. It is admirably fitted to the temperament of the French soldier, and will enable him to exercise his personal qualities. If that *règlement* had been in force on the 14th and 16th of August 1870, it is not impossible that the battles of Borny and of Rézonville would have been victories for France. The *matériel* is, at last, almost entirely reconstructed; the fortresses and the intrenched camps which have been established to defend the open frontier are nearly finished—some of them, indeed, are already armed, stored, and victualled for a siege; the more essential of the new forts round Paris are terminated, armed, and even garrisoned. To do all this, one hundred and sixty millions sterling have been laid out upon the army in the five years between 1872 and 1876; ninety millions thereof have gone in ordinary annual expenditure, and seventy millions for special outlay on *matériel* and defences. The result is, that France has now reached a point at which she can at last begin, if necessary, to use the instrument she has created.

What would happen if she needed it? How would she manage a mobilization of her forces? On previous occasions we have examined principles of direction and systems of organization; in 1875 we looked

into actual details and immediate elements ; this time, instead of appreciating the present, it will be more useful to gaze curiously at the future, and to try to estimate what a mobilization would produce. Mobilization alone would give the precise measure of the work done since 1871 ; it alone would indicate the ultimate realizable value of that work ; it alone would supply a thorough, searching test of the military institutions of the country ; it alone would furnish reliable evidence of the practical adequacy of the preparations made. How would it be carried through ? Would everything break down again as in 1870 ? Would the results of the last war be reproduced under the present system ? Would the helpless disorder of seven years ago be renewed all over again ? Or has France at last developed not only an army, but also an organization which would enable her, in spite of the weak points of her system, to get that army rapidly, smoothly, and steadily into the field ?

In seeking a reply to these questions, it is of course essential to commence by examining the rules which determine the conditions under which a mobilization would now be conducted. Those rules are detailed in the third section of the law of 24th July 1873 on the general organization of the army, supplemented by the additional laws of 19th March and 18th November 1875. It is prescribed in those laws that the French army may be mobilized henceforth either by a direct written order addressed to each individual member of the reserves and delivered to him in person by the *gendarmerie*, or that it may be called out *en masse* by the far simpler and more expeditious process of "*publication par voie d'affiches sur la voie publique, sans attendre la notification individuelle.*" By this latter plan (which is entirely new) every man liable to serve, whether in the active or the territorial army, may be directed to start off to the depot of his regiment without waiting for an individual summons ; a simple posting-bill stuck up in his village will fix the day on which he is to join. This measure is so practical and so intelligent, that of course the Germans have just copied it from France. It cannot, indeed, be doubted that it will be successively adopted throughout Europe, and that it will be the only plan employed in all future mobilizations ; for it implies a gain of two days in the joining of the reservists, and consequently in the concentration of troops. And, with war conducted as it is now, two days may mean a victory.

Unfortunately, however, the laws which set forth the duties of reservists are not all easy to be understood ; they ought to be as clear as words can make them, but the latest and most important of them is, on the contrary, the least comprehensible of all the new military enactments. All the other laws, without exception, are to be carried into execution by some one in authority who can expound them to the soldiers under him ; but the law of November 1875 relating to the functions of reservists, which is to be carried out, for a large part, by the reservists themselves, is couched in a language which must render it hopelessly unintelligible to laborers and peasants. And yet those laborers and peasants are supposed to be ready to obey it scrupulously, without any aid from anybody. It is true that extracts from this law are printed in the register-book which each reservist has in his possession ; but what is the use of that if he cannot comprehend the extracts ? Why, the mere title of the law is enough to frighten the best-intentioned soldier. It bears the scarcely credible heading of "*Loi ayant pour objet de coordonner les lois du 27 Juillet 1872, 24 Juillet 1873, 12, 19 Mars et 6 Novembre 1875, avec le code de justice militaire.*" And yet all this means in reality "Law defining the duties of the reservists of the French army" !

There is no space here to point out all the defects of this law, but a couple of examples of them may be given at hazard. One is, that the two totally distinct words, "domicile" and "residence," are employed in it perpetually, without any definition of the meaning of either of them. The other is, that it establishes two sorts of military justice — one for the active army, and one for the territorial corps. If a fortress is surrendered by a regular officer, he is liable to be shot ; but if its capitulation is signed by a territorial commander, he can only be imprisoned. Crime in one case becomes misdemeanor in the other. Furthermore, while the code of military justice adopts the universal principle of never admitting extenuating circumstances for military offences, this law of 1875 concedes them in certain cases. All this is in absolute contradiction to the law of general organization, which declares (Art. 35) that "the territorial army, when mobilized, is governed by the laws and regulations which apply to the active army."

This law must be made over again. It must be brought into harmony with the principles and the practice of the other pre-existing army laws ; and what is al-

most more urgent still, it must be made comprehensible to uneducated intelligences: it must indicate with explicitness and lucidity the duties which it imposes.

And when the law shall have been re-drafted — when it shall be rendered absolutely clear — it must be brought to the distinct knowledge of those who may have to execute it. On this point the military authorities have at their disposal a means of action of extreme simplicity, and of indisputable efficacy. Why do they not use the civil institutions for the purpose?

In France, as elsewhere, men occupy themselves more willingly about laws which assign rights to them than about those which impose duties on them. Every Frenchman knows, understands, and applies in his own person, the requirements of the electoral law. Why, then, should not that law and the mobilization law be made identical, so far as their prescriptions fit together, in all that concerns domicile and residence, for instance? Why not teach military duties by the very document which confers civil rights? The municipal law, also, might be utilized for the same end; for the mayors have now to play a part in the matter, and are destined to act as agents of the state in certain details of mobilization. Yet when that interminable discussion about municipalities took place in the Chamber, not one single word was said on this point — not one line was introduced into the law with the object of drawing the attention of the mayors to the fact that new duties devolve upon them in consequence of the new military organization of the country.

It cannot be doubted that, under such defective conditions as these, with everything new, undeveloped, and unpractised, there would be many hitches and some disorder in a mobilization.

And now that we have got a rough idea of the conditions and the imperfections of the law, let us go on to the practical working out of the process itself.

The walls are covered all over France with placards calling up the men; the mayors and the other civil authorities are spreading in their villages the news of the order of mobilization; the *gendarmerie* and the *employés* of the military offices of each district (the *bureaux de recrutement*) are looking after the men to the best of their power, and are serving notices and *feuilles de route* on all the laggards they can find. The men get ready as fast as they can; short time is allowed to them; both the placards and the *feuilles de route* specify the day on

which they are to reach their depot. How are they to travel to it? singly or in groups? Both plans have been tried during the partial callings-up of the reserves for the autumn manœuvres in 1875 and 1876. For short distances the men have been grouped; for long distances they have generally been allowed to go singly. Grouping necessitates a muster at the office of one of the districts into which France is now divided,* and this means loss of time; but it produces order, and it facilitates the payment of travelling expenses to the men, an operation which becomes extremely difficult when they travel separately. The question varies in importance for the different branches of the service. Infantry reservists have rarely to migrate very far to join, for (with the exception mentioned hereafter of the men from Paris and Lyons) they almost always belong to regiments which are quartered in their own immediate neighborhood. But for reservists of the special arms the case is often different; it has been found impossible to attach them all to regiments in their districts, and they (as well as the men on leave of absence from the infantry) may have to cross half France to reach their corps. For such of them as have money no real difficulty would however, arise from this; but the greater part of them would probably be either unable or unwilling to advance their railway fare, and in all such cases time would be lost by going to the district office for money, or for one of the railway passes which the military authorities are now empowered by the minister to issue. But the sole object of this new plan of mobilization by proclamation is to obtain speed and to economize not only days but hours. Why, then, should it not be enacted that travelling expenses may be advanced to mobilized soldiers (as in Germany) by the municipal treasurers or by the local tax-receivers? It is true that this could only be done on the production of a *feuille de route* specifying the sum receivable by each man, and that waiting for the *feuille* might involve a delay of a day or two; but, after all, that delay would not arise in every case, and furthermore, it would only represent the time necessary for the delivery of the *feuille* by the *gendarmerie*, and not the additional time required for a journey to the district office to fetch money. By this plan each man would find at once, even in the small-

* There are one hundred and forty-four of these districts, each one corresponding to one regiment of infantry, and controlling the reservists of that regiment.

est cantons, a resident local functionary prepared to pay him.

Let us, however, suppose that all these difficulties have been surmounted, and let us now follow the men to the depots of their regiments. Their arms, uniforms, and equipments are ready for them there; the men receive them, put them on, and then wait until the number of each article is inscribed in the books. The crowding is tremendous; the men are all on each other's backs, and in each other's way. According to the *loi des cadres*, the depot consists of two companies—that is to say, in peace time of about one hundred and fifty men; but the mobilization of the whole regiment brings in more than twenty-five hundred men on the same day! Where are they to be put?—where are they even to stand? There is another danger here, and it will be well to look to it in time.

Each of the sixteen companies of the regiment sends a *cadre de conduite* to the depot to fetch the men which belong to it. Each *cadre* is composed of one officer and a few non-commissioned officers and steady privates. Directly each group is complete, the men are marched away to the company.

But where is the company? In certain cases the depot is quartered with the service companies; but as a rule it is detached from them, and may be even at some distance. Until the late war they were always separated from each other; but such extreme inconvenience resulted from this cause during the mobilization of 1870, that the principle of keeping the service and depot companies together has been laid down since. In consequence, however, of the new distribution of the army into permanent regional corps, many regiments are quartered in places where no garrisons previously existed, and where, consequently, there are no barracks. The army, on its peace footing, is more numerous than it used to be. The abundant barracks which existed in Alsace-Lorraine have disappeared. For these various reasons, therefore, though the building of new barracks has gone on actively—though about nine millions sterling have been voted for them from State and municipal sources—it has not yet been found practicable to provide room enough in the *casernes* of each region to lodge the depots with the regiments. Two years must still pass before the change can be completely effected. It is only in the 1st and 7th corps (Lille and

Besançon) that the measure is thus far regularly applied. In the 2d corps, two regiments out of eight are separated from their depots; four regiments are in the same condition in the 3d and 4th corps: and so on with the others.

Another cause of difficulty in bringing together the depots and the regiments arises from the special organization which has been adopted for the garrisons of Paris and Lyons. The French active army is recruited all over the territory; conscripts from all the provinces are mixed up in the same regiment; and not only is no attempt made to group together men of the same department, but care is even taken to prevent that result, it being considered, for both special and general reasons, that great inconvenience would accrue from the bestowal of a local character on the regiments of the active army. But with the men of the reserve, as has been explained, the exactly opposite system is employed; they are attached exclusively (for the infantry, at least) to regiments permanently quartered in their own region; and the territorial army is composed on the same principle. For the troops of Paris, however (and to some extent for those of Lyons), an exception has been made; the reservists of the departments of the Seine and Seine-et-Oise are attached to *corps d'armée* of four different regions, whose headquarters and regimental depots are not in Paris, but in those regions. The result is that, in the event of a mobilization, all the reservists in Paris would have first to start off to their depots at Amiens, Orleans, Rouen, Laval, Le Mans, and all sorts of equally distant places, in order to get them equipped, and then to return to Paris, or go elsewhere, to their regiments. When it is remembered that the garrison of Paris and its neighborhood amounts to 120,000 men (more than a quarter of the whole active army), it will be recognized that a serious cause of delay will arise here. And there exists no present reason for supposing that this difficulty will ever be got over. It should, however, be added that, in peace time, this system presents many serious advantages: it mixes up the Parisians with the rural soldiers; it does not encumber the Paris barracks (where there is no space to spare), with the extra men belonging to the depots; and it keeps the system of *corps d'armée* intact and separate from the huge mixed garrison of Paris, which does not form a permanent *corps d'armée* by itself, but is

almost entirely composed of regiments temporarily detached from the surrounding corps.

As an attempt will presently be made to calculate the time which would be required for a mobilization, it is essential to complete, as far as can be foreseen, the list of the apparent causes of possible delay, so as to be able to allow approximately for their effect. It is, for this reason necessary to add to the catalogue of difficulties already enumerated, the observation that the rapidity of the first stage of mobilization may somewhat depend on the degree of organization of the regional and district magazines of stores. The organization of those magazines is determined by Articles 3 and 4 of the law of 24th July 1873: decentralization is its essential principle; not only must each region suffice for its own needs and borrow nothing from its neighbors, but each subdivision of each region is to be equally complete. Each subdivision corresponds to a regiment of infantry, and possesses two magazines. Those magazines are now ready everywhere. But several of the *corps d'armée* have no regional stores yet, and are still dependent for their supplies on the great central magazines. Thus, the 2d, 3d, and 5th corps draw their equipment from Paris; the 9th from Nantes; the 12th from Bordeaux; and the 13th from Lyons. All this is of course provisional, but how much longer is the provisional to last? France will not be really ready until it has disappeared for good.

It must, however, be acknowledged that, according to the experience supplied by the partial calling out of the reserves during the last two years, these provisional arrangements have worked fairly well. The men on those two occasions were dressed with sufficient rapidity: from five to six hours were required to equip the reservists of each company, and the only serious defect revealed was that the clothes in store were not sufficiently varied in size to fit all the new-comers, some of whom, consequently, could not be put into uniform at all. It is probable that the ministry of war has taken measures to remedy this, for the military newspapers took up the question energetically at the time.

Another fault which still remains uncured is the tendency of the officials of the ministry of war to delay things till the last moment, instead of doing as much as possible beforehand. The officers, for instance, have not yet got their *cantines* ready, either for luggage or for food. On

this particular point the arrangements are positively less forward than they were in 1870; for then each officer had his *cantines de campagne* at his own disposal, whereas now they have all been collected into store, and are kept there empty. The filling them at the last moment will be a source of delay and difficulty, and of much personal annoyance. As a mobilization can only be successfully performed on condition that every detail of it has been thoughtfully worked out beforehand, it is quite worth while to allude even to such seeming trifles as these. The minister of war does really seem, however, to be giving his attention to small questions of this kind. For instance, it has just been ordered that, in the event of a mobilization, each *vivandière* shall receive a horse for her cart, and that all carts shall be of the same model.

It was stated in a previous article that, during a small private trial of mobilization made some time ago, three days had been absorbed by the registration of the equipments supplied to two companies. It was obligatory, according to the rules then in force, to write down in three separate books, for each man, the number of every article supplied to him — of his pouch, his waist-belt, knapsack, cartridge-box, sword-strap, and gun-strap. Each number was composed, on an average, of six figures, so that each man required 108 figures, or 16,200 figures for the one hundred and fifty reservists of a company. The ministry has at last given its attention to this absurd abuse of red tape. Simplifications have been introduced into the system of registration, and the time required for the work has been reduced one-half.

Let us now suppose that all the men have passed through successive stages, from their homes to their company. The mobilization, properly so called, is terminated. Concentration is about to begin. The time has come to ask what is the strength of the army. How many men has the mobilization produced?

As military service, in various degrees, for successive terms of years, has become a universal obligation in France, it follows theoretically that all the young men between the ages of 20 and 25 ought to be found in the active army; that all those from 26 to 29 should form part of the reserve; and that all the men between 30 and 40 ought to be found in the territorial army and its reserve. But fact, in this case, does not quite correspond with theory. In reality, not more than about half the available men of each year appear in the

ranks of the active army. In order to explain completely the causes of this great difference let us take the last-published report of an annual conscription. It refers to the contingent of the year 1875.

The total number of young men available in that year was . . . 283,768

Of these—

29,797 were physically unfit.

42,268 were dispersed during peace, for family and other reasons.

19,508 were postponed.

25,778 were already in the army as volunteers.

4,295 were conditionally released, as professors, teachers, etc.

121,646

121,646

There remained, therefore, for service, 162,122

These men were dealt with as follows: they were divided (according to the numbers they had drawn) into two unequal parts, called the first and second portions of the contingent. The first portion was incorporated in the regiments for five years; the second—from motives of economy, and for want of barrack-room—was called up only for six months,* and was then sent home on leave. The respective numbers of these portions were as follows:—

1st portion, for combatant services (including 7040 marines),	95,788
Do., for auxiliary services (Intendance, stores, etc.),	21,259
2d portion, for combatant services,	45,075
Total,	162,122

Furthermore, 8,345 men who had been postponed from preceding years were called up in 1875; 5,142 of them were placed in the first portion of the contingent, and 3,203 in the second portion, so carrying the exact numbers of the year to the following totals:—

1st portion: combatants,	100,930
Do., auxiliary services,	21,259
2d portion: combatants,	48,278
	170,467

It happened that the numbers of 1875 were rather below the average; but, taking them as a minimum, they indicate that the combatant part of the French army, deducting the seven thousand marines, is

* Henceforth, the minimum duration of service will be a year instead of six months.

recruited in peace time at the rate of 93,000 men per annum, all of whom are supposed to remain for five years under the colors. But in consequence of the delay of about six months which takes place each year in calling up the conscripts, and of the fact that men are habitually discharged from their regiments six months before the expiration of their time, the term of real service is practically reduced to four years; so that in peace time the army is composed of four times 93,000 men—that is to say, 372,000 men, *plus* 45,000 men for one year's second portion of the contingent, and *plus*, also, 25,000 men already in the ranks as volunteers. The general total of combatants, in time of peace, is therefore 442,000 men; or, allowing for deaths, about 425,000. No deduction is, however, made here for men away on leave, who usually represent a considerable number.

And to this again must be added the *portion permanente*, which includes such members of the army as are independent of the annual contingent; that is to say, the officers, the *gendarmerie*, the foreign troops in Algeria, the re-engaged men, bandsmen, and certain special workmen. This portion amounts, altogether, to 85,000 men, so carrying the final total to 510,000.

The reserve of the active army includes:—

1. Four classes of the 2d portion of the contingent, of 50,000 men each on an average,	200,000
2. Four classes of the reserve men from 26 to 29, at 150,000 each,	600,000
3. Four classes of the men dispersed during peace, at 40,000 each,	160,000
Total,	960,000

But, allowing for mortality and other causes, this total cannot be counted to produce more than 920,000 men. Adding thereto the 510,000 men under the colors, the general total available for the active army (not including the territorial corps) when all the reserves are called up, is 1,430,000 men. It may, however, be supposed that this total, though theoretically exact, would not be altogether realized in practice, and that the effective number would not exceed 1,300,000.

Here, however, we meet with a difficulty. The French army is now composed of nineteen *corps d'armée*, and of a certain number of unattached brigades, regiments, and battalions, consisting especially of cavalry and foot-chasseurs. The precise war-footing of a *corps d'armée* is

not yet determined by any special law; but as regards its main element—the infantry—no doubt is possible, for everybody knows that the companies are to be composed of two hundred and fifty men each. It is only as regards the cavalry, artillery, and train that any real uncertainty exists, and for those special arms the margin of possible error is limited. We may consequently adopt with tolerable confidence the following approximate computation of the fighting force of a French *corps d'armée*:—

It will contain —

8 regiments of infantry, of three battalions each (the 4th battalion being kept in reserve); 24 battalions of 1000 men,	24,000
1 battalion of foot-chasseurs,	1,000
2 regiments of cavalry, say	1,600
2 regiments of artillery, 23 batteries, at say 250 men each,	5,750
1 battalion of engineers, say	1,200
Artillery train, 3 companies, say	750
Train, 3 companies, say	600
Total,	34,900

Say 35,000

So that on this showing, the 19 *corps d'armée* at their full war strength, would absorb 665,000

To which must be added the following troops, not included in the *corps d'armée*:—

32 regiments of cavalry, at 800 sabres,	25,600
11 battalions of foot-chasseurs,	11,000
57 batteries of garrison artillery,	14,250
144 4th battalions of the line,	144,000
Depots of the 144 line regiments, at 2 companies each,	72,000
Depots of foot-chasseurs,	7,500
Depots of artillery, 76 batteries,	19,000
Depots of cavalry, 70 squadrons,	14,000
Depots of engineers, train, etc.,	6,000
Railway and telegraph services, artificers, and sundries,	5,000
Pontoon-train, 28 companies,	7,000

General total of the active army and depots, 990,350

It results, therefore, from these figures, that although 1,300,000 men would be available in the event of a mobilization, only 990,000 of them could be utilized in the ranks in the first instance. The other 310,000 would remain *en disponibilité* at the depots, to fill up gaps as they arose.

An additional force of 25,000 excellent soldiers would be supplied by the coast and forest guards, all of whom have now received a military organization.

As regards mere numbers, therefore, the result is clear: France has positively

more men than she can use. Measured by quantity alone, a mobilization would produce too much.

But quantity and quality are not identical. The new army laws have not been in force long enough to have made all Frenchmen into capable soldiers; and out of the 1,300,000 men who form the mobilizable total, it is certain that, at this moment, not more than 750,000 are really educated. Of the remainder it may be estimated that about 300,000 have had six months' drilling, while 250,000 have never served at all. Still, as all the men of the two latter categories would of course be placed, in the first instance, in the reserves, it is quite possible that they would have time to learn their business, partially, at least, before they were sent out to fight. Consequently we may fairly say, not only that quantity is abundant, but also that quality is sufficient.

And now we reach the second part of the mobilization—the concentration. On this point we are altogether in the dark; for it is impossible to foresee the political or strategic conditions under which a war-mobilization might have to be effected. The minister of war himself could not speak with any certainty on the question, especially as, in the case of a defensive campaign (and that is the sole theory admissible in the present case), the defender can initiate nothing and must necessarily adapt his own movements to those of the invader. It will, however, surprise nobody to learn that the French Staff Office has at last applied the Prussian system of drawing up a plan of action at the commencement of each year—an “academic” project, as the Germans call it. An attack is supposed; its possible conditions are conjectured and weighed, and, according to the then situation of the French army and to the available information of the state of the other side, a scheme of resistance is prepared. An imaginary mobilization is composed on paper; the probable points of concentration are indicated; the *corps d'armée* are grouped up into fighting armies; their commanders are selected; everything is prepared. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the details of all this are kept profoundly secret; but the fact that it is done is known, and that fact supplies a striking proof of the progress which has been effected.

As regards the exact nature of the concentration, therefore, nothing whatever can be said. But as regards the time it would occupy, we are able to make reasonable guesses. Could both mobilization and

concentration be completed in nineteen days as it was by the Germans in 1870 — or in fifteen days, as it is believed that they could do now? Perhaps not. It is prudent to admit at once — but without attempting to be precise — that France would be slower than Germany. Yet notwithstanding the possible and even very probable causes of delay which have been set forth here, there is no just reason for supposing that the difference would be considerable. It could hardly exceed three or four days. This opinion is based upon a calculation which can easily be verified. In 1870, according to the official reports, the order of mobilization was sent out on 14th July; it was calculated that the arrival of the men at their regiments would be terminated on the 31st — not including the concentration into *corps d'armée* and armies, which was to be effected afterwards. Now, however, according to the actual plan of keeping the infantry reservists in the same regions as their regiments, a notice issued on the 14th could order the reservists to be at their depots on the evening of the 17th. The 18th would be passed in equipping them. They could start the same night for their regiments (which in most cases would not be very far off), and on the morning of the 19th each company could be on its war footing. Counting, however, another forty-eight hours, to compensate for the possible delays which have been enumerated, it follows that it is now possible to do in seven days the same work that took seventeen days in 1870. It is true that, as regards the special arms, whose reservists would have greater distances to travel, the time might be a little longer; but, allowing largely for that contingency, there seems to be no fair ground for doubting that the mobilization (properly so called) could be finished in a time which could scarcely exceed twelve days in all.

The concentration of the regiments into brigades, divisions, and *corps d'armée*, and of the *corps d'armée* into armies, could probably be effected in ten days more, for everything is ready.

It may therefore be asserted — so far, at least, as apparent probabilities can guide us — that the entire process might be completed in a time which would range between eighteen and twenty-two days.

And even if France were a little longer over it than Germany would be, no perceptible disadvantage to her could result from the delay; for, as it is morally certain (as will be shown presently) that France *cannot* attack Germany, and that, if another

war takes place, the attack must be made by Germany, it follows that the invader would have to travel a greater distance to the fighting ground than the defender would have to cover, and would therefore lose in distance what he might gain in time. Consequently, as regards speed, the two sides would probably find themselves on a footing of virtual equality.

Well, we will now suppose the concentration to be completed, conformably to the exigencies of the situation as it may present itself at the time. The troops have formed up into three or four fighting armies, and have drafted off the frameworks of the garrisons of the great intrenched camps, and of the forces destined to guard Paris and Lyons. In estimating that six *corps d'armée* would be required for these latter purposes, and that the other elements of the garrisons would be supplied by the reserves and the territorial army, we shall not, probably, be very wide of the truth; if so, thirteen *corps d'armée*, out of the total of nineteen (the nineteenth having of course been brought over from Algeria, where it is habitually stationed), would be disposable for action in the field. It has been shown that each *corps d'armée* would number about 35,000 men, so that on this calculation the army on the frontier would amount to 455,000 men — a figure which would most certainly be amply sufficient to begin with. It would be backed up by the rest of the 1,300,000 men of the active army — that is to say, by 210,000 in the intrenched camps, by an unconcentrated second line of 325,000, and by an unutilized depot reserve of 310,000 more.

And it must be borne in mind, that if instead of leaving the 144 fourth battalions unconcentrated, they were at once developed into regiments, a large part of the unincorporated reservists could be immediately thrown into them, and a second series of complete armies, amounting, with cavalry and artillery, to at least 350,000 men, could be got together. Plenty of non-commissioned officers could be found amongst the one-year volunteers who would have rejoined. Forty-five thousand of those young gentlemen have now passed through the army; and though the institution which has produced them is most objectionable, and is on the point of being abandoned, they would, at all events, serve a useful purpose in this case. The front army would of course require part of them to keep up its supply of *sous-officiers*, but eight or ten thousand of them could easily be spared to start the extra compa-

nies suggested here. This second series of armies could be established either by grouping two fourth battalions to form a new regiment, or by converting each fourth battalion, with the addition of the two depot companies, into a separate regiment. In either case the unutilized reservists of the original regiment would be at once incorporated into the new regiment thus formed.

This general scheme of action would fit in equally with either of the hypotheses of victory or defeat, provided always that the garrisons of the intrenched camps were constituted at the very commencement of the concentration, and not at the moment of a disaster. The troops which occupy them would have fighting to do, for the great space covered by these camps, especially by the fortifications round Paris, would render investment very difficult, if not, indeed, impossible, and would in all probability oblige the Germans to try to storm them. For the same reason, sorties on a large scale against extended circles of attack might confidently be looked for. It is therefore of extreme importance that the defence of these positions should be organized at the very origin of the campaign, and that it should be intrusted to thoroughly solid troops.

The successful holding of fortifications depends, however, in these days, almost as much on the power of the artillery on the ramparts as on the vigor and tenacity of the garrison; and in the organization of their *artillerie de forteresse* the French have still a great deal to do. Each of their nineteen brigades of gunners includes three dismounted batteries, making fifty-seven batteries in all. It is, then, with the men of these fifty-seven batteries that, thus far, the French army is supposed to be able to serve the immense defensive works which have been constructed at so much cost! There is here one of those strange negligences which puzzle foreigners. Why has this essential point been so neglected? Why, after six years of organization, is France still unable to completely man her ramparts? The mixing up of garrison and field batteries in the same brigades is an inexcusable error; they ought to be separated at once; and the fifty-seven batteries of heavy guns ought to be carried as rapidly as possible to two or three times as many. Until this is done, the question of the practical defensibility of the new forts will remain somewhat in doubt; for though, of course, it may be said that sailors can be called up to work the batteries, yet

still, from a military point of view, that solution settles nothing.

It is now time to go on to the territorial army and its reserves, of neither of which has anything been said yet.

The territorial army includes, theoretically, all Frenchmen between the ages of thirty and thirty-four, and its reserve takes all those between thirty-five and forty. But as no attempt whatever has been made, even on paper, to organize the reserve of the *territoriale*, it may be left out of the account, for the present at all events, as a non-existing force. The territorial army, properly so called, is, however, on the contrary, a progressing reality. It is composed, nominally, like the active army, of five annual contingents. As there are scarcely any exemptions, each of those contingents may be roughly guessed at two hundred thousand men; its general total would seem therefore to reach one million. But that figure is illusory; it allows nothing for mortality or for other causes of diminution; and furthermore, the one hundred and forty-five regiments of infantry into which the *territoriale* is divided, are composed, by law, of three battalions of one thousand men each, and can only absorb, therefore, 435,000 men; so that, allowing the additional proportion of 120,000 more for cavalry, artillery, engineers, and auxiliary services, the utilizable total of this force would not exceed — or, perhaps, not even attain — 555,000 men. Practically, indeed, it would be wiser not to count on the mobilization of more than 500,000 — the surplus men, if any, remaining disposable for ulterior needs. Of that number it may be calculated that, at the present moment, about 280,000 are old soldiers of the active army, that 120,000 served in the last war as *mobiles*, and that the remaining hundred thousand have had no military training. The ratio of old soldiers is, however, increasing now each year with the regular application of the universal service law, and from and after 1886 every man in the territorial regiments will have passed through the active army. Meanwhile those regiments contain a large proportion of men who have been non-commissioned officers, and who would, for that reason, contribute to the rapid instruction of the others.

As regard the officers of the *territoriale*, the situation is not very satisfactory. About two-thirds of them (8000 out of 12,000) are appointed. They have been selected after a personal examination, and such of them as happen to be retired offi-

cers of the active army will of course do their work well. But it is notorious that political and social considerations have been largely consulted in choosing these officers, and that most of them have been named, not because they were soldiers, but because they were gentlemen in position or Conservatives in opinion. Certain applicants who were professionally capable have been excluded because they were too Republican. Furthermore, it is becoming more and more difficult to find candidates for commissions both in the territorial regiments and in the reserve of the active army. It is absolutely forbidden to officers of those two services to wear uniform off duty; consequently the applicants who thought it would be agreeable to them to swagger about in red trousers find their dream unrealizable, and no longer pursue it. Then, again, though there is no pay (except when under arms), officers have to provide their own clothes and equipment. Finally, almost all the great financial and industrial institutions of the country, with the Bank of France at their head, have very practically, but not very patriotically, announced to their *employés* that if any of them accept a grade in either the reserve or the territorial army, they will instantly be dismissed from their places. The result is, that by refusing the permission to wear uniform when not convoked for service, all the vain-glorious aspirants have been discouraged; by obliging officers to pay for their dress and arms, all the fortuneless are driven away (and the fortuneless are numerous); and by proclaiming incompatibility between clerkship and soldiering, a great part of the lower *bourgeoisie* is shut out.

The result of all this has been, that the enthusiasm of 1873 — when crowds of men of all ranks petitioned to be made officers of the *territoriale* — began to die out in 1874. In 1875 it became necessary to reduce the difficulties of admission; non-commissioned officers of the *mobile* were admitted to the examinations for the reserve artillery; soon afterwards the same measure was extended to all other arms. It was constantly declared that each examination would be the last, and that the list was on the point of being closed; but more examinations followed all the same. Their level was lowered; and only last month the *Journal Officiel* of the army published another new programme, still less developed than its predecessors, for another series of examinations in April.

These insufficiencies are, however, of no very serious importance; they supply some further evidence of the want of military administrative power which is so strangely evident in the present generation of Frenchmen, but they will not do much real damage. If a war broke out, it would at once be seen that the *armée territoriale* is not a mere imaginary corps; officers would then be forthcoming in any numbers, for everybody would have to serve. The resources of France would not be limited to the active army and its reserves; the territorial troops would rapidly acquire value, and would present a very different character from the *mobiles* of 1870. It is true that they are not yet in a state of cohesion which would permit them to render immediate service as a separate army; but they may certainly be relied on as auxiliary forces, the more so as they would not, in all probability, be needed so much for campaign work as for guarding *étapes*, for keeping open communications, and for aiding to supply garrisons for the intrenched camps, and for Paris and Lyons. And it should be particularly remarked that the engineering element of the *Territoriale* will be most useful, for it will include the most effective part of the corps of *ponts et chaussées*.

The organization of the *Territoriale* is now quite complete on paper, but the men have only been called together once, for one day, to receive their register-books. At least a month would be required (supposing even that their arms and uniform are really ready, which does not appear to be quite certain) before the battalions could be formed into regiments and brigades.

Still, notwithstanding, it must be repeated that the *Territoriale* presents sufficient elements of number, of solidity, and of reality, to justify its admission henceforth into the list of the disposable forces of France.

Recapitulating the figures at which we have now successively arrived for the various elements of those forces, it appears that the entire combatant strength of which France could now dispose (one-half of it within three weeks, and the rest successively), would be made up as follows: —

Field armies,	455,000
Camps and garrisons,	210,000
Unconcentrated troops,	325,000
Unincorporated men at depots,	310,000

Total of active army, 1,300,000

Brought forward, . . .	1,300,000
Forest and coast guards, . . .	25,000
Territorial army, . . .	500,000
General total, . . .	1,825,000

In 1870 only 250,000 men could be concentrated in a month, while the reserves and garrisons did not, at first, reach 300,000. The position is therefore completely changed; money, work, and time have, in spite of obstacles and incapacities, converted the French army into a machine of power.

For what purpose can this machine be used?

Can it possibly be employed for attacking Germany?

Or is it, by the force of things, utilisable solely and exclusively for defence?

To obtain answers to these questions it is essential to look at them from three different standpoints—to measure the strategical, the material, and the political considerations which seem likely to influence the action of France.

When the Germans took the Alsace-Lorraine fortresses, and surrounded them with additional fortifications, which have rendered them impregnable without a long siege, they thereby rendered it virtually impossible for France to undertake an offensive campaign. The annexation of those fortresses has turned out to mean something more than territorial conquest, something else than homage to a German sentiment; it is now proved to be an act of the profoundest military wisdom. They close the road to Germany.

The experience of recent campaigns, and especially of 1870, has clearly shown, that though an army can advance into hostile territory without immediately investing the fortresses on its way (unless, indeed, they contain a numerous garrison, in which case that garrison must of course be watched by a more than equal force), it is scarcely possible to advance at all—with the masses of men which modern war puts in motion—unless the invader has a railway at his complete disposal for the carriage of his supplies. It happens, however, that the new German strongholds between France and the Rhine would, in consequence of the space covered by their fortifications, be, of necessity, heavily garrisoned in the event of a French attack, and that it would therefore be indispensable to invest them at once. Such an investment would mean the immobilization, for an undetermined period, of a force which can scarcely be estimated at less than 400,000 men. But the loss

of the Alsace-Lorraine fortresses means much more than this; it means, also, the total stoppage of all traffic on the railways which pass through and are commanded by those fortresses. Consequently, supposing even that France were able to devote 400,000 men to the merely secondary task of reducing the lateral obstacles in her path—supposing that she had enough men to besiege several first-class fortresses, and to simultaneously conquer all the German armies in the field—she would not, even then, have the command of a single railway until one or more of the fortresses were taken, and would have to contend, meanwhile, against difficulties of transport, which it is impossible to suppose that she could overcome. The holding out for a few weeks of a little place like Toul caused the very gravest difficulties to the Germans in 1870, because it deprived them of the use of the line to Paris, which passed under the guns of that fortress. What would happen then to the French, with their inferior organization, if such an obstacle arose in every direction at the very origin of the campaign, if they had to try to fight their way ahead without a railway? Turn and twist this difficulty as you like, you cannot get over it. There it is, absolute and unchangeable. If, then, we follow up the idea of an attack by France on Germany, we are bound to suppose, first, that all, or nearly all, the 1,300,000 men of the French active army can be brought on to German soil at the very commencement of the campaign; secondly, that the supplies for, say, 800,000 men (no weaker army could be supposed to force a road against united Germany), could be carried regularly to constantly increasing distances *in carts*.

It is surely needless to pursue such an hypothesis as this.

Yet, all the same, let us go one step further, in order to exhaust the wildest possibilities of the case. Let us conceive (if we are capable of so mad an imagining) that the armies are forthcoming, that all the fortresses are invested, that the Germans are defeated and are driven across the Rhine, and that the French follow them and advance into pure German ground. An offensive war under such conditions, with the prodigious quantities of men which would be employed on both sides,—with all the Fatherland in arms in front, and with all the men of France surging onwards from behind,—would necessitate a vigor of command, a unity of action, a perfection of administration, which would imply not mere ordinary

capacity, but the very highest genius, in the chiefs. But are we justified in presuming, from what the world has seen of the French army since Waterloo, that the needed genius would be there? Can the most earnest, the most enthusiastic, the least reasoning friend of France pretend that the experience of the last fifty years justifies the hope that there is one single soldier in the French army who is capable of discharging so tremendous a task?

No.

It may, however, be urged — it has, indeed, been urged occasionally in private talks — that though, in scientific war, Germany is, for the moment, incontestably superior to France; though, in this generation, the thinking power of battle appears to lean most heavily to her side; yet that France has sometimes shown a might of an altogether special kind, a might peculiar to herself alone, a might which rides down obstacles and which extorts success from impossibility. Twice, in recent centuries, has that outbreking potency revealed itself; it was awakened for the first time by Joan of Arc, for the second time by the French Revolution. It was the potency of an idea, of glowing ardors, of hot passions; it was resistless then: but would it conquer now? Are fervors capable of overthrowing science? The contrary result is probable. The conditions of war are so radically changed that emotions would only be in the way, and the more fervid they were the more cumbersome would they be. If some totally fresh sentiment, some unknown and uninvented quantity, some new "French fury," were to unveil itself tomorrow, it would simply break its heated head against the cold wall of science.

Neither strategically nor materially, nor even emotionally, can France expect, then, to fight her way into Germany in our time.

And the political obstacles in the way of an offensive war are not less important or less real. By the constitutional law of 16th July 1875, it is enacted that war can only be declared with the consent of the two Chambers. Under what conceivable circumstances is it to be imagined that the two Chambers would vote a voluntary attack on Germany? Where is the minister of war who will dare to proclaim once more that "France is ready"? Where is the president of the council who, "with a light heart," will mount into the tribune and call on France to fight again?

No conditions are reasonably supposable under which all this could happen; and certainly, so long as the republic lasts,

the world will see nothing of the kind. The republic has no dynastic interests to serve — no personal or special reasons for desiring a *revanche*. On the contrary, it has everything to lose by war: for if war produced victory, a successful general might make himself dictator; while, if it produced defeat, a Bonapartist *quatre Septembre* would immediately become possible.

And then, again, France longs earnestly for peace; she shrinks instinctively from all idea of conquest. Of course she would take back Alsace and Lorraine if she could get them; but would she provoke a war (even if she believed herself to be quite ready) for the sole purpose of regaining them? Solferino, Mexico, Mentana, would not be voted now by the Parliament at Versailles — nor "Berlin" either.

One more point should be looked at. France has vainly sought for an ally since 1871. She has not found one in Europe: and perhaps it is lucky for her that she has failed; for we may rest assured that, if she had succeeded, the very instant the news got out that she had signed an offensive and defensive alliance — no matter with whom — the German armies would instantaneously have been mobilized and France have been invaded. She has, though, one unprovoking ally at her disposal — an ally who is waiting for her at home, and whose precious aid she would lose the very instant she crossed the frontier. That ally is not a nation or a monarch, it is simply — distance.

France at home has every man at hand; France in Germany would be forced to leave a constantly increasing proportion of her soldiers behind her to guard the road she has followed. And, as the argument applies equally to both sides, it follows that just as France would lose by distance if she attacked Germany, so would she profit by it if she were herself attacked. It cannot be argued that the transfer of the German frontier to this side of the Vosges in any way diminishes the difficulty of distance for Germany; if she were to enter France again, she would have at once to contend with it — and it is in that fact that France would find her only probable ally.

These reasons are evident, simple, and real. Nobody will deny their truth. France cannot attack Germany.

But if she is attacked, she can, most certainly, defend herself. After six years of loitering, hesitating, and bungling, she has at last — almost in spite of herself — manufactured an enormous army. She

may be incapable of using it to the best effect, or of extracting from it all that it is susceptible of producing; but, however weak may be her management of it, the material force is there. She still needs two years to finish up the details; she has still to finally terminate her *matériel* and her fortresses, to re-model her garrison artillery, to re-organize her Intendance and her staff corps. But all the really heavy work is done. She is ready now to fight upon her own ground if needful. At home, one-half of her difficulties would disappear. Her fortresses and her entrenched camps would supply her armies with magazines and solid *points d'appui*. Her railways would furnish ample means of transport from the rear. Of course she will grow stronger with each year; of course with time her army will steadily improve; of course its faults will gradually diminish,—at least it may be hoped so. But it is an army *now*; and it is useful not only to declare that fact, but to add to it the distinct statement that if Germany were to once more raise the menace of two years ago, France would no longer depend for her existence on the intervention of Europe. She would, most assuredly, accept that intervention gratefully and heartily, in order to avoid war; but she no longer imperiously needs it, as she did in 1875, to save her from destruction. If another “scare” burst out to-morrow, it would find her, at last, in a situation to efficaciously protect herself. She would no longer talk of withdrawing her useless soldiers behind the Loire, and of leaving the invader to overrun an undefended country. If Germany again proclaimed the wish to crush up France for good, before she is fit to fight, France would, this time, look her calmly in the face, and would say to her, in the consciousness of sufficient strength,—

It is too late.

From The Nineteenth Century.
IS THE PULPIT LOSING ITS POWER?

“Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et prædicantis pacem!”

ST. PAUL must at least be credited with a far-reaching glance over the future of the kingdom of which he was the foremost minister, when he wrote in the beginning of the gospel, “When in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.”

And the commission, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,” reveals at any rate a marvellous foresight of the work which the preacher of that gospel was destined to accomplish for mankind. It was by a sermon from bold, firm, but quite unlearned lips, that the movement was inaugurated which has since grown into Christendom, and is now, by more silent though not less potent agencies, visibly overspreading the earth. Men went forth preaching “Jesus and the resurrection,” and from their generation we date, not our years only, but a new movement of human society which is filling the world with its pressures and progresses still.

We are assured authoritatively by serene censors that all the force which was once in that movement has quite spent itself, and that this gospel of “Jesus and the resurrection” must be struck out of any reliable estimate of the forces which are working for progress in the deeper springs of society. And yet somehow it refuses to be struck out. Quietly, but mightily, in the midst of the bright Saturnian realm which pure intellect seeks to restore, theology with all that springs from it is holding its place in the front rank, and is mixing itself, with an energy which shows no sign of decay or weariness, with all the practical interests and activities of mankind. It concerns itself, apparently in increasing instead of decreasing measure, with the foremost questions which occupy the attention of the statesman, and it enters, to an extent unparalleled probably since the great Puritan age, into the familiar household intercourse of our times. Those who advise us quietly to ignore it, and to lay it up with the lumber of dead superstitions, little dream how they are strengthening the hands of the party which they chiefly dread, and whose stronghold is the Vatican; perhaps they may be startled some day by the outburst of fanaticism which they are preparing, and which will be formidable precisely in the measure of their success. There is no rest possible for man in nescience, or in any negation. He needs a rock and not the pivot of a balance to sustain him; and the end of a long course of painful balancings has always been a swift rush downwards towards an abyss.

But, whatever may be the destiny of Christianity in the future, no student of history can ignore the power of the preacher in relation to its first establishment and its earliest triumphs. It is the

preacher rather than "the pulpit" — which represents the preacher expanded into an institution, with more or less detriment to his vital power — with whom we have to do in the early days of the gospel. They had no pulpit, those men who shook the world — happily for them and happily for mankind. But it did please God, "by the foolishness of preaching," to make what must be confessed on all hands to be a mighty impression on human society — the foolishness in this connection really meaning the purest wisdom, that wisdom which looks like foolishness only to fools. The work of the kingdom of heaven was done mainly by the preacher, because it was a history, the tale of what had actually been said and done by a living man upon this earth, and not a discipline or a philosophy, which had to be planted in the belief of mankind.

They were simple preachers, sent, as St. Paul declares, "not to baptize, but to preach the gospel," who, by the confession of their opponents, before many years had passed away, had "turned the world upside down" — that is, right side up, with its face towards heaven and God. That Godward aspect and attitude it has since maintained, though in a very confused and blundering way; and it has been greatly helped by its preachers in its aspiring effort, and, alas! in its blundering too. I am not inquiring here what reason we have for believing that there is a living reality above this Godward attitude and aspiration of Christendom. But, as matter of fact, it cannot be questioned that those ideas about God and divine things, and about man's relations to God and to divine things, which these men proclaimed, have been before the face of Christendom and in some measure in its heart through all these Christian ages; and as little can it be questioned that through all these ages Christendom has been the focus of a vital activity and progress which bear indisputable marks of superiority to every other form of the activity of mankind.

The preacher continued to be the main power of the new movement, while the ideas and the forces which Christianity brought to bear on men were at work within the bosom of the empire. The new spirit strained the old bottles of the Roman imperial civilization to bursting; while it wrought at the foundations of a new empire in the West, mainly over peoples of Teutonic blood, wherein that policy of large comprehension which was the prin-

ciple of the Marian party, and was adopted by Cæsar and the Cæsarean house, was carried up by the Roman see into a higher region, and became charged with more pregnant results. The empire meanwhile, having been mastered by the spirit of that East which it had conquered, as Diocletian's keen insight discerned, withdrew itself to the south-eastern corner of the continent. There, in its fair marble palaces by the Bosphorus, it guarded its priceless literary and administrative heirlooms during the stormy age in which the West was growing to its manhood; it shielded them from wreck with a steadfast courage and a successful tenacity which are among the wonders of history; and it yielded them up at last in its heroic death, only when the West was ready to receive them, and to scatter them by its discoveries and settlements through the habitable world. It would not be difficult to show that the spirit of the new faith was the most formidable of the invaders of the empire, and the most fatal solvent of its system. It was manifest from the first that a new theatre, in which that spirit should be able to work on the very foundations, would be needed for the structure of Christian society.

The power of the preacher was a main factor in the early stages of the culture of Christendom; for it had to do with the moral ideas, the aims, and the hopes of men — by which things societies grow. And it continued to be a chief factor through all the formative ages of its growth, until that decay of old institutions began which was the first warning of the Reformation. Many, no doubt, will be disposed to question this estimate of the value of the preacher's influence, and would attach a very much larger importance to the manifold secular influences which were at work. Influences of various orders work together happily in society, as in nature. Rain, dew, frost, storm, the juices of the earth and the air, combine benignly for the nourishment of the plant; but the sunlight is supreme, and, where fruitage is in question, rules over them all. After the same fashion the sacred and the secular seem to some of us to be related harmoniously in the order of the great human world.

At the Reformation this power of the preacher, which had been prostituted in the Roman Church to the very basest uses, broke out with overmastering energy, and assumed the leading place in the conduct of the new movement when it first arose. The preacher became organized

as the pulpit; he became, as was inevitable, a Church institution of permanent form and power, co-ordinate with the written word, which was exalted to the chief place of authority in the ordering of human affairs. The idol of Church authority was dethroned; but there was no little danger lest the letter of the word should be set up as an idol in its room. How nearly that came to pass even in Luther's days, that lamentable conference with Zuingli, in which the great reformer chalked "*Hoc est corpus meum*" in large letters on the table between them, as though that settled the controversy, and insisted that "God was above mathematics," too sadly reveals. But we shall never understand the spiritual movements of our own or of any other generation, unless we see that God's controversy with idols and idolatries is the main controversy of the world, as in Bacon's and still older days. In all communities, in States and in Churches, whether Established or Non-conformist, Papal or Protestant, Eastern or Western, idolatry is the besetting sin; and God is striking at it here and now as hardly, as sternly, as in the darkest days of Jewish history. Till we all, preachers, priests, and philosophers, understand this, and stir ourselves to destroy the idols of the flesh and of the mind which stand between us and the light of truth, we are walking in a vain show, and "Babel" is written over our life.

Speaking generally, we may say that the written word, which is the mere flesh of the living word, took the place of the word of the Church, which is its counterfeit, and which had come to be a doctrine of lies no longer endurable by honest hearts. The ancient inspiration preserved in sacred records took the place of that present inspiration of which the Church professed to be the mouthpiece, but which had been found to be a lying oracle. We may look upon it as inevitable that the letter of the word should be exalted to be the supreme arbiter and guide of men, while that enlightened conscience of Christian society is being educated by Scripture and experience, which, higher than Church authority or written document, is the true organ of the Holy Ghost. The vision of this lay behind Hooker's great argument; the truth of it was at the root of George Fox's doctrine; and its development is the one progress for which it is worth while greatly to strive and to hope. Men were in a way bound in the order of their culture to try what power there might be in a written word to rule

the disorder and to guide the movements of society. And the very experiment was a wonderful emancipation, inasmuch as it set men to search the Scriptures, and to judge for themselves with a new sense of responsibility to God and to man for the conduct of life. It fell in too with the working of the newborn art of printing, and with the new learning, which was rapidly making all things new in the intellectual sphere. But none the less does the rebuke of Christ lie as sternly against the Protestant as against the Jewish literalist: "Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

Then arose in Protestant Europe two great schools of thought or streams of tendency — which took up the inheritance of older schools — as men pored over the Bible to discover there the guidance which, through the overthrow of the authority of Rome, they had lost. The one, of which the Covenant was the moderate and the Fifth Monarchy the fanatical form, would subject the whole order of things in a Christian state to the express legislation of the word of God as expounded by the competent interpreters. By this scheme the Bible would become what Mahomet made his Koran, simply a book of directions, bearing similar Dead Sea fruit. The other looked towards absolutism, the supreme authority of the head of the State in all ecclesiastical and civil affairs. The English Reformation, not being primarily the fruit of a popular movement, tended from the first in this direction, but it developed in strong force the antagonist party who held to the absolute right of the word of God. The two ideas of the Christian government of men alike arose out of the need of filling up the enormous gap in the system of belief and the daily conduct of life which had been left by the overthrow of Rome. The one lay behind English Puritanism; it worked itself out into nobler and freer form, and came to the front in English Independency. It passed over the ocean with the "Mayflower" pilgrims, and had free course in New England, where it attempted the complete organization and conduct of a political society, with very remarkable and interesting results. In England, though the Independents, whose fanatics were wild for the kingdom of the saints, won the victory, the experiment of a State set trimly square with man's interpretation of the statutes of the written word happily failed of a complete trial, because at the head of the Independents and of England

was neither a pedant nor a fanatic, but a far-sighted and strong-handed ruler of men.

The theory of the divine right of kings which was put into clear form by James I. — who, fool as he was in a moral sense, had a keen eye in his head, and a clever knack of putting things into form — was really the child of the Reformation, though it might appear to descend from the empire. And let it be said for James that the overthrow of the authority of the Church as the supreme regulator, though at last much in the background, of the public life of Christendom, left a gap which the written word as expounded by the divine — and James had known fully what that meant — did not seem to supply. Society craved, as it always craves, a firm authority whereby to guide its steps. Public opinion in these days, when it has room and time to take its complete form — and we have recently watched the process of crystalization — expresses the judgment of the enlightened Christian conscience. It brings its materials from far, and it digests and elaborates them with sore travail and pain; but out of the crucible comes forth at length the judgment of the “ermine-robed great world,” that “everybody” who is wiser than the seers, stronger than the kings, holier than the priests.

But in those days the very crucible was wanting, and it is not to be wondered at that thoughtful men, seeing the need of a firm authority to which some sacredness should attach, should find it at first in the head of the State. I confess to a tender feeling towards that divine right of kings when it was young, because it is the direct parent of the divine right of peoples, and was the only possible form in that age of the challenge of secular society to the alternative doctrine of the divine right of priests. The true divine right lies neither with the one nor with the other, but with the truth how and where soever it can get itself established. Each school had its measure of truth to contribute; but secular society would in those days have lost the power to contribute anything if it had not been for the strong-handed authority of kings. And so that “new monarchy” with its clearly despotic tendencies, of which Mr. Green writes so ably, may have had an important function to discharge with regard to the orderly development of popular liberty. It was the form in which the State was rising to the consciousness of its unity, was feeling its strength, feeding its intelligence, and preparing itself,

when it should find out in time that kings could do little more to help it than popes, to take into its own hands the management of its affairs.

“*L'état, c'est moi!*” said a king once with sublime complacency. That is precisely what a pope has just said of the Church, “*L'église, c'est moi!*” and what the Syllabus shows that he would say of every State in Christendom if he dared. The monarch's affirmation was, at any rate, good against the priest's. It was the sign that secular society had attained to its majority, and it is the line through which we inherit our popular liberties. No sooner was the doctrine formulated than the people began to bring their strength to bear on its limitation and regulation. When it was pilloried as “the right divine of kings to govern wrong,” the movement was far advanced which would dethrone the sovereign ruler and enthrone the sovereign people in his room. That process we have now completed; we shall begin to see with what results. It may be that we shall find that the doctrine of the sovereign people, in whose inspiration Mazzini believed as passionately as the Curia believes in the pope's, has not fathomed the matter to its depth. Neither king, nor priest, nor people, will be sovereign in the final order, the order of the kingdom of heaven.

By the same age and the same influences, working in another direction, the power of the preacher was developed. The pulpit became a recognized and powerful institution in Protestant communities, and made a vigorous effort to take into its own hands the conduct of all mundane affairs. Behind Puritanism, which leaned strongly to Presbytery, there lurked the notion that a State governed by magistrates under the direction of an assembly of divines would present the fairest image of the kingdom of heaven. That notion the Independents shattered, and it is one of their noblest services to English society. And there was sore peril of its being tried at one time. Baillie, who saw plainly enough how the matter stood in the Westminster Assembly, wrote to Scotland, with amusing frankness, that they did not propose to meddle in haste with Independency, “till it please God to advance our army, which we expect will much assist our arguments.” But there was hidden from his unprophetic eye the “crowning mercy of Worcester,” and that flash of the sun out of the rain-clouds, as the psalm, “Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered,” rolled down the ranks of the Ironsides on the morning of Dunbar.

The preacher rose as the expositor of the new law which was in every man's hand, and which was recognized as supreme. We can hardly realize in these days the intense interest with which the men were observed and followed, who were able to bring forth the riches of this new treasure to the world. The desire for knowledge is the most sacred and consuming appetite of our nature. The troops of poor, ragged, starving scholars, who followed a man like Abelard to gather even crumbs of the bread of thought, were the heralds of the throngs who in the next great age of revival hung upon the preacher's lips, hungering for a yet more precious bread. And the preacher's realm was a wide one. Our modern sharp division of secular and sacred had hardly in those days dawned upon the minds of men. And, let me add, it would never have dawned on ours if those men had not so persistently amalgamated them in the crucible of their words and deeds. We talk loftily of the confusion of things secular and sacred in the life of those struggling generations. But it is just that confusion which has evolved our modern order. We can keep the two spheres fairly disentangled, simply because what we call secular was thoroughly leavened in the kneading-trough of those centuries with the ideas and influences of spiritual truth. So the skilled expositors of the Bible attained at once and most naturally to a position of recognized dignity and influence, which, through many shocks and changes, they have retained to the present time. The question arises, is it now passing away?

The mediæval Church knew how to make a mighty use of the preacher, and some of the greatest movements which have shaken society have owed their birth to the power of the word on a preacher's lips. But the pulpit as an institution can never occupy the most prominent place in the system which attaches such supreme importance to the discipline administered by the priest. And the Protestant Churches which adopt a formal order of service and rite can hardly place the pulpit on the level which it occupies in churches adopting a freer order, and holding the Pauline view of the power of a preached gospel. Some of the very noblest works of English literature are by divines of the Anglican Church; but the preacher is, on the whole, mainly to be looked for in the free and unestablished schools. We must not follow him to New England, where he held a position of exceptional advantage

while the "gristle" was growing to "bone" in the infant State. There the State grew out of and round the Church, as in Israel of old, with very curious results on which we have not space to dwell. But the preachers were great powers in the State until they lost their heads and their Christian hearts in the witchcraft panic. After that storm had passed, their influence was never fully restored.

In the old country, too, they played a notable part in the great drama of our history. Preaching ran mainly in the Puritan blood. The lectureships in the city churches were filled chiefly by men of the Puritan school, and they became a great power, and did much to nourish that spirit of civil and religious independence which made London the backbone of the Parliamentary party in its struggle with the crown. Laud saw how they were working, and conceived from them "a distaste of sermons." Again, after the Restoration, the preachers on both sides of the pale told powerfully on their times. But the men who could stir and shake the souls of the masses must be looked for, on the whole, in the ranks of the Nonconformists. And naturally enough, for the pulpit was the citadel of their strength. They too were "in opposition." They had to do with that class of the people which is the core of strength in every State; and they stirred their hearers to an energy and interest in public questions which made them a kind of vanguard in the army of progress. The battle of our liberties has been largely fought by the religious element in the community, greatly helped, no doubt, by the thinkers. "Neither the polish of Erasmus nor the benignity of Melancthon," Heine says, could have carried the Reformation, but it needed "*die göttliche Brutalität* of brother Martin." So, in our history, the hand that has struck and conquered has been mostly strung by religious enthusiasm, though the nervous currents have no doubt been reinforced from serener springs.

Nobly on the whole, during those generations, the preachers wielded their power, and strenuously they wrought by it on and for their fellow-men. The great outburst of evangelical zeal which marked the last half of the eighteenth century in England was truly a form, and a very blessed, angelic form, of that movement towards the poor and wretched, the tormented and oppressed, which in France took the form of the fury of revolution. We have yet to measure the magnitude of the work of

those indomitable preachers in saving England from a dread baptism of blood in that fierce revolutionary time, by kindling some belief in a God who cared for men, and some loving trust in men who cared for men, in the heart of those vast classes who are verily the dangerous classes in such crises as these. The danger lies in their misery and despair. Those who can bring solace to their misery and preach hope to their despair save them and save society. It was thus that Christianity saved a world which was literally perishing of despair and wretchedness, and it was thus that the evangelical revival in the age of revolution helped greatly to save our State. The hope which its preachers kindled, the charity which they quickened, the brotherly relations which they established with the poorest of the poor, the schools and the ministries of all sorts which grew out of their labors, have sweetened unspeakably the bitter waters of our social and political life, and have left room and time for those large measures of wise and righteous legislation which have marked this century, and have made us on the whole the healthiest, the wealthiest, and the happiest of peoples.

Whatever the Evangelical school may have come to — and it is benignly appointed to all schools in time to decay — it will be written of it in history that in two great ages of revolution it brought an influence of incalculable magnitude to bear on the moral ideas, the social relations, and the spiritual hopes of the poorest of the people; and it helped thereby, beyond all other agencies, to render possible that orderly, peaceful, but large and rapid development of our nation which finds no parallel in the political history of mankind.

The dark side of the sphere of the preacher's influence is found in the narrowness of the pale within which he is prone to enclose both himself and the Church. It is truly "a pale" which the Evangelical Churches have managed to establish; and, like a celebrated political pale, it has borne sorrowful fruit. Preachers and people within the pale make for themselves but a small and dreary kingdom of heaven. At least, it looks dreary enough to "those who are without." And yet we little dream what Christendom owes to the large free world which is opened in the Bible. Its manifold richness and variety, the succession of history, law, essay, drama, prophecy, and psalm, each of them masterpieces of art, opens a grand intellectual and imaginative expanse to its

disciples. If we contrast the narrowness, the dryness, the dulness of the Koran with the play of glorious living light over the broad fields of Scripture, we shall better understand both the monotony and the sterility of Moslem civilization, and the rich, free life of Christian society. The men who were shut up to the Bible — and at a most critical era it was the one reading-book of the masses — were at any rate shut up in a large and fruitful world. And in these last generations, in multitudes of English families, the Bible and its literature has been the one intellectual interest heartily allowed. It is in Evangelical circles that the preacher has chiefly reigned. The Roman Church has employed him constantly as a kind of galvanic shock to a stagnant generation, as the missionary is employed now within the Anglican pale; but he has not been looked to for the supply of the daily bread. But a sermon is regarded as *de rigueur* in all Evangelical services — even a prayer-meeting being considered a somewhat flat affair without an address; and it is distinctly by the power of the preacher that in this circle congregations are gathered and sustained.

And it is here that the poverty and narrowness of the intellectual realm have been most conspicuous. Preachers, having to do with the largest themes, easily fancy that they and their people are brought out into a large world, forgetting that, though the world may be a large one, they may be content to tramp in a very dull and narrow round. The religious household, shut off from the world — we must remember what kind of world it was — occupied itself to a large extent with religious exercises and activities, while its intellectual pabulum was furnished, in a measure which would be little suspected, by the religious magazines. I remember a thriving tradesman assuring me, about thirty years ago, that his magazine was as much reading as he found that he could get through in a month. I remember, too, that about the same period I was reading the *Athenæum* in a railway carriage, when a perfect stranger asked me, with a tinge of that pious bitterness which, alas! is about the most acrid of all things, whether "Henry" and "Scott" would not profit me much more. It is easy to be contemptuous over such narrowness. But my tradesman friend was the representative of a considerable class. He was a shrewd, successful man, he was of weight in his circle, and he brought a good deal of influence to bear on municipal and political

affairs. It is safer to try to comprehend such men than to despise them.

It is easy to understand how, in certain conditions, the pulpit might wield an influence not altogether commensurate with the ability of the man who might fill it. The institution would have a solid weight of its own, greatly magnified by the absence of anything which could compete with it in its sphere. The preacher would easily rule and be made much of in his little world. Again it is very easy to be contemptuous, and to say that in so blind a kingdom a very one-eyed man might easily be king. But this would overlook some of the essential conditions of the matter. Stern critics of the splendid ceremonial of the mediæval Church are apt to forget that a cathedral during a grand function was an unbought vision of a very bright world to multitudes of the poor. It was the one thing, and a very grand and imposing thing, which took them out of the squalid region of their dreary and monotonous lives. And if it took them up even a little above the excitement of wine, gambling, or lust, by so much it was a clear gain to them and to the community. There is much to be said for the lives of the saints from the same point of view, had we space to deal with it, and to show how their incredible marvels, and their easy playing with the fixtures of physical law, were balanced by elements of influence which it is safest not to despise.

In Evangelical churches the splendors and the marvels alike vanished; but the preacher stood up, a not ignoble substitute, in their room. The services of the sanctuary were a bright break in the order of a somewhat monotonous life. With little to compete with him, the preacher had an eager audience around him, and in the general dearth of culture he was tolerably sure to be superior to his audience, and to have some real light on various themes to afford. This is not the place to estimate the deeper interests and results of his ministry. But the most indifferent to these might find some satisfaction in reflecting that, if he helped to make his flock self-satisfied in a narrow world, at least it was a world in which purity, modesty, domesticity, frank intercourse of classes, and ministry to ignorance and need were sacred traditions, whose fruits help much to sweeten the atmosphere of that larger world in which we are living now.

But the power of the pulpit as an institution is manifestly on the wane. The next idol of the religious world will not be the preacher, but the priest. About a

generation ago, influences began very visibly to work, which have told powerfully on the position which the pulpit formerly enjoyed. A flood of cheap and, on the whole, valuable literature has overspread the country, and has entered homes hitherto most jealously guarded from intellectual raids. The freest discussion of the most sacred truths is carried on in periodicals of the highest character and the widest circulation. Fiction of the best type appears in magazines for Sunday reading. Games and amusements which our fathers would have regarded with horror are made free to the children of pious households; while a comparison, for instance, of Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on English History" with Mrs. Armitage's "Childhood of the English Nation," will reveal the enormous advance in knowledge of the most complete and valuable kind which the work of one short generation has brought within the reach of all. The circle of interest, too, in homes has widened immensely, and as it has widened the one main interest of the old time has in some measure suffered eclipse. In the Wales of fifty years ago, the ministry of a man like Christmas Evans filled a great space in the way of interest and excitement; now revivals have to be managed on a great scale, with all the art and effort which make success in business, if they are to lay hold on men. These new conditions demand, not a pulpit only, but a man in it of no ordinary power. If he holds his own against the pressure, it must be by force of superior nature and culture. The institution is comparatively nothing; the man, as Heaven has endowed him, is all.

Dogmatism, using the word in no ignoble sense, is a great element of strength in the pulpit, and it has been sadly shattered by the breaking up of the systems of theological thought which has marked our times. The dogmatists are now perhaps to be found in the philosophical school. There has been, too, a great drawing away of the abler men of the young generation from the work of the ministry, from various causes, not the least of which is the uncertainty which has reigned in the theological sphere. It has touched the strength of all Churches; though I am disposed to believe that now that we have got out into a freer world the worst is past, at any rate among the Nonconformists. But the new conditions at which we have glanced present the gravest difficulties, graver perhaps than any which preachers have had to face in any period of Christian history. And yet, in a sense, the times are with

them. Their platform is knocked from under them; the institution feebly upbears them; the class as a class, the profession as a profession, is of far slighter account than of old. But if a man can preach, if his word is with power, never perhaps was there a time when he had a more open field for his activity, or a fairer hope of influence on a large class of his fellow-men.

Mr. Spurgeon's truly remarkable ministry can by no means be overlooked in any thoughtful estimate of the work of the preacher in our times. We may have our thoughts as to his theology, and yet hold him in hearty honor for the firmness with which he has stood so long in slippery places, growing wiser and stronger under influences which would have been fatal to most men, and for the hold which he has maintained on multitudes who, but for his ministry, would have been morally and socially wrecks. And quite recently London and all our great towns have been stirred to an extent hardly paralleled in history by the American revivalists. Whatever we may think of their methods, it cannot be denied that for a time the interest was profound and universal. It was altogether the dominant topic while it lasted. Their preaching was a matter of such large public interest that, Nonconformists as they were, it drew forth a thoughtful and kindly letter from the primate; while all classes, from the highest to the lowest, swelled the throngs which hung upon their lips. The influences which are sapping the order of things which made the pulpit a great power in its time, favor the preacher if he knows how to handle them. As far as this aspect of things is concerned, there is little sign that the foolishness of preaching is about to perish out of the world.

But, after all, does this touch the real heart of the subject? Granted that the solid middle class has been touched or even moulded by the pulpit, there is the great working-class at one end of the scale, and the great cultivated class at the other. Does not the one regard it with rough indifference, and the other with polished scorn?

The relation of the working-classes to the pulpit is part of a far larger question — how are they likely to stand affected to such a Christianity as Christendom has to present to them, which one sometimes thinks has little but names in common with that gospel which the poor "heard gladly" of old? Then the truth came to them from outside the sphere of their wrong and suffering. The preacher came

as a reformer, and held out to them a large hope. The restless longing of the poor was on his side. Now he is part of the system — a system which somehow suffers the city slums and the village lairs of the poor to grow up in the heart of a Christian civilization. Their slums and hovels are the fruit of their own improvidence, say the censors. There is justice in the answer, "Had you been nursed under such conditions, perhaps it might have been thus with you." Be that as it may, the preacher has now at his back the whole system of things of which, rightly or wrongly, the poor complain. There are the pomp, the wealth, and the respectability of Churches, established and free; the former connected in their minds with exactness and tyranny, the latter with interested professional zeal. There must be a great breaking up of things before the working-classes can be brought into any fair relation with the preacher and his gospel. But when the shock is over — and there are signs that it is at hand — it is in the Bible that the preacher to the poor will find "the word in season" to proclaim their needs, to assert their rights, to expound their duties, and to rule and hallow their lives; nor know I anywhere a vision so charged with a blessed and beautiful hope for the poor as the Scripture vision of the kingdom of heaven.

I confess to being very sceptical as to this alienation of the masses from the truth as it is in Jesus. I fear that it is the Christianity which is wanting, and not their interest and hope. We know what a pastor of a right noble Christian type could accomplish at Eversley; and wherever a man or a woman clothed with meekness, or the power which is fed from the higher springs, goes forth on a Christlike errand of mercy, where are they so sure of loving reverence and loyal honor as among the poorest of the poor? Were the Master with us, "Blessed be ye poor!" would be his sentence still.

But at the other end of the scale there is the rapidly growing intellectual class, which we are told is coming to regard the preacher and his unverifiable assertions with quiet indifference or scorn; and it is confidently predicted that, as culture advances, the pulpit, and the whole system of things in which it is a power, will be left behind among the worn-out superstitions of mankind. There can be no doubt that there is a peculiar virulence in the tone of some of the doctors of the school which has now justly the ear of the public towards the preacher and his thoughts and

ways. And hence arises a truly formidable danger. But I hold that for this antagonism the pulpit is mainly responsible. It is reaping as it has sown, and it has to pass through its time of humiliation. The preacher readily entertains the notion that the whole scheme of things is laid out to his small understanding in the word of God. He seems as if he came down on the vast range of subjects which he is tempted to handle as from a superior height; and this is what the scientific mind can never endure. The place of theology in the sphere of man's knowledge tempts its doctors to believe that it confers the right of speaking with a certain decision on all kinds of topics; and there has always been a sort of omniscient tone in the pulpit method of handling intellectual questions which stirs fierce rebellion in cultivated minds and hearts.

And the kingdom of heaven which we have preached is but a narrow and poverty-stricken realm. There is something which unprejudiced minds, minds not formed in a groove of belief, find it impossible to receive, in the idea of God, his methods, and his purposes, which our popular theology has presented to mankind. How much of this unbelief of our times is of the texture of the unbelief of Lucretius, a revolt against incredible conceptions of nature, of man, and of God? Revolt is mostly blind at first, and there is great blindness now to the inner light, the hidden life, and the higher world. But it is blankly incredible that men can long rest content in their blindness, and that the great questions of being which have perplexed and tormented all the human generations since man emerged on the platform of this earth to sin, to suffer, and to be redeemed, can long be laid to rest by the nescience of a knot of professors, who shut out from their field of thought all that man has cherished as his dearest possession, and, while professing to confine themselves to positive knowledge, confuse themselves with hopelessly untenable metaphysics. In truth, signs are not wanting that it will not be long before the question of the "above" and the "beyond" again forces itself even on agnostic sight. The pulpit has had a grand opportunity, and has wasted it. In all ages there have been preachers who have borne on the torch in the van of progress, and, like their Master, have paid by suffering for their power to lead mankind. Such lofty spirits have not been wanting to our own. But the pulpit, on the whole, has cast in its lot with the narrower view and the poorer realm. It has

treated its Bible as a book of directions, rather than as a light by which to see the way. Perhaps there is a season of great darkness before us, or a great fanaticism, or a dreary "centre of indifferences" to pass through on our way to the "everlasting yea" of the future. There is truth in the idea that this is the positive stage of our development. Nothing can be juster than the law which Comte has formulated. First the theological stage, then the metaphysical, then the positive. But the development has yet to complete itself in the circle, and, gathering up the fruits of these successive efforts to penetrate the mystery of truth, satisfy with a larger, diviner theology, man's aching, longing heart.

The preacher will best help that consummation by letting the light of his gospel shine clearly, and troubling himself for the present little with theodicies. We are not God's advocates, we are his witnesses. We have no case to establish for him or for his truth. We have simply to bear witness to the truth wherever or however we discern it, and leave God to be his own advocate, and truth to win its own victory. What is now chiefly needed is a new conviction of the reality and the power of the life which we believe was manifested in the Redeemer, and is the true light of men. For teachers who know that eternal life, who can utter its word by their lips, and show its light in their lives, there will be need and work, not through this generation only, but through all generations, till the final fire.

We may venture to speak of "the final fire," for here science is at one with revelation. The sun's furnace seems to be fed by the cosmical matter which is constantly being drawn in. Slow changes in the orbit of our earth surely prophesy for it a similar doom. "The elements shall melt with fervent heat." And then is it all ended, and forever? Is the man of this vanishing world a part of the system of things which is doomed to perish, the highest outcome of all the toil and struggle of creation? With infinite pain "the creature" has brought him forth, and has made the highest form of him the man of sorrows; for philosophy now pleads passionately that as man rises in the scale of culture he must arm himself for suffering and sacrifice. Her chosen symbol also is the cross. And are all the toils, the tears, the aspirations, the heroisms of the human generations to be swept into the Gehenna, mere fuel for the cruel wasting flame? If this be truly the human outlook, there remains but to retrace an an-

cient lesson, and to study again the art of suicide as they studied it in imperial Rome. The elder Mill is right; if death is to break the bench of life forever, life is a business that does not pay. The belief that this is but the threshold of existence, that man is the meeting-point of two worlds, that the creature who is the head and crown of the natural is born a child into the spiritual and eternal sphere, and that the issues of life's toils, tears, and martyrdoms lie beyond the gate of death, has furnished to man the inspiration to endure. But this, we learn from those who would bury life in profound and hopeless sadness, is illusion, benign illusion; when it has strung man's energy to toil and suffer, its work is done, there is nothing beyond! One thing only is wanting further—some knowledge of the demon who has made, and who rules, the universe on this scheme of illusion, and has been able to persuade the human generations to toil, to suffer, to agonize, upon a lie.

No! while the bird still "flies into the lighted hall out of the night, enjoys the brightness and warmth for the moment, and then flies out again into the night," the "whence" and the "whither" will be the absorbing questions of interest to mankind. And it is in "the great congregation," where heart beats with heart in concord, and breaths conspire, where common beliefs and common experiences draw the children of toil and pain into close, dear fellowships of sympathy and hope, that the answer will best be given, and the man who can utter it will be most lovingly heard. There is a power in public worship, in the utterance of common sorrows, needs, and hopes, in the prayer that is breathed and the praise that is sung in concert, not with the crowd that fills the sanctuary, but with the innumerable company of all lands and ages who have drunk of the same spring and gone strengthened on their way, which they strangely miss who teach that worship is a worn-out superstition, and that only in the clear light of law can men walk and be blest. While man sins and suffers, while there is blood-tinged sweat upon his brow, while there is weeping in his home and anguish in his heart, that voice can never lose its music which brings forth the comfort and inspiration of the gospel—which tells the sin-tormented spirit the tale of the Infinite Pity, and bids it lay its sobbing wretchedness to rest on the bosom of the Infinite Love.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

From The Philadelphia Weekly Times.

THE QUEEN'S GRAY HAIR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES JANIN.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN STANLEY.

ON the night of the 1st of August, 1793, the guardian of the prison of the Conciergerie was busy arranging a little cell situated at the end of a long, black corridor. The cell was dark, damp, and unhealthy; daylight scarcely ever reached it, and when it did it seemed as though it fell regretfully athwart its heavy iron bars that were full of rust. In this miserable little room, the jailor placed a small iron bed, covering it with two straw mattresses, a sheet, a blanket, and by the side of the bedstead left a small earthen wash-basin and a little stool. Surely if the guardian of this prison made such preparations as these, he must have been expecting the arrival of some important person to occupy it. Alas! it was the queen of France, the daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, who was to arrive.

It was three o'clock in the morning; already the sky was colored by the rosy tints of an August dawn. It was no longer night, nor scarcely yet day—it was the hour when often the queen of France, opening the window of her apartment in the palace at Versailles, would await alone in silence, and in happy reverie, the sun's first rays and the first songs of the awakening birds. How beautiful the gardens of Versailles were at that hour! The crystalline murmuring of its fountains, as the water stole softly between green lawns and luxurious flowerbeds, the crowd of statues around them seeming as though they were still asleep, the superb old trees which had overshadowed the great king and the great century, the sombre paths where Bossuet had walked, and further on, at the end of the great avenue, the Little Trianon, the marble cottage of which the queen was shepherdess; such was the scene which used to greet her eyes. But on this day we name, at three o'clock in the morning, the queen was rudely awakened from her slumbers. "Get up! get up!" they said to her, for she was to leave the Temple for the Conciergerie, the cell she then inhabited being thought too good for her. She arose at the voice of the two *gendarmes* and got into a small common cab with them. The blinds of the carriage were lowered, so that the royal captive should not see the bright dawn even through its dirty windows. There were to be no more

happy dawns for the queen, no more summer's sky, not a bird to sing, not a flower to bloom; the executioner was all that was left to her.

Reaching the Conciergerie, its heavy door soon closed upon her, and it seemed as though she already knew all the ways of this new prison, so quickly did she pass through its gloomy corridors. She walked through this obscure labyrinth as calmly as though she were traversing the gallery of Lebrun to enter the king's apartment. Then suddenly, from its narrow door, its menacing aspect, and its approach guarded by spies, she divined the cell that was intended for her and entered it. They brought her the jailer's book, in which she signed her name with a firm hand, then taking out of her pocket a white handkerchief she wiped her lovely forehead several times, which was covered with great drops of perspiration from having driven for so long in the closed cab in which she had been shut up with the two *gendarmes*; after which her gaze fell upon the damp walls that surrounded her. She saw at a glance all the new misery about her, the cold stones, the iron doors, the low-vaulted ceiling, all the nakedness of her tomb. For an instant her heart sank, but she soon regained her noble calmness. Then taking from her bosom a little watch, which they had left her, she saw it was four o'clock. She then hung her watch on a nail which she discovered in the wall, which was its sole ornament, and as she had said her prayers the night before on going to bed in her other prison, she undressed herself to lie down on the iron bed, with its poor straw mattresses.

There was in the queen's cell the guardian's wife and her servant, who was an honest little Breton maid, who, pitying the queen, offered to aid her to undress herself. The queen was astonished at this kindness, and on looking at the young girl she discovered her face was full of sympathy, and could hardly believe her eyes. "Thank you, my child," she said to the young Breton peasant, "I have waited on myself for a long time now," and then she lay down. Two *gendarmes* guarded the cell, named Dufrene and Gilbert.

She remained thus for forty days, with no other misery than the misery of every new day—a widow and alone, having not a word of news of her son, the king of France; not a word of news of her children; not a word of news of Madame Elizabeth! No other sound than the

grating of her iron doors, as they opened and shut to change the guards. No other noise than the rumbling of the *charrette* as it rolled away each morning, carrying its daily food to the monster guillotine.

But toward the middle of September Fouquier-Tinville went into the queen's cell, drunk with rage. All of the republic was in excitement about this prison. The guards were changed, the jailer was put in irons, and they placed a sentinel before the window of this unhappy woman, and he walked before it day and night. It was, you must know, because a little pink had been thrown in at the queen's window and fallen at her feet. She supported these new outrages without complaining; she was passive, like the beautiful marble which represents Niobe, and so calm and sad that the coarsest jailers became silent as they approached her, and took off their hats involuntarily. For once the sentinel who marched beside her window did not dare to look into her cell, for there seemed to radiate from it a holy sadness which commanded respect. One day she said to the little servant, "Rosalie, comb my hair," and bended toward the young girl her beautiful head, which was to fall so soon, with its lovely locks, whose beauty had inspired all the poets of the day—Tullastasio first among them. The jailer forbade Rosalie to arrange the queen's hair, however, and, saying it was "his right," he endeavored to take it out of the young maid's hands; but the queen arranged it herself—no one but the executioner having a right to touch her thenceforth. When she had arranged her lovely blonde hair, which grew about her forehead with so majestic and natural a grace, she parted her curls in front and covered them with a little perfumed powder, and then she put on a simple little cap which she had worn for twelve days. The next day, being kindly disposed, the Revolution permitted them to bring from the Temple to the queen a few batiste chemises, some handkerchiefs, *fichus*, silk stockings, and a white peignoir for the morning, a few nightcaps and some little bits of white ribbon. The queen smiled sadly as she received these poor relics of her former grandeur. "Ah!" she said, "I recognize my sister's kind thought of me in these." For it was Madame Elizabeth herself who had sent these clothes to her. When seeing all this unexpected wealth the queen took courage, and asked for a second mourning cap; but finding she could not pay for it "she thought, perhaps, there was enough lawn in her one cap to make two." Tell

me, do you know a greater mourning than that, or one so humbly worn?

The order was that the prisoner should not be allowed any books or paper, or even thread or scissors, in order, no doubt, that she should be deprived of everything that might distract her from her sorrows. But she, however, finding a little bit of old carpet in her cell, pulled out the threads from it, and with them amused herself by making a little braid, her knees serving her as a cushion and some pins doing the rest. Sometimes on Sundays her jailor brought her a few flowers in an old earthen pot, which alone would make her smile sadly — she who never smiled any more, and who loved flowers so dearly. Ah! the lovely flowers of Trianon, the dear friends of her leisure hours! The sweet roses she cultivated with her own hands, the pinks that bore her name, the tender marguerites that bloomed at the caressing touch of their queen, and the soft, pearly dew which fell from those multitudinous fountains that were silent neither day or night. Ah! the fields enamelled with wild flowers that she loved to wander in, shaded by her large straw hat, or the white does that would come to eat out of her small white hands; ah me! where had they fled, those happy days?

Soon the jailer ceased bringing her any roses; they gave the captive too much pleasure, and he was afraid of Fouquier-Tinville. They saw that the queen, too, loved the sweet face and tender, pitying look of the young Breton peasant girl, so they placed an enormous screen to separate them; but sometimes with difficulty, Rosalie would stand on tiptoes and look over the barrier, as though to say to the poor queen: "I am still here, madame." But then those moments were so short.

Behind this screen were placed the *gendarmes*, and with them a liberated convict, named Barassin, who was so dirty that when he would leave the place for a little while, the queen, made almost ill by the foul atmosphere of the cell, would beg Rosalie to burn a little piece of paper to change the air. Rosalie had obtained permission to brush the queen's shoes. They were pretty little black kid ones, which easily could have been taken for Cinderella's, so small they were. All France had been prostrated before these two little feet, that would have been adored for their beauty alone, even were they not the feet of a queen. The cold and humidity of the prison floor clung to these light shoes as mud would have done on a winter's day. One day a republican *gendarme*

even took pity on them, and taking his sabre scraped with care all the moisture which covered the tiny soles.

In the adjoining courtyard, with eyes fixed on the iron bars that separated them from their sovereign, were kept some prisoners from the Temple, royalists devoted even to the death. There were aged priests of the Church, old officers of Fontenoy, and some noblemen forgotten by the guillotine, and all of them forgot their captivity, their present misery, their approaching death, to think only of their queen, shut up there in her miserable cell. And so it happened that when these poor unfortunates saw the *gendarme* wiping the queen's shoes, they held out their hands to him in supplicating prayer, and he out of pity passed one of the little shoes between the bars to them, who, taking it, kissed it with reverent, faithful lips.

At twelve o'clock the jailer would bring the queen her dinner, which consisted of half a chicken and a few vegetables, which she was forced to eat with a common pewter fork. The queen would eat this from off a little table, no one waiting on her. More than one prisoner, though, would wait till her meagre repast was over, and beg for some of the crumbs which had fallen from this poor, but still royal table, and happy and proud was he who could drink from the queen's glass; for bending low, with uncovered head, he would drink to her Majesty's health.

There was neither bureau, or wardrobe, or even a little mirror in her cell, but after many prayers the queen obtained permission to have a small paper box in which to keep her few clothes, and a tiny looking-glass, which she hung on the same nail where she had kept her watch, and on that day she was as pleased as though they had brought to her the loveliest Venetian mirror and the handsomest furniture in Boule.

Soon, however, the Revolution thought it was too much luxury for the queen to have half a chicken and a plate of vegetables for her dinner, and it suppressed half of her already small ration, so that even the market-women had no longer the consolation of saying to the prison cook, "Here, monsieur, take this poor chicken to our queen." But even in this complete abandonment, in the mists of this horrible poverty, and overwhelmed with all her sorrows, she still remained the lovely woman and the great queen of her prosperous days; and she held out her pewter cup for the jailer to fill with water from an old earthen jug with the same majestic grace she was wont to hold the golden

goblets at the royal *fêtes* of Versailles — her lovely white, but cold hands, her beautiful, calm face, only half seen in the dim prison light, her elegant and majestic figure, and her silence full of resignation. Ah! who could forget them who had ever seen her in the Conciergerie? But she was failing little by little under the influence of bad nourishment and air, and from her grief and loneliness, but she never complained. She was dying slowly and silently.

Her linen all wore out, and asking Rosalie to try and procure some more, the faithful little peasant gave some of her own coarse underclothes to the queen. Poor woman! She no longer even knew what o'clock it was, for her hours now were only marked by the departures for the guillotine in the morning, the death-warrants read out at mid-day, and by fresh imprisonments at night. These desolate time-markers were all that divided her days spent in that terrible prison, which was crowded with so many sorrows, for they had carried away her watch, which she had hung on the nail on entering her cell. It was a simple little ornament in enamelled gold, which her mother had given her when she was yet a young girl, ignorant of life. It had never left her, and recalled so many happy hours to her. When dauphine, and then queen of France, and even in the dungeon of the Temple she had never worn any other watch, but it was taken from her "by order of the nation," and she wept bitterly when she handed to the officer of the republic the gift of her mother, Maria Theresa of Austria. They took from her also two pretty rings ornamented with diamonds, which was all that remained to her of her past fortune. She loved to wear them, and would amuse herself changing them from one hand to the other, and the little diamonds shone on her slender fingers like her blue eyes from out her pale, sad face. But that was not all! They ruthlessly tore from her her marriage ring, given her by the king of France, and which was the last and touching relic she possessed of the martyred sovereign. Ah! you barbarous madmen, had she not paid for it dearly enough, this unhappy woman, that you could not have left it to her? She had paid for this gold ring with her youth, her beauty, and even with her head. This golden ring had made her queen of France, but of what a France? Queen rather of a volcano. This golden ring had placed her on a throne, but a throne crumbling. This golden ring had opened for her the doors

of a palace, but a shattered palace. This golden ring had given her a royal bed, but a bed that a maddened populace had torn to pieces with bloody bayonets. This golden ring had affianced her to a king, but a king beheaded. This golden ring had made her mother of a king, but a king who was given over to a cobbler who killed him with brutal treatment. This golden ring had made her sister of a saint, Saint Elizabeth, who was insulted and covered with ignominy. This golden ring had given her friends, but friends proscribed from France, or whose heads fell upon the scaffold. It had given her a friend (the Princess de Lamballe) who was violated, beheaded, and whose heart was eaten by the cannibals. Ah! if the murderers of that time had known better how to play their part of torturers, far from taking it away from her, they would have suspended this golden ring before her night and day! If they had known that the widow of Louis XVI. wore a lock of the king's hair in a locket over her heart, and that she held it to her lips morning and evening before she said her prayers, no doubt they would have tried to find it in the queen's bosom; but heaven spared her this outrage, the only one she was spared.

Every day and at every moment new spies came to trouble her resigned silence and her fervent prayers; architects, brutes in red caps, ferocious and threatening wretches with their caps on their heads, forced their way into her cell, examining the bars, gratings, bolts, doors, the walls, and even the stones of the pavement, to say nothing of the jailers, the turnkeys, and guards. A lion chained in a sheepfold could not have given greater anxiety than this poor queen caused these murderers.

She, however, grew only more and more resigned every day. She knew from these increasing barbarities that her last hour was finally approaching, and she spent all her time in praying to heaven. One day when she was on her knees, she saw in a cell which was opposite to her own, a poor nun who was praying most fervently and she felt that she was praying for her. The two prisoners from the depth of their misery understood one another, for they pointed toward heaven, giving each other a rendezvous there!

These sad and gloomy days in the hot month of August gave place to others as sad and gloomy, only dreadfully cold, as September approached. Suddenly the noisome heat of the cell changed to a damp coldness, the heavy shadow of the

Conciergerie fell dismally over the narrow dungeon, and the captive was exposed to the pestifential moisture which ran from the filthy prison walls. The queen suffered so much from the intense cold that she complained of it at last, but to whom should she have recourse? The little Breton maid alone took pity on her, and would carry her *camisole* to the jailer's fire to warm it, and as in the long, dark nights they permitted the prisoner to have no candle, nor any other light than that of the lamp in the court-yard, which looked like the small funeral lanterns it is the custom to place on newly habited graves, the young peasant, out of sorrow for the queen, would lengthen out her evening work so that she might see her candle burning some five minutes more.

Twelve days passed thus, but on the thirteenth the judges came and began their first examination. They made an officer of the Revolution sleep in the royal cell, but on that night the queen did not retire.

On the 15th of October they came at eight o'clock in the morning to take her to the audience chamber. She was sleeping, and they awoke her by rudely shaking her. She was fasting moreover, and they gave her nothing to eat. When she was questioned, she answered sweetly, speaking like an angel, and gave utterance from her breaking heart to that "*appeal to all mothers*," which made the heroes of September grow pale, and which drew forth applause and even tears from the *tricoteuses* (the name given to the market-women who sat around the guillotine knitting, while they waited for the cart-loads of victims to be brought up for execution) in the galleries. It was only at four o'clock in the afternoon that the examination was terminated, when one of the jailers remembered that the queen had had nothing to eat that day. The poor woman had been battling with the murderers of Louis XVI. for nine long hours. Then they ordered a cup of *bouillon* for her, and the young servant Rosalie was on her way to take it to her, when passing through the large chamber as she was approaching the queen, a Revolutionary policeman snatched the cup from her hands. He was a low, hunchbacked fellow, named Labuziere, who had for his mistress one of the public women of the Palais Royal, whom he had placed on the first row of benches, in order that she might assist, more at her ease, at the torture of the "Widow Capet." Rosalie thought at first that Labuziere was not going to allow the queen to

have the *bouillon*, of which the poor unhappy woman had such need, but he was really meditating a greater crime — to give to an ignoble creature who wished to have a good look at the queen, an opportunity of approaching her still closer; and so he took the broken cup out of Rosalie's hands, who was also in tears at this new insult. The cup was given to Labuziere's mistress, and she, in her impertinent curiosity to see the queen, carried her the *bouillon*, half of which she spilt on the way, every drop of which as it fell on the floor was a drop of blood less in her Majesty's veins. That same day Marie Antoinette, the queen of France, was condemned to death, and Labuziere went off to sup with his mistress.

Before the fatal day arrived the queen asked for a priest; the republic sent her one of its own, whom the queen refused to see, and knelt alone before her God. At last the day of her deliverance came. The day before the royal victim had mended with her own hands the black dress which she wished to wear to the scaffold, but as she had appeared before her judges too handsome and majestic in this poor widow's gown, they would not permit her to wear it on the day of her death, so that it was in the white peignoir which her sister Elizabeth sent her that she went to the guillotine. Of her two widow's caps she had made one, but without strings or any sign of mourning — she no longer needed to wear mourning for any one. She arranged her lovely hair for the last time, and shuddered to find it had grown perfectly white in her last twenty-four hours! She finished her last toilette by putting on her feet the same little shoes she had taken great care to preserve, and which she had not spoiled in the seventy-six days that she had constantly worn them.

Shall I dare to tell you what Rosalie relates? that the queen, half hidden between the wall and her small bed, was endeavoring to change her clothes, when the *gendarme* on guard bent down in order to see her, and when her Majesty turned toward him, her eyes full of tears, and prayed him in the name of honor to desist, he replied that he was acting on his orders; and when she had changed her dress, moved by a feeling of modesty, the poor woman folded it up with care and hid it under the mattress of her bed — and all this time the executioner was waiting for her.

Hardly had the queen left her miserable cell to go to her death, before the officers of the republic, fearing, it would seem,

some miracle might take place to avenge her, sent the jailers to take everything that had been used by the queen; and they wrapped them all up in the sheets of her bed and carried them off, no one knows whither. You know how the executioner tied brutally together the queen's small hands, how he cut her cap which she had taken such pains to mend, and then her beautiful hair, which when cut he put in his pocket — to burn afterward. And you know about the little child who held out its hands to the august victim as she mounted the scaffold, so that for an instant she thought it was her son, the martyred child whom she would only see again in heaven!

You know that she wrote her will secretly, while lying in her bed, and that it was found and given to Fouquier-Tinville. And, finally, you know all about her death, and you do not ask me to tell it you; for, see, I can no more!

From The Spectator.

REALISM IN UNBELIEF.

THERE can be no doubt that it is even more incumbent on people who profess a strong religious conviction to realize what they believe, and not to use vague and unmeaning language, than it is incumbent on those who declare that on all these subjects their judgment is suspended — that they see the weakness of every form of dogmatism, positive and negative — to avoid phrases which imply their concurrence in either the faith or the dogmatic disbelief of other men. To use hollow words concerning subjects on which we profess deep and solemn convictions is clearly less excusable than to use hollow words on subjects on which we profess to be in a state of complete uncertainty, just as it is less excusable to use hollow words with intimate friends, with whom every expression should be trustworthy, than it is with mere acquaintances, with whom phrases are usually interpreted as carrying more superficial and less seriously weighed meaning. It is more excusable to trifle with a suspended judgment, than it is to trifle with religious convictions. Even if one whose judgment is suspended does seem sometimes to assume a belief he has not, or a disbelief he has not, there is less of treason to the truth in it than there is when one whose judgment is deeply convinced on subjects of the highest moment uses, in a thor-

oughly unreal sense, words which ought to mark the focus of his highest feelings, the springs of all his hopes or all his fears. But then this applies rather to the school of true sceptics, than to the school of enthusiasts in positivism or humanism, or any of the new "isms" whose exponents offer us a substitute for Christianity that is to rise above Christianity, to dispel all its narrow and selfish dreams, and to provide in its place the fullest life and the noblest aims possible to men on earth. Bishop Ellicott, in the thoughtful and interesting, if not always very thorough-going addresses on "Modern Unbelief" which he has recently delivered in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, has drawn attention to the Christian tone of sentiment so often now adopted by those who repudiate earnestly the Christian and even the theistic faith, and he has rightly classed it as one of the peculiar dangers of the present time — though it is also, we think, quite as much a danger to the rationalists who encourage such a tone of sentiment amongst their followers, as it is to the loose-minded Christians who are attracted by it — that you see such an astonishing affinity for the moods and emotions appropriate to the Christian faith under cover of a creed which rejects and despises that faith. For instance, the bishop quotes from Mr. Fiske's "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" the following passage: "Every temptation that is resisted, every sympathetic impulse that is discreetly yielded to, every noble aspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is repressed, every bitter word that is withheld, adds its little item to the impetus of the great movement which is bearing humanity onwards towards a richer life and higher character. Out of individual rectitude come the rectitude and happiness of the community; so that the ultimate salvation of mankind is to be wrought out solely by that obedience to the religious instinct which urges the individual, irrespective of utilitarian considerations, to live in conformity with nature's requirements. 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' is the prayer dictated by the religious faith of past ages, to which the deepest scientific analysis of the future may add new meanings, but of which it can never impair the primary significance." What a writer who, according to Bishop Ellicott, "distinctly opposes and condemns the Christian conception of a personal God," means by "Nearer, my God to thee," unless, perhaps, it be in the sense of one of the *dramatis personæ* of

M. Renan's recent dialogues, who says that after organizing society, the next duty of thinking men will be "to organize God," it is not easy to conceive. If the Cause of the universe be not above it, but inferior to it, if, as the modern pantheists teach, it is by evolution only that the unknown and unknowable Cause attains anything like self-consciousness, the prayer "Nearer, my God to thee," in the mouth of such a one, must be either a mere empty aspiration after his own share in a universal development which no one can either advance or retard for a moment, or an ejaculation suited to a cast-off belief, and of which the "primary significance" is not only "impaired," but wholly lost. Surely a writer of this kind is trifling with very serious subjects, when he professes that language whose whole scope implies a divine life of the highest imaginable perfection and love in the Creator of the universe, loses none of its meaning in the mouth of one who regards the Cause of the universe as unknown and unknowable, and therefore, of course, as not a proper object for human love at all. But Mr. Fiske is not alone in this use of the language of faith and feeling towards what is not a proper object for any feeling except mere intellectual wonder, or in speaking with the utmost confidence of what the unknown and unknowable Cause is about to do for the human race. Even Miss Harriet Martineau, who confidently expected, and indeed, if we may judge by her language, positively relished, the thought of personal annihilation,—who, indeed, took credit for that annihilation almost as if she were discounting the value of a contingent remainder of slight probability,—regarded it as one of the great advantages of her new freedom that she could be certain, first, that the Cause of the universe was "wholly out of the sphere of human attributes;" and next, that "the special destination of my race is infinitely nobler than the highest proposed under a scheme of divine government." Yet such benevolent presages for the future of her race were evidently mere leaps in the dark for one who boasted that the ultimate source of being was quite beyond the sphere of human attributes. If the "process of the suns" has ripened men's thoughts, yet it will, to all appearance, rot them too. A Cause which takes no special account of man, except as one phase in the infinite variety of successive change, is just as likely to get rid of the race, as of each individual of the race. You cannot argue from actual historical

progress, unless you also go back to the ages which preceded life, and note that in our own satellite—the moon—for instance, there have apparently already elapsed uncounted ages since the last organization such as we know on the earth was extinct. Once launched into the sphere in which human love and faith and hope have no meaning, to indulge glorious visions for our race, except of the most ephemeral and conditional kind, is a sheer and very cheap bit of sentimentalism, like wishing your friend the good luck to pick up a magnificent diamond in the streets, or bidding your betrothed "become the bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me." Of course, it is quite reasonable, on the ground of pure experience, to hope that as improvement has gone on so long,—for so many thousand years,—the same improvement may continue for, at all events, a few hundred years more, in the absence of any cosmic catastrophe which might prevent it. But that is a very different thing indeed from going into raptures as to the far higher destiny which you have, as an agnostic, a right to anticipate for your race than any theist—who believes the Creator to have a special purpose in making man in his own image—has any right to anticipate. That is using unreal words,—playing fast and loose with the unknown and unknowable, in the very way in which Christians are (too often justly) charged with playing fast and loose with the solemn truths they profess.

But perhaps the most curious instance of this tendency of the enthusiasts of humanism to take credit for religious sentiments and affections better a great deal than Christianity itself could justify, is to be found in Mr. Frederic Harrison's contribution to the new "Symposium" in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Frederic Harrison—one of the most distinguished of the English Comtists,—will hear of nothing supernatural. He rejects all theology, and says religion must be grounded entirely on what is "frankly human." But it must be a great deal more than mere morality:—

Morality will never suffice for life; and every attempt to base our existence on morality alone, or to crown our existence with morality alone, must certainly fail. For this is to fling away the most powerful motives of human nature. To reach these is the privilege of Religion alone. And those who trust that the Future can ever be built on Science and Civilization, without Religion, are attempting to build a pyramid of bricks without straw. The solution, we believe, is a non-

theological religion. There are some who amuse themselves by repeating that this is a contradiction in terms, that religion implies theology. Yet no one refuses the name of religion to the systems of Confucius and Buddha, though neither has a trace of theology. But disputes about a name are idle. If they could debar us from the name of Religion, no one could disinherit us of the thing. We mean by religion a scheme which shall explain to us the relations of the faculties of the human soul within, of man to his fellow-men beside him, to the world and its order around him; next, that which brings him face to face with a Power to which he must bow, with a Providence which he must love and serve, with a Being which he must adore, — that which, in fine, gives man a doctrine to believe, a discipline to live by, and an object to worship. This is the ancient meaning of religion, and the fact of religion all over the world in every age. What is new in our scheme is merely that we avoid such terms as "Infinite," "Absolute," "Immaterial," and vague negatives altogether, resolutely confining ourselves to the sphere of what can be shown by experience, of what is relative and not absolute, and wholly and frankly *human*.

On the contrary, we should have said that what is new in the positivist scheme is that it proposes to foster and cultivate feelings of love and adoration in man towards an object which it does not even pretend to exhibit as possessing any of the characteristics fitted to inspire those feelings. Waive the words infinite, absolute, immaterial, and all other vague negatives as completely as you will, and what is there in the mere procession of events which have made human nature what it is, and us what we are, — if this has been done without purpose, without sympathy, without love for us or for our fellow-creatures here, — to justify even a momentary emotion of love, or a single act of service, towards the chain of natural facts and laws which take the place, we suppose, in positivism of the theist's Providence? We can understand, indeed, the necessity of bowing to the power which unrolls itself in the universe, though not any duty of doing so. It is no one's duty to acquiesce heartily in the succession of day and night, or in the circulation of the blood and the secretions of the body, — any more than in being born. But why am I to "love" the physical providence that adapts me to the world and the world to me? Does any one think of loving the locomotive or the steam that whirls him along the line, or even the sea which bears him on its waves, or the electric current that shoots

along the wire? "Love" and "adoration" must be kept for moral qualities of some sort. No one can adore Mont Blanc, though he can admire it, or Vesuvius in eruption, though he may fear it. If our affections are to be cultivated towards the power which controls our lives, we must know something of that power which will entitle it to our affections. If all we know is that it has produced the universe as we see it, including ourselves, with all the evil and all the good in us; and further, that it furnishes us, — unconsciously, we suppose, according to the positivist religion, — with all we have, both that which we have and love, and that which we have and hate; that it will take us away again before long, and replace us by others; and that as it deals with us, so, in all probability, it will deal with our race, and all the races of living things, — extinguish them, when the time comes, in favor of some other *régime*, — we do not know how any didactic inculcation of love and adoration could induce reasonable men to foster love, and indulge adoration, towards a being so closely veiled from the gaze of men. Mr. Frederic Harrison seems to us to desire to borrow from a system which he rejects that which is peculiar to that system. The agnostic may justly inculcate the study of nature's laws, and enlarge on the marvellous storehouses of nature's forces, but as to training us to love an enigma, to adore those protean forms of natural energy which result now in the conflagration of a world, and now in the plunging of a planet into the frozen sleep of an Arctic winter, — the attempt must be a failure. As there really is a God who loves us behind this mysterious succession of nothingness, life, pleasure, pain, good, evil, death, memory, and resurrection, that God must be the object of the deepest affections and the profoundest adoration. But for one who will hear of no awful will behind the changes of the external world, to ask for love and adoration towards the unknown power which flows through this strange current of phenomena, is to demand what is unreasonable and monstrous. It is simply unreal sentimentalism to require the attitude of mind appropriate towards a God of love and righteousness, from one who believes in no God of love and righteousness, but only in the great procession of natural phenomena, including — though for a span which is hardly worth mentioning in such an eternal procession as that — the phenomena of our human life.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THY LAST FAREWELL.

It lingers on the murm'ring forest trees,
 With rise and swell,
 And leaves its quiv'ring sighs upon the breeze,
 That last farewell!

Across the greensward where the daisies raise
 Their starry eyes,
 And gold and purple in the sunset blaze
 All silent lies,

The tender cadence floats on unseen wing
 With mournful spell,
 And evermore a thousand echoes ring
 Thy last farewell!

Ah! never more the dewy grass will bend
 Beneath thy feet,
 Nor golden morning with thy tresses blend
 In mingling sweet.

And never will the leafy hollows part
 Their whisp'ring boughs
 To welcome thee when day's bright beams de-
 part,
 And evening glows.

No longer will the wooded echoes wake
 To hear again
 Thy voice, which ringing through the glades
 did break
 The wild bird's strain.

And other feet will press the wavy grass
 Where sunshine glows,
 And other forms along the greenwood pass,
 Crowned with wild rose.

And other voices on the western gale
 Will softly play,
 Along the silent hill, and up the vale,
 While far away.

Thou wilt be wandering in distant lands,
 And years will roll,
 While dimly, it may be, this fair time stands
 On memory's scroll;

And greener paths stretch out before thy view,
 And shadows fair,
 In robes all radiant with the rainbow hue,
 Sail through the air.

Yet evermore these winsome scenes to me
 Of sadness tell,
 And waving trees and flowers still echo silently
 Thy last farewell!

Golden Hours.

M.

"FROM HIS LOVING MOTHER."

Only a name; but a mother's hand
 Writes not in perishing faithless sand:
 Back from the vault of long-buried years,
 Rise memories far too deep for tears.

Only a name; but 'tis writ in gold,
 For the hand that fashioned the word is cold:
 Spell-bound on the writing the eyes will fall,
 As the Persian gazed on the warning wall.

Yet the gaze shall leave nothing of doubt or
 dread,
 It appeals to the heart with a voice from the
 dead,
 And the dear loved characters stand to prove
 A truth never doubted, a mother's love.

Such love as she might to a creature of earth,
 She gave to her child when she gave him birth;
 And, perchance, from the bright spirit-world
 her eye
 Still marks how he moulds his destiny.

Yea, hushes her harp and with bated breath
 Prays while he wavers 'twixt life and death;
 And if tears from the earth could dim angels'
 eyes,
 Hers are his griefs with his victories.
 Cassell's Magazine. REV. CECIL MOORE.

THE LATE MRS. NASSAU SENIOR'S WORK

IN MEMORIAM.

TRUE woman, gentle and yet strong
 To strive with misery and wrong, —
 Thy life was like a rhythmic song
 'Mid aimless voices.

The poet whose fine ear has caught
 The music with which life is fraught,
 Through all discordant deed and thought,
 Is loved and honored.

He does but listen, and translate
 For us who stand outside the gate
 The harmonies for which we wait,
 And yet discern not.

But thou, with patient, loving care,
 Didst add a lost note here and there
 To the world's symphony, and dare
 To make it sweeter.

His the ecstatic rapture, thine
 The dull routine of toil divine,
 Where sympathy and skill combine
 In lowly labor.

We, who have not yet learned to play
 The tune God sets us day by day,
 Look up with wondering eyes, and say,
 "What was thy secret?"

Spectator.

A. MATHESON.

From The Quarterly Review.
DR. CARPENTER'S "MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY."*

FROM the very earliest time in which traces of scientific methods can be found, thinkers have gravitated to one or the other of two schools, which may be roughly designated as the physical and the intellectual. Thales, Anaxagoras, and Epicurus, whatever their mutual differences, stand out in a general strong contrast with Plato and his followers. So do Newton and Young, and the whole series of mathematicians in England and on the Continent, with Malebranche, Berkeley, Hartley, Kant, Fichte. The one school is preoccupied with the phenomena of the external world; with the other the primary object of interest is the nature of man, its inhabitant. The former delights in tracing the operation of laws which, as they gradually unfold themselves, tend more and more to simplification. Relations are discovered between groups of facts which at first seemed entirely disconnected from one another; and an expectation arises which, as it is founded upon an ever-widening experience, appears entirely conformable to reason, that so far as inanimate substances are concerned, whatever exists at any one moment is the necessary outcome of the immediately previous condition; so that the truest picture which the imagination can form of this portion of the universe will be one in which it is represented as a chain made up of an infinite number of links, both ends of which are hidden from our eyes. If animated nature (leaving man for the present out of consideration) be also taken into account, this conception appears at first to be inappropriate. But here, again, further investigation does much to revive it. The instincts of animals appear to be as universal in their operation as the laws of gravitation; and their movements, in some instances, are confessedly undistinguishable from those of mechanical action. There naturally arises a great temptation to generalize in the direction thus indicated; to bring all

animal life into the same category; and to regard the act of the hound pursuing his prey by scent through the tangled brake, as in no way differing from that of the fly-catching plant, which closes on the insects that touch it, or even from that of the stone which falls when the support that kept it up is removed. Finally, man, with his complicated nature, is thought by some to furnish no exception to an universal law of necessary evolution. The creations of Shakespeare, and the movement of the loggin-stone of the Land's End, in their view equally owe their origin to the unfolding of an infinite web of succession, the one modified as little by the personality of the poet as the other by the choice of the block of granite. Dr. Carpenter gives a few extracts from a book of the late Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson, which he justly regards as the most thorough-going expression of this doctrine in its extreme form. We quote one, not so much on this account, as because it seems to show plainly the path which led to it,—namely, the influence which, as Bacon remarks, the particular pursuit which may enjoy a kind of primogeniture with any thinker, always exerts upon him in the shaping of his philosophy.

In material conditions I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all virtues, all spiritual conditions and influences; in the same manner that I find the origin of all diseases and of all insanities in material conditions and causes . . . I feel that I am as completely the result of my nature, and impelled to do what I do, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled.

The school of thought, on the other hand, whose starting-point is the investigation of man's intellectual and spiritual nature, commencing as it does with the facts of individual consciousness, is no less unwilling to contemplate any interference arising out of external laws with the absolute supremacy of individual freedom, than the materialists are to acknowledge the possibility of any arbitrary variation in them. In the earlier ages of society the facts of individual consciousness are the very first which attract, and all but monopolize, attention. Every force of

* *Principles of Mental Physiology, with their applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the study of its Morbid Conditions.* By William B. Carpenter, F.R.S., C.B. London, 1875.

nature is *personified* in the philosophy of a primitive people, no less than in their poetry and their mythology. Not only are the trees of the forest, and the brooks which run among them, identified with dryads and naiads, not only do Arès and Athenè symbolize the incarnation of brute force and sagacity, but the great problem (which presents itself in different shapes to every age) of reconciling to the imagination the two ideas of liberty and law, appears in the Homeric poems as a comparison between the strength of Fate and of Jupiter. Nothing can be more certain than that the notion of personality is a primitive one, of course for many ages altogether undeveloped and crude, but seen to be acted upon wherever there is any record of human doings, implied in every creation of the imagination which has excited human sympathies, and recognized in the language of every portion of the human race. Even when we come to later times, and professed philosophers, the old modes of thought still exhibit themselves where, to our modern judgments, they are most inappropriate. Affection and strife are the forms under which the materialist Empedocles exhibits the properties which we call attraction and repulsion.

Whatever extension may be given in the immediate future to the cultivation of the physical sciences, and however widely they may come to be substituted in the higher schools for the studies which have hitherto nourished the mental growth of the upper classes of England, there is little fear that the effects will follow which some apprehend. The favorite study of mankind always has been, and always will be, man himself — and not man as a machine, but as a living, acting, feeling, thinking being, the subject of hopes and fears, aspirations and aversions. If the Roman satirist, when he described his work —

Quicquid agunt homines, vitium, timor, ira,
voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli —

could have suspected that a time would ever arrive when the various features in the picture of human corruption which he

painted, would be regarded by philosophers of reputation as mere symbols expressing the reflex action of nervous currents, he would undoubtedly have given vent to his spleen at the influence of foreign *savants* in even bitterer terms than those in which he indulges. But such indignation would have been as misplaced as the terrors of some modern divines are. Every new idea creates an enthusiasm in the minds of those who have first grasped it, which renders them incapable of viewing it in its true proportions to the sum total of knowledge. It is in their eyes no new denizen of the world of facts, but a heaven-sent ruler of it, to which all previously recognized truths must be made to bow. As time goes on, truer views obtain. The new principle ceases to be regarded either as a pestilent delusion or as a key to all mysteries. Its application comes to be better defined and its value more reasonably appreciated, when both idolaters and iconoclasts have passed away, and a new generation begins to take stock of its intellectual inheritance.

The book of Dr. Carpenter is an attempt to mediate between the extreme psychologists and physiologists. He regards the causative power of the human will, and the self-determined condition of the individual man in the exercise of it, as primary facts of which we have the complete evidence in our own consciousness. But not the less does he accept, with certain limitations, the doctrines which the physiological school urge as incompatible with such a view. He frankly confesses their merits at the outset.

What modern research seems to me to have done, is to elucidate the mechanism of Automatic action; to define with greater precision the share it takes in the diversified phenomena of Animal life, psychical as well as physical; and to introduce a more scientific mode of thought into the Physiological part of the inquiry. But in so far as those who profess to be its expositors ignore the fundamental facts of consciousness on which Des Cartes himself built up his philosophical fabric, dwelling exclusively on Physical action as the only thing with which Science has to do, and repudiating the doctrine (based on the universal experience of Mankind) that the mental states which we call Volitions and

Emotions have a causative relation, they appear to me to grasp only one half of the problem, to see only one side of the shield. That the principle of the conservation of Energy holds good not less in the Living body than in the Inorganic world, I was myself among the earliest to maintain. That in the most powerful muscular effort which can be called forth by the Human Will, there is no more a *creation* of Energy than in an Automatic convulsion, I believe as firmly as Professor Clifford. And that the general tendency of modern scientific research is to extend the domain of Law to every form of mundane change—the belief in the Uniformity of Causation being now assumed as axiomatic in all scientific procedure—I recognize as fully as Mr. Herbert Spencer. (Preface, p. xvi.)

There is no question that automatism, including in that term both mental and bodily activities, plays a very large part in the life of every one. What the limits of that part are is the real question at issue, and this it is the object of Dr. Carpenter's work to point out. The book is, in fact, a survey of the borderland between the region of physical causation and moral causation, taking its departure from the ground of the physiologist. It naturally enters largely into anatomical details, which however necessary for the establishment of the author's argument in the minds of his fellow-experts, are the reverse of attractive to the general reader. We will therefore endeavor to spare him as much of these as we can without injury to the understanding of the case.

That all our knowledge of the external world arises from the impressions made upon our senses is allowed by all philosophers of whatever school since the time of Locke; but the really important point to ascertain is, whether, in the very act of acquiring this knowledge, we have not evidence of something more than the external world—that is, of the *Ego*, the sentient subject, our own personality. It might be possible to acquiesce in a denial of this, if the whole of our existence consisted of one unvarying, single sensation; but as soon as ever any the least variation of this is *perceived*, personality shows itself in its simplest form, viz., as the identical subject of two diverse sensations. Let us merely suppose these sensations

multiplied and varied, each in its turn leaving its trace in the shape of a remembrance, and the result will be something analogous to what is continually experienced in a dream, where image after image springs up in an apparently arbitrary manner, the sleeper bearing no other part in it than that of the spectator of a moving phantasmagoria.

Now in this simplest form of personality there is not involved the idea either of knowing or of acting. The *Ego* is in it nothing more than the passive recipient of a string of impressions. He can have no thought either of any law by which this succession is regulated, or of any power in himself of modifying them. We will, however, proceed a step further. Let us suppose these sensations divided into several similar groups. The observation of this regular recurrence constitutes an elementary knowledge for the *Ego*. He apprehends an order by which his sensations follow one another. Now, let us suppose that these groups, though infinite so far as appears in number, are divided into several classes (which we will denote by the letters of the alphabet), so that there are several A's, several B's, several C's, and so on; and, further, that an A is always succeeded by B, sometimes but not always, also by C, and never by D. The *Ego* now increases his stock of knowledge, but it is still a communicated, not an acquired knowledge—it is the knowledge of an observer pure and simple, not of a thinker; it is the knowledge of Flamsteed, while noting and tabulating the lunar movements, not the knowledge of Newton, deducing from those movements the law of gravitation. The *Ego*, by acquiring this knowledge, has become an *ens sciens*, but as yet is in no respects an *ens agens*. And however much we may suppose the groups of sensations varied and complicated, and in consequence the aggregate of the communicated knowledge increased for the *Ego*, he remains still altogether passive, the product (except so far as consciousness is concerned) of external forces, as much as the mature plant is the product of the pains bestowed upon it by the gardener. If then the matured powers of the man are really developed out of simple sen-

sations by a *similar* process, however wonderful and elaborate, it cannot be contested that he must be classed in the same category as the plant.

But now let us see how far the phenomena even of infancy warrant any such conclusion. Our classes of sensations, just now denoted by the letters of the alphabet, are here those which reach the sentient subject, the infant, through his several senses. The physiologist teaches us that in sight, for instance, a certain impression is made on the retina of the eye, just as in photography an impression is made on prepared glass; and the first effect of this is to generate nerve-force in the optic nerve along which it is transmitted to the ganglionic centre of the latter, which forms part of the sensorium.* The olfactory and the auditory nerves perform a precisely similar function in the case of smelling or hearing. All these nerves have in themselves no sensation; their sole employment being to convey, like a telegraph, the message from without, and they may be pricked or pinched without evoking any sign of pain. It is altogether different with the nerves which minister to the power of movement, as well as convey to the *Ego* the information supplied by the senses of touch and of muscular resistance, and which, on this account, have received the name of the sensori-motor nerves. Microscopic observation exhibits them as bundles of minute fibres, of which each is isolated from the rest, like the wires in a submarine cable, by a peculiar substance known as the "white substance of Schwann." They are of two distinct kinds — the *afferent*, which convey to their proper ganglionic centres the sensations indicated by the touch, and the sense of muscular resistance, and the *efferent*, which, proceeding from these ganglionic centres, produce movement in the appropriate members through muscular contraction. The combination of the two is like a compound telegraphic arrangement, by which information is transmitted from the point A to the point B, and orders derived from that information (*not* the information itself) forwarded at once to a third point C. In many cases this is purely an automatic proceeding, as, for instance, when the soles of the feet are tickled, the involuntary result is a twitching convulsion of those members. But in others the voli-

tional character is manifest, as when we find by our sensations that a weight carried on the shoulder is awkwardly placed, and therefore we vary its position to render it more tolerable.

Now, the first manifestation of volitional movement in the infant is undoubtedly obscure. He turns in his cradle towards a light; and this is doubtless an automatic result occasioned by the attraction of its brightness. But the same can hardly be said of his handling an object presented to him, which, if in its origin stimulated by an external impulse, almost instantly assumes another character, when he places the object at different distances from his eyes, carries it to his mouth, turns it in various ways, strikes it against the side of his cradle, and endeavors to pull it to pieces. It is impossible for any one who watches these acts to conceive them to be nothing else than a sequence of phenomena, each springing out of the one preceding it by a mechanical necessity. There is manifestly a *comparison* going on of the different sensations that have been excited; and comparison in its most elementary form implies attention, that is, concentration upon some portion of whatever is presented to the *Ego* to the comparative neglect of the rest. Indeed, it seems undeniable, that even in any *single* experience of muscular resistance, there must be awakened the consciousness of a force to the exercise of which that resistance is offered; in which case the evidence of the existence of the *Ego* as an active force, cannot but be regarded as arising contemporaneously with that of the existence of the *non-Ego* — the external world, the limit of such active force.

Automatism, however, undoubtedly plays a very large part in the bodily actions, and, according to Dr. Carpenter, in mental operations also. The acts of breathing, of coughing, and of sneezing are mainly independent of the will. The muscular movements which effect them are evoked by agencies over which the will has no control. The beating of the heart is even more striking. It may be, and often is, modified by emotion, but never by a simple effort of will without the presence of emotion. It is obvious that but for this automatism, in many cases, there would be no security for the maintenance of life. The circulation of the blood would cease from mere neglect of the agency which keeps it in motion. But this primary automatism, as it may be called, yields in interest for the present purpose to secondary automatism, a name

* By this term may be understood the aggregate of the ganglia in which the spine and the several nerves centre, lying under the higher hemispherical portion of the brain, the cerebrum.

given (first by Hartley) to actions which come to be performed by habit without will, or even consciousness; but which were originally learned by volitional effort. Walking is the most obvious example of this class of actions. The power is attained gradually, and at the cost of considerable pains. The mere balancing of the body in a standing position involves the combined action of almost every muscle; and the advance of the most finished acrobat beyond this achievement is far less than that which he must have made in acquiring it. Yet it is a matter of daily experience that in walking we pay no attention whatever to what we are doing after once determining in what direction we shall proceed. Very generally we are altogether absorbed in conversation with a companion, or, perhaps, in meditation on some subject which happens to occupy our minds. Mr. Mill thought out the greater part of his "System of Logic" during his daily walks between Kensington and the India House; and no one who passes through the Bank of England, during business hours, will be able to fancy that, of the hurrying crowd he sees, a single individual is bestowing a thought upon that "co-ordination of his muscular actions," without which it would, nevertheless, be impossible for him to carry his dividend-warrant to his banker's.

But let us suppose one of these men of business suddenly seized with blindness. He would instantly stop in his career, although just before, while hastening over familiar ground, and taking no heed of anything but the matter uppermost in his thoughts, he was utterly unconscious that his eyes were rendering him any service at all. Here, then, it is plain that not only was there a mechanical co-ordination of the locomotive muscles, but likewise co-ordination between them and the visual organs. Yet of this the merchant had not the slightest conception. From the time he set out, therefore, he has been the subject of an extremely complicated automatism, no volition having been exerted by him any more than after having put himself into a cab, volition would have been exerted by him in driving it. The *whole act* of going from place to place is, of course, volitional; but the volitional character of it does not permeate the entire sequence of motions, but is derived from the initial purpose. The merchant *wills* to go to his banker's, and he *wills* to go by walking. His *purpose* brings his eyes and limbs into action, and between them they perform the operation which he de-

sires to see effected; but they, nevertheless, perform it automatically, his will no further interfering after having once given its command, and his attention, being occupied by altogether different matters.

The important part played by the co-operation of the senses, of which we are all the time unconscious, is exhibited most clearly in some cases of accident. Thus the sensory nerve of a limb may be paralysed, while the force of the motor nerves of the same limb remains. But the latter cannot by any effort of the will be brought into action (the sense of muscular resistance being lost through the paralysis of the sensory nerve) *without the aid of the eye*. A woman thus affected found that she could not support her infant on her arm without constantly *looking at it*. The removal of her eyes for a moment, in spite of her knowledge that the child was resting on her arm, and of her desire to sustain it, was at once followed by a relaxation of the contracted muscles.

The reflex movements, as those are called which are produced by the motor (or efferent) nerves in response to the messages conveyed through the afferent nerves, are not necessarily accompanied by feeling.

If the head of a frog be cut off, and the spinal cord be divided in the middle, so that the forelegs remain connected with the upper part, and the hind legs with the lower, each pair of members may be excited to movement by a stimulus applied to itself, but the two pairs will not exhibit any consentaneous motions, as they will do when the spinal cord is undivided.

In a case of paralysis of the lower extremities, recorded by Hunter, the patient was asked whether he felt the irritation by which "reflex movements" in his legs were produced, and replied, "No, sir, but you see my legs do." In two cases of injury to the spine, recorded by Dr. William Budd, in which sensibility of the legs was for a time nearly destroyed, and voluntary action entirely so, violent contractions followed the tickling of a feather in the hollow of the instep, although the patient was quite unconscious of the cause of them. It is remarkable that in these cases, as recovery (which took place very slowly) progressed, and voluntary power gradually returned, the susceptibility to the involuntary reflex movements diminished.

Dr. Carpenter holds that the will, when carrying into action a determination of the intellect, does not act directly upon the

muscles which execute the mandate, but indirectly through the automatic mechanism, of which the act of walking, as we have just seen, furnishes a familiar example. The headquarters (so to speak) of this *mechanism* is the axial cord, receiving, as it does, all the nerves of sense and giving out all the nerves of motion; and this, under different modifications, is found in all animals.

We should form [says Dr. Carpenter] a very erroneous notion of what essentially constitutes the brain of a Vertebrated animal, and of the mutual relations of the aggregate of ganglionic centres of which it is composed, if we were only to study it in *Man*. For the great relative size and complexity of his *Cerebrum* tends to conceal the fundamental importance of those ganglionic centres on which it is superposed, and which constitute no less an important part of *his* brain than they do of that of Fishes; although their proportional size is so much less as to lead to their being commonly regarded as merely subordinate appendages to the Cerebrum. The brain of a Fish is almost entirely composed of an aggregate of ganglia of Sense, which may be regarded as collectively constituting its *Sensorium*, that is, according to ordinary phraseology, the "seat of consciousness," but, more correctly, the Nerve-centre, through the instrumentality of which the *Ego* becomes conscious of Sense-impressions. Putting aside the rudimentary Cerebrum, therefore, we may regard the *Axial Cord* of the Fish (consisting of its Spinal Cord with the Sensory ganglia) as the instrument, like the gangliated cord of the insect, of its *automatic* movements; of which such as are executed through the Spinal centres do not involve Sensation, whilst in those of which the Sensory Ganglia are the instruments, Sensation necessarily participates. When, on the other hand, in ascending the Vertebrate Series from Fishes toward Man, we compare the different grades of development of the *Cerebrum* with the successively augmenting manifestations of *intelligence* (as exhibited in what we must regard as an *intentional* adaptation of means to ends under the direction of *experience*), we find so remarkable a correspondence as scarcely to leave room for doubt that the Cerebrum is the instrument of those Psychical operations which we rank under the general designation, *rational*. In proportion as the actions of an animal are directed by this endowment, the number of them that can be said to be *primarily* automatic becomes not only *relatively* but *absolutely* limited; although many actions (especially in Man) which were in the first instance initiated by the Will, come after long habit to be as truly automatic as if they had been so originally. (P. 64.)

After tracing the increasing relative magnitude of the cerebrum (or its analogue), as we ascend the scale of verte-

brates from its lowest member, the fish, to its highest, man, Dr. Carpenter proceeds to that portion of his work which will chiefly interest the bulk of his readers—the inquiry into the mode in which this highest organ, the cerebrum, is subservient to those higher mental operations, the capacity for which specially characterizes man, though among some of the other mammalia may be found (he thinks) distinct approximations to it. The general fact, that the development of the cerebrum indicates the predominance of intelligence over instinct, is universally allowed; and the principle seems to hold good to a great extent, not only when we compare different races of mankind, but even different individuals of the same race.

The anatomical distinction between the cerebral hemispheres of man and the analogous organ of other animals shows itself especially in the complexity of the arrangement of the nerve-fibres of which the medullary substance is composed.

These may be grouped under three principal divisions. The *first*, which may be distinguished as the *radiating* fibres, connect the different parts of the Cortical layer* with the Sensori-motor tract on which the Cerebrum is superposed; and it is probable that there are two sets of these, one *ascending* from the terminals† of the *sensory* tract of the Axial Cord to the Cortical layer, and conveying to it the result of the physical changes produced in them by the Sense-impressions which they receive; the other descending from the Cortical layer to the terminals‡ of the motor tract of the Axial Cord, and conveying to them the Physical results of the changes which take place in itself. These fibres, which bring the instrument of Intelligence and Will into relation with that portion of the nervous apparatus which furnishes the Mechanism of sensation and of the automatic or instinctive motions, were called by a sagacious old Anatomist, Reil, the *nerves of the internal senses*. The *second* set of fibres brings the several parts of the Cortical layer into mutual communication. The arrangement of these *commissural* fibres is peculiarly complex in Man. The *third* set of fibres, termed *intercerebral*, connects the two hemispheres of the Cerebrum together by a broad band.§ This also is much

* This "cortical layer" consists of nerve-cells spread out on the surface of the cerebrum; not as is the case with ordinary ganglia, of which latter they form a sort of internal nucleus. It is covered by the membrane called the *pia mater*, which, being entirely composed of blood-vessels held together by a connecting tissue, causes a far larger supply of blood to the cortical layer in proportion to its substance than to any other part of the body.

† The "thalami optici."

‡ The "corpora striata."

§ The "corpus callosum."

more developed in Man than in any of the lower Mammalia. It is altogether wanting in Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds. There is a rudiment of it only in Marsupials and Rodials. Cases have occurred in which it has been nearly, or even entirely, deficient in Man; and it is significant that the chief defect in the characters of such individuals has been observed to be a want of forethought, *i. e.*, of power to apply the experience of the past to the anticipation of the future. (P. 99.)

There is no indication, in the case of man, of a transfer to the cerebrum of the proper attributes of the other nervous apparatus. Its substance is insensible, and no physical impression made upon it is felt by the subject of it. It has been removed from pigeons, the sensory ganglia being left intact; and the respondent motions to external impressions have remained unaltered. The bird seeks out the light parts of a partially illuminated room, and avoids objects that lie in its way. If thrown into the air it flies, and when sleeping at night, with closed eyes and its head under its wing, is roused by the slightest noise, just as in its normal condition.

There is, however, according to Dr. Carpenter, one characteristic of the cerebrum which is common to it and to the sensori-motor nerves—it is subject to reflex automatic action. Regarding memory, from his point of view, as the "psychological expression of physical changes in the cerebrum," he considers "traces" (so to speak) to be left in the latter by each idea which has been formed, and each emotion which has been experienced. These, however, rapidly fade away, and remain in the region of unconsciousness until recalled through the process of association. Thus the aggregate of our previous lives, rational and emotional, may be conceived of as a series of pictures on sensitive paper, soon becoming invisible, but still remaining potentially, and at once reproduced under favorable conditions. As an example of this, Dr. Abercrombie relates that a lady in the last stage of a chronic illness, at a lodging in the country, had her infant child brought to see her. After the child had grown up, without any recollection of her mother, she was taken, without knowing it to be such, into the room in which her mother had long before died. She exhibited at once marks of emotion, and explained them to her friends as occasioned by a distinct impression that she had been in the room before, and that a lady in bed there, who seemed very ill, had hung over her in tears. A very familiar instance of this reviviscence of

dormant emotions, is the sense of anger or of shame which men feel when accidental circumstances recall to them some passage in their former lives in which they were grossly insulted, or in which they failed from weakness in any recognized duty; although, perhaps, for many years they may never have had the matter enter their minds.

The loss of recollection which generally follows upon stunning is a well-known phenomenon; but there are not wanting instances of an abnormal *recollection* being evoked by extraordinary circumstances. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a man brought into St. Thomas's Hospital, in a state of stupor from an injury of the head. When partially recovered, he spoke Welsh, a language which, before the accident, he had entirely forgotten from long desuetude; but when he had quite recovered, he again completely forgot his Welsh, and got back his knowledge of English. Another case is even more remarkable. A boy at the age of four suffered fracture of the skull, and was trepanned while in a state of complete stupor. After his recovery he retained no recollection either of the accident of the operation; but at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave "an account of the operation, and the persons who were present at it, with a correct description of their dress and other minute particulars."

But the ordinary experience of life furnishes a good example of the way in which a temporary loss of recollection clearly exhibits itself. In speaking any language with which we are very familiar, we act just as automatically as in the case of walking, which has been considered above. We *think* in the language, and words spring up spontaneously, expressing the current of ideas which pass through our minds. But the acquisition of the language, even if it be our mother tongue, is really the result of a long series of mental acts, each of which, on physiological principles, is recorded by some change in the condition of the brain, or of some portion thereof. The structure of this portion is kept up according to the ordinary laws of nutrition; although the material particles continually change, just as the right arm of a blacksmith is maintained in a more highly developed condition of the muscles; and facility in speaking the language is thus manifestly as completely a secondary automatic faculty as the skill of the accomplished musician, who (to use an illustration of Miss Cobbe's) will execute a piece of Bach's to perfection while carrying on

a flirtation with the admirer who is turning over the leaves of her music-book. Now every one who has travelled has experienced the manner in which a foreign language, with which he has become tolerably familiar, so as habitually to think in it, rises to his lips with considerable difficulty after long desuetude, and yet *comes back* again to him after a week or ten days. If, again, his knowledge of the language is but small, and he endeavors to accelerate the rate of his advance by resolutely living only with the natives of the country, he will soon be surprised at his own progress; but if, while doing so, his habit of *thinking in the language* be interrupted by even a very short intercourse with his own countrymen, he will be equally surprised at the change for the worse which has been thereby produced. In this case, as in the two cases above quoted, the physiologist would account for the phenomenon on the same principle. The portion of the brain which records the language has, for a time, been brought out of connection with that which ministers to the play of ordinary thought, and yet its mechanism is preserved in working order, ready to be called into action again under favorable conditions. In the last instance, the automatic mechanism of the mother-tongue comes into collision with that of the foreign language, the stronger with the weaker, and naturally disorders the latter, which can only be restored to its recent condition by isolation (a volitional act), and fresh efforts on the part of the learner.

The impairment of the memory in old age is one of the most obvious symptoms of the commencement of general decay.

It commonly shows itself [says Dr. Carpenter] in regard to *new* impressions; those of the earlier period of life not only remaining in full distinctness, but even, it would seem, increasing in vividness, from the fact that the *Ego* is not distracted from attending to them by the continual influx of impressions produced by passing events. The extraordinary persistence of early impressions, when the mind seems almost to have ceased to register new ones, is in remarkable accordance with the law of Nutrition. It is a Physiological fact, that Decline essentially consists in the diminution of the formative activity of the organism. Now it is when the Brain is *growing* that a definite *direction* can be most strongly and persistently given to its structure. Thus the habits of thought come to be formed, and those nerve-tracks laid down which (as the Physiologist believes) constitute the mechanism of association, by the time the brain has reached its maturity; and the nutrition of the organ

continues to keep up the same mechanism in accordance with the demands on its activity, so long as it is being called into use. Further, during the entire period of vigorous Manhood, the Brain, like the Muscles, may be taking on some additional growth, either as a whole or in special parts; new tissue being developed and kept up by the nutritive process, in accordance with the modes of action to which the organ is trained. And in this manner a store of "impressions" or traces is accumulated, which may be brought within the sphere of consciousness, whenever the right suggesting-strings are touched. But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the "waste" becomes more active than the renovation; and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) the "old-established houses" keep their ground, those later firms whose basis is less secure are the first to crumble away, — the nutritive activity, which yet suffices to maintain the original structure, not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working order. This earlier degeneration of later-formed structures is a general fact perfectly familiar to the Physiologist. (P. 422.)

There is a kind of abbreviating process in mental operations, which may serve further to illustrate the principle of the retrocession into unconsciousness of recoverable ideas. The most familiar instance of this is, perhaps, the act of composition. If the object of the writer be to produce conviction, his arguments must be at the same time logical, and suited to the capacity and modes of thought of the reader whom he addresses. They must also be set out in correct and perspicuous language. But none of these considerations are present to the practised writer during the act of composition. He has not a thought at the time of the elementary propositions on which his fabric of reasoning is built up; or of the observation of human nature, which is the foundation of his judgment as to the best way of putting his case; or of the grammatical laws which are obeyed in the construction of his style. He notes them as little as he does the formation of the letters traced by his pen. Yet it is as impossible to doubt that logical readiness, practical tact, and a graceful style are formed from the materials of a mental experience, built up in accordance with the laws of reason in its several applications, as that the printed essay or pamphlet is made up of combinations of letters of the alphabet. So do the speculations of the most advanced mathematicians imply the acceptance of the elementary geometrical truths, although we may safely believe that in the composition of the "*Mécanique Céleste*," the

illustrious author never thought of his obligations to Euclid.

The curious question now suggests itself, what is the nature of those sudden intuitions which occasionally present themselves, which, so far as can be discovered, have no connection whatever with any immediately antecedent idea? Are they independent of the general law of association, absolutely severed from the mental condition which has preceded them — singular points, as it were, in the great curve of our conscious existence? Or are they the cropping up, unexpectedly, of a link in a chain which has existed all the while below the plane of our consciousness, subject to the same law of association with our ordinary thoughts? The exposition of Dr. Carpenter's views on this subject forms, in our judgment, the most interesting portion of his work — the chapter on "Unconscious Cerebration." He is at some pains to remove the prejudice, which he believes to exist, on moral and religious grounds, against his explanation of the phenomenon.

Having found reason [says he] to conclude that a large part of our Intellectual Activity — whether it consist in reasoning processes or in the exercise of the Imagination — is essentially *automatic*, and may be described in Physiological language as the *reflex action of the Cerebrum*, we have next to consider whether this action may not take place *unconsciously*. To affirm that the Cerebrum may act upon impressions transmitted to it, and may elaborate intellectual results, such as we might have attained by the intentional direction of our Minds to the subject, *without any consciousness* on our own parts, is held by many Metaphysicians, more especially in Britain, to be an altogether untenable, and even a most objectionable doctrine. But this affirmation is only the Physiological expression of a doctrine which has been current among the Metaphysicians of Germany, from the time of Leibnitz to the present date, and which was systematically expounded by Sir William Hamilton, — that the Mind may undergo modifications, sometimes of very considerable importance, without being itself conscious of the process, until its *results* present themselves to the consciousness, in the new ideas, or new combinations of ideas, which the process has evolved. This "Unconscious Cerebration," or "Latent Mental Modification" is the precise parallel, in the higher sphere of Cerebral or Mental activity, to the movements of our limbs, and the direction of these movements through our visual sense, which we *put in train* volitionally when we set out on some habitually repeated walk, but which then proceed not only *automatically*, but *unconsciously*, so long as our attention continues to be uninterruptedly diverted from them. It was by reflection on

this parallelism, and on the peculiar structural relation of the Cerebrum to the Ganglionic tract which seems to constitute the *Sensorium* or centre of consciousness, alike for the *external* and the *internal* senses, that the Writer was led to the idea that Cerebral changes may take place *unconsciously*, if the Sensorium be either in a state of absolute torpor, or be for a time non-receptive as regards these changes, its activity being exerted in some other direction; or, to express the same fact Psychologically, that mental changes, of whose *results we subsequently* become conscious, may go on below the plane of consciousness, either during profound sleep, or while the attention is wholly engrossed by some entirely different train of thought. (Pp. 515-516.)

A very common form of the phenomenon of which the explanation is sought, appears when we desire to recollect — and for a considerable time try in vain to recollect — some phrase, occurrence, name, or quotation; and some time after we have given up the attempt in despair, the long-lost idea comes all at once into our minds, "a prepaid parcel laid at the door of consciousness, like a foundling in a basket," — to use the very happy expression of Mr. Wendell Holmes. Dr. Carpenter notes the two important facts, that the missing idea generally flashes into our minds either after profound sleep, or when the mind has been engrossed by some entirely different subject. The first of these, perhaps, led the late Sir Henry Holland to regard the phenomenon as due simply to the refreshment which the mind receives after abandoning its vain efforts; a change of occupation being in itself a restorative of mental vigor. Miss Cobbe has, in a paper in *Macmillan's Magazine* for November, 1870, illustrated this subject in her habitual lively manner.

But mental processes of a far more elaborate character than any (whatever they may be) which result only in the recollection of a forgotten quotation, seem to be carried on without affecting our consciousness in any way.

It seems to me [says Sir Benjamin Brodie] as if there were in the mind a principle of order, which operates without our being at the time conscious of it. It has often happened to me to have been occupied by a particular subject of inquiry; to have accumulated a store of facts connected with it; but to have been able to proceed no further. Then after an interval of time, without any addition to my stock of knowledge, I have found the obscurity and confusion in which the subject was originally enveloped to have cleared away; the facts have seemed all to settle themselves in their right places, and their mutual relations to have become apparent, although I have not

been sensible of having made any distinct effort for that purpose.

Similar experiences are recorded of distinguished authors and scientific inventors. Charlotte Brontë sometimes remained, for weeks together, unable to complete some one of her stories. Then, some morning, on waking up, the progress of the tale would lie clear and bright in distinct vision before her. Mr. Appold, the inventor of the centrifugal pump, habitually went to bed after employing the day in bringing together the facts and principles relating to the practical problem he had in hand, and its solution usually occurred to him in the early morning after sleep. The great mathematical discovery of the method of quaternions was made by Sir W. Hamilton suddenly, after a long process of thought, while walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin.

To-morrow [says Sir William; in a letter to a friend] will be the fifteenth birthday of the Quaternions. They started into life, or light, full-grown on the 16th of October, 1843, as I came up to Brougham Bridge. That is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic circuit of thought *close*; and the sparks which fell from it were the *fundamental equations between i, j, k*; exactly such as I have used them ever since. I pulled out on the spot a pocket-book, which still exists, and made an entry, on which, *at the very moment*, I felt that it might be worth my while to expend the labor of at least ten (or it might be fifteen) years to come. But then it is fair to say that this was because I felt a *problem* to have been at that moment *solved*, — an intellectual *want relieved*, — which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before.

The first form of the binocular microscope (which gives the effect of solidity by an application of the principle of combination of two dissimilar perspectives, discovered by Wheatstone) labored under the disadvantage of considerable loss of light in producing the desired effect. It could also only be used as a binocular. Mr. Wenham endeavored to devise a method by which, only a single prism being used, the first evil might be remedied, and by the withdrawal of the prism the second disability removed. He thought of this long; but could not hit upon the form of prism which would satisfy the conditions, and laid his microscopic studies for the time entirely on one side. About a fortnight afterwards, "while reading a stupid novel," the form of the prism that would answer the purpose flashed into his mind. He at once drew a diagram, and worked out the mathematical conditions, and the next day con-

structed his prism, which answered perfectly well, and furnished the type upon which all binoculars in ordinary use have since been constructed.

Dr. Carpenter considers that "unconscious cerebration," or as psychologists would term it, latent mental modification, is not confined to intellectual operations, but extends likewise to the sphere of the emotions. In this way he accounts for the influence which one person imperceptibly, and even unconsciously, acquires over others; although, perhaps, this would be better described as the subjection to the influence of the former insensibly growing up in the latter. The typical case of this is, of course, that one which affords so ample a field to novel-writers, where two persons of different sexes discover suddenly that they cannot live without each other. But, of course, the same principle obtains in the case of the eminent statesman who becomes popular with a whole nation; or with the subtle divine, who succeeds in turning scores of youthful votaries from the faith of their fathers; while both in the one instance and the other the understanding is not unfrequently baffled in its endeavor to trace the steps of the process upon any principle it can accept. But the only sphere of human action in which observation can possibly test the operation of unconscious cerebration is, in our opinion, the purely intellectual one. The infinite complexity of the factors entering into almost every moral act (which appears as their composite resultant) defies scientific analysis.

The hostility to the doctrine of "unconscious cerebration," to which allusion has been made above, of course has its foundation in an apprehension that the legitimate consequences of such a theory may be found to exclude the idea of a self-determining power in the individual man, — in other words, to make will "the mere resultant of the general (spontaneous or automatic) activity of the mind, and dependent, like it, upon physical antecedents." However widely Dr. Carpenter extends the sphere of automatic activity, he opposes himself most uncompromisingly to this view; and, in our judgment, clearly and satisfactorily confutes it by contrasting the mental condition of a rational agent in his normal condition with that of an insane person, or of one under the influence of opium, or subjected to the operations of the "electro-biologists." In the case of decided insanity the self-determining power is permanently suspended; in the others, temporarily so.

In all, the mind having in itself no power of altering the current of ideas which pass through it, remains as it were "possessed" by them. The individual, while in this condition, is at the mercy of any one who contrives the means of impressing upon him *ab extra* some dominant idea which sets the automatic machinery in motion. In the year 1850, the art of "electro-biology" was brought into fashion by two Americans, who asserted that, by means of an influence only known to themselves, they could subjugate the will of others, paralyze their muscles, pervert the evidence of their senses, and even suspend all consciousness of identity. Their mode of proceeding was to place a small disk of zinc and copper in the hand of the subject of the operation. On this he was to gaze steadily, abstracting his thoughts from everything else, and bending his whole efforts to intensifying the act of gazing. Mr. Braid, of Manchester, who for some time before had been making experiments on the subject of "induced reverie," pointed out that the zinc and copper disk (which had given occasion to the name-electro-biology) was quite unessential to the success of the operation, and that its place might be supplied by any object whatever securing a fixed gaze,—the whole secret consisting in the induction of a state of reverie by means of the steady direction of the eyes to one point for a period of time, varying according to the susceptibility of the subjects, usually from five to twenty minutes:—

The longer the steady gaze is sustained, the more is the Will of the individual withdrawn from the direction of his *thoughts*, and concentrated on that of his *eyes*, so that at last it seems to be entirely transferred to the latter; and in the mean time, the continued *monotony* is tending, as in the Induction of Sleep or of Reverie, to produce a corresponding state of mind, which, like the body of a cataleptic subject, can be moulded into any position, and remains in that position until subjected to pressure from without. When this state is complete, the Mind of the Biologized subject seems to remain entirely dormant, until roused to activity by some *suggestion* which it receives through the ordinary channels of sensation, and to which it responds as automatically as a ship obeys the movements of its rudder; the whole course of the individual's thought and action being completely under external direction. He is, indeed, for the time a mere *thinking automaton*. His mind is entirely given up to the domination of any idea which may transiently possess it; and of that idea his conversation and actions are the exponents. He has no power of judging of the consistency of his idea with actual facts, because he can-

not determinately bring it into comparison with them. He cannot of himself turn the current of his thoughts, because all his power of self-direction is in abeyance. And thus he may be played on, like a musical instrument, by those around him; thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, just as *they will* that he should think, feel, speak, or act. But this is not, as has been represented, because *his* will has been brought into direct subjection to *theirs*; but because, his will being in abeyance, all his mental operations are directed by such suggestions as they may impress on his consciousness. (Pp. 552, 553.)

The weakening of volitional control is one of the most characteristic effects of the abuse of opium, even while the intellectual powers may have become unusually enhanced.

The opium eater [says Mr. De Quincey] loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mental languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love; he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

The effect of the hachish (a preparation of the Indian hemp, used in the Levant for the purposes of intoxication) is thus described by Dr. Moreau, a French physician, who studied the subject with reference to its bearing on the phenomena of insanity:—

We become the sport of impressions of the most opposite kind; the continuity of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, to use a common expression, by every wind. By a word or gesture our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects, with a rapidity and a lucidity which are truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride, corresponding with the exaltation of its faculties, of whose increase in energy and power it becomes conscious. It will entirely depend on the circumstances in which we are placed, the objects which strike our eyes, the words which fall on our ears, whether the most lively sentiments of gaiety or of sadness shall be produced, or passions of the most opposite character shall be excited, sometimes with extraordinary violence; for irritation will rapidly pass into rage, dislike into hatred and desire of vengeance, and the calmest affection into

the most transporting passion. Fear becomes terror; courage is developed into rashness which nothing checks, and which seems not to be conscious of danger. The most unfounded doubt or suspicion becomes a certainty. The mind has a tendency to exaggerate everything; and the slightest impulse carries it along.

A well-known case, related by Dr. Abercrombie, of an officer, who served in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, presents a curious parallel to the experience of electro-biology in a somnambulism of a peculiar kind. The ordinary somnambulist is generally possessed by one dominant idea, to which all his actions conform. But the individual in question, when asleep, could be completely directed by whispering in his ear, especially if this was done by one with whose voice he was familiar. This peculiarity rendered him the subject of many practical jokes for the amusement of his brother officers. They found him one day asleep on a locker in the cabin, and made him believe that he had fallen overboard, exhorting him to swim for his life. He immediately imitated the movements of a swimmer. Then they told him that a shark was upon him, and that he must dive for his life. This he at once did, with such force as to throw himself on to the cabin floor, which, of course, awakened him. After all the experiments, he had no recollection of his dreams, but a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue; and he used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks with him.

The difference between these abnormal states and that of a man of whom the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" may be predicated, is plainly due to the self-determining power possessed by the latter,—the will,—that which qualifies man as an *ens agens*, no less than his consciousness as the identical subject of diverse impressions constitutes him an *ens sciens*; the two phases of personality exhibiting themselves, as we have hinted above, united in the most elementary state of human existence. To know and to act comprises the sum total of human capabilities. What are commonly called the laws of nature and the laws of thought are, in fact, the *limiting conditions* of knowledge and action, only discoverable by beings endued with the powers of knowing and acting, and—it should be kept in mind—discoverable by them only through the process of exercising those very powers.

It is now through the cerebrum, the portion which, in man, bears so large a pro-

portion to the rest of the brain, that Dr Carpenter supposes the will to act upon the nervous organization. The evidence for this is, so far as we are able to judge, at present scarcely strong enough to justify more than the pronouncing it a plausible conjecture, supported by few facts, though, it must be confessed, contradicted, so far as appears, by none. Psychologically, the self-determining power shows itself by selecting from the sequence of ideas which pass through the mind those which appear to it likely, through the process of association, to lead to the one which it seeks; as when, having forgotten the name of some person which we desire to recollect, we recall the place where we last saw him, or the persons in whose company we met him. In thinking out the solution of a problem, it is by an effort of will that we concentrate the attention on some consideration upon which it seems probable on *à priori* grounds that the solution depends. The mechanism of the mind trained by habit does the rest, sometimes after many fruitless trials, just as the angler casts his fly first under one bank, and then another, of the pool which he is satisfied conceals a trout. The stream of association, always active, suggests an infinite multitude of ideas, of which those that are incongruous are dismissed at once, by the practised thinker often unconsciously, until at last the one appropriate idea rises to the consciousness, and is at once recognized. That this train of thought is accompanied by some modification or other of some portions of the nervous system there seems no more reason to question than that a parallel modification takes place when we speak or walk. Dr. Carpenter, looking at the matter from its physiological side, conceives that the self-determining act which originates it is coincident with some increased supply of blood to a portion of the blood-vessels which surround the cerebrum. A materialist would say, if he adopted the *modus operandi*, that the sense of self-determination is the reflex action of the cerebrum in response to the increased supply of blood. But, as we have pointed out, the existence of a force from within, acting in correlation with a force from without,—the *Ego* with the external world,—is implied in every definite human consciousness.

Dr. Carpenter has very fully and clearly described the mode in which the self-determining power operates, in conjunction with the automatism of thought, in the work of the artist and the poet, as well as of the philosopher. He has also shown

its operation in the decision of practical questions and the formation of moral judgments. We will not attempt to follow him in these descriptions. They are, for the most part, in our opinion, perfectly justified by facts: but the great merit of his book is the elucidation of the enormous part which a species of mental mechanism, mainly constructed by each of us from our own experiences, plays in every department of human life; while, at the same time, it becomes clearer, in proportion as this fact is more completely brought out, that man, while using a wonderful machinery, is not himself a portion of it.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

THE PYSCHÉ.

HE rose early the next morning, and having fed and dressed Kelpie, strapped her blanket behind her saddle, and by all the macadamized ways he could find rode her to the wharf, near where the Thames tunnel had just been commenced. He had no great difficulty with her on the way, though it was rather nervous work at times. But of late her submission to her master had been decidedly growing. When he reached the wharf, he rode her straight along the gangway on to the deck of the smack, as the easiest if not perhaps the safest way of getting her on board. As soon as she was properly secured, and he had satisfied himself as to the provision they had made for her, impressed upon the captain the necessity of being bountiful to her, and brought a loaf of sugar on board for her use, he left her with a lighter heart than he had had ever since first he fetched her from the same deck.

It was a long way to walk home, but he felt much better, and thought nothing of it. And all the way, to his delight, the wind met him in the face. A steady westerly breeze was blowing. If God makes his angels winds, as the Psalmist says, here was one sent to wait upon him. He reached Portland Place in time to present himself for orders at the usual hour. On these occasions his mistress not unfrequently saw him herself, but to make sure, he sent up the request that she would speak with him.

"I am sorry to hear that you have been ill, Malcolm," she said kindly as he entered the room, where happily he found her alone.

"I am quite well now, thank you, my lady," he returned. "I thought your ladyship would like to hear something I happened to come to the knowledge of the other day."

"Yes? What was that?"

"I called at Mr. Lenorme's to learn what news there might be of him. The housekeeper let me go up to his painting-room, and what should I see there, my lady, but the portrait of my lord marquis more beautiful than ever, the brown smear all gone, and the likeness, to my mind, greater than before!"

"Then Mr. Lenorme is come home!" cried Florimel, scarce attempting to conceal the pleasure his report gave her.

"That I cannot say," said Malcolm. "His housekeeper had a letter from him a few days ago from Newcastle. If he is come back, I do not think she knows it. It seems strange, for who would touch one of his pictures but himself?—except, indeed, he got some friend to set it to rights for your ladyship. Anyhow, I thought you would like to see it again."

"I will go at once," Florimel said, rising hastily. "Get the horses, Malcolm, as fast as you can."

"If my Lord Liftore should come before we start?" he suggested.

"Make haste," returned his mistress impatiently.

Malcolm did make haste, and so did Florimel. What precisely was in her thoughts who shall say when she could not have told herself? But doubtless the chance of seeing Lenorme urged her more than the desire to see her father's portrait. Within twenty minutes they were riding down Grosvenor Place, and happily heard no following hoof-beats. When they came near the river Malcolm rode up to her and said, "Would your ladyship allow me to put up the horses in Mr. Lenorme's stable? I think I could show your ladyship a point or two that may have escaped you."

Florimel thought for a moment, and concluded it would be less awkward, would indeed tend rather to her advantage with Lenorme, should he really be there, to have Malcolm with her. "Very well," she answered: "I see no objection. I will ride round with you to the stable, and we can go in the back way."

They did so. The gardener took the horses, and they went up to the study.

Lenorme was not there, and everything was just as when Malcolm was last in the room. Florimel was much disappointed, but Malcolm talked to her about the portrait, and did all he could to bring back vivid the memory of her father. At length with a little sigh she made a movement to go.

"Has your ladyship ever seen the river from the next room?" said Malcolm, and as he spoke threw open the door of communication, near which they stood.

Florimel, who was always ready to *see*, walked straight into the drawing-room and went to a window.

"There is that yacht lying there still," remarked Malcolm. "Does she not remind you of the Psyche, my lady?"

"Every boat does that," answered his mistress. "I dream about her. But I couldn't tell her from many another."

"People used to boats, my lady, learn to know them like the faces of their friends. What a day for a sail!"

"Do you suppose that one is for hire?" said Florimel.

"We can ask," replied Malcolm, and with that went to another window, raised the sash, put his head out and whistled. Over tumbled Davy into the dinghy at the Psyche's stern, unloosed the painter, and was rowing for the shore ere the minute was out.

"Why, they're answering your whistle already!" said Florimel.

"A whistle goes farther, and perhaps is more imperative, than any other call," returned Malcolm evasively. "Will your ladyship come down and hear what they say?"

A wave from the slow-silting lagoon of her girlhood came washing over the sands between, and Florimel flew merrily down the stair and across hall and garden and road to the river-bank, where was a little wooden stage or landing-place with a few steps, at which the dinghy was just arriving.

"Will you take us on board and show us your boat?" said Malcolm.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Davy.

Without a moment's hesitation Florimel took Malcolm's offered hand and stepped into the boat. Malcolm took the oars and shot the little tub across the river. When they got alongside the cutter, Travers reached down both his hands for hers, Malcolm held one of his for her foot, and Florimel sprang on deck.

"Young woman on board, Davy?" whispered Malcolm.

"Ay, ay, sir—doon i' the fore," an-

swered Davy; and Malcolm stood by his mistress.

"She *is* like the Psyche," said Florimel, turning to him, "only the mast is not so tall."

"Her topmast is struck, you see, my lady, to make sure of her passing clear under the bridges."

"Ask them if we couldn't go down the river a little way," said Florimel. "I should so like to see the houses from it!"

Malcolm conferred a moment with Travers and returned. "They are quite willing, my lady," he said.

"What fun!" cried Florimel, her girlish spirit all at the surface. "How I should like to run away from horrid London altogether, and never hear of it again!—Dear old Lossie House! and the boats! and the fishermen!" she added meditatively.

The anchor was already up, and the yacht drifting with the falling tide. A moment more and she spread a low treble-reefed mainsail behind and a little jib before, and the western breeze filled and swelled and made them alive, and with wind and tide she went swiftly down the smooth stream. Florimel clapped her hands with delight. The shores and all their houses fled up the river. They slid past row-boats, and great heavy barges loaded to the lip, with huge red sails and yellow, glowing and gleaming in the hot sun. For one moment the shadow of Vauxhall Bridge gloomed like a death-cloud, chill and cavernous, over their heads: then out again they shot into the lovely light and heat of the summer world.

"It's well we ain't got to shoot Putney or Battersea," said Travers with a grim smile as he stood shaping her course by inches with his magic-like steering in the midst of a little covey of pleasure-boats: "with this wind we might ha' brought either on 'em about our ears like an old barn."

"This *is* life!" cried Florimel as the river bore them nearer and nearer to the vortex—deeper and deeper into the tumult of London. How solemn the silent yet never-resting highway, almost majestic in the stillness of its hurrying might as it rolled heedless past houses and wharfs that crowded its brinks! They darted through under Westminster Bridge, and boats and barges more and more numerous covered the stream. Waterloo Bridge, Blackfriars' Bridge they passed. Sunlight all, and flashing water, and gleaming oars, and gay boats, and endless motion; out of which rose, calm, solemn, reposeful,

the resting yet hovering dome of Paul's, with its satellite spires, glittering in the tremulous hot air that swathed in multitudinous ripples the mighty city. Southwark Bridge and only London Bridge lay between them and the open river, still widening as it flowed to the aged ocean. Through the centre arch they shot, and lo! a world of masts waiting to woo with white sails the winds that should bear them across deserts of water to lands of wealth and mystery. Through the labyrinth led the highway of the stream, and downward they still swept — past the Tower and past the wharf where that morning, Malcolm had said good-bye for a time to his four-footed subject and friend. The smack's place was empty. With her hugest of sails she was tearing and flashing away out of their sight far down the river before them. Through dingy, dreary Limehouse they sank, and coasted the melancholy, houseless Isle of Dogs; but on all sides were ships and ships, and when they thinned at last Greenwich rose before them. London and the parks looked unendurable from this more varied life, more plentiful air, and, above all, more abundant space. The very spirit of freedom seemed to wave his wings about the yacht, fanning full her sails. Florimel breathed as if she never could have enough of the sweet wind; each breath gave her all the boundless region whence it blew. She gazed as if she would fill her soul with the sparkling gray of the water, the sun-melted blue of the sky and the incredible green of the flat shores. For minutes she would be silent, her parted lips revealing her absorbed delight, then break out in a volley of questions, now addressing Malcolm, now Travers. She tried Davy too, but Davy knew nothing except his duty here. The Thames was like an unknown eternity to the creature of the Wan Water — about which, however, he could have told her a thousand things. Down and down the river they flew, and not until miles and miles of meadows had come between her and London, not indeed until Gravesend appeared, did it occur to Florimel that perhaps it might be well to think by-and-by of returning. But she trusted everything to Malcolm, who of course would see that everything was as it ought to be.

Her excitement began to flag a little. She was getting tired. The bottle had been strained by the ferment of the wine. She turned to Malcolm. "Had we not better be putting about?" she said. "I should like to go on forever, but we must

come another day, better provided. We shall hardly be in time for lunch."

It was nearly four o'clock, but she rarely looked at her watch, and indeed wound it up only now and then.

"Will you go below and have some lunch, my lady?" said Malcolm.

"There can't be anything on board," she answered.

"Come and see, my lady," rejoined Malcolm and led the way to the companion.

When she saw the little cabin she gave a cry of delight. "Why, it is just like our own cabin in the *Psyche*," she said, "only smaller! Is it not, Malcolm?"

"It is smaller, my lady," returned Malcolm, "but then there is a little state-room beyond."

On the table was a nice meal — cold, but not the less agreeable in the summer weather. Everything looked charming. There were flowers, the linen was snowy, and the bread was the very sort Florimel liked best.

"It is a perfect fairy-tale!" she cried. "And I declare here is our crest on the forks and spoons! — What does it all mean, Malcolm?"

But Malcolm had slipped away and gone on deck again, leaving her to food and conjecture while he brought Rose up from the fore-cabin for a little air. Finding her fast asleep, however, he left her undisturbed.

Florimel finished her meal, and set about examining the cabin more closely. The result was bewilderment. How could a yacht, fitted with such completeness, such luxury, be lying for hire in the Thames? As for the crest on the plate, that was a curious coincidence: many people had the same crest. But both materials and colors were like those of the *Psyche*! Then the pretty bindings on the bookshelves attracted her: every book was either one she knew or one of which Malcolm had spoken to her. He must have had a hand in the business. Next she opened the door of the state-room, but when she saw the lovely little white berth, and the indications of every comfort belonging to a lady's chamber, she could keep her pleasure to herself no longer. She hastened to the companion-way and called Malcolm. "What *does* it all mean?" she said, her eyes and cheeks glowing with delight.

"It means, my lady, that you are on board your own yacht, the *Psyche*. I brought her with me from Portlossie, and have had her fitted up according to the

wish you once expressed to my lord, your father, that you could sleep on board. Now you might make a voyage of many days in her."

"Oh, Malcolm!" was all Florimel could answer. She was too pleased to think as yet of any of the thousand questions that might naturally have followed.

"Why, you've got the 'Arabian Nights' and all my favorite books there!" she said at length. "How long shall we have before we get among the ships again?"

She fancied she had given orders to return, and that the boat had been put about.

"A good many hours, my lady," answered Malcolm.

"Ah, of course!" she returned: "it takes much longer against wind and tide. But my time is my own," she added, rather in the manner of one asserting a freedom she did not feel, "and I don't see why I should trouble myself. It will make some to-do, I dare say, if I don't appear at dinner, but it won't do anybody any harm. They wouldn't break their hearts if they never saw me again."

"Not one of them, my lady," said Malcolm.

She lifted her head sharply, but took no further notice of his remark.

"I won't be plagued any more," she said, holding counsel with herself, but intending Malcolm to hear. "I will break with them rather. Why should I not be as free as Clementina? She comes and goes when and where she likes, and does what she pleases."

"Why, indeed?" said Malcolm; and a pause followed, during which Florimel stood apparently thinking, but in reality growing sleepy.

"I will lie down a little," she said, "with one of those lovely books."

The excitement, the air, and the pleasure generally had wearied her. Nothing could have suited Malcolm better. He left her. She went to her berth and fell fast asleep.

When she woke it was some time before she could think where she was. A strange, ghostly light was about her, in which she could see nothing plain, but the motion helped her to understand. She rose and crept to the companion-ladder, and up on deck. Wonder upon wonder! A clear full moon reigned high in the heavens, and below there was nothing but water, gleaming with her molten face, or rushing past the boat lead-colored, grey and white. Here and there a vessel, a snow-cloud of sails, would glide between

them and the moon, and turn black from truck to water-line. The mast of the *Pysche* had shot up to its full height; the reef-points of the mainsail were loose and the gaff was crowned with its topsail; foresail and jib were full, and she was flying as if her soul thirsted within her after infinite spaces. Yet what more could she want? All around her was wave rushing upon wave, and above her blue heaven and regnant moon. Florimel gave a great sigh of delight.

But what did it, what could it, mean? What was Malcolm about? Where was he taking her? What would London say to such an escapade extraordinary? Lady Bellair would be the first to believe she had run away with her groom — she knew so many instances of that sort of thing — and Lord Liftore would be the next. It was too bad of Malcolm! But she did not feel very angry with him notwithstanding, for had he not done it to give her pleasure? And assuredly he had not failed. He knew better than any one how to please her — better even than Lenorme.

She looked around her. No one was to be seen but Davy, who was steering. The mainsail hid the men, and Rose, having been on deck for two or three hours, was again below. She turned to Davy. But the boy had been schooled, and only answered, "I maunna say naething sae lang's I'm steerin', mem."

She called Malcolm. He was beside her ere his name had left her lips. The boy's reply had irritated her, and coming upon this sudden and utter change in her circumstances, made her feel as one no longer lady of herself and her people, but a prisoner. "Once more, what does this mean, Malcolm?" she said in high displeasure. "You have deceived me shamefully! You left me to believe we were on our way back to London, and here we are out at sea! Am I no longer your mistress? Am I a child, to be taken where you please? And what, pray, is to become of the horses you left at Mr. Lenorme's?"

Malcolm was glad of a question he was prepared to answer: "They are in their own stalls by this time, my lady. I took care of that."

"Then it was all a trick to carry me off against my will!" she cried with growing indignation.

"Hardly against your will, my lady," said Malcolm, embarrassed and thoughtful, in a tone deprecating and apologetic.

"Utterly against my will!" insisted Florimel. "Could I ever have consented

to go to sea with a boatful of men, and not a woman on board? You have disgraced me, Malcolm." Between anger and annoyance she was on the point of crying.

"It is not so bad as that, my lady. Here, Rose!" At his word Rose appeared. "I've brought one of Lady Bellair's maids for your service, my lady," Malcolm went on. "She will do the best she can to wait on you."

Florimel gave her a look. "I don't remember you," she said.

"No, my lady: I was in the kitchen."

"Then you can't be of much use to me."

"A willing heart goes a long way, my lady," said Rose prettily.

"That is true," returned Florimel, rather pleased. "Can you get me some tea?"

"Yes, my lady."

Florimel turned, and, much to Malcolm's content, vouchsafing him not a word more, went below.

Presently a little silver lamp appeared in the roof of the cabin, and in a few minutes Davy came carrying the tea-tray, and followed by Rose with the teapot. As soon as they were alone Florimel began to question Rose, but the girl soon satisfied her that she knew little or nothing. When Florimel pressed her how she could go she knew not where at the desire of a fellow-servant, she gave such confused and apparently contradictory answers that Florimel began to think ill of both her and Malcolm, and to feel yet more uncomfortable and indignant; and the more she dwelt upon Malcolm's presumption, and speculated as to his possible design in it, she grew the angrier.

She went again on deck. By this time she was in a passion, little mollified by the sense of her helplessness. "MacPhail," she said, laying the restraint of dignified utterance upon her words, "I desire you to give me a good reason for your most unaccountable behavior. Where are you taking me?"

"To Lossie House, my lady."

"Indeed!" she returned with scornful and contemptuous surprise. "Then I order you to change your course at once and return to London."

"I cannot, my lady."

"*Cannot!* Whose orders but mine are you under, pray?"

"Your father's, my lady."

"I have heard more than enough of that unfortunate — statement, and the measureless assumptions founded on it. I shall heed it no longer."

"I am only doing my best to take care

of you, my lady, as I promised *him*. You will know it one day if you will but trust me."

"I have trusted you ten times too much, and have gained nothing in return but reasons for repenting it. Like all other servants made too much of, you have grown insolent. But I shall put a stop to it. I cannot possibly keep you in my service after this. Am I to pay a master where I want a servant?" Malcolm was silent. "You must have some reason for this strange conduct," she went on. "How can your supposed duty to my father justify you in treating me with such disrespect? Let me know your reasons: I have a right to know them."

"I will answer you, my lady," said Malcolm. "Davy, go forward: I will take the helm. Now, my lady, if you will sit on that cushion. — Rose, bring my lady a fur cloak you will find in the cabin. Now, my lady, if you will speak low that neither Davy nor Rose shall hear us — Travers is deaf — I will answer you."

"I ask you," said Florimel, "why you have dared to bring me away like this. Nothing but some danger threatening me could justify it."

"There you say it, my lady."

"And what is the danger, pray?"

"You were going on the Continent with Lady Bellair and Lord Liftore, and without me to do as I had promised."

"You insult me!" cried Florimel. "Are my movements to be subject to the approbation of my groom? Is it possible my father could give his henchman such authority over his daughter? I ask again, where was the danger?"

"In your company, my lady."

"So!" exclaimed Florimel, attempting to rise in sarcasm as she rose in wrath, lest she should fall into undignified rage. "And what may be your objection to my companions?"

"That Lady Bellair is not respected in any circle where her history is known, and that her nephew is a scoundrel."

"It but adds to the wrong you heap on me that you compel me to hear such wicked abuse of my father's friends," said Florimel, struggling with tears of anger. But for regard to her dignity she would have broken out in fierce and voluble rage.

"If your father knew Lord Liftore as I do, he would be the last man my lord marquis would see in your company."

"Because he gave you a beating you have no right to slander him," said Florimel spitefully.

Malcolm laughed. He must either laugh or be angry. "May I ask how your ladyship came to hear of that?"

"He told me himself," she answered.

"Then, my lady, he is a liar, as well as worse. It was I who gave *him* the drubbing he deserved for his insolence to my — mistress. I am sorry to mention the disagreeable fact, but it is absolutely necessary you should know what sort of man he is."

"And if there be a lie, which of the two is the more likely to tell it?"

"That question is for you, my lady, to answer."

"I never knew a servant who would not tell a lie," said Florimel.

"I was brought up a fisherman," said Malcolm.

"And," Florimel went on, "I have heard my father say no gentleman ever told a lie."

"Then Lord Liftore is no gentleman," said Malcolm. "But I am not going to plead my own cause even to you, my lady. If you can doubt me, do. I have only one thing more to say — that when I told you and my Lady Clementina about the fisher-girl and the gentleman —"

"How dare you refer to that again? Even you ought to know there are things a lady cannot hear. It is enough you affronted me with that before Lady Clementina; and after foolish boasts on my part of your good-breeding! Now you bring it up again, when I cannot escape your low talk!"

"My lady, I am sorrier than you can think; but which is worse, that you should hear such a thing spoken of, or make a friend of the man who did it? — and that is Lord Liftore."

Florimel turned away, and gave her seeming attention to the moonlit waters sweeping past the swift-sailing cutter. Malcolm's heart ached for her: he thought she was deeply troubled. But she was not half so shocked as he imagined. Infinitely worse would have been the shock to him could he have seen how little the charge against Liftore had touched her. Alas! evil communications had already in no small degree corrupted her good manners. Lady Bellair had uttered no bad words in her hearing; had softened to decency every story that required it; had not unfrequently tacked a worldly-wise moral to the end of one; and yet, and yet, such had been the tone of her telling, such the allotment of laughter and lamentation, such the acceptance of things as necessary, and such the repudiation of things as

quixotic, puritanical, impossible, that the girl's natural notions of the lovely and the clean had got dismally shaken and confused. Happily it was as yet more her judgment than her heart that was perverted. But had she spoken out what was in her thoughts as she looked over the great wallowing water, she would have merely said that for all that Liftore was no worse than other men. They were all the same. It was very unpleasant, but how could a lady help it? If men would behave so, were by nature like that, women must not make themselves miserable about it. They need ask no questions. They were not supposed to be acquainted with the least fragment of the facts, and they must cleave to their ignorance, and lay what blame there might be on the woman concerned. The thing was too indecent even to think about. Ostrich-like, they must hide their heads, close their eyes, and take the vice in their arms — to love, honor, and obey as if it were virtue's self, and men as pure as their demands on their wives.

There are thousands that virtually reason thus: Only ignore the thing effectually, and for you it is not. Lie right thoroughly to yourself, and the thing is gone. The lie destroys the fact. So reasoned Lady Macbeth, until conscience at last awoke, and she could no longer keep even the smell of the blood from her. What needed Lady Lossie care about the fisher-girl, or any other concerned with his past, so long as he behaved like a gentleman to her? Malcolm was a foolish meddling fellow, whose interference was the more troublesome that it was honest.

She stood thus gazing on the waters that heaved and swept astern, but without knowing that she saw them, her mind full of such nebulous matter as, condensed, would have made such thoughts as I have set down. And still and ever the water rolled and tossed away behind in the moonlight.

"Oh, my lady," said Malcolm, "what it would be to have a soul as big and as clean as all this!"

She made no reply, did not turn her head or acknowledge that she heard him. A few minutes more she stood, then went below in silence, and Malcolm saw no more of her that night.

CHAPTER LII.

HOPE CHAPEL.

IT was Sunday during which Malcolm lay at the point of death some three stories

above his sister's room. There, in the morning, while he was at the worst, she was talking with Clementina, who had called to see whether she would not go and hear the preacher of whom he had spoken with such fervor.

Florimel laughed: "You seem to take everything for gospel Malcolm says, Clementina."

"Certainly not," returned Clementina, rather annoyed. "Gospel nowadays is what nobody disputes and nobody heeds; but I do heed what Malcolm says, and intend to find out, if I *can*, whether there is any reality in it. I thought you had a high opinion of your groom."

"I would take his word for anything a man's word can be taken for," said Florimel.

"But you don't set much store by his judgment?"

"Oh, I dare say he's right. But I don't care for the things you like so much to talk with him about. He's a sort of poet, anyhow, and poets must be absurd. They are always either dreaming or talking about their dreams: they care nothing for the realities of life. No: if you want advice, you must go to your lawyer or clergyman, or some man of common sense, neither groom nor poet."

"Then, Florimel, it comes to this—that this groom of yours is one of the truest of men, and one who possessed your father's confidence, but you are so much his superior that you are capable of judging him, and justified in despising his judgment."

"Only in practical matters, Clementina."

"A duty toward God is with you such a practical matter that you cannot listen to anything he has got to say about it."

Florimel shrugged her shoulders.

"For my part, I would give all I have to know there was a God worth believing in."

"Clementina!"

"What?"

"Of course there's a God. It is very horrible to deny it."

"Which is worse—to deny *it* or to deny *him*? Now I confess to doubting *it*—that is, the fact of a God; but you seem to me to deny God himself, for you admit there is a God—think it very wicked to deny that—and yet you don't take interest enough in him to wish to learn anything about him. You won't *think*, Florimel: I don't fancy you ever really *think*."

Florimel again laughed. "I am glad," she said, "that you don't judge me *inca-*

pable of that high art. But it is not so very long since Malcolm used to hint something much the same about yourself, my lady."

"Then he was quite right," returned Clementina. "I am only just beginning to think, and if I can find a teacher, here I am, his pupil."

"Well, I suppose I can spare my groom quite enough to teach you all he knows," Florimel said with what Clementina took for a marked absence of expression. She reddened. But she was not one to defend herself before her principles.

"If he can, why should he not?" she said. "But it was of his friend, Mr. Graham, I was thinking, not himself."

"You cannot tell whether he has got anything to teach you."

"Your groom's testimony gives likelihood enough to make it my duty to go and see. I intend to find the place this evening."

"It must be some little ranting Methodist conventicle. He would not be allowed to preach in a church, you know."

"Of course not. The Church of England is like the apostle that forbade the man casting out devils, and got forbid himself for it—with this difference, that she won't be forbid. Well, she chooses her portion with Dives and not Lazarus. She is the most arrant respecter of persons I know, and her Christianity is worse than a farce. It was that first of all that drove me to doubt. If I could find a place where everything was just the opposite, the poorer it was the better I should like it. It makes me feel quite wicked to hear a smug parson reading the gold ring and the goodly apparel, while the pew-openers beneath are illustrating in dumb show the very thing the apostle is pouring out the vial of his indignation upon over their heads—doing it calmly and without a suspicion, for the parson, while he reads, is rejoicing in his heart over the increasing aristocracy of his congregation. The farce is fit to make a devil in torment laugh."

Once more Florimel laughed aloud: "Another revolution, Clementina, and we shall have you heading the *canaille* to destroy Westminster Abbey."

"I would follow any leader to destroy falsehood," said Clementina. "No *canaille* will take that up until it meddles with their stomachs or their pew-rents."

"Really, Clementina, you are the worst Jacobin I ever heard talk. My groom is quite an aristocrat beside you."

"Not an atom more than I am. I do

acknowledge an aristocracy, but it is one neither of birth nor of intellect nor of wealth."

"What is there besides to make one?"

"Something I hope to find before long. What if there be indeed a kingdom and an aristocracy of life and truth? Will you or will you not go with me to hear this schoolmaster?"

"I will go anywhere with you, if it were only to be seen with such a beauty," said Florimel, throwing her arms round her neck and kissing her.

Clementina gently returned the embrace, and the thing was settled.

The sound of their wheels, pausing in swift revolution with the clangor of iron hoofs on rough stones at the door of the chapel, refreshed the diaconal heart like the sound of water in the desert. For the first time in the memory of the oldest the dayspring of success seemed on the point of breaking over Hope Chapel. The ladies were ushered in by Mr. Marshal himself, to Clementina's disgust and Florimel's amusement, with much the same attention as his own shop-walker would have shown to carriage-customers. How could a man who taught light and truth be found in such a mean *entourage*? But the setting was not the jewel: a real stone *might* be found in a copper ring. So said Clementina to herself as she sat waiting her hoped-for instructor.

Mrs. Catanach settled her broad back into its corner, chuckling over her own wisdom and foresight. Her seat was at the pulpit end of the chapel, at right angles to almost all the rest of the pews — chosen because thence, if indeed she could not well see the preacher, she could get a good glimpse of nearly every one that entered. Keen-sighted both physically and intellectually, she recognized Florimel the moment she saw her. "Twa doos mair to the boody-craw?" she laughed to herself. "Ae man thrashin', an' twa birdies pickin'?" she went on, quoting the old nursery nonsense. Then she stooped and let down her veil. Florimel hated her, and therefore might know her. "It's the day o' the Lord wi' auld Sanny Grame!" she resumed to herself as she lifted her head. "He's stickit nae mair, but a chosen trumpet at last. Foul fa' 'im for a wearifu' cratur, for a' that! He has nowther balm o' grace nor pith o' damnation. Yon laad Flemin', 'at preached i' the Baillies' Barn about the dowgs gaein' roon' an' roon' the wa's o' the New Jeroozlem, gien he had but hauden thegither an' no gane to the worms sae sune, wad hae dung a score o'

'im. He garred my skin creep to hear 'im. But Sanny angers me to that degree 'at but for rizzons — lik yon twa — I wad gang oot i' the mids o' ane o' 's palahvers, an' never come back, though I hae a hail quarter o' my sittin' to sit oot yet, an' it cost me dear an' fits the auld back o' me no that ill."

When Mr. Graham rose to read the psalm, great was Clementina's disappointment: he looked altogether, as she thought, of a sort with the place — mean and dreary, of the chapel very chapelly — and she did not believe it could be the man of whom Malcolm had spoken. By a strange coincidence, however — a kind of occurrence as frequent as strange — he read for his text that same passage about the gold ring and the vile raiment, in which we learn how exactly the behavior of the early Jewish churches corresponded to that of the later English ones; and Clementina soon began to alter her involuntary judgment of him when she found herself listening to an utterance beside which her most voluble indignation would have been but as the babble of a child. Sweeping, incisive, withering, blasting denunciation, logic and poetry combining in one torrent of genuine eloquence, poured confusion and dismay upon head and heart of all who set themselves up for pillars of the Church without practising the first principles of the doctrine of Christ — men who, professing to gather their fellows together in the name of Christ, conducted the affairs of the Church on the principles of hell — men so blind and dull and slow of heart that they would never know what the outer darkness meant until it had closed around them — men who paid court to the rich for their money, and to the poor for their numbers — men who sought gain first, safety next, and the will of God not at all — men whose presentation of Christianity was enough to drive the world to a preferable infidelity.

Clementina listened with her very soul. All doubt as to whether this was Malcolm's friend vanished within two minutes of his commencement. If she rejoiced a little more than was humble or healthful in finding that such a man thought as she thought, she gained this good notwithstanding — the presence and power of a man who believed in righteousness the doctrine he taught. Also she perceived that the principles of equality he held were founded on the infinite possibilities of the individual, and of the race only through the individual, and that he held these principles with an absoluteness, an

earnestness, a simplicity, that dwarfed her loudest objurgation to the uneasy murmuring of a sleeper. She could not but trust him, and her hope grew great that perhaps for her he held the key of the kingdom of heaven. She saw that if what this man said was true, then the gospel was represented by men who knew nothing of its real nature, and by such she had been led into a false judgment of it. "If such a man," said the schoolmaster in conclusion, "would but once represent to himself that the man whom he regards as beneath him *may* nevertheless be immeasurably above him — and that after no arbitrary judgment, but according to the absolute facts of creation, the scale of the kingdom of God, in which *being* is rank — if he could persuade himself of the possibility that he may yet have to worship before the feet of those on whom he looks down as on the creatures of another and meaner order of creation, would it not sting him to rise, and, lest this should be one of such, make offer of his chair to the poor man in the vile raiment? Would he ever more, all his life long, dare to say, 'Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool'?"

During the week that followed Clementina reflected with growing delight on what she had heard, and looked forward to hearing more of a kind correspondent on the approaching Sunday. Nor did the shock of the disappearance of Florimel with Malcolm abate her desire to be taught by Malcolm's friend.

Lady Bellair was astounded, mortified, enraged. Liftore turned gray with passion, then livid with mortification at the news. Not one of all their circle, as Florimel had herself foreseen, doubted for a moment that she had run away with that groom of hers. Indeed, upon examination it became evident that the scheme had gone for some time in hand: the yacht they had been on board had been lying there for months; and although she was her own mistress, and might marry whom she pleased, it was no wonder she had run away, for how could she have held her face to it, or up, after it?

Lady Clementina accepted the general conclusion, but judged it individually. She had more reason to be distressed at what seemed to have taken place than any one else: indeed, it stung her to the heart, wounding her worse than in its first stunning effects she was able to know; yet she thought better rather than worse of Florimel because of it. What she did not like in her with reference to the affair

was the depreciatory manner in which she had always spoken of Malcolm. If genuine, it was quite inconsistent with due regard for the man for whom she was yet prepared to sacrifice so much: if, on the other hand, her slight opinion of his judgment was a pretence, then she had been disloyal to the just prerogatives of friendship.

The latter part of that week was the sorest time Clementina had ever passed. But, like a true woman, she fought her own misery and sense of loss, as well as her annoyance and anxiety, constantly saying to herself that, be the thing as it might, she could never cease to be glad that she had known Malcolm MacPhail.

CHAPTER LIII.

A NEW PUPIL.

THE sermon Lady Clementina heard with such delight had followed one levelled at the common and right worldly idea of success harbored by each, and unquestioned by one of the chief men of the community: together they caused a strange, uncertain sense of discomfort in the mind diaconal. Slow to perceive that that idea, nauseous in his presentment of it, was the very same cherished and justified by themselves, unwilling also to believe that in his denunciation of respecters of persons they themselves had a full share, they yet felt a little uneasy from the vague whispers of their consciences on the side of the neglected principles enounced, clashing with the less vague conviction that if those whispers were encouraged and listened to, the ruin of their hopes for their chapel, and their influence in connection with it, must follow. They eyed each other doubtfully, and there appeared a general tendency amongst them to close-pressed lips and single shakes of the head. But there were other forces at work, tending in the same direction.

Whatever may have been the influence of the schoolmaster upon the congregation gathered in Hope Chapel, there was one on whom his converse, supplemented by his preaching, had taken genuine hold. Frederick Marshal had begun to open his eyes to the fact that, regarded as a profession, the ministry, as they called it in their communion, was the meanest way of making a living in the whole creation — one deserving the contempt of every man honest enough to give honorable work — that is, work worth the money — for the money paid him. Also, he had a glimmering insight, on the other

hand, into the truth of what the dominie said — that it was the noblest of martyrdoms to the man who, sent by God, loved the truth with his whole soul, and was never happier than when bearing witness to it, except, indeed, in those blessed moments when receiving it of the Father. In consequence of this opening of his eyes the youth recoiled with dismay from the sacrilegious mockery of which he had been guilty in meditating the presumption of teaching holy things, of which the sole sign that he knew anything was now afforded by this same recoil. At last he was not far from the kingdom of heaven, though whether he was to be sent to persuade men that that kingdom was amongst them, and must be in them, remained a question.

On the morning after the latter of those two sermons, Frederick, as they sat at breakfast, succeeded, with no small effort — for he feared his mother — in blurting out to his father the request that he might be taken into the counting-house; and when indignantly requested, over the top of the teapot, to explain himself, declared that he found it impossible to give his mind to a course of education which could only end in the disappointment of his parents, seeing he was at length satisfied that he had no call to the ministry. His father was not displeased at the thought of having him at the shop, but his mother was for some moments speechless with angry tribulation. Recovering herself, with scornful bitterness she requested to know to what tempter he had been giving ear, for tempted he must have been ere son of hers would have been guilty of backsliding from *the cause* — of taking his hand from the plough and looking behind him. The youth returned such answers as, while they satisfied his father he was right, served only to convince his mother, where yet conviction was hardly needed, that she had to thank the dominie for his defection, his apostasy from the Church to the world.

Incapable of perceiving that now first there was hope of a genuine disciple in the child of her affection, she was filled with the gall of disappointment, and with spite against the man who had taught her son how worse than foolish it is to aspire to teach before one has learned; nor did she fail to cast scathing reflections on her husband, in that he had brought home a viper in his bosom, a wolf into his fold, the wretched minion of a worldly Church, to lead her son away captive at his will; and partly no doubt from his last uncom-

fortable sermons, but mainly from the play of Mrs. Marshal's tongue on her husband's tympanum, the deacons in full conclave agreed that no further renewal of the invitation to preach "for them" should be made to the schoolmaster — just the end of the business Mr. Graham had expected, and for which he had provided. On Tuesday morning he smiled to himself, and wondered whether, if he were to preach in his own schoolroom the next Sunday evening, any one would come to hear him. On Saturday he received a cool letter of thanks for his services, written by the ironmonger in the name of the deacons, enclosing a cheque tolerably liberal as ideas went, in acknowledgment of them. The cheque Mr. Graham returned, saying that, as he was not a preacher by profession, he had no right to take fees. It was a half-holiday: he walked up to Hampstead Heath, and was paid for everything, in sky and cloud, fresh air and a glorious sunset.

When the end of her troubled week came, and the Sunday of her expectation brought lovely weather, with a certain vague suspicion of peace, into the regions of Mayfair and Spitalfields, Clementina walked across the Regent's Park to Hope Chapel and its morning observances, but thought herself poorly repaid for her exertions by having to listen to a dreadful sermon and worse prayers from Mr. Masquar, one of the chief priests of Commonplace — a comfortable idol to serve, seeing he accepts as homage to himself all that any man offers to his own person, opinions, or history. But Clementina contrived to endure it, comforting herself that she had made a mistake in supposing Mr. Graham preached in the morning.

In the evening, her carriage once again drew up with clang and clatter at the door of the chapel. But her coachman was out of temper at having to leave the bosom of his family circle — as he styled the table that upheld his pot of beer and jar of tobacco — of a Sunday, and sought relief to his feelings in giving his horses a lesson in crawling; the result of which was fortunate for his mistress: when she entered the obnoxious Mr. Masquar was already reading the hymn. She turned at once and made for the door.

But her carriage was already gone. A strange sense of loneliness and desolation seized her. The place had grown hateful to her, and she would have fled from it. Yet she lingered in the porch. The eyes of the man in the pulpit, with his face of false solemnity and low importance — she

seemed to feel the look of them on her back, yet she lingered. Now that Malcolm was gone, how was she to learn when Mr. Graham would be preaching?

"If you please, ma'am," said a humble and dejected voice.

She turned and saw the seamed and smoky face of the pew-opener, who had been watching her from the lobby, and had crept out after her. She dropped a curtsy, and went on hurriedly, with an anxious look now and then over her shoulder: "Oh, ma'am, we sha'n't see *him* no more. Our people here—they're very good people, but they don't like to be told the truth. It seems to me as if they knowed it so well they thought as how there was no need for them to mind it."

"You don't mean that Mr. Graham has given up preaching here?"

"They've given up astin' of 'im to preach, lady. But if ever there was a good man in that pulpit, Mr. Graham he do be that man."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, ma'am, but it would be hard to direct you." Here she looked in at the door of the chapel with a curious, half-frightened glance, as if to satisfy herself that the inner door was closed. "But," she went on, "they won't miss me now the service is begun, and I can be back before it's over. I'll show you where, ma'am."

"I should be greatly obliged to you," said Clementina; "only I am sorry to give you the trouble."

"To tell the truth, I'm only too glad to get away," she returned, "for the place it do look like a cemetery, now *he's* out of it."

"Was he so kind to you?"

"He never spoke word to me, as to myself like, no, nor never give me sixpence, like Mr. Masquar do; but he give me strength in my heart to bear up, and that's better than meat or money."

It was a good half-hour's walk, and during it Clementina held what conversation she might with her companion. It was not much the woman had to say of a general sort. She knew little beyond her own troubles and the help that met them, but what else are the two main forces whose composition results in upward motion? Her world was very limited—the houses in which she went charring, the chapel she swept and dusted, the neighbors with whom she gossiped, the little shops where she bought the barest needs of her bare life—but it was at least large enough to leave behind her; and if

she was not one to take the kingdom of heaven by force, she was yet one to creep quietly into it. The earthly life of such as she—immeasurably less sordid than that of the poet who will not work for his daily bread, or that of the speculator who, having settled money on his wife, risks that of his neighbor—passing away like a cloud, will hang in their west, stained indeed, but with gold; blotted, but with roses. Dull as it all was now, Clementina yet gained from her unfoldings a new outlook upon life, its needs, its sorrows, its consolations, and its hopes; nor was there any vulgar pity in the smile of the one, or of degrading acknowledgment in the tears of the other, when a piece of gold passed from hand to hand as they parted.

The Sunday-sealed door of the stationer's shop—for there was no private entrance to the house—was opened by another sad-faced woman. What a place to seek the secret of life in! Lovelily enfolds the husk its kernel; but what the human eye turns from as squalid and unclean may enfold the seed that clasps, couched in infinite withdrawal, the vital germ of all that is lovely and graceful, harmonious and strong, all without which no poet would sing, no martyr burn, no king rule in righteousness, no geometrician pore over the marvelous *must*.

The woman led her through the counter into a little dingy room behind the shop, looking out on a yard a few feet square, with a water-butt, half a dozen flower-pots, and a maimed plaster Cupid perched on the window-sill. There sat the schoolmaster, in conversation with a lady, whom the woman of the house, awed by her sternness and grandeur, had, out of regard to her lodger's feelings, shown into her parlor, and not into his bedroom.

Cherishing the hope that the patent consequences of his line of action might have already taught him moderation, Mrs. Marshal, instead of going to chapel to hear Mr. Masquar, had paid Mr. Graham a visit, with the object of enlisting his sympathies if she could—at all events, his services—in the combating of the scruples he had himself aroused in the bosom of her son. What had passed between them I do not care to record, but when Lady Clementina—unannounced of the landlady—entered, there was light enough, notwithstanding the non-reflective properties of the water-butt, to reveal Mrs. Marshal flushed and flashing, Mr. Graham grave and luminous, and to en-

able the chapel-business eye of Mrs. Marshal, which saw every stranger that entered "Hope," at once to recognize her as having made one of the congregation the last Sunday evening. Evidently one of Mr. Graham's party, she was not prejudiced in her favor. But there was that in her manner which impressed her — that something ethereal and indescribable which she herself was constantly aping — and, almost involuntarily, she took upon herself such honors as the place, despicable in her eyes, would admit of. She rose, made a sweeping curtsy, and addressed Lady Clementina with such a manner as people of Mrs. Marshal's ambitions put off and on like their clothes. "Pray, take a seat, ma'am, such as it is," she said with a wave of her hand. "I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing you at our place."

Lady Clementina sat down: the room was too small to stand in, and Mrs. Marshal seemed to take the half of it. "I am not aware of the honor," she returned, doubtful what the woman meant — perhaps some shop or dressmaker's. Clementina was not one who delighted in freezing her humbler fellow-creatures, as we know; but there was something altogether repulsive in the would-be-grand but really arrogant behavior of her fellow-visitor.

"I mean," said Mrs. Marshal, a little abashed, for ambition is not strength, "at our little Bethel in Kentish Town. Not that *we* live there," she explained with a superior smile.

"Oh, I think I understand. You must mean the chapel where this gentleman was preaching."

"That *is* my meaning," assented Mrs. Marshal.

"I went there to-night," said Clementina, turning with some timidity to Mr. Graham. "That I did not find you there, sir, will, I hope, explain —" Here she paused, and turned again to Mrs. Marshal: "I see you think with me, madam, that a true teacher is worth following." As she said this she turned once more to Mr. Graham, who sat listening with a queer, amused, but right courteous smile. "I hope you will pardon me," she continued, "for venturing to call upon you, and, as I have had the misfortune to find you occupied, allow me to call another day. If you would set me a time, I should be more obliged than I can tell you," she concluded, her voice trembling a little.

"Stay now if you will, madam," returned the schoolmaster with a bow of the

oldest-fashioned courtesy. "This lady has done laying her commands upon me, I believe."

"As you think proper to call them commands, Mr. Graham, I conclude you intend to obey them," said Mrs. Marshal with a forced smile and an attempt at pleasantry.

"Not for the world, madam," he answered. "Your son is acting the part of a gentleman — yes, I make bold to say, of one who is very nigh the kingdom of heaven, if not indeed within its gate, and before I would check him I would be burnt at the stake — even were your displeasure the fire, madam," he added, with a kindly bow. "Your son is a fine fellow."

"He would be if he were left to himself. Good-evening, Mr. Graham. Good-bye, rather, for I *think* we are not likely to meet again."

"In heaven, I hope, madam, for by that time we shall be able to understand each other," said the schoolmaster, still kindly.

Mrs. Marshal made no answer beyond a facial flash as she turned to Clementina. "Good-evening, ma'am," she said. "To pay court to the earthen vessel because of the treasure it may happen to hold is to be a respecter of persons as bad as any."

An answering flash broke from Clementina's blue orbs, but her speech was more than calm as she returned: "I learned something of that lesson last Sunday evening, I hope, ma'am. But you have left me far behind, for you seem to have learned disrespect even to the worthiest of persons. Good-evening, ma'am." She looked the angry matron full in the face with an icy regard, from which, as from the Gorgon eye, she fled.

The victor turned to the schoolmaster. "I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "for presuming to take your part, but a gentleman is helpless with a vulgar woman."

"I thank you, madam. I hope the sharpness of your rebuke — But indeed the poor woman can hardly help her rudeness, for she is very worldly, and believes herself very pious. It is the old story — hard for the rich."

Clementina was struck. "I too am rich and worldly," she said. "But I know that I am not pious, and if you would but satisfy me that religion is common sense, I would try to be religious with all my heart and soul."

"I willingly undertake the task. But let us know each other a little first. And lest I should afterwards seem to have

taken an advantage of you, I hope you have no wish to be nameless to me, for my friend Malcolm MacPhail has so described you that I recognized your ladyship at once."

Clementina said that, on the contrary, she had given her name to the woman who opened the door. "It is because of what Malcolm said of you that I ventured to come to you."

"Have you seen Malcolm lately?" he asked, his brow clouding a little. "It is more than a week since he has been to me."

Thereupon, with embarrassment such as she would never have felt except in the presence of pure simplicity, she told of his disappearance with his mistress.

"And you think they have run away together?" said the schoolmaster, his face beaming with what, to Clementina's surprise, looked almost like merriment.

"Yes, I think so," she answered. "Why not, if they chose?"

"I will say this for my friend Malcolm," returned Mr. Graham composedly, "that whatever he did I should expect to find not only all right in intention, but prudent and well-devised also. The present may well seem a rash, ill-considered affair for both of them, but —"

"I see no necessity either for explanation or excuse," said Clementina, too eager to mark that she interrupted Mr. Graham. "In making up her mind to marry him Lady Lossie has shown greater wisdom and courage than, I confess, I had given her credit for."

"And Malcolm?" rejoined the schoolmaster softly. "Should you say of him that he showed equal wisdom?"

"I decline to give an opinion upon the gentleman's part in the business," answered Clementina, laughing, but glad there was so little light in the room, for she was painfully conscious of the burning of her cheeks. "Besides, I have no measure to apply to Malcolm," she went on, a little hurriedly. "He is like no one else I have ever talked with, and I confess there is something about him I cannot understand. Indeed, he is beyond me altogether."

"Perhaps, having known him from infancy, I might be able to explain him," returned Mr. Graham in a tone that invited questioning.

"Perhaps, then," said Clementina, "I may be permitted, in jealousy for the teaching I have received of him, to confess my bewilderment that one so young should be capable of dealing with such

things as he delights in. The youth of the prophet makes me doubt his prophecy."

"At least," rejoined Mr. Graham, "the phenomenon coincides with what the Master of these things said of them — that they were revealed to babes, and not to the wise and prudent. As to Malcolm's wonderful facility in giving them form and utterance, that depends so immediately on the clear sight of them that, granted a little of the gift poetic, developed through reading and talk, we need not wonder much at it."

"You consider your friend a genius?" asked Clementina.

"I consider him possessed of a kind of heavenly common sense, equally at home in the truths of divine relation and the facts of the human struggle with nature and her forces. I should never have discovered my own ignorance in certain points of the mathematics but for the questions that boy put to me before he was twelve years of age. A thing not understood lay in his mind like a fretting foreign body. But there is a far more important factor concerned than this exceptional degree of insight. Understanding is the reward of obedience. Peter says, 'The Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that *obey* him.' Obedience is the key to every door. I am perplexed at the stupidity of the ordinary religious being. In the most practical of all matters he will talk and speculate and try to feel, but he will not set himself to *do*. It is different with Malcolm. From the first he has been trying to obey. Nor do I see why it should be strange that even a child should understand these things, if they are the very elements of the region for which we were created, and to which our being holds essential relations, as a bird to the air or a fish to the sea. If a man may not understand the things of God whence he came, what shall he understand?"

"How, then, is it that so few do understand?"

"Because where they know, so few obey. This boy, I say, did. If you had seen, as I have, the almost superhuman struggles of his will to master the fierce temper his ancestors gave him, you would marvel less at what he has so early become. I have seen him, white with passion, cast himself on his face on the shore and cling with his hands to the earth as if in a paroxysm of bodily suffering: then after a few moments rise and do a service to the man who had wronged him. Were

it any wonder if the light should have soon gone up in a soul like that? When I was a younger man I used to go out with the fishing-boats now and then, drawn chiefly by my love for the boy, who earned his own bread that way before he was in his teens. One night we were caught in a terrible storm, and had to stand out to sea in the pitch-dark. He was then not fourteen. 'Can you let a boy like that steer?' I said to the captain of the boat. — 'Yes, just a boy like that,' he answered. 'Ma'colm 'll steer as straucht's a porpus.' — When he was relieved he crept over the thwarts to where I sat. 'Is there any true definition of a straight line, sir?' he said. 'I can't take the one in my Euclid.' — 'So you're not afraid, Malcolm?' I returned, heedless of his question, for I wanted to see what he would answer. — 'Afraid, sir!' he rejoined with some surprise. 'I wad ill like to hear the Lord say, "*O thou o' little faith!*"' — 'But,' I persisted, 'God may mean to drown you.' — 'An' what for not?' he returned. 'Gien ye war to tell me 'at I micht be droon't ohn him meant it, I wad be fleyt eneuch.' I see your ladyship does not understand: I will interpret the dark saying: 'And why should he not drown me? If you were to tell me I might be drowned without his meaning it, I should be frightened enough.' Believe me, my lady, the right way is simple to find, though only they that seek it *first* can find it. But I have allowed myself," concluded the schoolmaster, "to be carried adrift in my laudation of Malcolm. You did not come to hear praises of him, my lady."

"I owe him much," said Clementina. "But tell me, then, Mr. Graham, how is it that you know there is a God, and one — one — fit to be trusted as you trust him?"

"In no way that I can bring to bear on to the reason of another so as to produce conviction."

"Then what is to become of me?"

"I can do for you what is far better. I can persuade you to look and see whether before your own door stands not a gate — lies not a path to walk in. Entering by that gate, walking in that path, you shall yourself arrive at the conviction, which no man can give you, that there is a living love and truth at the heart of your being and pervading all that surrounds you. The man who seeks the truth in any other manner will never find it. Listen to me a moment, my lady. I loved that boy's mother. Naturally, she did not love me — how could she? I was very unhappy. I

sought comfort from the unknown Source of my life. He gave me to understand his Son, and so I understood himself, knew that I came of God, and was comforted."

"But how do you know that it was not all a delusion, the product of your own fervid imagination? Do not mistake me: I want to find it true."

"It is a right and honest question, my lady. I will tell you. Not to mention the conviction which a truth beheld must carry with itself, and concerning which there can be no argument either with him who does or him who does not see it, this experience goes far with me, and would with you if you had it, as you may — namely, that all my difficulties and confusions have gone on clearing themselves up ever since I set out to walk in that way. My consciousness of life is threefold what it was; my perception of what is lovely around me, and my delight in it, threefold; my power of understanding things and of ordering my way threefold also: the same with my hope and my courage, my love to my kind, my power of forgiveness. In short, I cannot but believe that my whole being and its whole world are in process of rectification for me. Is not that something to set against the doubt born of the eye and ear, and the questions of an intellect that can neither grasp nor disprove? I say nothing of better things still. To the man who receives such as I mean, they are the heart of life — to the man who does not, they exist not. But, I say, if I thus find my whole being enlightened and redeemed, and know that therein I fare according to the word of the man of whom the old story tells; if I find that his word, and the result of action founded upon that word, correspond and agree, opening a heaven within and beyond me, in which I see myself delivered from all that now in myself is to myself despicable and unlovely; if I can reasonably — reasonably to myself, not to another — cherish hopes of a glory of conscious being divinely better than all my imagination when most daring could invent — a glory springing from absolute unity with my Creator, and therefore with my neighbor; if the Lord of the ancient tale, I say, has thus held word with me, am I likely to doubt much or long whether there be such a Lord or no?"

"What, then, is the way that lies before my own door? Help me to see it."

"It is just the old way — as old as the conscience — that of obedience to any and every law of personal duty. But if you have ever seen the Lord, if only from afar

—if you have any vaguest suspicion that the Jew Jesus, who professed to have come from God, was a better man than other men — one of your first duties must be to open your ears to his words, and see whether they commend themselves to you as true: then, if they do, to obey them with your whole strength and might, upheld by the hope of the vision promised in them to the obedient. This is the way of life, which will lead a man out of the miseries of the nineteenth century, as it led Paul out of the miseries of the first."

There followed a little pause, and then a long talk about what the schoolmaster had called the old story, in which he spoke with such fervid delight of this and that point in the tale, removing this and that stumbling-block by giving the true reading or the right interpretation, showing the what and why and how — the very intent of our Lord in the thing he said or did — that, for the first time in her life, Clementina began to feel as if such a man must really have lived, that his blessed feet must really have walked over the acres of Palestine, that his human heart must indeed have thought and felt, worshipped and borne, right humanly. Even in the presence of her new teacher, and with his words in her ears, she began to desire her own chamber that she might sit down with the neglected story and read for herself.

The schoolmaster walked with her to the chapel door. There her carriage was already waiting. He put her in, and, while the Reverend Jacob Masquar was still holding forth upon the difference between adoption and justification, Clementina drove away, never more to delight the hearts of the deacons with the noise of the hoofs of her horses staying the wheels of her yellow chariot.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ROBERT HERRICK.*

BORN, 1591; DIED, 1674.

ROBERT HERRICK's personal fate is in one point like Shakespeare's. We know or seem to know them both, through their works, with singular intimacy. But with this our knowledge substantially ends. No private letter of Shakespeare, no record of his conversation, no account of the circumstances in which his writings were

* Essay prefixed to a selection from Herrick's poems, edited, with notes, by F. T. Palgrave, and nearly ready for publication.

published, remains: hardly any statement how his greatest contemporaries ranked him. A group of Herrick's youthful letters on business has, indeed, been preserved; of his life and studies, of his reputation during his own time, almost nothing. For whatever facts affectionate diligence could now gather, readers are referred to Mr. Grosart's "Introduction."* But if, to supplement the picture, inevitably imperfect, which this gives, we turn to Herrick's own book, we learn little, biographically, except the names of a few friends,—that his general sympathies were with the royal cause,—and that he wearied in Devonshire for London. So far as is known, he published but this one volume, and that, when not far from his sixtieth year. Some pieces may be traced in earlier collections; some few carry ascertainable dates; the rest lie over a period of near forty years, during a great portion of which we have no distinct account where Herrick lived, or what were his employments. We know that he shone with Ben Jonson and the wits at the nights and suppers of those gods of our glorious early literature: we may fancy him at Beaumanor, or Houghton, with his uncle and cousins, keeping a Leicestershire Christmas in the manor-house: or again, in some sweet southern county with Julia and Anthea, Corinna and Dianeme by his side (familiar then by other names now never to be remembered), sitting merry, but with just the sadness of one who hears sweet music, in some meadow among his favorite flowers of spring-time; —there, or "where the rose lingers latest." . . . But "the dream, the fancy," is all that time has spared us. And if it be curious that his contemporaries should have left so little record of this delightful poet and (as we should infer from the book) genial-hearted man, it is not less so that the single first edition should have satisfied the seventeenth century, and that, before the present, notices of Herrick should be of the rarest occurrence.

The artist's "claim to exist," is, however, always far less to be looked for in his life, than in his art, upon the secret of which the fullest biography can tell us little — as little, perhaps, as criticism can analyze its charm. But there are few of

* See the Herrick edited by this gentleman, and lately published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Looking to the care taken to collect all facts bearing on the poet's life and book, to the critical correctness of the text, and the fulness of annotation, it is not too high praise to say that these volumes for the first time give Herrick a place among books not printed only, but edited.

our poets who stand less in need than Herrick of commentaries of this description,—in which too often we find little more than a dull or florid prose version of what the author has given us admirably in verse. Apart from obsolete words or allusions, Herrick is the best commentator upon Herrick. A few lines only need therefore be added, aiming rather to set forth his place in the sequence of English poets, and especially in regard to those near his own time, than to point out in detail beauties which he unveils in his own way, and so most durably and delightfully.

When our muses, silent or sick for a century and more after Chaucer's death, during the years of war and revolution, reappeared, they brought with them foreign modes of art, ancient and contemporary, within the forms of which they began to set to music the new material which the age supplied. At the very outset, indeed, the moralizing philosophy which has characterized the English from the beginning of our national history, appears in the writers of the troubled times lying between the last regnal years of Henry VIII. and the first of his great daughter. But with the happier hopes of Elizabeth's accession, poetry was once more distinctly followed, not only as a means of conveying thought, but as a fine art. And hence something constrained and artificial blends with the freshness of the Elizabethan literature. For its great underlying element it necessarily reverts to those embodied in our own earlier poets, Chaucer above all, to whom, after barely one hundred and fifty years, men looked up as a father of song: but in points of style and treatment, the poets of the sixteenth century lie under a double external influence—that of the poets of Greece and Rome (known either in their own tongues or by translation), and that of the modern literatures which had themselves undergone the same classical impulse. Italy was the source most regarded during the more strictly Elizabethan period; whence its lyrical poetry, and the dramatic in a less degree, are colored much less by pure and severe classicism with its closeness to reality, than by the allegorical and elaborate style, fancy and fact curiously blended, which had been generated in Italy under the peculiar and local circumstances of her pilgrimage in literature and art from the age of Dante onwards. Whilst that influence lasted, such brilliant pictures of actual life, such directness, movement, and simplicity in style, as

Chaucer often shows, were not yet again attainable: and although satire, narrative, the poetry of reflection, were meanwhile not wholly unknown, yet they only appear in force at the close of this period. And then also the pressure of political and religious strife, veiled in poetry during the greater part of Elizabeth's actual reign under the forms of pastoral and allegory, again imperiously breaks in upon the gracious but somewhat slender and artificial fashions of England's Helicon: the

Divom numen, sedesque quietae

which in some degree the Elizabethan poets offer, disappear; until filling the central years of the seventeenth century we reach an age as barren for inspiration of new song as the Wars of the Roses; although the great survivors from earlier years mask this sterility,—masking also the revolution in poetical manner and matter which we can see secretly preparing in the later "Cavalier" poets, but which was not clearly recognized before the time of Dryden's culmination.

In the period here briefly sketched, what is Herrick's portion? His verse is eminent for sweet and gracious fluency; this is a real note of the "Elizabethan" poets. His subjects are frequently pastoral, with a classical tinge, more or less slight, infused; his language, though not free from exaggeration, is generally free from intellectual conceits and distortion, and is eminent throughout for a youthful *naïveté*. Such, also, are qualities of the latter sixteenth-century literature. But if these characteristics might lead us to call Herrick "the last of the Elizabethans," born out of due time, the differences between him and them are not less marked. Herrick's directness of speech is accompanied by an equally clear and simple presentment of his thought; we have, perhaps, no poet who writes more consistently and earnestly with his eye upon his subject. An allegorical or mystical treatment is alien from him: he handles awkwardly the few traditional fables which he introduces. He is also wholly free from Italianizing tendencies: his classicism even is that of an English student,—of a schoolboy, indeed, if he be compared with a Jonson or a Milton. Herrick's personal eulogies on his friends and others, further, witness to the extension of the field of poetry after Elizabeth's age; in which his enthusiastic geniality, his quick and easy transitions of subject, have also little precedent.

If, again, we compare Herrick's book

with those of his fellow-poets for a hundred years before, very few are the traces which he gives of imitation, or even of study. During the long interval between Herrick's entrance on his Cambridge and his clerical careers (an interval all but wholly obscure to us), it is natural to suppose that he read, at any rate, his Elizabethan predecessors: yet (beyond those general similarities already noticed) the editor can find no positive proof of familiarity. Compare Herrick with Marlowe, Greene, Breton, Drayton, or other pretty pastoralists of the "Helicon" — his general and radical unlikeness is what strikes us; whilst he is even more remote from the passionate intensity of Sidney and Shakespeare, the Italian graces of Spenser, the pensive beauty of "Parthenophil," of "Diella," of "Fidessa," of the "Hecatompathia" and the "Tears of Fancy."

Nor is Herrick's resemblance nearer to many of the contemporaries who have been often grouped with him. He has little in common with the courtly elegance, the learned polish, which too rarely redeem commonplace and conceits in Carew, Habington, Lovelace, Cowley, or Waller. Herrick has his *concetti* also; but they are in him generally true plays of fancy; he writes throughout far more naturally than these lyricists, who, on the other hand, in their unfrequent successes reach a more complete and classical form of expression. Thus, when Carew speaks of an aged fair one

When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never!

Cowley, of his mistress —

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair:

or take Lovelace, "To Lucasta," Waller, in his "Go, lovely rose," — we have a finish and condensation which Herrick hardly attains; a literary quality alien from his "woodnotes wild," which may help us to understand the very small appreciation he met from his age. He had "a pretty pastoral gale of fancy," said Phillips, cursorily dismissing Herrick in his "*Theatrum*:" not suspecting how inevitably artifice and mannerism, if fashionable for a while, pass into forgetfulness, whilst the simple cry of nature partakes in her permanence.

Donne and Marvell, stronger men, leave also no mark on our poet. The elaborate thought, the metrical harshness of the first, could find no counterpart in Herrick; whilst Marvell, beyond him in imaginative

power, though twisting it too often into contortion and excess, appears to have been little known as a lyricist then, — as, indeed, his great merits have never reached anything like due popular recognition. Yet Marvell's natural description is nearer Herrick's in felicity and insight than any of the poets named above. Nor, again, do we trace anything of Herbert or Vaughan in Herrick's "Noble Numbers," which, though unfairly judged if held insincere, are obviously far distant from the intense conviction, the depth and inner fervor of his high-toned contemporaries.

It is among the great dramatists of this age that we find the only English influences palpably operative on this singularly original writer. The greatest, in truth, is wholly absent: and it is remarkable that although Herrick may have joined in the wit-contests and genialities of the literary clubs in London soon after Shakespeare's death, and certainly lived in friendship with some who had known him, yet his name is never mentioned in the poetical commemorations of the "Hesperides." In Herrick, echoes from Fletcher's idyllic pieces in "The Faithful Shepherdess" are faintly traceable; from his songs, "Hear what love can do," and "The lusty Spring," more distinctly. But to Ben Jonson, whom Herrick addresses as his patron saint in song, and ranks on the highest list of his friends, his obligations are much more perceptible. In fact, Jonson's non-dramatic poetry, — the "Epigrams" and "Forest" of 1616, the "Underwoods" of 1641, (he died in 1637). — supply models, generally admirable in point of art, though of very unequal merit in their execution and contents, of the principal forms under which we may range Herrick's "Hesperides." The graceful love-song, the celebration of feasts and wit, the encomia of friends, the epigram as then understood, are all here represented: even Herrick's vein in natural description is prefigured in the odes to Penshurst and Sir Robert Wroth, of 1616. And it is in the religious pieces of the "Noble Numbers," for which Jonson afforded the least copious precedents, that, as a rule, Herrick is least successful.

Even if we had not the verses on his own book, in proof that Herrick was no careless singer, but a true artist, working with conscious knowledge of his art, we might have inferred the fact from the choice of Jonson as his model. That great poet, as Clarendon justly remarked, had "judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy: his produc-

tions being slow and upon deliberation." No writer could be better fitted for the guidance of one so fancy-free as Herrick; to whom the curb, in the old phrase, was more needful than the spur, and whose invention, more fertile and varied than Jonson's, was ready at once to fill up the moulds of form provided. He does this with a lively facility, contrasting much with the evidence of labor in his master's work. Slowness and deliberation are the last qualities suggested by Herrick. Yet it may be doubted whether the volatile ease, the effortless grace, the wild, birdlike fluency with which he

Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air are not, in truth, the results of exquisite art working in co-operation with the gifts of nature. The various readings which our few remaining manuscripts or printed versions have supplied to Mr. Grosart's "Introduction," attest the minute and curious care with which Herrick polished and strengthened his own work: his airy facility, his seemingly spontaneous melodies, as with Shelley — his counterpart in pure lyrical art within this century — were earned by conscious labor; perfect freedom was begotten of perfect art; nor, indeed, have excellence and permanence any other parent.

With the error that regards Herrick as a careless singer is closely twined that which ranks him in the school of that master of elegant pettiness who has usurped and abused the name Anacreon; as a mere light-hearted writer of pastorals, a gay and frivolous Renaissance amourist. He has indeed those elements: but with them is joined the seriousness of an age which knew that the light mask of classicism and bucolic allegory could be worn only as an ornament, and that life held much deeper and further-reaching issues then were visible to the narrow horizons within which Horace or Martial circumscribed the range of their art. Between the most intensely poetical, and so, greatest, among the French poets of this century, and Herrick, are many points of likeness. He too, with Alfred de Musset, might have said: —

Quoi que nous puissions faire,
Je souffre; il est trop tard; le monde s'est fait
vieux.
Une immense espérance a traversé la terre;
Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.

Indeed, Herrick's deepest debt to ancient literature lies not in the models which he directly imitated, nor in the Anacreontic

tone which with singular felicity he has often taken. These are common to many writers with him, — nor will he who cannot learn more from the great ancient world ever rank among poets of high order, or enter the innermost sanctuary of art. But the power to describe men and things as the poets sees them with simple sincerity, insight, and grace: to paint scenes and imaginations as perfect organic wholes; carrying with it the gift to clothe each picture, as if by unerring instinct, in fit metrical form, giving to each its own music; beginning without affectation, and rounding off without effort; the power, in a word, to leave simplicity, sanity, and beauty as the last impressions lingering on our minds, these gifts are at once the true bequest of classicism, and the reason why (until modern effort equals them) the study of that Hellenic and Latin poetry in which these gifts are eminent above all other literatures yet created, must be essential. And it is success in precisely these excellences which is here claimed for Herrick. He is classical in the great and eternal sense of the phrase: and much more so, probably, than he was himself aware of. No poet in fact is so far from dwelling in a past or foreign world; it is the England, if not of 1648, at least of his youth, in which he lives and moves and loves: his bucolics show no trace of Sicily; his *Anthea* and *Julia* wear no "buckles of the purest gold," nor have anything about them foreign to Middlesex or Devon. Herrick's imagination has no far horizons; like Burns and Crabbe fifty years since, or Barnes (that exquisite and neglected pastoralist of fair Dorset, perfect within his narrower range as Herrick) to-day it is his own native land only which he sees and paints: even the fairy world in which, at whatever inevitable interval, he is second to Shakespeare, is pure English; or rather, his elves live in an elfin county of their own, and are all but severed from humanity. Within that greater circle of Shakespeare, where Oberon and Ariel and their fellows move, aiding or injuring mankind, and reflecting human life in a kind of unconscious parody, Herrick cannot walk: and it may have been due to his good sense and true feeling for art, that here, where resemblance might have seemed probable, he borrows nothing from "*Midsummer-Night's Dream*" or "*Tempest*." If we are moved by the wider range of Byron's or Shelley's sympathies, there is a charm, also, in this sweet insularity of Herrick; a narrowness perhaps, yet carrying with it a healthful

reality absent from the vapid and artificial "cosmopolitanism" that did such wrong on Goethe's genius. If he has not the exotic blooms and strange odors which poets who derive from literature show in their conservatories, Herrick has the fresh breeze and thyme-bed fragrance of open moorland, the grace and greenery of English meadows; with Homer and Dante, he too shares the strength and inspiration which come from touch of man's native soil.

What has been here sketched is not planned so much as a criticism in form on Herrick's poetry as an attempt to seize his relations to his predecessors and contemporaries. If we now tentatively inquire what place may be assigned to him in our literature at large, Herrick has no single lyric to show equal in pomp of music, brilliancy of diction, or elevation of sentiment to some which Spenser before, Milton in his own time, Dryden and Gray, Wordsworth and Shelley, since have given us. Nor has he, as already noticed, the peculiar finish and reserve (if the phrase may be allowed) traceable, though rarely, in Ben Jonson and others of the seventeenth century. He does not want passion; yet his passion wants concentration: it is too ready, also, to dwell on externals: imagination with him generally appears clothed in forms of fancy. Among his contemporaries, take Crashaw's "Wishes;" Sir J. Beaumont's elegy on his child Gervase; take Bishop King's "Surrender:"—

My once dear love! Hapless, that I no more,
Must call thee so. . . . The rich affection's
store

That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and
spent,

Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent:
We that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the
day

Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget!
Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless
loves,

That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves
Dislodged from their haunts. We must in
tears

Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this one kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself: so thou again art free;

take eight lines by some old unknown
Northern singer:—

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVIII. 907

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie,—

O! there is an intensity here, a note of passion beyond the deepest of Herrick's. This tone (whether from temperament or circumstance or scheme of art) is wanting to the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers:" nor does Herrick's lyre, sweet and varied as it is, own that purple chord, that more inwoven harmony, possessed by poets of greater depth and splendor,—by Shakespeare and Milton often, by Spenser more rarely. But if we put aside these "greater gods" of song, with Sidney, in the editor's judgment Herrick's mastery (to use a brief expression), both over nature and over art, clearly assigns to him the first place as lyrical poet, in the strict and pure sense of the phrase, among all who flourished during the interval between Henry V. and a hundred years since. Single pieces of equal or higher quality we have, indeed, meanwhile received, not only from the master singers who did not confine themselves to the lyric, but from many poets—some the unknown contributors to our early anthologies, then Jonson, Marvell, Waller, Collins, and others, with whom we reach the beginning of the wider sweep which lyrical poetry has since taken. Yet, looking at the whole work, not at the selected jewels, of this great and noble multitude, Herrick, as lyrical poet strictly, offers us by far the most homogeneous, attractive, and varied treasury. No one else among lyricists, within the period defined, has such unflinching freshness: so much variety within the sphere prescribed to himself; such closeness to nature, whether in description or in feeling; such easy fitness in language: melody so unforced and delightful. His dull pages are much less frequent: he has more lines, in his own phrase, "born of the royal blood:" the

Inflata rore non Achaico verba

are rarer with him: although superficially mannered, nature is so much nearer to him, that far fewer of his pieces have lost vitality and interest through adherence to forms of feeling or fashions of thought now obsolete. A Roman contemporary is described by the younger Pliny in words very appropriate to Herrick: who in fact, if Greek in respect of his method and style, in the contents of his poetry displays the "frankness of nature and vivid sense of life" which criticism assigns as marks of the great Roman poets. "*Facit*

versus, quales Catullus aut Calvus. Quantum illis leporis, dulcedinis, amaritudinis amoris! Inserit sane, sed data opera, mollibus lenibusque duriusculis quosdam: et hoc, quasi Catullus aut Calvus." Many pieces have been refused admittance, whether from coarseness of phrase or inferior value: yet these are rarely defective in the lyrical art, which, throughout the writer's work, is so simple and easy as almost to escape notice through its very excellence. In one word, Herrick, in a rare and special sense, is unique.

To these qualities we may, perhaps, ascribe the singular neglect which, so far as we may infer, he met with in his own age, and certainly in the century following. For the men of the Restoration period he was too natural, too purely poetical: he had not the learned polish, the political allusion, the tone of the city, the didactic turn, which were then and onwards demanded from poetry. In the next age, no tradition consecrated his name; whilst writers of a hundred years before were then too remote for familiarity, and not remote enough for reverence. Moving on to our own time, when some justice has at length been conceded to him, Herrick has to meet the great rivalry of the poets who, from Burns and Cowper to Tennyson, have widened and deepened the lyrical sphere, making it at once on the one hand more intensely personal, on the other, more free and picturesque in the range of problems dealt with: whilst at the same time new and richer lyrical forms, harmonies more intricate and sevenfold, have been created by them, as in Hellas during her golden age of song, to embody ideas and emotions unknown or unexpressed under Tudors and Stuarts. To this latter superiority Herrick would doubtless, have bowed, as he bowed before Ben Jonson's genius. "Rural ditties," and "oaten flute" cannot bear the competition of the full modern orchestra. Yet this author need not fear! That exquisite and lofty pleasure which it is the first and the last aim of all true art to give, must, by its own nature, be lasting also. As the eyesight fluctuates, and gives the advantage to different colors in turn, so to the varying moods of the mind the same beauty does not always seem equally beautiful. Thus from the "purple light" of our later poetry there are hours in which we may look to the daffodil and rose tints of Herrick's old Arcadia, for refreshment and delight. And the pleasure which he gives is as eminently wholesome as pleasurable.

Like the holy river of Virgil, to the souls who drink of him, Herrick offers "*securos latices*." He is conspicuously free from many of the maladies incident to his art. Here is no overstrain, no spasmodic cry, no wire-drawn analysis or sensational rhetoric, no music without sense, no mere second-hand literary inspiration, no mannered archaism; above all, no sickly sweetness, no subtle, unhealthy affectation. Throughout his work, whether when it is strong, or in the less worthy portions, sanity, sincerity, simplicity, lucidity, are everywhere the characteristics of Herrick: in these, not in his pretty pagan masquerade, he shows the note, — the only genuine note, — of Hellenic descent. Hence, through whatever changes and fashions poetry may pass, her true lovers he is likely to "please now, and please for long." His verse, in the words of a poet greater than himself, is of that quality which "adds sunlight to daylight;" which is able to "make the happy happier." He will, it may be hoped, carry to the many Englands across the seas, east and west, pictures of English life exquisite in truth and grace: to the more fortunate inhabitants (as they must perforce hold themselves!) of the old country, her image, as she was two centuries since, will live in the "golden apples" of the West, offered to us by this sweet singer of Devonshire. We have greater poets, not a few; none more faithful to nature as he saw her, none more perfect in his art, — none more companionable: —

Σύν μοι πῖνε, συνῆβα, συνέρα, σοστεφανηφόρει·
σύν μοι μαυνομένῳ μάλινεο, σὺν σώφρονι σωφρόνεί.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

From Temple Bar.

CHARLES YOUNG.

THERE is no profession in which such striking contrasts of character and career are presented as in that of the actor. Here, indeed, extremes meet; vice and virtue, the highest rectitude and the most pronounced rascality may stand shoulder to shoulder: at one end we have the gentleman in the best sense of the word; at the other the vagabond in the worst, and with every shade of each to form a continuity. Both in the abstract and the practical, the actor's is a high and noble calling. His sermons are more eloquent and more impressive than those of the pulpit, since they appeal to the most sensitive qualities of the human heart — its

sympathies. He wields an enormous power for good or evil. Say that his influence is transitory, that it does not endure beyond the night, in that he is scarcely inferior to the greater preacher who exhorts each Sunday his congregation to live in peace and love with all mankind, to banish malice, greed, and uncharitableness from their hearts, and follow in the steps of a divine guide. *His* audience go forth next day to hate, to plunder, to raven for gold, and to oppress their fellow-man, with no echo of his noble teachings lingering in their souls. Yet it would be presumption in us to say that such lessons are wholly fruitless. For who knows what latent seed may have escaped the scattering? So it is with the stage: the man or woman who at night applauds a generous sentiment, or weeps over the imaginary wrongs of a fictitious hero or heroine, may the next day commit the very acts which excited their tears and indignation; but even to have done homage to virtue in the abstract tends to preserve their souls from becoming wholly indurated, and none can tell, not even the person wrought upon, whether at some time those chastening memories may not have inclined them to some gentleness inexplicable even to themselves. Our experiences form a strange, inextricably woven web, yet every thread might be traced back to some forgotten impulse. There is no waking hour of our lives but some new thought, good or bad, is cast upon it; like seeds, perhaps, upon a stony soil, thousands perish where one germinates, but that one, even after long years have passed, and with them the memory of the hand that sowed, grows into a strong and healthy plant.

In my last paper I attempted to trace the career of a great, but most erring and unhappy genius; in my present I have taken that of an actor who in every respect was his opposite. Yet man is much as his opportunities make him, and while Kean was reared miserably, cursed in a bad mother, a proud soul exposed to every humiliation of destitution, Young was brought up in comfort, almost affluence, and received the training and education of a gentleman. Few if any of the actor's vicissitudes and trials fell to his lot; whether by force of ability or good fortune, probably a little of both, he escaped that dreary progression, those toils and hardships, which have usually embittered and chequered the lives of the most fortunate actors. He mounted at once to the highest rung of the ladder, and after a few

years of probation in comfortable provincial engagements, he took that position upon the London stage which he relinquished only by his own free will, and retired into private life a man honored by all who knew him.

Such contrasts set us thinking. Had those two children changed places in their infancy, would their lives have still been the same, or might they have changed places? Of course in such speculations we must make allowance for idiosyncrasies.

Charles Mayne Young was born in Fenchurch Street in 1777. His father, who was a surgeon, appears to have been anything rather than an estimable character. While yet a child, Charles went on a visit to his aunt and uncle, Dr. Müller, the court physician, at Copenhagen. There the king and queen and queen dowager became so fond of the boy that they would have kept him altogether. At parting they gave him a purse, which the queen had worked for him, filled with gold, a watch, and two portraits which had been taken of him — one of these was hung in the king's private cabinet.

He commenced his education at Eton, but altered circumstances at home, through the dissipated habits of the head of the household, rendered his stay there brief, and he was removed to Merchant Taylors'. By-and-by their father's conduct rose to such a height of infamy, that the sons removed their mother from beneath the paternal roof, and Charles took her support upon himself.

His first entrance into life was as a merchant's clerk. It does not appear how he first came to entertain the idea of taking to the stage; the only information to be gleaned upon the subject is that given in the "Memoirs" of Mathews, who relates that he met him as an amateur in some theatricals held in a loft over a stable in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane. Young soon grew tired of the dull drudgery of office work, and in 1798 we find him making his *début* at Liverpool, under the name of Mr. Green, in *Young Norval*. His success appears to have been immediate and assured. The year after his *début*, we find him engaged for the principal business at Manchester. Thence he migrated to Edinburgh, and at once established himself in so high a position, both histrionically and socially, that in 1802 we hear of his being a guest at the table of Walter Scott, with whom he contracted an intimate friendship.

It was in 1804 that he first met the

beautiful Julia Grimani, who soon afterwards became his wife. There was something of romance attached to this lady's history. The Grimani were an ancient and illustrious family, who had given five doges to Venice. Gaspar, Julia's father, had been destined for the church, but not only did he break his own vow of celibacy, but persuaded a nun to do the same. They were married, and coming over to England they took up their abode here. After some years he became professor of mathematics at Eton. But ere this his first wife had died, and he had married a beautiful girl named Mlle. Wagner, who became the mother of Julia. This child was a *protégée* of the Countess of Suffolk, under whose roof she resided some time. There she received offers of marriage from more than one nobleman, but declined them all, and on her father's death determined to take to the stage. Her friends, as a matter of course, did all in their power to dissuade her from such a career, but in vain. She appeared towards the close of the Haymarket season of 1804 as Juliet, and made so decided a success, that the managers of all three theatres were anxious to secure her. She determined, however, to go into the provinces for a time, and appeared at Liverpool that same year. Charles Young was the leading man, the Romeo, Jaffier, Hamlet of the theatre. Very soon their stage love became a reality, and early in the following year they were married. It was a deep and passionate love upon both sides. But their happiness was doomed to be short-lived. The lady died within fifteen months, after giving birth to her first child, now the Rev. Julian Young, his father's biographer, to whose reminiscences I am largely indebted for this article.

This gentleman relates a romantic and pathetic anecdote touching his mother's death, which is worth transcribing. During the summer months, when their professional duties permitted them, she and her husband were in the habit of taking excursions into the country around Manchester; sometimes they extended their walks so far that they would put up for the night at a village inn and return to town next morning. In one of these rambles they strolled into the pretty village churchyard of Prestwich, and sat down under the sweeping shadow of a beautiful birch-tree. It was a glorious summer's day, and the peaceful calm of the scene produced a deep impression upon the mind of the young wife, then shortly to become a mother. "If anything should happen to

me," she said, laying her hand upon her husband's shoulder, "promise that you will lay me beneath this tree." A few weeks afterwards both her sad forebodings and request were fulfilled. In such respect were both held that every shop was shut along the whole route by which the funeral passed.

Although he survived her fifty years he never married again. His heart was buried with his dead wife beneath that tree in the little Lancashire graveyard, and her memory remained green and beautiful to him through all that time. As he grew old this feeling intensified; he was continually reverting to her beauty, her tenderness to him, her devotion to her parents. At such times he would take her miniature from the recesses of a secret drawer, and, as he gazed upon it until the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, he would deplore its unworthy presentment of her sweet face, and then he would produce from a cherished morocco case a long tress of chestnut hair. His very hopes of heaven were interwoven with her image, and "Thank God! I shall soon see my Julia," were almost his last words.

The innocent cause of this bereavement was christened Julian, a combination of his mother's names, Julia Ann. That mother's old friend, Lady Catherine Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, offered to take the infant; but the father wisely disapproving of the boy being reared in a sphere so much above his prospects in life, preferred confiding him to the care of another kind lady who made a similar proposal, the daughter of one Captain Forbes, an officer in the Royal Navy.

Thanks to the warm recommendation of his friend and old fellow-amateur, Mathews, a correspondence was opened between him and George Colman. Young asked £20 a week and a benefit; to which the manager replied that such terms "much exceeded any bargain formed within my memory between a manager of the Haymarket Theatre and a performer coming to try his fortunes upon the London boards." "We propose then," he says, in the last paragraph of his letter, "£14 a week and a benefit; you to take all the profits of that benefit, however great, after paying the established charges. Should there be a deficiency, we ensure that you shall clear £100 by it. This upon mature deliberation is all we think prudence enables us to offer."

The offer was accepted, and Young made his *début* at the Haymarket on the

22nd of June, 1807, as Hamlet. It was an undoubted success. But from one corner of the theatre came a persistent hiss. Young soon succeeded in detecting the malevolent personage, and recognized in him *his own father*. It was not the first time this excellent gentleman had given public proof of animosity against his children. Once he entered a stage-coach in which one of his sons (who afterwards attained some eminence as a surgeon) was sitting, and without speaking a word struck him a heavy blow in the face. The young man ordered the coach to stop, and as he alighted turned to the astonished passengers and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, that is my father."

But to return to Charles's *début*. Peake, writing of this period in the "Memoirs of the Colman Family," says, "Colman was fortunate this year in the engagement of Mr. Charles Young from Manchester, who proved himself for many succeeding years an actor of sterling merit, a perfect gentleman in his manners, and a most delightful companion in private life. Mr. Young was indeed an honor to his profession." What the companies of the Haymarket Theatre were like at this period I have endeavored to show in a previous article.* Boaden, in his "Memoirs of the Kembles," gives the following notice of his first appearance:—

My amiable and accomplished friend Mr. R. Westall, I remember, begged that we might see this *début* together; he had a side box at the Haymarket on that night, and we received very great satisfaction from that able and judicious actor. Confessedly, however, it was the Hamlet of Kemble; discriminated only by the personal perfections, or, if you will, imperfections of the performer. It was not so philosophic, but more solemn; there was more vehemence and less pathos; the volume of voice was great, and of good tone, but the articulation was not nice, and he labored under a lisp whenever the letter *s* occurred. But there was great ardor, vast animation, powerful action, untiring energy, good sense.

He played a round of characters: Don Felix in "The Wonder," Rolla in "Pizarro," Penruddock in "The Wheel of Fortune," Petruchio, "The Stranger," and Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest," with considerable success. The following year, 1808, he received an offer to join the Covent Garden company for the ensuing winter at £18 per week and a benefit.

Harris thinks [wrote Colman, between whom

* "The Colmans," *Temple Bar*, April, 1876.

and the tragedian there had sprung up a strong intimacy] that a little interval between the close of the Haymarket and the opening of the grand winter warehouse would be politic. I think so too. He proposes you fill up your hours as pleases you best; either by sitting still in town, or playing in the country, till towards the end of November, at which period he wishes you to appear at Covent Garden with all due honors, beginning from that time on a regular engagement for three years at the salary of £18 a week, a benefit each year being of course included, which benefit, from your salary, will rank as one of the very earliest ones. My opinion is you should certainly accept the offer. . . . The fullest assurances are given that you shall be treated with the utmost candor and fairness, and with every attention to your fame, of which assurances I have no doubt. After all this, I say, close with this liberal offer.

John Kemble was of course the paramount power at Covent Garden, Cooke was also one of the company, yet Young held his ground firmly, played Hamlet three times to Kemble's four, Othello to Cooke's Iago; Reuben Glenroy, Sir Edward Mortimer, Macbeth, Beverley, Lord Townley, etc. He achieved his greatest success, however, in Kemble's celebrated revival of "Julius Cæsar" (1812), of which Mr. Julian Young gives the following vivid description:—

One would have imagined [he says] that the invariable white toga, common to all the male performers, beautiful as it is when properly worn and tastefully adjusted, would have rendered it difficult, at first, for any but frequenters of the theatre to distinguish, in the large number of the *dramatis personæ* on the stage, John Kemble from Daniel Terry, or Charles Young from Charles Kemble. Whereas I feel persuaded that any intelligent observer, though he had never entered the walls of a theatre before, if he had but studied the play in his closet, would have had no difficulty in recognizing in the calm, cold, self-contained, stoical dignity of John Kemble's *walk* the very ideal of Marcus Brutus; or in the pale, wan, austere, "lean and hungry look" of Young, and in his quiet and nervous *pace*, the irritability and nervous impetuosity of Caius Cassius; or in the handsome joyous face, and graceful joyous tread of Charles Kemble, his pliant body bending forward in courtly adulation of "great Cæsar," Mark Antony himself; while Fawcett's sour, sarcastic countenance would not more aptly portray "quick-mettled" Casca, than his abrupt and hasty stamp upon the ground when Brutus asked him, "What had chanced that Cæsar was so sad?"

Many people even said that the Cassius was superior to the Brutus. Young always had a great admiration for John Kemble, who was undoubtedly the model upon

which he formed his style; and the latter seems to have been partial to his young rival and *confrère*. The last time they played together was in "Julius Cæsar." After the play Kemble entered Young's dressing-room, and presented him with several "properties" he had worn in favorite characters, and begged him to keep them in memory of their having fought together, alluding to the battle of Sardis in the play. "Well," he said, "we have often had high words together on the stage, but never off." On Young saying something that touched him he caught hold of his hand, wrung it in his and then hurried from the room.

In 1821 his son not being old enough for admission to Oxford, he proposed to give him three years at the University of St. Andrews, and wrote to his old friend Scott upon the subject. Thereupon he received an invitation to visit Abbotsford for a few days, bring the boy with him, and talk over the matter with Lockhart. Mr. Julian Young gives a capital account of this visit in his journal, from which we will make one or two extracts.

As we turned into the gate and were being driven round towards the stables my father jogged my elbow, and told me to look to the right. On doing so I perceived, at a table in a window, a figure busily engaged in writing, which was none other than the "Wizard's" self. I saw his hand glibly gliding over the pages of the paper; the hand whose unwearied activity had dispensed pleasure to many thousands, etc.

They are shown into the dining-room, where breakfast is prepared.

It was not long before we heard the eager tread of a stamping heel resounding through the corridor, and in another second the door was thrown open, and in limped Scott himself. Although eight-and-forty years have passed away since that memorable morning the great man's person is as palpably present to me as it then was in the flesh. His light-blue, waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by its overhanging penthouse of straw-colored, bushy eyebrows, his scant, sandy-colored hair, the Shakespearian length of his upper lip, his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both, his abrupt movements, the mingled humor, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile, all recur to me with startling reality. He was dressed in a green cutaway coat, with brass buttons, drab vest, trowsers, and gaiters, with thick shoes on his feet, and a sturdy staff in his hand. He looked like a yeoman of a better class; but his manner bespoke the ease, self-possession, and courtesy of a highly-bred gentleman. Nothing could exceed the winning

cordiality of his welcome. After wringing my father's hand, he laid his own gently on my shoulders, and asked my Christian name. As soon as he heard it, he exclaimed with emphasis, "Why, whom is he called after?" "It is a fancy name in memoriam of his mother." "Well, it is a capital name for a novel, I must say." This circumstance would be too trivial to mention, were it not that in the very next novel which appeared by the author of "Waverley," the hero's name was Julian. I allude of course to "Peveril of the Peak."

Here is an anecdote of Lady Scott, whose want of appreciation of the genius of her husband quite "startled" the writer:—

My father had been admiring the proportions of the room and the fashion of its ceiling: when observing his head uplifted, and his eyes directed towards it, she exclaimed in her droll Guernsey accent: "Ah, Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses on the ceiling as long as you like, but you must not look upon my poor carpet, for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense books and buy me a new one."

After passing the day in a very agreeable manner, exploring, shooting, etc., dinner being over, and the gentlemen having partaken of their quantum of wine, —

They withdrew to the armory for coffee, when the ladies joined them. In the centre of a small, dimly-lighted chamber, the walls of which were covered with morions, and claymores, and pistols, and carbines, and cuirasses, and antique shields and halberds, etc., etc., each piece containing a history in itself, sat the generous host himself, in a high-backed chair. He would lead the conversation to the mystic and supernatural, and tell us harrowing tales of glamor and second sight and necromancy; and when he thought he had filled the scene enough, and sufficiently chilled our marrows, he would call on Adam Fergusson for one of his Jacobite relics, such as, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?" or "The Laird o' Cockpen," or "Wha' wad na fecht for Charlie?" and these he sang with such point and zest, and such an undercurrent of implication, that you felt sure in what direction his own sympathies would have flowed had he been out in the '45. When he had abdicated the chair my father was called upon to occupy it, and he gave from memory the whole of "Tam o' Shanter."

He relates several anecdotes of Scott's indifference, and even dislike, to music of a higher class. At a dinner at Lockhart's, while two young ladies with fine voices were singing French and Italian duets in a most charming manner, he describes him as sitting absent and abstracted, his chin resting on his crutch stick, and his countenance betokening "a sad civility."

Presently Mrs. Lockhart began to play upon her harp "Charlie is my darling." The effect was electrical: his whole countenance lighted up in a moment, "he sprang from his chair, limped across the room, and to the peril of those within his reach, brandishing his crutch, shouted forth with more vigor than melody, 'And a' the folk cam running out to greet the chevalier. Oh, Charlie is my darling,' etc."

Young remained at Covent Garden until 1822. His salary had been raised to £25 a week, but in that year the great attraction of Edmund Kean at Drury Lane so lowered the receipts of the rival house that a general reduction of salaries was proposed, and Young was informed that from that time the management could not afford to give him more than £20 a week. He refused to submit to the proposal. The Drury Lane managers hearing of this immediately offered him £50 a night, the same sum they were paying Edmund Kean, to perform three nights a week for nine months. The offer was immediately accepted, and bills were forthwith posted all over London, announcing that Edmund Kean and Charles Young would appear together in "Othello." Places were secured six weeks in advance, and the excitement between the partisans of the two tragedians was enormous; for here were the representatives of the two opposing schools—the classic and romantic, into which the theatrical world was divided—brought face to face, thus affording a fine opportunity for impartial judgment upon their several merits.

Since Quin and Garrick, or Garrick and Barry [says Dr. Doran]* no conjunction of great names moved the theatrical world like this. Both men put out all their powers, and the public profited by the magnificent display. Kean and Young acted together—Othello and Iago, Lothaire and Guiscard, Jaffier and Pierre, Alexander and Clytus, Posthumus and Iachimo, eliciting enthusiasm by all, but none so much as by Othello and Iago.

The *Examiner* critic, writing of this performance, characterizes Kean's acting as infinitely surpassing all his former efforts:—

How shall we convey [he says] an idea of these performances to those who were not present at them, and who will, we greatly fear, never have another opportunity of seeing such? For it is not in human nature to reach the pitch of excellence attained by Mr. Kean on the two occasions, without some extraordinary, involuntary stimulus, or sustain itself

there for any length of time even with that stimulus.

It had been arranged that they should alternate these two parts, but after playing Iago to Young's Othello, Kean refused to comply with this condition.

"I will rather throw up my engagement," he said, "and you may seek your redress in the law courts. I had never seen Young act. Every one has told me he could not hold a farthing rushlight to me, but he can! He *is* an actor, and though I flatter myself he could not act Othello as I, yet what chance should I have in Iago after him with his d— musical voice? I tell you what: Young is not only an actor, such as I did not dream him to be, but he is a gentleman. Go to him; tell him then from me that if he will allow me to keep Othello and Jaffier I shall esteem it a personal obligation. Tell him he has made as great a hit in Iago as ever I did in Othello."

But Kean could never reconcile himself to a rival, and he was particularly irritable against Young. "How much longer am I to play with that Jesuit?" he demanded of the managers. So excessive was his jealousy that even the triumph of a foreign actor was insupportable to him. While at Paris he went to see Talma in Orestes. The ovation was tremendous; Kean was of course loud in his praises. "Ah," replied Talma, "if you are so pleased with Orestes, you must see me to-morrow night in Cinna; that is a far finer performance." When they returned home Mrs. Kean was enthusiastic in her praises of the great French tragedian. The next morning her husband quitted Paris; he could not endure to witness such a second triumph.

In 1823 Young returned to Covent Garden. A twelvemonth before the managers had lost his services for a paltry £5 a week; they were now glad to give him his Drury Lane salary, £50 per night, and from that time he never received a less sum. In 1828 he essayed Cooke's great part, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, with decided success. And in the same year he played Rienzi in Miss Mitford's tragedy of that name. Strange to say, in an age that was so fruitful in dramatic writing, good, bad, and indifferent, while Kean, the Kembles, and even Macready, then only just rising out of obscurity, had authors more than enough to write for them, Young continued only to repeat the old parts or perform such new ones as did not rise in importance above two or three others in the same play.

* He is writing also of his appearance with Booth.

In 1829 he received an offer from the United States of £12,000 for a ten months' engagement, but having already made up his mind to retire, and being in a position to regard with indifference even so tempting a bait, he declined it. His farewell benefit took place at Covent Garden on May 31, 1832, and Hamlet, the part he had chosen for his *début* at the Haymarket twenty-five years before, he selected to take his final leave of the London public. In honor to him, Mathews appeared as Polonius, Macready as the ghost. So great was the demand for places that the orchestra was converted into stalls, an almost unprecedented thing in those days of an uninvaded pit. The receipts were £643, and £81 were returned to those who were unable to find even standing room.

The following account of his retirement is copied from the *Examiner*, for June 3, 1832:—

Mr. Young took his farewell of the stage by performing for his benefit the character of Hamlet, on Wednesday last, to a house literally crammed. The noise arising from the uneasiness occasioned by this close packing prevented a considerable portion of the play being heard; but the last performance of this accomplished actor was, notwithstanding, greeted with every manifestation of applause. At the conclusion of the tragedy, Mr. Young delivered his farewell address. He expressed his gratitude for the great and continuous kindness shown him by the public for five-and-twenty years. He had shared their applause with a Kemble, a Siddons, a Cooke and an O'Neil, and still to the last hour of his theatrical life found himself cheered and supported by their approbation. It had been asked why he retired from the stage while still in possession of all his faculties unimpaired. "I will give you my motives," he said, "although I do not know that you will receive them as reasons; but reason and feeling are not always cater-cousins. I feel the excitement and toil of my profession weigh more heavily upon me than formerly; and if my qualifications are unimpaired so I would have them remain. I know that they were never worthy of the approbation with which you honored them; but such as they are I am unwilling to continue before my patrons until I can offer them only tarnished metal. Permit me then to hope that on quitting this place I am honorably dismissed into the bosom of private life, and that I shall carry with me the kindly wishes of all to whom I now respectfully and gratefully say — Farewell."

He survived his retirement twenty-four years, dying in 1856, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. A letter written to his son by a lady who knew him well, thus

eloquently and pathetically describes the closing years of his life:—

His gifts and accomplishments were various. His musical taste, his melodious voice, his wide range of anecdote, his extensive knowledge of life, his humorous power of portraying character, his arch, droll, waggish ways and stories, lent to his companionship a charm, which rendered him a desired guest in many of the stateliest houses of our aristocracy, where young men and maidens would gather round him eagerly: the one to discuss the incidents of the "run," and the comparative merits of dogs and horses (for your father, as you know, rode well and delighted in the chase); the other to beg for hints over their song-books, and to listen to his exquisite recitations; while all of every age and degree could thoroughly enjoy the waggery of his spirits, and join in the laughter called forth by his innocent peculiarities. He had a somewhat stately manner, tinged no doubt by the old dramatic element, which was so pronounced in him—and so far he was certainly artificial—but this was eagerly distinguished from his true nature, so that it only imparted a kind of grotesque flavor to his quaint, and sometimes grandiloquent, treatment of trifles. As time ran on, and the black hair became silvered, and the Roman features lost something of their classic sternness, and the well-balanced figure began to stoop, a deeper tenderness and seriousness gave new interest to his character. Naturally he had a devout frame of mind; and now he declined reading any of the lighter literature of the day, and confined himself to meditation on the sublimer mysteries of the Christian faith, with the simple heart of a little child. . . . His person was well known at Brighton, where he passed the decline of his days. Friends in plenty clustered round his couch, or gladly sat with him in the gloaming, as he hummed his songs of the olden time, for his piano was a never-failing resource, a beloved companion up to within a few hours of his death. He had a faithful heart for humble friends, and those who had known him through his upward career were cherished by him to the last, and remembered in his parting bequests. Many were the acts of large and thoughtful liberality that signalized his life throughout long years, and which became known only when infirmity and failing memory obliged him to lean on others as his almoners. By the side of his sick bed stood a little mahogany table with an ever-opening drawer, into which the large white hand would be thrust as oft as any tale of sorrow or application for help reached his ears. "What will ye have?" was the only question asked, and out came the gold and silver without stint; and "Mind ye let me know when ye want more for the poor creatures!" was sure to be his parting injunction. . . . I have often wished that Gainsborough or Sir Joshua could have drawn him as he sat in his richly brocaded dressing-gown and black velvet cap, with the

dark eyes gleaming from beneath the great eyebrows; the snowy hair, and grave serene mouth firmly closed, until some sally of nonsense from one of his grandsons, or some stray joke from an odd nook in his own memory, would light up the old face with the rippling sunshine of mirth, and show how light a heart he carried beneath the burden of fourscore years. . . . To those who did, and who count it a joy forever to have loved and been loved by him, I commend his dear memory. He wore the grand old name of gentleman unsullied to the end, and died in the fulness of his years beloved, honored, and lamented.

Many anecdotes are related of his love of fun, and of that practical joking which was one of the favorite amusements of the time. He was always abusing Meadows, who resided at Barnsbury, for living so far from the theatre, and every time they met it was, "Well, Meadows, where do you live now?" One day he was riding towards Regent Street, when he saw the comedian in front of him. Raising his voice (and it was a most powerful organ) he shouted out, "Meadows, where do you live?" "At No. — Belgrave Square," cried out the actor, and quick as lightning disappeared up Jermyn Street, "before," says Planché, to whose "Recollections" we are indebted for this anecdote, "an emphatic impeachment of his veracity rolled like thunder over the heads of the amazed, but amused pedestrians from Waterloo Place to Piccadilly." "The last time he called upon me (Planché), he left his card, upon which was inscribed, 'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock!'"

He was received as a guest at the houses of the highest aristocracy. Once while hunting (his favorite exercise) with the Earl of Derby, he was thrown from his horse and picked up insensible. That night he was to play King John, at Covent Garden. The play had to be changed. But nevertheless there appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, next day, an elaborate critique, which pronounced an unqualified condemnation upon the performance. We have heard of similar cases, even in this enlightened era. He was an especial favorite with Lord Essex. They were so much together, and on such intimate terms, that Poole, being asked what Englishmen he had seen in Paris, replied, "Only Lord Young and Mr. Essex."

In his life and habits he was most abstemious. His son tells us that he subsisted one whole season upon carrot soup, and a pint of porter per day, another, upon two mutton chops, bread, and a pint of dry

sherry. Writing from Dublin during one of his engagements in that city, he says that except on three days, when he dined with the lord-lieutenant and the chancellor, he had been "rioting on boiled fowl, mashed potatoes, and a pint of weak brandy and water per diem"! Living so many years alone he naturally acquired eccentric habits, of some of which his son gives a very amusing account: —

He considered humidity the besetting sin of our insular climate; and thought it therefore expedient to counteract its effects by scientific rule. He had but little scientific knowledge, and as I have less than none, I will not attempt to define what I do not understand; but he *talked* much of the benefits of the rarefaction of the air by means of heat. The practical results of his theory I could understand when I would enter his bedroom in the middle of July, at night-time, and see a perfect furnace blazing up the chimney; his bedroom candle, lighted, on a chest of drawers; two wax candles lighted on the chimney; two lighted on his toilet-table; a policeman's lantern lighted for the night; and the handle of a warming-pan protruding from his bed and remaining there till he was prepared to enter it.

Among other peculiarities of taste, he preferred the town to the country, loved streets and shops and hated green lanes; preferred adulterated articles to pure ones; manufactured champagne to the juice of the grape, etc. He had a horror of a home-baked loaf, and never went into the country without making a descent upon a baker's shop, "and filling the carriage with white, vicious, alummy bread, sufficient to have lasted our household through a siege of moderate duration." He would never have his fires lit with any other wood than certain prepared chips, covered with resin, which he carried about in huge stacks.

As an actor he belonged to the classic school of Kemble, but his style was more natural than that of his master.

I cannot help thinking [says the Vicomte de Soligny] what a sensation Young would have created had he belonged to the French instead of to the English stage. With a voice almost as rich, powerful, and sonorous as that of Talma; action more free, flowing, and various; a more expressive face, and a better person, he would hardly have been second in favor and attractions to that greatest of living actors.

When he and Kean acted together, the contrast must have been remarkably striking; the chiselled face, fine figure, and musical voice of Young, against the gipsy

features, diminutive form, and hoarse tones of his rival. But one flash of Edmund's marvellous eyes could thrill the audience more than all the stately finished elocution of the other. Mr. Fitzgerald has well defined Young's position in his profession, when he says ("Life of the Kembles") he "does not light up an era." His name is not associated in our minds with a new starting-point in theatrical annals, as that of Bètterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and even Macready. But for all that he must have been an admirable actor, even when placed among so many brilliant stars as adorned the stage in his time. What a luminary would be such a one now could he shine upon us! That he had the instincts of a true artist is sufficiently proved by the following anecdote.

One day when conversing with a friend on the importance of an actor possessing the power of realizing a character, he mentioned that in his early career while playing Othello, the struggle in his mind between his love for his wife and the sense of wrong she was supposed to have done him so overwhelmed him, that after smothering her he was in such an ecstasy of remorse and misery, that he flung himself upon the bed, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and was only recalled to the fact that the murder he had committed was not a reality by the rapturous applause of the audience.

Under the date of July 5th, 1856, Macready recorded in his diary:—

Read with deep emotion the death of Charles Mayne Young, aged 79. My struggle in professional life was against him, and for several years we were in rivalry together, disliking of course, but still respecting one another. I am now the only one left of the men who made up the artistic constellation at Covent Garden. The news of Young's death yesterday depressed me more than those who had witnessed our contention for the prize of public favor could have conceived. I had a very sincere respect for him. No two men could have differed more in the character of their minds, in their tastes, pursuits, and dispositions; but his prudence, his consistency in his own peculiar views, and the uniform respectability of his conduct, engaged and held fast my esteem for him, from the time that the excitable feelings of immediate rivalry had passed away.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

AT breakfast next morning, Lady Sylvia appeared as cheerful as possible. She was quite talkative; and was more charmed than ever with the beauties of the Rhine. No reference was made to that little incident of the previous evening.

She had been schooling herself as usual. Was it not natural for him to show some resentment at this foolish schoolgirl notion, of presenting a 1,000*l.* bank-note to her father? Her husband could not be expected to share in her romantic notions. He was a man of the world. And had he not shown his generosity and unfailing consideration in not only assenting to her proposal, but in going off to conceal his natural disapproval? Her woman's eyes had been too quick; that was all.

On the other hand, Balfour, delighted to find his young wife in such good spirits, could not think of reviving a matter which might lead to a quarrel. She might give her father the thousand pounds, and welcome. Only he, Balfour, would take very good care, as soon as he got back to England, that that was the last application of the kind.

Now the truth was, there had been no such application. Lord Willowby had written to his daughter, and she had received the letter; but there was not in it a single word referring to money matters. A simple inquiry, and a simple explanation, would have prevented all this unpleasantness, which might leave traces behind it. Why had not these been forthcoming? Why, indeed! How many months before was it that Balfour was urging his sweetheart to fix an early day for their wedding, on the earnest plea that marriage was the only guarantee against misunderstandings? Only with marriage came perfect confidence. Marriage was to be the perpetual safeguard against the dangers of separation, the interference of friends, the mischief wrought by rumor. In short, marriage was to bring about the millennium. That is a belief that has got into the heads of a good many young people besides Mr. Hugh Balfour and Lady Sylvia Blythe.

But as they were now quite cheerful and pleased with each other, what more

was wanted? And it was a bright and beautiful day; and soon the steamer would be coming up the river to take them on to Coblenz, that they might go up the Moselle. As they stood on the small wooden pier, Lady Sylvia, looking abroad on the beautiful panorama of crag, and island, and river, said to her husband in a low voice,—

"Shall we ever forget this place? And the still days we spent here?"

"I will give you this advice, Sylvia," said he. "If you want to remember Rolandseck, don't keep any photograph of it in England. That will only deaden and vulgarize the place; and you will gradually have the photograph dispossessing your memory picture. Look, now, and remember. Look at the color of the Rhine, and the shadows under the trees of the island there, and the sunshine on those blue mountains. Don't you think you will always be able to remember?"

She did not look at all. She suddenly turned away her head, for she did not wish him to see that her eyes had filled. It was not the last time she was to look at Rolandseck—or rather at the beautiful picture that memory painted of it—through a mist of tears.

"Hillo!" cried her husband, as they were stepping on board the "Kaiser Wilhelm," "I'm hanged if there isn't Billy Bolitho!"

"Who is he?" said she, timidly; her first impulse was to shrink from meeting any stranger.

"Oh, the best fellow in the world!" said Balfour, who appeared to be greatly pleased. "He is a Parliamentary agent. Now you will hear all that's been going on. Bolitho knows everybody and everything; and besides, he is the best of fellows himself."

Mr. Bolitho, with much discretion, did his utmost to avoid running against these two young people; but that was of no use. Balfour hunted him up, and brought him along to introduce him to Lady Sylvia. He was an elderly gentleman, with silvery white whiskers, a bland and benevolent face, and remarkably shrewd and humorous eyes. He was very respectful to Lady Sylvia. He remarked to her that he had the pleasure of knowing her father; but, as Balfour put in, it would have been hard to find any one whom Mr. Bolitho did not know.

And how strange it was, after these still days in the solitude by the Rhine, to plunge back again into English politics! The times were quiet enough in England

itself just at the moment; but great events had recently been happening, and these afforded plenty of matter for eager discussion and speculation. Lady Sylvia listened intently; was it not part of her education? She heard their guesses as to the political future. Would the prime minister be forced to dissolve before the spring? Or would he not wait to see the effect on the country of the reconstruction of the cabinet, and appear in February with a fascinating budget, which would charm all men's hearts, and pave the way for a triumphant majority at the general election? All this she could follow pretty well. She was puzzled when they spoke of the alleged necessity of the prime minister seeking re-election on assuming the office of chancellor of the exchequer; and she did not quite know what league it was that was likely to oppose—according to rumor—the re-election at Birmingham of a statesman who had just been taken into the cabinet. But all this about the chances of a dissolution she could understand pretty well; and was it not of sufficient interest to her, considering that her husband's seat in the House was in peril?

But when they got into the *personnel* of politics she was lost altogether. There were rumors of a still further reconstruction of the ministry; and the chances of appointments falling to such and such people brought out such a host of details about the position of various men whose names even were unknown to her that she got not a little bewildered. And surely this garrulous, bland old gentleman talked with a dreadful cynicism about public affairs—or rather about the men engaged in them. And was not his talk affecting her husband too? Was it true that these were the real objects which caused this man to pose as a philanthropist and the other to preside at religious meetings? She began to find less and less humor in these remarks of Mr. Bolitho. She would like to have carried her husband away from the sphere of his evil influence.

"I suppose now, Balfour," said he, "you have been taking a look round? You know, of course, that Ballinascreen will make short work of you?"

"Yes, I know that," said the other.

"Well," said Mr. Bolitho, "they say we sha'n't know what the Government mean to do until Bright's speech in October. I have a suspicion that something besides that will happen in October. They may fancy a bold challenge would tell. Now, suppose there was a dissolution, where would you be?"

"Flying all over the country, I suppose — Evesham, Shoreham, Woodstock, Harwich, anywhere — seeing where I could get some rest for the sole of my foot."

"If I were you," said Mr. Bolitho, "I would not trust to a postponement of the dissolution till the spring. I would take my measures now."

"Very well, but where? Come, Bolitho, put me on to a good thing. I know you have always half-a-dozen boroughs in your pocket."

"Well," said Mr. Bolitho to Lady Sylvia, with a cheerful smile, "your husband wishes to make me out a person of some importance, doesn't he? But it is really an old coincidence that I should run across him to-day; for, as it happens, I am going on to Mainz to see Eugy Chorley, and that is a man of whom you might fairly say that he carries a borough in his pocket — Englebury."

"That's old Harnden's place — what a shame it would be to try to oust the old fellow!" said Balfour.

"Oh, he is good for nothing!" said Mr. Bolitho, gaily. "He ought to be in a bath-chair, at Brighton. Besides, he is very unpopular; he has been spending no money lately. And I suppose you have got to oust somebody somewhere if you mean to sit in the House."

"But what are his politics?" said Lady Sylvia, to this political pagan.

"Oh, nothing in particular! Formerly, if there was a free fight going on anywhere, he was sure to be in it — though you never could tell on which side. Now he limits himself to an occasional growl."

"And you would have my husband try to turn out this poor old gentleman?" said Lady Sylvia, with some indignation.

"Why not?" said Mr. Bolitho, with a charming smile. "How many men has Harnden turned out in his time, I wonder! Now, Lady Sylvia, you could be of great use to your husband if you and he would only come straight on with me to Mainz. Mr. Chorley and his wife are at the — Hotel. He is a solicitor at Englebury — he is the great man there — does all the parochial business — is a friend of the duke's — in short, he can do what he likes at Englebury. Your husband would have to conciliate him, you know, by putting a little business in his way — buying a few farms or houses on speculation and selling them again. Or stay, this is better. Eugy wants to sell a few acres of land he himself has. I believe he stole the piece from the side of an out-of-the-way common — first had a

ditch cut for drainage, then put up a few posts, then a wire to keep children from tumbling in, then, a couple of years after, he boldly ran a fence round and cleared the place inside. I suppose no one dared to interfere with a man who had the private affairs of every one in the parish in his hands. Well, I think Mr. Chorley, when he sees all this fuss going on about enclosures, sometimes gets uneasy. Now your husband might buy this land of him."

"For what purpose, pray?" demanded Lady Sylvia, with some dignity. "Do I understand you that this land was stolen from the poor people of the village?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bolitho, coolly. "And your husband could give it back to them — make a public green of it, and put up a gymnasium. That would have to be done after the election, of course."

"And how do you propose that I should aid my husband?" asked Lady Sylvia. Balfour, who was listening in silent amusement, could not understand why she grew more and more chill in her demeanor.

"Oh," said Mr. Bolitho, with a shrewd smile, "you will have to conciliate Mrs. Chorley, who is much the more terrible person of the two. I am afraid, Lady Sylvia, you don't know much about politics."

"No," said Lady Sylvia, coldly.

"Of course not — not to be expected. She won't be hard in her catechising. But there are one or two points she is rather fierce about. You will have to let the English Church go."

"To let the English Church go?" said Lady Sylvia, doubtfully.

"I mean as a political institution."

"But it is not a political institution," said Lady Sylvia, firmly.

"I mean as a political question, then," said Mr. Bolitho, blandly. "Pray don't imagine that I am in favor of disestablishment, Lady Sylvia. It is not my business to have any opinions. I dare not belong either to the Reform or to the Carlton. I was merely pointing out that if Mrs. Chorley speaks about disestablishment, it would not be worth your while to express any decided view, supposing you were not inclined to agree with her. That is all. You see, Mrs. Chorley is the daughter of the great Quakeress, Mrs. Dew — of course you have heard of her?"

"No, I have not," said Lady Sylvia.

"Dear me! Before your time, I suppose. But she was a delightful old woman — the dearest little old lady! How well I remember her! She used to live in

Bloomsbury Square, and she had supper-parties every Tuesday and Friday evenings; it is five-and-thirty years ago since I went to those parties. Mrs. Dew was a widow, you know, and she presided at the table; and when supper was over she used to get up and propose a series of toasts in the most delightful prim and precise manner. She was a great politician, you must understand. And many men used to come there of an evening who became very celebrated persons afterwards. Dear me, it's a long time since then! But I shall never forget the little woman standing up with a glass of toast-and-water in her hand — she did not drink wine — and giving the health of some distinguished guest, or begging them to drink to the success of a bill before the House; and we always drank her health before we left, and she used to give us such a pretty little old-fashioned curtsy. Mrs. Chorley," added Mr. Bolitho, with a grim smile, "is not quite such another."

"But do you mean," said Lady Sylvia, with some precision, "that because Mrs. Chorley is the daughter of a Quakeress, I am to pretend to wish for the destruction of the Church of England — my own Church?"

"My dear Lady Sylvia!" cried Mr. Bolitho, with a sort of paternal familiarity, "you must not put it in that way."

But here Balfour interposed, for he perceived that she was becoming a trifle warm; and a young husband is anxious that his wife should acquit herself well before his friends.

"Look here, Sylvia," he said, good-humoredly. "I suppose neither you nor I have any very keen personal interest in that question. No doubt the Church of England will be disestablished in time, and before that time comes it will be well to prepare for the change, so that it may be effected with as little harm and as little harshness as possible. But the severance of the connection between Church and State has nothing to do with the destruction of the Church; it is a political question; and if Mrs. Chorley or anybody else is so constituted as to take a frantic interest in such a thing, why should any other person goad her by contradiction? The opinions of Mrs. Chorley won't shift the axis of the earth."

"You mistake me altogether, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia. "I have not the slightest intention of entering into any discussion on any topic whatsoever with Mrs. Chorley."

Of course not. She already regarded

Mrs. Chorley, and all her views and opinions, no matter what they were, with a sovereign contempt. For was it not this unholy alliance into which her husband seemed inclined to enter, that was the cause of his speaking in a slighting, indifferent manner about subjects which ought to have been of supreme importance to him? And the cheerful and friendly face of Mr. Bolitho pleased her no longer.

"Are we going on to Mainz, then?" she asked of her husband.

"I think we might as well," said he. "There can be no harm in seeing this potentate, at all events. And we can go up the Moselle another time."

So he abandoned, at a moment's notice, that voyage up the beautiful river to which she had been looking forward for many a day, merely that he should go on to see whether he could bribe a solicitor into betraying a constituency. She knew that her noble husband could never have done this but under the malign influence of this godless old man, whose only notion of the British Constitution was that it offered him the means of earning a discreditable livelihood. And she, too, was to take her part in the conspiracy.

"You know, Lady Sylvia," said Mr. Bolitho, with a pleasant smile, "there is one thing will conciliate Mrs. Chorley more than your agreeing with her about politics; and that is the fact that you are your father's daughter."

She did not quite understand at first. Then it dawned upon her that they hoped to bring Mrs. Chorley into a friendly mood by introducing that political termagant to the daughter of an earl. Lady Sylvia, who had retired into her guide-book, and would listen no more to their jargon of politics, resolved that that introduction would be of such a nature as Mrs. Chorley had never experienced before, in the whole course of her miserable, despicable, and ignominious life.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
A SLAVE HUNT IN BORNEO.

ONCE upon a time I visited Lingga Fort, in Sarawak, a post maintained for no purpose visible unless to show the modest beginnings of Rajah Brooke's sovereignty. His outposts at that time stood a hundred miles further inland. From Lingga I made excursions in search of game, with but small success. There are deer in abundance, of two sorts, not to

mention the pretty palandok, which is an antelope miscalled. Other antelopes exist, with wild cats, civets, honey bears, boars, etc. Lingga, too, is a chosen home of the mias, or orang-outan. Nests of this huge ape abound, and several times I came across his sylvan majesty crawling at a giddy height among the branches of a durian.

One morning I set out for a deer-stalking expedition, and remained several days at a ruinous shanty that stood in a maze of flowery pasture, with no bush for acres round higher than one's waist. Little hills rose about it, cleared to their tops on the hither side, but crowned with lofty trees. A charred stump here and there preserved the memory of some forest giant which Dyak ingenuity could not overthrow. But even such black witnesses were royally mantled and diademed. The million seeds which had lain in hopeless shadow, rotting beneath the canopy of leaves in a twilight which the sun could never pierce — each and all of these had sprung to life and run riot in its joy. Delicate orchids shrank and shrivelled in the glare, but sisters less shy and less beautiful replaced them. Rattans twined like snakes through the springing grass; flowery creepers ran along, climbed every bush in endless convolutions, and burst upon its topmost branches in a glory of triumphant blossom. In the moist ground stood tasselled reeds, which gently curved before hot breaths of breeze. The long grey grass moved like slow waves advancing. Through hours of intolerable heat I watched the purple shadows moving round the trees; I heard the call and twitter of a thousand birds; I saw the lazy, jaunting butterflies dance sleepily from cup to cup. Then the red sunset streamed into my valley, and closed the flowers, mist rose, the jungle lifted up its voice. And I was conscious of a great enjoyment, though of all the deer that made night musical not one could I approach by day.

Whilst I surveyed this scene one morning, a train of Malays emerged from the dusky forest and came towards my hut. Their uniform showed them to be footmen, and the articles of European comfort on their heads told of a white man with them. Presently arrived my friend Harris, the resident of a fort up country, who was travelling at leisure towards the capital on leave of absence. His business here was to destroy a mias of incredible voracity, against which piteous complaints had been brought to Lingga. The cunning of this

brute was too much for native rivalry, and the Dyaks felt naturally loth to cut down their fruit trees and thus surround him, as is their trick of catching a mias in the forest. A very pleasant day I passed with my visitor, who, I thought might be clever with monkeys, yet no better able to find a belling deer than I myself. So it proved when he accompanied me on the nightly stalk. At dawn following he departed, but just as I also set out after those deer with pertinacious hope, one of his men came back, asking the loan of my wood-knife for Harris. This implement was a ponderous, old-fashioned twelve-inch blade, a sort of Roman *gladius*, presented to me by a sympathizing relative many years before, when I was on the point of setting out on my travels.

The village to which Harris was travelling stood some twelve hours further on. He reached it in due course. Here dwelt, as officers of government were aware, a rich *nikodah*, or merchant-captain, who had found means to perform the holy pilgrimage. Such fanatics are a curse to every land, sowers of mischief and ill-will, discontented plotters for schemes impracticable, which each fellow-conspirator would oppose if he thought there was a prospect of success. Hadji Mummin was grievously suspected of practices downright treasonable. For this reason or another he did not pay Harris the courtesy of a visit, but bowed to him from the verandah of his house. This was much the handsomest residence for many miles round — a large wooden building, raised on posts, of course, with hewn-log steps to the verandah instead of the notched pole commonly used. Here, as his servants told Harris, the hadji lived with no less than fifteen helpmates. His countrymen felt partly scornful, partly indignant, and wholly jealous perhaps, at such prodigality; for it is not Malay custom, except for nobles, to take more than one wife. As for the Dyaks, they remained utterly indifferent.

There was not another building in the village at which Harris could put up with the comfort to be expected at Hadji Mummin's, but that selfish personage made no sign. When at dinner, it was casually mentioned that the hadji had been the chief sufferer by those depredations which he had come to avenge, the anger of my friend boiled up. It is no small offence in the Eastern forests for the chief man of a village to ignore the claims of hospitality, and the circumstances of this case made it flat insult. Harris was a wrathful man,

therefore. Sending a servant ahead to announce him, he climbed the hadji's steps almost before his fifteen wives had spread mats of ceremony and his slaves had lighted candles.

Hadji Mummin met him on the verandah, a fat, round, beardless man, whose face turned green under agitation. Standing between two slaves, he spoke a few words of courtesy, smiled, and held out his hand. Harris declined it, walked inside, and sat on the divan. "You have behaved to an officer of the rajah's government like a boatman, hadji," he said, brusquely—a boatman with Malays is a type of boorishness, as the cabman with ourselves.

The hadji's face paled, but he said nothing.

"You send to complain of mischief done to your plantations," Harris continued, "and when I come to assist you, no curtains are spread for me, no food is sent me—I am treated like a slave. How is this, O hadji?"

"My house is not worthy of your lordship's residence."

"And so you send me into the Dyak huts. Your house is indeed unworthy; for," continued Harris, quoting from the rhythmical code of law and ethics called the *Lontar*, "the dwelling of the churl is a sty, though it be built of gold and silver."

This speech, delivered in a low tone with perfect coolness, struck the Malays with horror. Their rules of conduct demanded that he to whom such words were addressed should run amuck, to kill or be killed. Perhaps the hadji had learned more sense in his pilgrimage—perhaps the luxury of fifteen wives had sapped his courage. He replied neither by word nor act, whilst Harris, bowing, turned to go. Be sure his eyes were about him, however, and my old knife ready to his hand. The hadji returned his salute mechanically. As Harris went out he became aware that some members of the harem had heard what passed, for loud and excited whisperings came from a curtain which bellied and twisted with the eager movements of those behind it.

The Malays followed their master back in silence, too much awed to speak. Angry words are rare in the intercourse of that strange people, though angry deeds are common enough. But after Harris had turned in, they whispered the whole night through, keeping watch over him. Nearly ten years of life in Borneo had taught my friend all the risk of speaking

as he had, but it had taught him also that there was little to fear that night. A late comprehension of injured honor might cause the old polygamist to massacre his wives and those about him, but not to seek his foe. Such is the oddest feature of that extraordinary madness called the *meng amok*.

Though, for the sake of his own dignity, Harris would have preferred to leave the mias in tranquil possession of the hadji's fruit, as the rajah's officer he was bound to resist a petty feeling. Before dawn he set out, half the Dyak population with him. Tiny warriors, clothed in their innocence alone, ran before him on the dusky path; the mothers of a generation still to be ran as fast and screamed yet louder—these had a foot of brass wire or so for raiment. Such a hullabaloo did their united voices raise, that Harris sternly dismissed the whole contingent, and went on with his Malays and guides alone. An instinct transmitted by ages of oppression still forbids the Dyak to make clearings round his house. He would hide both himself and the fruitful evidence of his industry. Daylight could not steal through the thick canopy of leaves above the path Harris traversed until all the open ground lay clear in the white radiance of morning. Half an hour's walk brought the party to that low hill where Hadji Mummin and others had an ancestral orchard. Mangos and mangosteens were there, loquats, huge durians, lancets, rambutans, an endless list of fruit. Here, of course, dwelt the mias, and the party scattered to seek him. Harris kept the path alone, going slowly, that the hunters might keep pace with him in the thick underwood. But scarcely were they lost to sight, when a woman stepped from behind a tree, and salaamed, raising her hands above her head, and touching forehead, mouth, and bosom.

Harris stood surprised. She was dressed like the wife of a rich Malay, in silk and native cloth. The handkerchief thrown across her face revealed one fine eye and a rounded cheek. Harris guessed that he "was in" for an unpleasant scene. Sudden passions for the *tuan putih* are not quite unknown to fair Malays, and their recklessness in avowing the sentiment is apt to cause trouble.

"What is your family, *p'rumpuhan*?" asked Harris, using the formula of a people who think it insult to demand a name direct.

"I am a Milanau, and I was the slave of Hadji Mummin. He freed me by marriage, and I divorced him six months

since, but he will not let me go. Therefore I appeal to the white lord, who is an elephant, a lion," etc.

Here was a situation! In all countries where slavery exists it is the dread of white officials. No act of theirs is regarded with such universal jealousy and rage as the slightest interference with the "peculiar institution." The civil magistrate has two laws to administer, the English — often impracticable — and the recognized code of ethics. Most difficult, and indeed dangerous, it is to steer a course between these two, for they can never be reconciled, and seldom can either be evaded. Harris tried to escape his difficulty by urging the woman to return. "What will you do if free?" he asked. "You will have to work as a slave."

"I can go to my own people," she said, "or to the missionaries. The hadji ill-treats me because I will not join El Islâm, for I am a Christian baptized. The Sulus took me as a child, and sold me from hand to hand. I ask your protection, *tuan!*"

This unexpected statement complicated matters still further. After a moment's thought, Harris called his men about him. The younger of them grinned at sight of his companion, but the elder looked for an explanation. The woman's dress and covered face showed her to be Malay of high position, and, of course, Mussulman.

Harris put the woman in the midst, and started back, very anxious and annoyed. Before they had gone half-way, the noise of an advancing crowd reached their ears. A moment afterwards, Hadji Mummin, with a dozen of his friends, burst into sight, half the Dyak village curiously following them. "There she is!" the Malays cried, and rushed forward. Fortunately the path was so narrow that Harris could bar it with his outstretched rifle. The woman screamed, and turned to run into the bush, but her guardians stopped her.

"The rajah will know of this!" hissed Hadji Mummin, with difficulty restraining those loud curses which are forbidden utterance to the Malay who respects himself. "Give me my slave, *tuan!*"

"Lead on to the village," replied Harris firmly. "We are not wild beasts, to dispute in the jungle."

Every gentleman Malay admired the dignity of this remark, which was quite in their own style. They drew the hadji back, and retired silently. It was a picturesque procession that traversed the village. The friends and servants of Hadji

Mummin, in gay head-handkerchief, jacket, tartan petticoat, and waving sash, surrounded the old man, who wore long silk robes and a turban by privilege of his trip to Mecca. Round them surged a crowd of naked Dyaks, with quick, bird-like eyes. In the wild excitement of this disturbance, they shouted, laughed, and shook their arms aloft. The coils of brazen wire, the snowy bracelets of shell, the innumerable ornaments and charms upon their naked limbs, gleamed in the sun, and jingled. Behind the Malays came Harris, very vexed, indeed, and his fortmen in jacket of blue, red sash, and white trousers. Amongst them walked the fugitive, cowering in shame and fear. The elders and the maidens of the village had assembled on their high verandahs, and looked down upon the bustling street. It was a great day for Sabuyong.

At the council lodge of the Dyaks, Mummin halted. Harris bowed in approval, and followed up the ladder, fortmen and fugitive behind him. It was a round building, like all of its class, and in the midst hung a mass of smoke-dried human heads, strung up on a hoop, like globes of a rude chandelier. All round ran a platform of logs roughly squared, a seat by day, a bed for the unmarried men at night. On this the party squatted cross-legged, whilst Harris sat like a European in the place of honor, his men round him, and the slave out of danger at his back. The Orang Kaya, or chief of the village, with his counselling heads of households, took a watchful post, as *amici curiæ*.

It is not worth while to reproduce the pleadings, but perhaps the main contentions of the plaintiff may be thought interesting. He urged, first, that the woman was his slave, bought with his money; second, that the child born to her, whilst it freed her in a sense, did not give to an infidel the privilege of divorce enjoyed by a legal wife; third, that the ill-treatment alleged — itself a sufficient ground for interference, whether by native or English law, if proved — was an invention; fourth, that the defendant had begun an intrigue, which restored her to the state of slavery. And in evidence of this fact, he pointed out that she had left her child behind.

Upon the other side, it was argued with force, though in tones frightened and shamefaced, that the birth of her child made her either a free woman or a wife, by the law of Islâm. If the former, she exercised her natural privilege in leaving the hadji's house; if the latter, her

divorce was valid, by the same code, at a moment's notice, since she owed no dowry nor claimed any. The intrigue she denied with indignation, asking how it could be believed when her object had been to accompany the *tuan* to Kuching. If he listened to her, she knew he would recover her child; she had heard his strong words to the hadji on the night before. "If I am sent back," she cried, turning to Harris with hands outstretched, "I will throw myself from this verandah and die. Save me, *tuan*!"

In the excitement of her defence, the veil was cast aside, and she stepped from the low divan amongst them all. The Malays audibly commented on her personal appearance, with that cynic triviality which is their nature. Without being a beauty, the girl was interesting. Her loosened hair fell to the ground, and her eyelashes curled to the very cheek-bone. Like all Milanaus, she had a skin comparatively fair, and features not too irregular. Harris was still more annoyed, of course, to find that his *protégée* had charms sufficient to set scandalous tongues wagging.

The case was pleaded on both sides, and it lay with him to decide. Plaintiff and spectators, even the defendant herself, after that outbreak, chewed betel-nut assiduously. The only motion was that of their jaws, the only sound their eternal salivation, and the light rustle of the hospitable box pushed from hand to hand along the mats. As Harris, with thoughtful dignity, put his pipe down to deliver judgment, a great paw touched his shoulder. The white-haired Orang Kaya had crept behind unnoticed, as many a time, in old days, he had crept behind an enemy. "My warriors are all armed," he whispered; "give the word, and no Malay shall be alive in ten minutes."

"The rajah knows your loyalty, Orang Kaya," Harris announced aloud. "We are all his servants, and those who are faithful obey him. To the rajah I refer this cause, and he will do justice. I shall take the woman to Kuching, and you, hadji, will follow."

Again the Malays present expected so great a chief to run amok, and again he disappointed them. The hadji turned green, his eyes rolled a little, but he wore a smile on rising. His friends regarded him with visible contempt, and crowded down the ladder unceremoniously.

There was no more thought of miasma-hunting. The hadji might be a coward, but those about him would strike a blow if

they saw the opportunity. It is not always the slave-owner who shows himself most enraged at interference with the sacred right. The very fortmen were indignant, though discipline restrained them, and their allegiance might be unaffected. Such a force is the institution of slavery for disintegrating all relations social and loyal. Harris knew every expression of his people, and reflected with some anxiety on the task before him.

When he passed the doorway of the Pangaran house, he saw all the Dyak warriors ranged below, stripped and armed for fight. The Malays stood in a little group at bottom of the ladder, afraid to advance, until the hadji suddenly pressed through them and walked towards his house between the ranks of spearmen. At a word the Orang Kaya dismissed his militia, which scattered in disappointment.

It was but three days' journey to Lingga, but the route lay through a country scarce peopled. No possible reinforcement could be expected on the track, except my rifle. For his own safety Harris had no fear, but that the woman would be stolen he entertained doubt as little. A man cannot pass three days and nights in watching, and his fortmen, true to the death as they would be in his defence, could not be relied on to prevent kidnapping. Harris considered and rejected as unworthy the idea of taking a guard of Dyaks; the uncertainty of a messenger prevented him from summoning me; and there was no garrison at Lingga to draw upon. He resolved to go by water if it was feasible. The Orang Kaya stated that the rapids which made ascent difficult at this time of year offered no serious obstacle to a canoe descending. Had it been otherwise, Hadji Mummin would never have settled in such a spot, for a Malay shut off from water traffic would pine in misery. When a large canoe had been quietly prepared, and a dozen stalwart little Dyaks sat with paddles poised, Harris suddenly announced his intention. If Hadji Mummin had planned mischief, he was disconcerted, and the fugitive reached Lingga without meeting foe or friend.

But the troubles of her guardian were not yet passed, as he knew well. To withdraw as far as Kuching even one of the six soldiers who kept formal ward at the fort would have been a grave responsibility. There was no one else to be depended on in such a case, saving, of course, the missionaries. A messenger to myself failed to discover me, for I had gone further inland, seeking those invisi-

ble deer which made themselves so distinctly audible every night. Harris had no time to lose. The Orang Kaya informed him, as agreed, that Hadji Mumin had left Sabuyong but a few hours after his departure. Leaving his charge at the fort, Harris paddled to the mission at Banting.

Needless to say that the good folks there were enthusiastic and excited about these events. Christian slaves are common enough in Sulu and even in Brunei, but they seldom are carried so far down the coast as Sarawak. With fervid courage these kindly gentlemen and ladies offered to brave all Islâm in arms if Harris would leave the girl with them; but the rashness of their proposal was displayed when he asked what escort the mission could afford him. Even for such a purpose, two Chinese youths and a Dyak boy exhausted its resources. None of these had met sights more alarming than an angry clergyman, and Harris concluded that upon the whole he would be safer without their aid. The mission had boats, however, and crews thereto belonging—people keep a boat in Sarawak, as they keep a carriage in England. Harris accepted a large one for himself, and a canoe for his charge. He could not travel with her, and he did not like to trust her with Malays. The mission ladies found him a woman to bear her company, and in process of time the chaperone turned up, only twelve hours behind time—which is near enough for a man in the East, much more a woman.

The fugitive was picked up at Lingga Fort. Harris had his own three servants, quite reliable for a row, and two Dyak chiefs of his residency, on their way to see the capital—these would certainly fight. The Malay crew of the sampan numbered six, of whom he knew nothing, and the missionaries little more. The canoe was attached by a chain; it carried three men, the ex-slave, and her attendant. Harris expected the attack to be made, if such a bold proceeding should be decided, between Lingga and the river mouth. He started, therefore, in broad daylight, and kept the middle of the stream, which is a mile and a half broad. Plenty of boats they passed, as usual, for the Batang Lupar is most frequented and populous of all the fine rivers in Borneo. Nightfall saw him at the delta, with the open sea before, and danger passed. But Harris would run no risks, and he resolved to spend each night ashore, since there was no moon to show an enemy approaching.

A wooded island rises opposite the Batang Lupar, called Trissau. As he passed it next morning Harris observed a large prau lying in the shadow of its trees. There was no one on board, but, glancing back, he saw the crew come out and clamber into her. Nothing suspicious in this, and when Harris saw the vessel hoist her sail, and scud seawards before the wind, he paid no more attention. His own course lay along shore, at just such distance as cleared him from cape to cape. The day passed without adventure, and before sunset he turned at right angles, making for the beach. His crew grumbled a little, for this proceeding entailed a heavy pull, but there was nothing to cause alarm. The night passed quietly, so did the next day and the next, on sea and shore. Many vessels were seen at a distance, and many canoes passed within hail. A straight run of three days will take a sampan from the mouth of the Batang Lupar to that of the Sarawak, but the way Harris was steering, it could not be done under a week.

On the fourth morning, an examination of the chain showed that the staple holding it was broken. Harris scrutinized suspiciously, but the fracture was quite clean, and the stolidly careless faces of the crew disarmed him. With a malediction on dishonest blacksmiths, Harris replaced the chain with a rattan, and started. It was a lovely morning. Stimulated by the bright air, the breeze, and whispering ripples of the sea, he stood out for a "longer leg" than usual. Under the same exhilarating influence, he allowed himself a nap after the fatigues and anxieties of night watching. The monotonous lap of the wavelets which rocked him, the slow creak of the sheet, and the drowsy songs of the Malays crouched for'ard, dozed him off again and again. The Dyaks woke him finally, and he sat up in alarm. All the sky to eastward lying low and black upon the sea. Sickly white sunshine glimmered lying the forward path, but the wind had fallen. Both crews were paddling eagerly for shore, which lay, a dark blue line above the water, at considerable distance. Without wasting time in reprimand, Harris ordered the mast to be unshipped. It was scarcely done when the squall descended, burst in a screech of wind, wrested the mast and threw it overboard, heeled the sampan gunwale under. Amid shouts and prayers, Harris cut the fastening of the kajongs, which whizzed headlong over the sea. Though the boat righted, such great waves uprose as threat-

ened to swamp her. They surged up in one simultaneous bound; in a moment's space the ripples swelled to ponderous hills of water. Sheets of rain skimmed along the sea, mist and spray wrapped the boat like a curtain. Thought is scarcely quicker than the change. But as that veil closed round, Harris saw, or believed he saw, a craft emerge from that whirling darkness, and shoot across their trail. He crawled hurriedly to the tow-rope—it came loose to his hand.

For half an hour they ran before the storm. A soaked mattress held by men prostrate in the bows kept the sampan spinning at an awful rate. The Malays had all stripped to swim; through teeth chattering with cold, they commended their souls to Allah, or shouted unmeaningly as inaudibly. Almost as suddenly as it had begun, the hurly-burly ceased. For some moments more the rain fell, then lightened, then gave over—the mist vanished—and from the top of mountainous rollers they saw land at fifty yards' distance; they saw also the canoe beating upset on the sands, and a large prau just making shore beside it.

Harris snatched a paddle and turned his sampan to intercept. Summoned by their master's call, Dyaks and servants seconded him, for the crew sat uncomprehending or unwilling. It was a race not ill-matched. The pursued had more men, but a heavier boat, and both together came as near the sands as it was safe to venture without waiting an opportunity. At that point the other crew suddenly leaped overboard, abandoning their vessel. Harris did not hesitate. Gripping my knife between his teeth, he plunged into the rollers, dived, found footing; blinded, buffeted, he gained the shore.

But the pursued were quicker. With a cry of fury and dismay, they watched Harris advancing. He recognized the hadji, and, grasping his knife, rushed at him. But Malays are not easily caught betwixt sea and forest. Some ran to the near jungle, others, with the hadji, dashed again through the surf, gripped their vessel tossing on the rollers, and swung themselves aboard. They caught up the paddles, those still in the water shoved, and before justice could reach them they had recovered control of their prau. Harris ran waist deep into the surf. Swung off his legs, he swam. But it was no use. The hadji leaned over and mocked him as the boat fast drew off. In the last effort of rage, Harris struck with all his might. Perhaps he injured his enemy—

for certain, he made a great gap in the edge of my knife.

"And what became of the fugitive?" asked every one in Sarawak, when this adventure was reported.

"I cannot tell," Harris used to answer. "I half think I saw some women lying in the prau, but it may have been fancy." The hadji would care very little whether his slave was recovered living or dead. If it was the former case, I pity her, for Malay laws against torture do not apply to runaways. Hadji Mummin was not heard of so long as I stopped in the country, and his fifteen wives remained, not disconsolate it was given us to understand, in a state of widowhood.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

From The Victoria Magazine.

MISS MULOCH (MRS. CRAIK).

THE year 1826 gave us, among other things and persons, the now well-known novelist Miss Muloch. This lady's works are much read, which fact is corroborated by the testimony of certain articles in the shape of well-worn, well-soiled library volumes. Her readers are culled from a wide circle. Young people agree with her because her books tend to strengthen the idea that "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream;" but this thoughtful writer appeals not to youthful sympathies only; she does not throw all the poetry of life into its spring; she remembers those seven ages of man which drew forth the eloquence of Jacques in the forest of Arden. A *paterfamilias*, little addicted to novel-reading, has been known to grow earnest in praise of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and eyes dim with age have grown dimmer still behind their spectacles, while listening to passages from the same book.

It is evident that Miss Muloch early commenced studying a thing, small enough in its way, but one which has puzzled philosophers and moralists in all ages, viz.: the human heart; it is evident also that she made rapid progress in her acquaintance with this complex piece of machinery—that she soon learnt to play upon it, to command it, and to draw from it sweet sounds and solemn symphonies, as does a skilled performer from a musical instrument, otherwise she would not have written "Olive" before she was twenty-four years of age.

The publication of "John Halifax, Gen-

tleman," in 1857, may be regarded as a landmark in the literary life of its author, who, on the occasion of her marriage in 1865, received a pleasant reminder of the popularity of this favorite novel: it took the form of a gold pen-holder, with the words "John Halifax" inscribed thereon, and expressed the appreciation of an anonymous admirer.

From a group of books published in 1866 "Christian's Mistake" stands rather prominently forward, and, among the still later products of this writer's pen, may be singled out for a few words of special notice, a little story, simple in style and charming in its simplicity, entitled "My Mother and I." It is not always given to us to see in imagination the actual scenes which have inspired our authors and which have seen them write; but just this once, reader, we can indulge in a play of fancy of the kind if you will.

In a western county of England is a certain beautiful village, Freshford by name. There the grass seems greener than elsewhere, the sky bluer, the water clearer. It is a quiet, quaint little spot, with an old-fashioned beauty quite its own; moreover it produces to perfection those specialities for which good villages are famous, viz.: the best butter and eggs, always, and the best violets, cowslips, and primroses in the season. Its air must be conducive to literary pursuits, since local embryo poets are tempted to put its beauties into print, since Sir William Napier honored it with his presence while he wrote the principal part of his "History of the Peninsular War," and since, under the influence of its freshening breezes, Miss Muloch produced the greater portion of "My Mother and I." The scene of this story is laid, partly in the village of Freshford, and partly in the classic city of Bath, close by, which, in point of fashion has, like many of its inhabitants, seen its best days. Those who have read the book and visited the places described therein, will be ready to admit that the delineations it contains are truthful as well as charming, and that the writer has been as observant as "Cap'en Cuttle" would have been under similar circumstances — that she has seen beauty and made "notes on't."

The writings of Miss Muloch, from the appearance of her first novel, "The Ogilvies," in 1849, to the publication of her last, about which reviewers have had something to say of late, present a goodly pile. They do not point to a pen, prolific as that of a Miss Braddon, for instance,

but they betoken a well-filled literary life. Individually they differ in merit, as do the works of most authors; but *en masse* they are knit together by fibres of strength which render them powerful to repel the attacks of critics. In what consists the strength of these books? Not in intellect alone, although intellect is there — nor in a faultless manner of wielding the English language, which manner is not there — nor in any wonderful fertility of imagination, for the literary blossoms we are discussing, may rather be likened to the flowers of the seringa-tree, fair and delicately tinted, than to luscious, rich-hued exotics overweighed with their own luxuriance. Whence then comes their strength? From a moral beauty which underlies and consolidates them — from the exemplification of the writer's argument that "the heart is the key to the intellect." Miss Muloch has found the key whereof she speaks. A large-hearted charity and a sublime philosophy are to be found in her books, and are always guided by a calm, clear-sighted judgment. The philosophy is not one that stops to discuss, but which pierces the often nebulous atmosphere of human reasoning, and sees beyond shafts of light; which seizes them, as it were, with the needle-point of intellectual acumen, and places them before the reader's mind — shafts of truth so fine and subtle, that, were they subjected to the breath of disquisition, they would disappear from sight as do widening circles in the water.

That our author can create character is evident. Come forward, nurse Elspie — you who are so instinct with individuality and nationality — come forth from your place among humble heroines of fiction, and testify to this. To the same effect on this subject speaks Elizabeth Hand, another servant; so, from the infant world, does the blind child Muriel; and so do Hilary, Olive, and other excellent specimens of young womanhood, scattered throughout Miss Muloch's books.

This writer is most at home when depicting humanity under its favorable aspects. Her heroines are often heroic, self-sacrificing beings, who glide about doing good, and from their virtues seem half angelic; yet we feel that they are human — that they have been drawn from life. But not always equally successful are her unamiable personages who appear now and then. One of these is Miss Gascoigne, in "Christian's Mistake." This person performs the part of disagreeable relative. Not, therefore, is she untrue to life; far

from it. But she is untrue on this account, that, being represented a lady of birth and breeding, she taunts her sister-in-law after the manner of a housemaid.

The world of fiction could not get on without its men, any more than could the world around us. The machinery of both spheres would be stopped at once if deprived of the masculine element therein. The novels we are commenting on form no exception to the rule of novels in this respect; they amply represent the *genus* man, and do it very favorably moreover. Miss Muloch's young heroes are much as other young men; but her heroes *par excellence* are not. In fact, these are not usually young men at all, but middle-aged ones, who seem to have trampled life's faults under their feet, and its follies also, except that of falling in love, which last they are prone to indulge in at a period when the interesting operation is oftener over than otherwise; in a word, they are too good, for they are generally endowed with the combined virtues of men and women, which is hardly fair, considering that we find them not so endowed in reality, or at any rate not often so. These heroes seem to gaze upon us with mild, placid eyes — to loom upon us from pedestals, like the demigods of old, and are more suggestive of the golden ages of the world, of a far-off Arcadia, than this very wicked nineteenth century of ours.

Sentiment plays the most prominent part in the writings of Miss Muloch, who seems to have made the theme her life-long study. The result is a minute analysis of almost every feeling that is ours from the cradle to the grave. These feelings are spread before us in a kind of network, delicate and dexterous as the web of a spider. Start not, reader; the simile is not ignoble, for a spider's web is a beautiful thing, particularly when seen with tender prismatic tints playing upon it. And as the sun's rays play upon the spider's web, so do the reflections of a very poetical mind color the web of human sentiment, which Miss Muloch weaves for the delectation of her readers. It is a tribute to this writer's power that she knows how to deal thus minutely with sentiment, to strain certain fibres of feeling until they nearly snap under the analytical tension to which they are subjected, and yet to preserve her muscular energy of style and thought. Only occasionally does she near the boundary line which divides sentiment from sentimentality; seldom does she cross it; but when she does do so, the result is not invigorating, and bears out our

previous comparison between her writings and the blossoms of the seringa-tree, which blossoms, be it remembered, sometimes burden the breath of June with an odor sweet but faint and rather oppressive withal.

It has been hinted above that the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is not perfect in her management of our mother tongue. Nor is she. Her style, graceful and charming as it is, too often displays a disregard of the mechanism of language. The words seem to come as they choose, leaving the sentences to take care of and shape themselves as they can: thus, the construction of these is frequently faulty and the meaning dubious. But the flaws to which we are drawing attention, dwindle to mere specks when laid to the charge of a writer who has given us so much to be grateful for as the subject of this sketch.

Miss Muloch conduces to the moral elevation, as well as to the delight of her readers, and has therefore succeeded in what should be the highest aim of the novelist; she has done good, and deserves to share the criticism once passed upon the writings of Felicia Hemans, which says that these writings are the reflections of a beautiful mind; also, she might come under the mantle of that eulogy passed by Dean Stanley over the grave of Dickens, to the effect that he, the author of "Pickwick," had never written a line, which might not with impunity be read by a little child.

ELLA.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE DOVE OF HOLY SATURDAY.

SATURDAY in Holy Week is a great holiday for the Florentines, and still more for the *contadini* or peasants, of all the country round. They come trooping into the city, all dressed in their holiday clothes, from miles and miles away. The streets are crowded with the easy-going, good-natured, laughter-loving people, who have jokes and proverbs on the tips of their tongues and know full well how to apply them. In old days spring and summer clothes were always bought on this day and the shops were decked out displaying their most tempting wares. This custom is a thing of the past, but the *colomba* or dove still speeds her fiery course down the centre of the old cathedral, and sets fire to the wonderful erection outside the great front door, of squibs, crackers, and catherine-wheels which are

piled up on an old triumphal chariot, with four clumsy wheels, on the body of which traces of painting may yet be discerned. The dove will fly at midday, but by ten o'clock the environs of the beautiful old marble Duomo are crowded, and from every quarter a never-ceasing stream of people pours in that direction. Many are the conjectures and the hopes that the dove may fly straight and well, as that indicates a good harvest, an abundant vintage, and a fine crop of olives. There is a tradition though that in the days of Napoleon I. the archbishop of Florence and his clergy were threatened with heavy pains and penalties if the dove did not fly well, and that she sped like lightning down the cord in the church, and yet the crops failed. "*Ma chi sa,*" said my informant, "*se e vero? forse nò.*" (But who knows if this be true? perhaps not.)

By dint of patience and good humor we at last got into the Duomo, which bore quite a changed aspect; every corner being crowded with people, save a narrow line down the centre, from the front door to the high altar, up which the archbishop, attended by all his clergy, was to pass, carrying the sacred fire. To get a chair was a labor of extreme difficulty, and involved an amount of diplomacy impossible to any but a Florentine. The possessor of the chairs was captured, promised many things, and disappeared in an unaccountable manner round the huge pillars. He then reappeared, bearing a pile of chairs, but the crowd separated him from us, and his chairs were seized upon by other applicants. After nine or ten frantic efforts we got our chairs, much to the amusement of an old *contadino* and his wife, who, with various small grandchildren, had come to see the *colomba*. The old man had a wrinkled, expressive face, with very bright, acute eyes and iron-grey hair, much such a face as Massacio loved to paint. He looked at us well, and then said in vernacular Tuscan, "*Chi ha pazienza ha i tordi grassi a un quattrin l'uno.*" (He who has patience gets the fat thrushes at a farthing apiece.)

We were so amused at his apt quotation of an old proverb that we made great friends, and took up his grandchildren on one of our chairs to see the show. The old woman was full of compliments and fears lest the children should be troublesome, but old Carnesecchi, as he told us his name was, had quite the old republican Florentine manners, respectful and civil, but perfectly self-possessed and valuing his own personality. He invited us to

come up to his *podere*, or farm, near Settignano, close to Michael Angelo's house, where, he said, laughing, the air is so *sottile*, so refined, that all the people are geniuses, only the world in general is not disposed to think so.

A stir in the crowd now showed that the archbishop was coming out of the Baptistry of San Giovanni, opposite the cathedral, and all heads turned towards the main door, where we soon saw the great white flag with the red cross, the flag of the people of Florence, come waving in, followed by a long line of white-robed choristers singing. Other flags followed, then the canons of the cathedral in their picturesque long robes of dark purple, with white fur hoods, and lastly the stately and handsome archbishop, with a jewelled mitre sparkling on his head and a pastoral in his hand, all chiselled and set with precious stones, made by one of the famous old artificers of the fourteenth century. The archbishop Limberti, who died of apoplexy soon after this, at the early age of forty-three, was the son of a peasant near Prato; he was handsome and exceedingly dignified in manner, a good scholar, and spoke elegant Italian; beloved and respected by all parties, he filled a difficult post with great ability. Tall, spare, and erect, he came slowly up the centre of the church, blessing the people to the right and the left as they bowed low before him. When he had passed they talked with pride of *our* archbishop, and many stories of his charity and kindness were told in the crowd.

Mass was now said at the high altar, but every one's attention seemed to be concentrated on an unsightly high white post close to the marble balustrade which surrounds the altar. To this post was fixed a cord, which, suspended in mid-air far above the heads of the people, disappeared out of the great front door, and was fastened to the chariot outside the Duomo. A small white speck was seen on the cord fastened to the pillar, which we were informed was the famous dove. When the *Gloria* had been sung a man went up a ladder with a lighted taper, which he applied to the dove. There was a great spitting and hissing, and all at once she shot forward down the cord, a streak of fire and sparks. There was a stir and hum in the crowd, and a few little screams from some of the women; the dove vanished out of the door, and then there was a series of explosions from outside, while the dove returned as fast as she had gone, and went back to the pillar of wood, where

she remained still fizzing for a few seconds.

Then all the bells of Florence, which had been silent since twelve o'clock on Thursday, began to ring merry chimes, and the great organ pealed out a triumphal melody. We made our way out of the Duomo as fast as we could, and were in time to see the last of the fireworks on the chariot; they made a tremendous noise, but as the sun shone brightly, there was not much to see. The fireworks were piled up some twenty feet high, and arranged in such a manner that only half of them go off in front of the Duomo, the other half being reserved for the corner of Borgo degli Albizzi, where the house of the Pazzi family is situated, in whose honor this custom was originally instituted. When all the squibs and crackers were finished, four magnificent white oxen, gaily decked with ribbons, were harnessed to the car, which moved off slowly with many creaks and groans round the south side of the cathedral towards the Via del Proconsolo. The crowd was immense, so we took some short cuts down the tortuous narrow streets in this old part of Florence, each of which has some passionate love-story or some dark tale of blood attached to it, and took up a favorable position opposite the entrance to the street of Borgo degli Albizzi, which is too narrow to admit the car.

The four white oxen were unharnessed and taken away, and a cord being put from the door of the Pazzi Palace to the car, another dove again flew to the fireworks, and the popping and fizzing was renewed, to the intense delight of the crowd.

The dove had flown swiftly and well this year, so the *contadini* returned home joyfully, spreading the glad tidings as they went—"La colomba è anaato bene." (The dove has flown well.)

This ceremony is connected with the old and noble family of Pazzi, whose ancestor, Pazzino de' Pazzi, so says the tradition, was the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem and plant the Christian flag. Godfrey de Bouillon, to recompense such prowess, crowned him with a mural crown, gave him his own armorial bearings, five crosses and two dolphins, and bestowed on him three stones, supposed to have come from the Holy Sepulchre. Gamurrini mentions that Pazzo de' Pazzi made a triumphant entry into Florence like a conqueror, in a magnificent chariot, and with a gallant company of youths around to do him honor.

The three stones were deposited in the

Church of St. Biagio, whence they were removed to Santi Apostoli. On the morning of Holy Saturday the archbishop, attended by all his clergy, goes to the Church of Santi Apostoli and strikes fire from these stones. He then lights a taper, which is carried in procession to the Baptistery, and then to the Duomo, where the fire is blessed, and the devout light candles at it.

Old records contain no mention of a triumphal entry of any Pazzi, or of a mural crown, and R. Malespina and Monsignor Borghini both agree that the Count of Bari gave the above-mentioned armorial bearings to the Pazzi in 1265. Travellers, too, say that the three stones are of quite a different nature from that of the Holy Sepulchre. They were probably collected on the Mount of Olives by some devout pilgrim of the Pazzi family, who brought them home as relics, and in process of time they have gained the reputation of being portions of the Holy Sepulchre.

The triumphal entry of Pazzino de' Pazzi into Florence, and his supposed progress from the seacoast to his native city were favorite subjects with the old painters, chiefly for *cassone* or wedding chests. I have seen several, good, bad, and indifferent. One of the finest is by Benozzo Gozzoli; Pazzino de' Pazzi is seated in a magnificent gold chariot, with a golden canopy over his head, drawn by two horses, whose trappings sweep the ground. He is dressed in armor, and a tabard of cloth of gold trimmed with fur; on his head is a kind of turban, surmounted by a crown. Round his chariot are crowds of splendidly-dressed youths on horseback, and behind come a troop of men in armor, and another magnificent car with ladies in it; their dresses are of gold brocade and embroidered stuffs, and long veils hang down from their curious head-dresses. One has a turban made of peacock feathers.

In front of the chariot of Pazzino de' Pazzi is another car bearing a gilt globe, and on the globe stands a winged golden figure fiddling; round this chariot are trumpeters, from whose long golden trumpet hangs square dark-blue flags, on which are emblazoned flames. The procession is opened by a square chariot bearing an enormous two-handled jar, with two large wings; out of the mouth of the jar issue flames—the sacred fire which Pazzi brought from Jerusalem. This is surrounded by pages on splendidly caparisoned horses, and groups of men in East-

ern dress. The background is a walled city with many towers, and a lovely landscape with a river winding through. People are hawking and hunting in the far distance.

Giovanni Villani, mentioning the claims of the Pazzi to be connected with this festivity, says: "The blessed fire of Holy Saturday is distributed throughout the city; an inmate from each house goes to light a taper at the cathedral, and from this solemnity arose great honor to the noble house of Pazzi through one of their ancestors, named Pazzo, who was tall and strong, and could carry a larger fascine of tapers than any one else; he was therefore the first to take the holy fire, and then he distributed it to others."

The use of the car is also explained by the Pazzi family only taking a few tapers at first, in time these were increased in number, and a car was made to carry them. The real origin of the car being forgotten, it was transformed into a trophy, and the tapers into fireworks.

Tantum ævi longinqua valet mutare vetustas!
JANET ROSS.

From The Spectator.
MR. RUSKIN'S WILL.

OF all the qualities appertaining to men, and sometimes found even in great men, the one which is becoming most rare in our days is childlikeness. We do not mean childishness, of course,—there is enough and to spare of that, particularly among politicians,—but childlikeness, the genuine simplicity of character which is not directness and not humility—being consistent occasionally with much consciousness and some innocent vanity—but is something *per se*, a combination of simplicity and effusiveness with the fearlessness which accompanies inexperience. Goldsmith possessed the quality always, and Wordsworth manifested it at times—whenever the bizarre streak in his character, his pecuniary over-frugality, was not operative—Hans Christian Andersen displayed it in annoying perfection—there was something in him, according to the best accounts, of the child's shamelessness as well as of the child's simplicity—and his friends attribute it, we do not know with what justice, to the American poet, Longfellow, but it is becoming rarer every day. The special culture of the hour, with its eternal de-

mand for self-examination, is growing more and more fatal to it, and the next generation, whether they profess to be doves or not, will not forget that Christ told them also to be serpents. It is therefore with a sense of keen intellectual pleasure that we have read the last "Fors Clavigera" in which Mr. Ruskin reveals so fully this element in his character, and in the most exquisite of English explains the ruinous theories about interest and capital on which he has acted through life; gossips away about his fortune and what he has done with most of it, and what he intends to do with the remainder; recapitulates his larger charities, and pardons a non-paying cousin a heavy debt—that cousin's life for a few weeks will be rather a burden to him—and, as it were, reads his will aloud in the market-place, quite simply and like a child, yet with an obvious trace of the feeling which the child expressed, when after refusing a second help of strawberries, she remarked, "Grandmamma, I *am* tho thatitified with mythelf." Not that Mr. Ruskin, any more than the child, is proud of the self-sacrifice incidentally involved in his acts. He has merely acted up to his idea, but having acted up to it, he has a little glow of pleasurable self-satisfaction, which he is impelled to mention to his friends,—say, three-fourths of English-speaking and cultivated mankind. "I begin to think," he mentions, "that there is something of the great man about me." He has no fear of being accounted silly, no dread any more than a favored child of want of sympathy, no notion of the half-impression of immodesty with which Englishmen, in their Philistine reticence, receive any communication about very private pecuniary affairs. He says nothing he ought not to have said—though perhaps the cousin forgiven that debt of £15,000 may feel his cheek burn a little—nothing to which the sharpest critic would object if he had said it in an autobiography to be published posthumously, and yet one reads it with a sense that the mind of the man who could say it is not as the mind of other men, that the lofty genius belongs to one who remains and will remain forever a child, a child in the Goldsmith sense, not the Harold Skimpole sense,—a child, let us add, in that highest sense in which the greatest Christian teachers have for ages made of the word a term of admiration.

Mr. Ruskin deserves, at all events, the credit of having lived up to an idea. He seems at a very early age to have imbibed a theory of which there are deep traces in

all the Asiatic creeds, which is still curiously general in Asia as a counsel of perfection, and is perhaps one reason why Asiatic money-lenders are so very hard, and which is far from unknown in England — two apparently acute City men once, in our hearing, wasted an hour in most earnest and obviously sincere defence of the theory — that it is wrong to take interest in any shape in excess of principal, that when money has once been repaid, it is morally wrong to receive any more. He has held it from the beginning, and holds it now with such force, that unless we misconceive a slightly obscure passage, he can see no good in poor Dr. Fraser, because he consents to be bishop of the paradise of percentages, yet does not rebuke the sin. Unlike most upholders of the fancy — unlike, for instance, we believe, Mr. Sillar, Mr. Ruskin's master in its propagation — the great art-critic is partly logical — only partly — and applies his theory even to rent, surrendering a valuable property in Marylebone in the following terms: "I shall make over the Marylebone property entirely to the St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence always. I have had the value of it back in interest, and have no business now to keep it any more," thus deciding against himself as the French Communist decided against the noble, — "You have had the estate, as you prove, for eight hundred years. It is time your poor neighbor had his turn." Mr. Ruskin, of course, is not quite logical, for he altogether fails to perceive that in giving away his property he performs a supreme act of ownership, asserts in the most emphatic way that he *has* the right which he disclaims, and is inconsistent with himself, as he also is in another respect. He owns some bank-shares, which because the bank has distributed or will distribute more money than they cost, have tripled in value, and he does not reject that increment as he clearly ought to do, but rather pats himself on the back on account of that one successful investment. "I'm not always," he seems to say, "such a bad business man." It is, however, absurd to expect logical consistency from a man whose rule of consistency is to think himself consistent as long as he is consistently unselfish and faithful to his notions, and Mr. Ruskin has been both. He inherited £157,000 from his father and mother in cash, besides other possessions; and partly by bad investments, — he lost £20,000 on some mortgages he had been

advised to take, and gives his bad counsellors a gently humorous slap for it; partly by gifts to poor relations, — he gave them straight out £17,000, and has had, he says, his interest in happiness, and "lost," it is his own word, £15,000 to the pardoned cousin afore-mentioned; partly by expenses on his country-house, which he puts down at £15,000; partly by gifts to Sheffield and Oxford — £14,000 — but principally by a "carefully restricted yearly spending of £5,500 for thirteen years," he has sacrificed £151,000 of his fortune, and but that his father's properties and pictures remain, and are greatly enhanced in value, would be in an unpleasant position even from his own point of view. Still, he really has acted up to his idea, and it is difficult to know whether most to wonder at the grotesque moral economic fancy which could so beguile a brain on many sides so keen, or to admire the persevering determination to do what he thought right at the risk of any consequences to himself. As it happens, his mode of life has not done him all the harm that might have been expected, for he has still £57,000 left, arising from the increased value of certain possessions, and though he at once proceeds in public to give most of this away, chucking a competence into one relative's lap as if it were a bouquet of field flowers, still he retains for himself his house, and £3,000 to be spent this year "in amusing himself at Venice or elsewhere," and £12,000 to be invested in consols, to supply the £360 a year on which a bachelor gentleman ought to live, or if he cannot, "deserves speedily to die." All this is explained in print, in letters addressed to working-men to whom he has been a benefactor, and who, though worshipping him, will probably no more understand why he thinks he must only take interest for thirty-three years, than why it seems to him perfectly reasonable to expend £3,000 in one last year of "amusing himself" at Venice or elsewhere. Could he not give that box of myrrh to the poor too? They will probably decide, with the majority, not as Mr. Ruskin decides, "I am beginning, for the first time in my life, to admit some notion into my head that I am a great man," but that he is "an utterly good one, though a little cracky," the very form of his goodness puzzling them inexpressibly. And certainly no form of goodness less like the regular English Protestant respectable Islington ideal, even when a very noble one, could be imagined. That a wealthy

man should lead a life of strenuous self-denial for others' sake, enjoying poverty and welcoming hardness of life in order that others may cease to suffer, is, fortunately, no rare spectacle in England. Nor is voluntary poverty, as a form of asceticism, a training of the whole nature, at all beyond the conception of our countrymen, or even, in some rare cases, their habitual practice; while instances of self-denial for a definite object, to perform a definite duty, are happily common enough, if only in the vulgar way of sparing in order to pay off debts owed by another. But that a man should be at once art-critic and philanthropist, virtuoso and fanatic for an inconvenient idea; that he should be sensitively alive to the sensuous luxury of art in all aspects, moved throughout his being by a glorious glimpse of color or of form, yet benevolent to extremity, that he should unite the qualities of collector and of ascetic, — this is as nearly inconceivable to them as that a man should be at once martyr and aristocrat, saint and sacerdotalist, proud to insanity of birth, fanatically haughty as to his priesthood, yet willing to lay down life in succoring the plague-stricken people whom in health he still held by some law of nature to be less than, as a cardinal and a noble, he himself was. Catholics only, and Catholics of the mystical sort, will quite appreciate the manner of man that Mr. Ruskin — if indeed his powers remain intact — must be, not Protestants of Islington. They reverence Christ as he does; but Christ in the manger, the child-Christ of Matthew Arnold and the Catholics, is not the one that they adore.

It is not worth while, perhaps, to offer a serious argument against Mr. Ruskin's conclusions. The temptation of Englishmen is not towards his views of property, his generosity, or his fanaticism for an unprofitable idea. The English world is not injured, is rather benefited, by a solitary example of a man who, keenly aware of all that wealth can give him in collecting the treasures he values, is still so utterly and yet not scornfully contemptuous, not only of accumulating, but even of preserving what he has. But as we have mentioned his statement, we may just say that we doubt whether mere abandonment of money is a virtue, whether it is not open to the objection which has always made reasoners think the self-mutilation of Hindoo ascetics morally wrong. What right have you to abandon a power which the very capacity of abandoning it shows that you can profitably use?

From The Spectator.

MICROSCOPIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

ONE of the most childlike and in its way amusing paragraphs in Mr. Ruskin's anticipatory will, is the one in which he announces that he intends for the future to live in his country-house on £360 a year. It is of course possible that he should do it, though he will find it more difficult than he expects. The taxes on his house — which cost with some rebuilding and much furniture £15,000 — the "regular repairs," which are always accidental and always recur, the renewal of carpets and the like, will cost him at least a fourth of his income, — probably much more; and a solitary gardener, to keep the place decent, will not be secured and provided with materials for less than another fourth; but still if Mr. Ruskin can put up with one servant, confine his journeys to his own feet, enjoy the simplest food, and go without good wine, the remaining half of his allowance to himself will suffice to keep him alive and in good health. The necessities of life do not cost very much, or the poor could not live at all; if there are no servants, there is little waste; and to many a clergyman as cultivated as Mr. Ruskin, though not as sensitive to the beautiful, the position he says he is about to assume would seem to be too luxurious. The clergyman, however, has been trained to a virtue which Mr. Ruskin, we should fear, does not possess, which is most difficult for the rich to acquire, and which is in our day perhaps the most distinctive mark of the cultivated poor, — the economy of loose silver. There is no differentia between the well-to-do and the poor which is more marked than that between their habitual conduct as regards the minor expenditures of daily life. The one has acquired a second nature, an instinct of self-defence which the other never missed. The poor man has learned by hard experience the great truth that a shilling a day is £18 5s. a year, that ten shillings a day is more than a curate's salary, and that if he indulges himself in the least in the use of the "silver key," which makes all doors so easy and daily life so smooth, all the pinching economy in his home will go for nothing. The margin between his income and his necessary expenditure which he strives so hard to create will disappear at once in an endless outflow of money for which he has nothing to show. The rich man, on the contrary, unless frugal by nature to a degree unusual among his

kind, spends shillings almost without knowing it, merely to facilitate his movements or help to pass his day, and would be utterly astonished if he ever put down his yearly outgoings in mere silver in a formal account. He would hardly believe his eyes, and would resolve upon a retrenchment, which, nevertheless, he would find more difficult than almost any serious economy. It is much easier to lay down a carriage than to abstain from taking a cab, much less annoying to do without wine than to drink Gladstone claret, far less worrying to cease to entertain, than to cease to over-reward every man who does you some slight service. There is no retrenchment so difficult to a man who has been rich, or even well off, as economy in silver, and no extravagance so tempting to a man who has risen to a fair income, and perhaps increased his weight, and with it the indolence of his natural temperament, as extravagance in shillings. The sum which is yearly spent in this way, more especially in London, by men who do not wish to be wasteful, but who are not severely self-restrained as to their expenditure, would appear to poorer men, anxious to keep up appearances and lead the refined life upon small means, almost incredible, and we are not sure that they would not condemn it as also slightly wicked. It seems so hard to them that an income should be allowed, so to speak, to perspire away. We have known professional men in London, men earning their own incomes, who did not intend to be extravagant, and in great matters were even frugal, who had no especial reason for being in a hurry, and who were quite capable of self-denial, spend two-thirds of Mr. Ruskin's supposed income in cabs alone, and throw away double the sum in outlays for which they had nothing to show, and which indeed they were wholly unable to remember. Of course, it is the young and rich who are the most guilty in this way, but this form of extravagance is constantly found among men who are not thoughtless, who are earning their own living, and who would be rather shocked if they were told that they squandered in meaningless indulgences as much as would keep a respectable family in comfort. It is a great bore to be walking when one is in a hurry, and one is always in a hurry to avoid a tedious walk. Two or three cigars a day cannot matter much, and they yield a tranquillity of spirit and provide an exemption from ennui which are worth all the money. A lunch at the club is not

necessary, but still it is pleasant, and is a great deal more "civilized" a method of taking food than eating a biscuit in office, with clients and business acquaintances always dropping in. A pint of claret a day is not injurious to health, and it is very doubtful if it is good for the stomach that the claret should be too cheap. One must see a couple of papers a day, say a *Times* and a *Pall Mall Gazette*, and take one weekly newspaper, and buy one of the tittle-tattle papers pretty regularly as one passes the book-stall. A book now and then cannot be considered wasteful, indeed, a book is always an economy; a toy of any sort, whether for grown-ups or little folk, is usually acceptable; and the gift of shillings to servants, porters, beggars, or other people who look as if they expected *douceurs*, and would be importunate if they did not get them, is very nearly a virtue, a sort of charity in everybody's opinion except that of the receiver. We have mentioned nothing in the least degree out of the way, nothing indicating a hobby, nothing for which a man earning, say, £2,000 a year, would dream of condemning himself, and yet we have mentioned expenditures almost equal to the average income of English junior clergymen. Hundreds among our readers, if they will examine their expenditure with the single-eyed keenness with which they would examine a lawyer's bill or a milliner's account, will know that the following table is for them an under-statement of the truth:—

	s.	d.
Cabs per diem . . .	3	0
Three cigars . . .	1	6
Lunch . . .	1	6
Pint of wine . . .	3	0
Newspapers . . .	0	8
Books . . .	1	0
Little purchases . . .	1	0
Vails of all sorts . . .	0	6
	<hr/>	
	12	2

The account is wholly exclusive of needless waste in dress caused by mere thoughtlessness and indifference to expense, and includes no necessary whatever except the *Times*, and yet the total amounts to more than £220 a year, or, as we said before, nearly two-thirds of the total sum which Mr. Ruskin has put down as the income on which if an English bachelor gentleman cannot live he ought to die and be done with it. We believe there are men in London by no means "rich," as riches are now counted, who spend twice the

amount, for we have put the outlay on cabs at a ridiculously low figure for those who move about much and like to move easily; and we know that expenditure of the kind, though of course more restricted, is one of the strongest temptations of young men with moderate incomes, even when they have to earn them for themselves. So strong is the tendency, that we have heard men who have been rich say that to learn the petty economies was as hard as to learn a new trade, and that the only way to acquire good habits was to put themselves in training, and regularly leave their money at home. And they have found that comparative poverty never came home to them so keenly as when they hesitated to spend their shillings, and no walk ever was so wearisome as the short one undertaken to save the expense of a cab.

The worst of this form of extravagance is that there is absolutely no cure for it, except the ever-present pressure which arises from want of means. The serious expenditures of life which come up in large bills are seriously considered, and arranged for with some exercise of judgment and forethought, but the petty expenditures come up separately, and seem so very small that avoiding them makes men not pressed for money suspicious of meanness in themselves. What can the shilling signify, even if the demand for the shilling comes upon them ten times a day? We do not know that it does signify, if they will only ascertain what it is, and distinctly recognize that the money does not come of itself, but is a heavy addition, producing little, to the annual outlay. We are by no means anxious to preach strict doctrine in the matter—though there is a doctrine, and a sound one, which condemns waste—and are quite aware that a man heavily occupied may find it to his permanent interest and peace of mind not to worry himself about small outgoings, or waste on them his faculty of self-restraint, which is wanted for much more serious affairs. Equanimity is worth buying at a high price, and fretfulness over sixpences is just as injurious as fretfulness over the slight exertions which would be necessary, nine times out of ten, in order to save the money. But we want them to recognize the fact that the unnoticed expenditure, the silver waste, is a heavy item in their outlays, one to be sharply remembered when they are calculating whether they cannot live very well indeed without a business income. They will find that

the change tasks them much more heavily, and, above all, much more constantly than they anticipated, that silver does lubricate the grooves of life quite as much as gold, that they will miss the means of small waste much more than the means of large expenditure. Mr. Ruskin is not going to live on £360 a year, or anything like it, though he fancies he is, and tells his friends so in print; but if he tried it, a week in London would show him that he did not know how, that a man accustomed to "a carefully restricted expenditure of £5,500 a year for thirteen years" could not learn in a twelvemonth how to reduce his silver waste within the limits of the whole income he has assigned himself. Good resolutions would hardly help him. Simplicity of life would scarcely protect him. Nothing would teach him, if he had not previously learned the lesson, except pressure, the pain which comes of feeling that one has outrun one's means. It is a nature which has to be acquired, not a new habit. Almost all women, owing to their dependence for money on others, possess it without effort; and perhaps one-third of all the men who have been bred up in poverty. They have no trouble in avoiding silver waste; their trouble is, when they are rich, not to let dread of the new but trivial extravagance make them anxious over-much—we never knew a man frugal on this point ever lose the instinct, though he might abjure the practice, of this form of frugality—but for the majority, the temptation, depend on it, is almost overwhelming, and the lesson of resistance among the very hardest that they have to learn. Some very good men, too, never learn it, and can no more break with their ruinous habit than toppers can with dram-drinking. They have lost the instinct of sparing shillings till real economy is impossible to them, and all dependent on them suffer, though of course with far different feelings, as if they were gamblers, drunkards, or given to sanguineness in investment. We know of at least one dead friend who, out of an income of £600 a year, never had but £300 a year to spend, the rest going in silver extravagance; and we doubt if there are many families in England where the members, looking round, will not recognize one man of the kind. Very often he is the best of the bunch, but he is, perhaps unconsciously, the victim of the grand Scotch sin. As the cabman said of the customer who over-paid him, "He waastes the mair-cies in a heathen way."

From The Spectator.

OLD OAK IN AN OLD INN.

WHEN Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins went on their "Lazy Tour" in their ironically-assumed character of "Two Idle Apprentices," they halted for a time at Lancaster, the half-way stage between London and Scotland, and they put up at the King's Arms. That comfortable, quaint old inn looks as if it might have sheltered the helter-skelterers from the north in many troublous times, and the ponderous sign suspended above its doorway might have suggested the Dragon in "Martin Chuzzlewit," had not that rampant animal creaked in its place in contemporary history long before the idle apprentices set forth upon their tour. The sojourn of the friends at the King's Arms led to the writing, by Mr. Dickens, of one of his most fantastic fictions. In the ghost of the hanged man in the story on "A Bridal Chamber," the ghost with a queer twitch of one nostril, as if it had been caught up by a hook, we recognize the first outline of the elaborated picture of Mr. Jaggers' office, in "Great Expectations;" while the rest of the tale is a variation of the "Madman's Story" in "Master Humphry's Clock." The tale supplied the King's Arms Inn with the only thing which it wanted for the thorough establishment of its claim to the interest of antiquity, a ghost of its own; and so authentic has that article of property become, that persons visiting the town have been gravely asked whether they "mind" the chance of seeing the old man who was hanged at Lancaster Castle!

What with its panelled entrance-hall, its solid oaken screen, with recesses like a pair of pulpits on either side, its fine old staircase, richly carved, almost black with age, as solid as the fortune of the prosperous merchant who owned the house in 1625, and the ghost contributed by Mr. Dickens, the King's Arms had an undeniable claim to be regarded as something uncommon among inns, but it was to become more uncommon still. The really grand and artistic staircase, and the curious carved fittings of the old inn, appealed to the imagination of Mr. Dickens, and led him to inspire "his good friend Mr. Sly"—as an autograph inscription on the famous novelist's portrait which hangs over the staircase designates the landlord—with an ambition to collect ancient furniture, tapestry, china, and other objects suitable to the style and the antiquity of the house. The King's Arms has since

then assumed a museum-like appearance, and the collection which has just been dispersed was well worth a visit, before the objects which composed it were removed from their accustomed places, and withdrawn from daily use, to the undignified confusion of a sale by auction in a dismantled billiard-room. For the old inn is to be pulled down, in the interest of street-widening, and a new hotel, with all the modern improvements, is to take its place. Visitors will hardly find themselves so comfortable among the marble and the gilding, and though one might not particularly miss the ghost of the hanged man, there are old associations which one will miss. A week ago the King's Arms was like the room in which Little Nell lies sleeping, in the beautiful illustration to one of the earliest chapters of "The Old Curiosity Shop" in the original edition; with its dim, panelled corridors, hung with old pictures and complicated brackets, and lined with ancient chairs, whose backs and legs are perfect marvels of carving; its spacious rooms, with beam-crossed ceilings and heavy oaken doors, whence any sort of people except those of to day, in any sort of costume except such clothes as we are wearing, might naturally be expected to issue, and descending the ancient staircase, lighted by fine chandeliers, disdainful of the vulgar gas that flaunts hard by, betake themselves to sedan chairs at the stair-foot, or to glass coaches at the old doorway, or even to sober steeds and pillions in the courtyard. In the background, seen from the wide hall, the ruddy light of the old kitchen sent warm reflections out upon the dark shining carved timber which is everywhere, in rail and door, and wainscoting and recess, lining the passages in which one could not easily find one's way, but did not mind, for a sense of friendly leisure and at-homeishness settled immediately upon one's spirits, and every step disclosed objects not the least like the ordinary furniture of an inn. For instance, one was led through a grove of suspended hams, irresistibly suggestive of Mark Tapley and Mrs. Lupin, to the inspection of a quantity of crown Derby ware, and a choice assortment of monsters in Chinese pottery. Miss Austen's Lady Bertram and Mrs. Norris might have sipped their tea from the former, and Miss Ferrier's Lady Julia Douglas added the latter to the collection which cost her "adored Henry" so dear. The numbered hours of the old inn were ticked off by old clocks; one has been telling its unheeded tale for two hundred years, a sturdy time-

piece this, of English manufacture; the other is one of the three which Benjamin Franklin made. The host's own sanctum, where he was regretfully writing addresses on catalogues of the sale, was not the least interesting spot in the old house, for there were "curios" in every nook of it. A case of strange insects from China hung on one wall, and on another a leathern drinking-bottle, shaped to fit the shoulder, with its strap, which is a relic from a battle-field in Lancashire. For that matter, most of the things in the house are relics from battle-fields; spoils of the strife of creeds, the strife of dynasties, the strife of fortune, and the silent, always victorious fight of time with human lives and the possessions of men. The ancient furniture, the pride of the collection, has been gathered from churches and castles and homesteads, which are dust, like the hands that wrought those rare designs with such patient skill and yet such careless freedom as our age of hurried accuracy and machine-made monotony knows not of; like the heads which rested beneath the stately roofs, rich with pious images and armorial bearings, of those amazing sleeping-places, the contemplation of which makes us understand the legacies in the wills of our remote forefathers, and the feuds which came of favoritism in the article of best beds. The cabinets, the sideboards, the ancient wardrobes, and the chairs — one is said to have belonged to King Henry VII., and subsequently to have formed a portion of the effects of Queen Katharine Parr — were all curious, and many of them were beautiful, but the beds and the chests were more interesting to a mere observer than any of the other objects.

In the room which was occupied by Mr. Dickens on his two visits to Lancaster, and which bears his name over its doorway, was one of these wonderful carved oak beds, so ponderous that one finds a world of speculation in the simple questions, — How was it ever put up? and how is it ever to be taken down? It is so imposing, with its grand pedestals standing beyond the footboard, and its heavy carved panels, that one feels rather timid about sleeping in it, and prepares to do so with a vague sense that one is taking a liberty with a long line of the illustrious ancestors of somebody. Tall carved chairs stand at either side of this monumental couch, all ready for the ghosts in ruff and farthingale, or in powder and patches, or for occupation by some of the creations of the head which rested under

that imposing tester. Any of them would be welcome, except, perhaps, Mrs. Nickleby. Mysterious things in frames upon the walls attract one. On the whole, the Dickens room suggests a night-light, and reading in bed as long as one can keep one's eyes open, so as to leave no margin for fright, but in the daylight these mysterious things reveal themselves as the very pieces of needlework on which Mr. Ruskin expatiates, in his delightful, simply superlative style, in an early number of "Fors Clavigera." Here is, in "an old silken sampler of great grandame's work," much patient industry devoted to the career of Abraham, who is seen ruefully turning out Hagar and Ishmael, and hospitably entertaining the angels; while Sarah, arrayed in a very voluminous gown with a stomacher, looks, laughing at both performances, out of the aperture of a tent barely high enough for her to stand upright in. This is the "silken sampler" of which Mr. Ruskin says that it is "all wrought with such involution of ingenious needlework as may well rank, in the patience, the natural skill, and the innocent pleasure of it, with the truest work of Florentine engraving; in it the actual tradition of many of the forms of ancient art is manifoldly evident." Hard by is the "Culture of the Tulip," in silk and silver thread, a beautiful piece of work; of which the art-seer says that "the spirits of Ariadne and Penelope reign vivid in all the work," and that "the richness of pleasurable fancy is as great still in these silken labors as in the marble arches and golden roof of the Cathedral of Monreale." In the great saloon, where Mr. Sly tells, and the inscription over the door records, that the "crowned heads of Europe" have been severally entertained "since the peace," and whose latest illustrious guests were that much-meandering couple, the emperor and empress of the Brazils, hang several pieces of valuable tapestry, old Gobelins and old Florentine; and here some ancient chests again attract one to the most important portion of the collection. Worthy of the bedsteads, even of that from Rydal Mount, and that which once belonged to the Stanleys, and bears the deeply-carven device of the eagle and child, are these chests, so massive, so richly ornamented, so mysterious. Each of them might have been the identical one in which the bride of "Mistletoe Bough" memory so "long lay hid;" each one could easily hold her, and her *trousseau* too. Whose garments, and papers, and household gear have these laboriously-

wrought "kists" contained — these kists, which look like the coffins of the dead-and-gone occupiers of the stately beds? The old pictures, many of them portraits — of course, there is a Mary Stuart and a Queen Elizabeth among them — aided the impression that the old inn was not an inn at all, but a venerable mansion, with all its old life stealthily stirring in it, and we impertinent intruders upon its grave dignity and solid grandeur. Everything in the house looked as immovable as it was ancient; the walls and door-frames bristled with brackets of old oak, which tell the tale of their derivation; here is a bishop's mitre, there a baron's escutcheon, a third has adorned a banqueting-room, a fourth has formed a portion of the decoration of a church organ, then comes a finely-carven face, or a delightful group of fruit or flowers. The art-objects have been brought together from innumerable different places, but they assort with one another, like the time-grown plenishing of an old house, the home of an old race. The antique mirrors might have reflected the faces that lay on the satin pillows under those heavy bed-roofs, sheltered by the curtains of cut velvet or of cunning needlework; and all the bride-gear and the weeds of generations, since long before "the Young Man" marched through China Lane — the narrow street unchanged to this day, in front of the old inn — on his way to Worcester, might be mouldering in the great cabinets and chests. It was a pleasant sight to see, before the dispersion of it all, and it was pleasant to leave it, still undisturbed. Not a stick — we should rather say beam — of the old furniture but is now in the hands of new owners, and a year hence, not a stone will be left standing of the famous old King's Arms Hotel at Lancaster.

THE NEW ASCETICISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

MISS MARTINEAU'S autobiography is the first book that has given the inward experience of a positivist with the same vividness and unction with which the "experience" of Evangelicals used to be given forty years ago. Such pictures are always powerful and have a strong effect upon immature minds, and in this instance the effect is likely to be so hurtful on one point that I should like to see it noticed by some one more capable than I am of

showing where the mistake lies. Miss Martineau is always praising the virtue of that sort of obliteration of self which is shown in the utter absence of all wish for life, present or future. We have heard this virtue preached by many prophets, from George Eliot to Schopenhauer, but in Miss Martineau we see it in actual (though partial) operation. Is it truly a virtue, and ought we to strive to possess it?

At first sight it appeals to a high instinct, — we are weary of our selfish hopes and fears, and it looks like an escape from them. The old asceticism appealed to the same instinct, — men were weary of the fightings of passion, and the convent promised them peace. But it was at the price of half their nature; all their human affections and their health of body and mind had to be given up. This new asceticism strikes deeper still; it attacks our whole nature, for it requires us to care nothing for the existence of that individual self which is the root of all our affections and the key to the worth of the universe. Of course, this true self must not be confounded with the mass of egoistic and unjust desires which we are bound to renounce, — with them we have no concern here. Our present question is, — Can it be wrong to care for that self which is our only means of knowing God, loving man, and doing right? Miss Martineau asks what it can signify whether we, with our individual consciousness, live again; and says that "the real and justifiable subject of interest to human beings is the welfare of their fellows," and "the important thing is that the universe should be full of life." But if my own existence is valueless, how do I know that my fellows have any value? If I, who am a part of the universe (and seem to myself to be worth something, though very little) am really worth nothing at all, how do I know that the other parts — animals, rocks, seas, Professor Tyndall's fiery cloud itself — are worth anything?

Such questions sound futile, but they have a serious bearing, though their chief interest, as yet, relates to the future life, not to the present one. Suicide may possibly some day come to be the fashion, at least among the disciples of Schopenhauer, but as yet it is chiefly the heavenly life that we are taught to despise. We are continually told that our longing for it is "selfish." To this our first reply is, that we who believe it long for it quite as much for others as we do for ourselves; it is a desire that unites us with our fellows,

instead of dividing us from them. Miss Martineau consoled herself in the prospect of death with the thought that she had "had a noble share of life." She had, but what of the dim multitudes who have had a very poor share of it, who have been born in crime, dirt, and misery, and many of whom die before they have tasted even the common joys of life? What comfort has she for them? The truth is, her philosophical creed is an essentially aristocratic one; it has something to offer the few who already possess high advantages of intellect and education, it has little to offer the masses. Religion speaks straight to these; however low they may be sunk, it has hope, impulse, life to give them at once. Beliefs which put us in close, hopeful, and helpful communion with our kind can hardly be called selfish.

But our second reply goes deeper, and denies that it is "egoistic" to long for a future life for ourselves. For each of us our true self is that little bit of the universal life which is given into our own keeping, and for which we are responsible. We have no right to think lightly of this. It is only by first feeling for *it*, and working for *it*, that we learn to understand other beings, to feel for and work for *them*. It is only from feeling that it is precious, that we can know the preciousness of other men and women. Carelessness about it is not virtuous and heroic, but morbid and degrading. Many of the old ascetics did despise half their nature—the human half—and it grew degraded and deadened in consequence, but the divine half they always cherished. Their heart and will were free to go out towards God, and so they kept their souls alive. But the new asceticism preaches mortification of the higher self, as well as of the lower; its teaching tends gradually to dull the whole emotional nature. It takes the color out of life, and destroys half its motive-power. Hope, sorrow, and longing are to be repressed; we are "not to wish anything to be otherwise than as it is;" sympathy is the one emotion we are to be allowed still to cherish. But we can never sympathize strongly unless we have had a vivid personal life of our own, so this, too, would soon dwindle. It is true that the greatest genius of this school is also the greatest teacher of sympathy now living;

we readers of George Eliot can never thank her enough for the quickening and deepening of the heart that has come to us through her books, but it is herself we thank, and not her creed. And in Miss Martineau we think we see the faint beginnings of the chilling influence of her belief, in spite of her warm and noble nature and her intense vitality. The ease with which she dropped her friendships on any difference of opinion, the cool, hard way in which she catalogues her friend's faults and weaknesses, and the fact that on the very threshold (as she believed) of her own death she could care to busy herself with writing harsh things of her survivors, all point to a certain dulling of the affections which could not be natural to her. The stoical indifference with which she regarded the close of life has greatly impressed many with its "grandeur," but here, too, the loss seems more than the gain. Who that has stood face to face with death, and has felt the solemn wonder, the deep hope, the unspeakable trusts that thrill and widen the whole being with the sense of new-coming life,—who that has felt this in ever so small a measure would exchange it for the hard satisfaction she expresses? Yet she was too true-hearted not to soften sometimes at the thought of those she was leaving; there are some touching words in her last letter to Mrs. Chapman,—“To be unconsciously apart is an easy matter, quite different from living and yearning apart.” She thought she preferred the unconsciousness, but the “living and yearning” was surely better, and as we trust, the better has been given to her now.

There may be selfishness in longing to escape the pain of existence, as well as in longing for more life. The true deliverance from egoism lies in the belief that we are “not our own,” that our very being is the gift of one who loves us and, is owed back to him. This faith shuts out both self-contempt and self-love. It sets free all our affections to go forth towards God and our fellow-men; it stunts and chills none of them, but quickens, strengthens, and sweetens them all, and lifts up our whole nature into a higher, healthier, more self-forgetting, and more joyful life.—I am, Sir, etc.,

E. W. S.

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EPHEMERA.

[“ Miss Martineau asks what it can signify whether we, with our individual consciousness, live again ; and says that ‘ the real and justifiable subject of interest to human beings is the welfare of their fellows,’ and ‘ the important thing is that the universe should be full of life.’ ”]

If Fate, indeed, with fixed and stony face,
Looked death on Aspiration’s eager fire,
Stilled the strained chords of Hope’s ecstatic
lyre,
And mutely mocked life’s glory, power, and
grace,
The soul, as stolid as its sphinx-faced doom,
With cold and patient scorn might pass into
the gloom.

If like the brave fore-fated band whose breasts
Court a beleaguered bastion’s iron rain,
Humanity’s fleeting myriads not in vain
Might pave fair paths to conquest’s hidden
crests
With their dead generations, there are those
Who’d calmly pass to earth dreaming of life’s
full rose.

But shall it ever flower? If, in sooth,
From dust to dust in endless cycles sum
The hope of all the ages, love is dumb,
And sacrifice may mourn its squandered ruth.
What food hath faith, whose farthest dreams
descry
Ephemeral motes that crowd a dull infinity?

Life! and what life? The life that, like a
spark,
Quickens a moment deftly-moulded clay —
Teaching it torture’s thrill, some passing
play
Of cheating rapture, quenched in hastening
dark —
Is worthless as a marsh-fire, though it light
Eyes numberless as are the stars of winter’s
night.

What interest, though selfless as the love
Of self-slain Deity, may live though all
The eternal farce of life ephemeral,
With dreams beyond its destiny, hopes above
Its highest stretch, and pains unmotived, save
As prelude to that birth whose portal is — a
grave?

What welfare is there worth a prayer, a pain,
If rounded by the final ill of death?
Or boots it e’en to breathe unburthened breath
Some bare brief days, then stoop to dust
again?

To whom, or man or God, hath life such worth
That’s but an interlude of dreams ’twixt earth
and earth?

Soul-life hath no true glory save the crown
Of immortality. If that’s a dream,
Face we our fate, scorn we illusion’s gleam,
But shape not lies to dupe us while we drown.
Why mock the man-mime’s hour of storm and
stress
With ghosts of baseless love and barren self-
lessness?

Spectator.

E. J. M.

THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM BY THE
CHALDEANS.

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

ALL hope is fled, but through the night,
Forth from the temple’s inmost height,
Streams up to heaven God’s holy light.

Six weary months of toil and care,
One week of famine and despair,
And yet the wondrous sheen is there.

Before the dawn the warriors fly,
Ah! God of hosts, no help is nigh,
But still the flame leaps up on high.

With stealthy tread and muffled face,
Forth flit the last of David’s race,
But God is in his holy place.

The wisest elders, sad and slow,
Depart as suppliants to the foe,
But still the heavenly flashes glow.

Then Judah’s maidens pace along,
Her mothers lead the weeping throng,
And yet the blaze is bright and strong.

Now, gathering in the lonesome street,
The bands of famished children meet,—
List to the pattering of their feet.

The glory rises as a cloud,
And settling on the infant crowd
Enwraps them in a glistering shroud.

Temple Bar.

E. H.

BEYOND REACH.

DEAR love, thou art so far above my song,
It is small wonder that it fears to rise,
Knowing it cannot reach my Paradise;
Yet ever to dwell here my thoughts among,
Nor try its upward flight, would do thee
wrong.

What time the lark soars singing to the
skies

We know he falters, know the sweet song
dies

That fain would reach Heaven’s gate sustained
and strong;

But angels, bending from the shining brink,
Catch the faint note and know the poor song
fails,

Having no strength to reach their heavenly
height.

So listen thou, beloved, and so think.

More for the earth than heaven his song
avails,

Yet sweetest heard when nearest to God’s
light.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Macmillan’s Magazine.

From The British Quarterly Review.

MR. WOOD'S DISCOVERIES AT EPHEBUS.*

IT is a somewhat notable fact, that just at a period when classical literature, after so long maintaining a too exclusive supremacy in the higher education, seemed to languish, or at least had begun to be assailed from many points of attack by a host of determined enemies, great encouragement and a fresh impulse has been given to it by a series of discoveries, not less unexpected than marvellous in their results, on the sites of historic and even prehistoric cities. Not to speak of those made by explorers in Egypt and Assyria, by Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia and Asia Minor, or those more recently by Captain Warren at Jerusalem, which for the most part belong to other families of mankind, Dr. Schliemann's recovery of so many archaic Greek treasures from Troy and Mycenæ, General Cesnola's from the island of Cyprus, and the excavations now being made with such promise under the auspices of the German government on the site of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius in ancient Elis, have attracted much attention even from those who are neither scholars nor artists by profession. And last, but by no means least, we have now before us Mr. Wood's further contribution to human knowledge, — it is not enough to say, to classical lore, — in the history of his wonderful discovery of the long-lost Temple of Artemis (or Diana) at Ephesus. Viewed only as a work of art, the volume is a splendid one; as a narrative of adventures, it is most interesting; as a literary composition, the style is elegant, simple, and unaffected; and it would be unjust not to add, that as a record of and an encouragement to indomitable perseverance and a single-hearted devotion to art, it stands second to none in the history of English enterprise.

We hope to show that in awarding this high praise we have in no degree exceed-

* *Discoveries at Ephesus, including the Site and Remains of the Great Temple of Diana.* By J. T. Wood, F.S.A., Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. With numerous Illustrations from original Drawings and Photographs. London. Longmans. 1877.

ed the merits of the work. The plan of it is such, that we are led on, as it were, step by step in the author's company through trials, delays, disappointments, and personal risks, till the interest becomes almost romantic, and we seem to share in the excitement as we get nearer to the goal. Beginning with a knowledge of the single fact that a temple did once exist somewhere in the neighborhood of Ephesus, he went on for a long time like one groping in the dark, sinking trial-holes here and there, balancing probabilities with written evidence, and following every indication that seemed to suggest the vicinity of the famous shrine which "all Asia and all the Roman world once worshipped."*

But, an architect by profession, he also began with the great advantage of knowing what to look for, how to draw the right inferences, and (what was still more important) how to restore with more or less certainty, from the scanty remains which were at last found, the entire plan, and even many of the details of the great temple as it stood in all its glory, one of the recognized wonders of the ancient world. The resurrection (so to call it) of such an edifice, larger than an English cathedral, as shown in perspective at page 264, and in several elevations and sections, from the confused and confusing heaps of *rudera* and marble fragments seen in the photographs of the excavations (p. 192), appears more like the work of a magician's wand than a sober reality, which we may fairly believe it to be.†

Mr. Wood's narrative of his discoveries has, in truth, for some time been impatiently expected by scholars. His excavations on the plain of Ephesus were commenced as long ago as in 1863; but the actual discovery of the site of the tem-

* Acts xix. 27. Pausanias, iv. 31, 7. — "The Ephesian Artemis is very much worshipped in all cities, and she is held in special honor by many on their own account."

† Mr. Wood does not anywhere assert that he has reconstructed the entire building precisely as it was. He has given plans which probably, from the known laws of Greek architecture, and from ascertained measurements, more or less nearly represent the original. His drawing of the temple is a proposed scientific restoration, not (as we have heard it called) a "fancy portrait."

ple, which had so long been unknown, was not made till the close of the year 1869. The results of his labors are now national property; for many sculptured portions, with all the inscriptions (more than four hundred in number), are deposited in the British Museum. The cost of the work to the nation, Mr. Wood tells us, was £16,000,—a very moderate sum, compared with the results achieved. In an appendix he has given a considerable number of the principal Greek inscriptions, restored, so far as at present conjectures have been available, and accompanied with such translations as the time and opportunities of the various scholars to whom he referred them were able to furnish. The editing of these inscriptions even in a tentative way has, necessarily, been a work of great labor, difficulty, and delay. This portion of the work is of such special interest to scholars who are not always the wealthiest, that we almost regret the price of the volume, three guineas, is necessarily so high. Let us hope either that, as in the case of Sir Charles Fellows' "Lycia" and Layard's "Nineveh," a smaller and cheaper edition will soon find its place on our railway book-stalls, and form a part of our popular literature, or that the inscriptions will be edited separately, without the popular adjunct of a translation.

The site of the great Temple of Ephesus had long been completely lost, and Mr. Wood was convinced that "nothing short of a laborious and persevering course of tentative excavations would be likely to bring to light the remains of a building of which no sign remained above the present surface of the ground, and which had been hidden for so many centuries" (p. 17). He had read, and he shows that he had studied with care, all that ancient writers tell us about Ephesus and its renowned temple; but "their vague and apparently conflicting statements gave very little, if any, information on which he could depend." There is, indeed, the positive statement of Pliny,* and several other writers (quoted in pp. 18, 19), that

the temple stood on low and marshy soil, under the notion of its builders that such a site was safer from earthquakes. It was also known that it stood not very far from the river Selinus, while other accounts, less correctly or more vaguely, stated that it was close to the sea.*

After having tried, without success, misled by a passage of Strabo (xiv. 640), excavations about a stadium from the city, (p. 21), the author was led to consider the account of Philostratus, that one Damianus, a rich Roman (in the time of Marcus Aurelius), joined the temple to the city by a covered way extending six hundred feet from the Magnesian Gate. "All that seemed to be necessary was to find the Magnesian Gate, and to follow the road from it to the temple; but in studying the ground where the the Magnesian Gate was likely to be, and looking thence outside the city, I could see no probable site for the temple within even a few stadia of the gate, much less at the distance of one stadium only, which appeared to be the length of the *stoa*" (covered way, p. 21). "It seemed that the portico of Damianus was only six hundred feet long, and that if I could find it, I had merely to follow it for that distance from the city, and I must inevitably find the *temenos*" (precinct of the temple, p. 23).

And so in the end it proved, though he had been mistaken as regards the distance. Mr. Wood's experienced eye "detected a long strip of land standing several feet above the general level of the plain between the city and the sea. At the western end of this strip an open space is reached, which would have been of all others the best possible site for the temple. There it would have been a most conspicuous and beautiful object from nearly every house in the city, as well as from the suburbs and from the sea" (p. 23).

For a long time, and after repeated excavations, the portico of Damianus remained undiscovered. Much money had been spent, and a less sanguine explorer would have given up the search as hopeless.

* N. H. xxxvi. 14, § 95: "In solo id palustri fecere, ne terræ motus sentiret aut hiatus timeret."

* Pliny, N. H. ii. 85: "Ephesi quondam ædem Dianæ adluebat (mare)." But Mr. Wood shows that the ancient coast-line has not been much altered (p. 4).

At length Mr. Wood came upon an inscription which "speaks of the procession of images from the temple to the theatre as passing in through the Magnesian Gate, and as passing out, on its return to the temple, through the Coressian Gate." * "The intention," he shrewdly adds, "was evidently to make as complete a circuit as would enable the inhabitants of the city generally to see the images as they passed along." The Coressian Gate, he inferred, must have been that at the foot of Mount Coressus, which had hitherto wrongly been called Prion (the saw, *sierra*, or serrated ridge), while Prion had usurped the name of Coressus in the English Admiralty Chart. †

All this led to the discovery of the true clue, by following which the temple was at last reached. "Having found the Magnesian and Coressian Gates," Mr. Wood "set as many men to work as he could spare from the great theatre to open up the roads leading from these gates outside the city." Guided by a statement of Philostratus, that there was a descent (*κάθοδος*) where the portico or covered road of Damianus commenced from the Magnesian Gate, he had explored five hundred yards of the road, when he came upon the stone piers of a portico which must have been that of Damianus (p. 117). He now perceived that the portico had extended much further, whereas hitherto he had trusted to the statement of Philostratus that it extended for a stadium, or six hundred feet. He now "concluded that this portico was of great length, and that the six hundred feet of it mentioned by Philostratus as having been built of stone, was of a more ornate character than the remainder."

Nothing, however, was now to be done but to follow the clue steadily. Reinforced both in health and pecuniary supplies, Mr. Wood recommenced the excavations, which had been for some time abandoned, "beginning from the point where he had

suspended work, and continuing to open up the road leading around Mount Coressus towards Ayasalouk" (a Turkish village on a height quite close, as it afterwards proved, to the temple). The continuous line of stone piers of the portico, together with the discovery of many sarcophagi, encouraged him to proceed. At length he reached, at a distance of twenty-six hundred feet from the Magnesian Gate, what he had every reason to believe were the foundations of the sepulchre of Androclus, which Pausanias says * was in his time to be seen "in the road which led from the Temple of Artemis to the Temple of Jupiter Olympius and the gate called Magnesian." We may easily judge of the labor and the cost of the work, when we are told that "the average depth of the excavation along the road traced from the Magnesian Gate was about twelve feet" (p. 128).

We may here remark on a fact or coincidence of great interest, that the few lines penned by a little-read and late Greek writer, Philostratus † (*circ.* A.D. 200), have borne a fruit which he little dreamed of when he wrote them. But for the mention of this roadway or portico, the site of the great temple would, in all probability, have remained undiscovered to this day, and perhaps for all time. Nor can we omit the just praise due to the explorer for his great sagacity in making use of the scanty documentary evidence, that of Pausanias included, which guided him to his great discovery. He was full of fear, he says (p. 128), that if he did not succeed during the season of 1868-9 in finding some more satisfactory clue to the exact site of the temple than a mere road, however promising he might think it, he should not obtain another grant, and that thus for want of funds he might be obliged to abandon the excavations. This fear of failure, he adds, cost him many a pang; for as he looked over the smooth plain of Ephesus, with its gentle uninterrupted decline towards the sea, ‡ not a mound was to be seen that

* Page 80, Appendix. Inscriptions from the Great Theatre, p. 33. The Greek words are, "From the Magnesian as far as the Coressian Gate."

† Page 81. We may here observe that Pausanias (vii. 5, 10) calls it *Pion*, and in Pliny, N. H. v. 115, the best edition (the Teubner text) gives "monte *Pione*." The mountains are wrongly marked in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Geography," Art. Ephesus.

* vii. 2, 9: καὶ ἐς ἐμὲ ἔτι τὸ μνημα κατὰ τὴν ὁδὸν τὴν ἐκ τοῦ ἱεροῦ παρὰ τὸ Ὀλυμπιεῖον καὶ ἐπὶ πύλας τὰς Μαγνητίδας.

† In his "Lives of the Sophists," ii. 23.

‡ Herodotus, ii. 10, compares the plain of Ephesus

might indicate the site of such a building as the Temple of Artemis.

The next step in advance was the discovery, six hundred feet beyond the sepulchre of Androclus, of an ancient pathway turning towards the west side of the city. This road proved wider than that hitherto opened from the Magnesian Gate; and it was lined with marble sarcophagi, in itself an omen of success, since these seemed to indicate a *via sacra* in the direction of the temple. Suddenly, however, he found himself stopped by land sown with corn, then nearly at its full growth. Availing himself of a modern boundary between two fields, he traced its course for more than half a mile, to a clump of olives where he had before sunk a trial-hole without success. Then occurred another vexatious delay, from official jealousy or avarice, and this again necessitated another journey to Constantinople. At length Mr. Wood found, by sinking trenches near the spot mentioned, a thick wall built with large blocks of stone and marble, which he hoped would prove to be the wall of the sacred precinct.

We must here interrupt the narrative to remark how richly rewarded has been the judicious liberality of the trustees of the British Museum. Once more, and seemingly for the last time, they had supplied Mr. Wood with the necessary funds. "It will be seen," he exclaims, "what a narrow escape we had of losing the prize which ultimately rewarded our perseverance" (p. 131). Most fortunately another trench hit just upon the angle-wall of the enclosure (*peribolus*), where two inscriptions were found, stating that the wall had been built by order of Augustus, and was to be paid for and maintained out of the revenues of the Artemisium and Augusteum.* There could be no doubt that this was the *peribolus* wall. Thus "the great question as to the whereabouts of the temple was now decided," after six years had elapsed since the search was begun. And yet — so good a steward of the public money was Mr. Wood — it was found that up to this point the whole cost had not exceeded £2,000 (p. 133). After exploring the wall in each direction, from the angle thus fortunately found, for many hundreds of feet,

with the low land in Lower Egypt, and rightly regards both as having once been a gulf of the sea. All bays into which rivers are discharged have a tendency, as every geologist knows, to become filled up in the course of ages. The pavement of the temple was not less than twenty feet below the present level.

* See Appendix. Inscriptions from the *Peribolus*, No. 1.

Mr. Wood returned to England, feeling convinced that the site of the temple was now, as it were, in his grasp.

The first symptom of nearing the temple was the occurrence of brick walls and thin marble pavements. Still the longed-for treasure remained hidden, although foundations of Roman buildings and mosaic pavements were often found in the trial-holes. Mr. Wood never lost his confidence that the temple "must be near at hand;" but again his progress was stopped by the occupiers of land, who demanded exorbitant sums for damaged crops, etc. One man claimed £50, and ultimately accepted £3. "On the last day of the year 1869" (surely a memorable day in the annals of archæology) "the marble pavement of the temple, so long lost, so long sought for, and so long almost despaired of, was at last actually found, at the depth of nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground." One of the workmen had struck upon a thick pavement of white marble — the first *thick* pavement that had been found within the precincts — and Mr. Wood at once concluded that it must be that of the temple. It proved eventually to be that of the last temple except two. The great depth of soil covering the pavements (though it is not greater than that of modern London above the level of many Roman pavements that have been found in the digging of sewers and foundations) "is accounted for by the silting up of the site by the mountain streams, which still bring down an immense quantity of detritus from the mountains" (p. 156). The law, so to call a fact which seems universal, of the accretion of soil does not appear to have been fully investigated. Though due to many causes, the result is always the same, — the ancient sites are far below the cities now standing, and very often, as recently at Hissarlik, the supposed Troy, a succession of them has been found at different levels. In cities of large area and ancient foundation, like Jerusalem, Babylon, and Nineveh, all the really old work has been found to lie at a great depth. In great part this is due to destruction by fire, but in the course of centuries rubbish and dust have so raised the ground that many of the old houses and churches now existing stand some feet below the present street-level.

The first great discovery of actual ruins was that of "half-a-dozen large drums of the columns themselves, which had fallen upon one of the outer piers on the south flank of the temple, and had been caught

by this (*i.e.*, one of the foundation piers) and a wall connecting it with the adjoining pier" (p. 168). Unfortunately, they had been so hacked and mutilated by the destroyers in ancient times, that it was impossible to obtain such measurements as would give their original shape and dimensions. At last, however, one of the great capitals was found, which, though much mutilated, served to identify the ruins with the temple of Pliny and Vitruvius (p. 147). Still more satisfactory was the finding of the base of one of the great columns in position.* Proofs also were afforded of the roof having been burnt, in the layer of ashes, in some places six inches deep, and the splinters of calcined marble.

At length the sculptured drum of a column from one of the *columnæ cœlatæ* mentioned by Pliny† was discovered. It was "an immense mass of marble, measuring exactly six feet high, a little more than six feet in diameter, and weighing more than eleven tons" (p. 189). It took fifteen men fifteen days to raise this huge stone, which was at last safely enclosed in a wooden case, and is now deposited with others of the same kind in our national museum. It required twenty powerful dray-horses to remove it from the docks to the British Museum (p. 197).

Two lithographic views of the excavations, looking east and west (p. 192), give the reader an idea of the utter destruction which this spacious and noble temple had undergone at some remote period. Allowing for a vast quantity of the material used for the building churches and mosques, or consumed for making lime, there must have been deliberate and systematic defacement. Nothing seems so likely to account for this as the fanatical zeal of the early Christians, who regarded with horror all idol-worship, and showed their zeal in mutilating ancient works of art, just as in England the old abbeys and cathedrals were defaced by the zealots of the Reformation. Mr. Wood says (p. 217) that the single foundation-pier left intact on the north side supported base-stones which "were chipped all round, till not a vestige of moulding remained upon them, and only one small fragment of the face of the square plinth could be seen." Again (p. 223), on two very large blocks of the sculptured

drum of a column the sculpture was so much defaced that it could not be made out. The Romans themselves carried off statues and sculptured ornaments from the Greek temples in the provinces, as we know from the orations and the letters of Cicero. But Pliny, nearly a hundred years after Christ, found the Temple of Ephesus intact; and the inscriptions prove that in the times of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius,* when Pausanias wrote, the worship of the goddess was still kept up with the same grandeur as we have it described in the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Again, it is not easy even to conceive *how* so vast a pile was so completely overthrown. The roof may have been burnt, and earthquakes may have disjoined and dislodged heavy friezes and cornices;† but the removal of more than a hundred heavy marble columns, some sixty feet in height, was no slight labor. Even the comparatively few pieces of sculpture recovered were almost all mutilated. A large capital was found at the east end of the excavations, but "the work of destruction had been commenced by ruthlessly chopping off the beautiful egg and spear enrichment which surrounded the *abacus*" (p. 196).

In our times, when gunpowder is used for blasting and splitting stones of any magnitude, destruction is comparatively easy. But how could such enormous masses have been moved away, — and if so, where to? — or broken up into mere fragments on the spot? In a word, what has become of the *material* of so vast a structure?‡ In page 238 Mr. Wood mentions the discovery of a limekiln on the very site of the temple, "into which doubtless much of the sculpture had been thrown and burnt for lime." In the memory of the writer, St. Mary's Abbey at York for many years supplied a limekiln with material; and any observer must have seen barns, bridges, walls, and houses

* Mr. Wood (p. 218) thinks "the interior of the temple might have been restored or rebuilt in the time of Marcus Aurelius, whose name, with that of his wife Faustina, and his daughter Fadilla, was found upon the architrave of the west door of the *cella*."

† The effects of an earthquake are described in p. 217. "The pavement had been raised in one part nearly five feet above its original level, and with it a large mass of mortar which had been mixed upon it. Three of the foundation-piers had been overthrown, and the walls of the *cella* had been disturbed." Mr. Wood adds, "I have no doubt that the building was then abandoned, and another site chosen."

‡ Dr. Wordsworth ("Greece," p. 224) remarks of the great Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, of which only a few columns remain, that "it is difficult to conceive when and how the enormous masses have disappeared of which this temple was built."

* A drawing of this is given (on p. 176) as it appeared in the excavation. It is now "re-erected in the British Museum, and gives a very fair notion of the grand scale on which the last temple was built." Pausanias seems justly to have called it a temple "which for size and wealth cannot elsewhere be seen" (vii. 5, 4).

† N. H. xxxvi. 14, § 95.

constructed largely out of the ruins of adjoining monasteries in this and doubtless in other countries. The history of iconoclasm is a secret testimony to the influence of art over the human mind. The conflict, so long waged, and not extinct in our times, between the æsthetic and the spiritual, has for its end the triumph of one side or the other in the alternate periods of the creation and the demolition of the beautiful.

Very much remained still to be done in exploring the temple. A grant from government was now asked for, sufficient to clear out the whole of the temple site; and Mr. Lowe, "interested as a great classical scholar in the completion of the enterprise, unhesitatingly granted the £6,000 asked for, with the unanimous consent of the House of Commons" (p. 214). In the progress of the work two very important discoveries were made, in laying bare a portion of the lowest step of the platform at the east end, a similar portion having before been found on the north side. By these *data* the exact length as well as the breadth of the temple were ascertained,* viz., 418 by 239 feet.

Remains were also found of a portico which had surrounded the temple on at least three sides, at a distance of thirty-one feet from the lowest step, and in width twenty-five feet. Beyond it, on the south side, the ruins were partially explored of another large building about seventy feet from the temple. It was raised on three steps, and was Doric in its details. A small portion of the sculpture from one of the cornices is given in p. 251, and indicates the finest period of Greek art. This portico recalls the low surrounding wall which Euripides describes † as the *ἀνακτόρων κρηπίς* at the Temple of Delphi.

Mr. Wood was naturally curious to ascertain what truth there was in the statement of Pliny ‡ that a bed of charcoal and fleeces of wool were laid in the founda-

tions to prevent the rising of the damp. Charcoal he did find, but between two layers of a "putty-like composition," four inches thick, which he afterwards analyzed and found to be a species of mortar, containing a large proportion of silica. Below all was the natural soil, being sandy gravel. It was ascertained that not less than three temples had been built in succession on the same site, and of the same size. This discovery "accounts for Pliny's statement that the temple was two hundred and twenty years building,* the earliest of the three having been probably commenced about 500 B.C., and the latest in the time of Alexander the Great." † The proportions of the edifice were magnificent. "The temple itself was one hundred and sixty-three feet nine and one-half inches, by three hundred and forty-two feet six and one-half inches, and was octastyle, having eight columns in front; and dipteral, having two ranks of columns round the *cella*. This accords with the description of it by Vitruvius" (p. 264).

The columns of the peristyle were, as Pliny has described them, one hundred in number, twenty-seven of which were the gifts of kings. ‡ They were six feet six and one-half inches in diameter at the base, and, including the base, fifty-five feet eight and three-fourths inches high, if we follow the proportion given by Vitruvius for the improved Ionic order. The lower parts of these grand columns at the east and west ends were richly sculptured. Mr. Wood gives us careful drawings of both elevations, but does not decide the question how far the sculpture extended up the shaft. It is shown, though rudely and grotesquely, in two medals, respectively of Hadrian and Gordianus, engraved on pp. 266-7. Above the sculpture, to whatever height it was carried, the columns were doubtless fluted (p. 267).

* P. 246. See ground-plan on p. 262. The dimensions given by Pliny very nearly correspond, 425 by 225 Roman feet. (The precise length of the Roman *pes* is unknown.) By "universum templum" (N. H. xxxvi. 14) he means the temple taken as a whole, *i.e.*, including the platform. Mr. Wood, p. 264, limits the expression to the platform; but, of course, this does not affect his calculation.

† Androm. 1112 (quoted in Addenda to the Introduction, p. xi.). See also Ion, 510. There were probably degrees of sanctity attaching to the neighborhood of a temple; *e.g.*, first, the asylum, or outer limit; secondly, the *τέμενος*; thirdly, the space round the steps of the basement; fourthly, the *pronaos* and front court (*ἀνὰ λῆ*); fifthly, the *naos* (*cella*, or chapel for the statue).

‡ N. H. xxxvi. 14, § 95. "Ne in lubrico atque instabili fundamenta tantæ molis locarentur, calcatis ea substravere carbonibus, dein velleribus lanæ."

* Pliny, in the passage already quoted, says, "Templum Ephesiæ Dianæ cxx annis factum a tota Asia" (ed. Teubner). This might mean that it had been built for one hundred and twenty years, as the late Roman writers often so use the ablative of time. But we think Mr. Wood has understood the passage rightly, though he seems to have quoted from a less correct text.

† P. 263. The second temple was destroyed by fire on the same day that Alexander the Great was born (Cic. de Div. i., § 47), by the deliberate act of one Herostratus (Strabo, 640, 22). The third and last temple was built on the same foundation by Dinocrates, a Macedonian architect, and to this building belongs most of the sculpture and fragments of architecture from the temple now in the British Museum (p. 278). The first temple was built from the designs of Chersiphron, of Cnossus, in Crete, according to Strabo, 643, 22, and Pliny, N. H. vii. 37, and xxxvi. 14, "Operi præfuit Chersiphron architectus."

‡ P. 265. This does not quite agree with Pliny's words as quoted below.

Pliny, in a very interesting passage,* gives a most curious account of the contrivance for placing the capitals on the shafts:—

Universo templo longitudo est ccccxv pedum, latitudo ccxxv, columnæ centum viginti septem a singulis regibus factæ lx pedum altitudine, ex iis xxxvi cælata, una a Scopa; operi præfuit Chersiphron architectus. Summa miraculi epistylia tantæ molis attolli potuisse. Id consecutus est ille aeronibus harenæ plenis, molli clivo super capita columnarum exaggerato, paullatim exinaniens imos ut sensim onus in loco sederet. Difficillime hoc contigit in limine ipso quod foribus imponebat; etenim ea maxuma moles fuit nec sedit in cubili, auxio artifice mortis destinatione suprema. Tradunt in ea cogitatione fessum nocturno tempore in quiete vidisse præsentem deam cui templum fieret hortantem ut viveret; se composuisse lapidem; atque ita postera luce adparuit, pondere ipso correctus videbatur.

These *aerones* were hampers filled with sand, and the writer seems to say that they were interposed between the architraves (*epistylia*) and the capitals as a kind of cushion, and gradually emptied, till the great stone settled on the shaft. But the device of the *mollis clivus* (probably an inclined plane constructed of strong timber, though *exaggerato* might seem to indicate an earthwork), some sixty feet high, up which the *epistylia* may be supposed to have been conveyed by rollers, seems hardly credible. At all events, it presumes the means and the material for erecting scaffolding of enormous strength. Nevertheless, some such device—perhaps an earthwork—is the most plausible theory that has been proposed to account for the position of the enormous topmost stone on the trilithic monuments of Stonehenge.

It seems by no means improbable that Pliny refers in the above passage to the great doorway in the west wall of the *cella*, which Mr. Wood estimated to have been fourteen feet eight and a half inches wide, by nearly thirty-five feet high. He describes the two large blocks resting on a massive foundation, on which was sunk the groove in which the bronze wheel bearing the doors moved (p. 263). How the ancients contrived to move these vast weights is still a mystery to us, who, even with our steam-cranes and powerful mechanism, regard it as a great feat to hoist a

hundred-ton gun. But there are stones in the lower walls of Jerusalem which Captain Warren found to be fully of that weight, and some of those in the Great Pyramid are said to be not much less. In walls of the rude prehistoric masonry called "Cyclopean," blocks may be seen, as we are assured by one who has measured them, weighing twenty tons and more. On this subject we have very little information. The stones, thirty feet long, of which the Great Pyramid is built, were raised, according to Herodotus,* by successive stages of wooden platforms made of short timbers, and resting on the step-like projections of the work. But how this could be done to a height of four hundred and eighty feet is a problem difficult to solve. It is well known that in Gothic buildings of the best age the stones used are seldom much larger than could be lifted by workmen's hands. But the absence of the arch in Greek buildings necessitated immense stones for the friezes and architraves; and how these were lifted, without such aid as modern machinery seems alone able to supply, is a curious subject for future inquiry. At present we must turn our attention to the origin and history of the temple at Ephesus rather than to the mode of its construction.

Setting aside the statement of Pausanias (vii. 2. 7), that a very ancient temple to the goddess was founded traditionally by the Amazons, but in reality by the indigenous heroes, Coresus and Ephesus, so far as we know, the earliest mention of the Diana of Ephesus (*Ἀρτέμις ἡ Ἐφεσία*) is in the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, written little later than B.C. 400, where the author says (lib. v., ch. 3) that the Grecian generals took charge of a tithe of the money obtained from the ransom or sale of captives, to be sent to the shrines of Apollo and the Ephesian Artemis. He goes on to say, very explicitly, that on leaving Asia with Agesilaus for Bœotia, he deposited the offering to the goddess in the hands of Megabyzus, one of her temple-warders, with instructions that if he, the dedicator of it, should not return, an offering should be made and consecrated to the goddess, "in whatever form he thought would gratify her." Xenophon ultimately received the money, and purchased a spot of land for the goddess at Scillus, near Olympia,

* N. H. xxxvi. 14, §95. We quote his words because Mr. Wood merely alludes to the passage so far as the size of the temple and the sculpture on the columns are concerned; and his rendering, or his text, does not appear quite correct.

* ii. 125. It is thought that strong timbers were placed against a wall at a low angle, and the great stones pushed or pulled along them by the aid of rollers, just as we see heavy casks lifted on to a wagon by a short ladder from behind it.

"through the middle of which the river Selinus flowed," this being the name of the river, a confluent of the Cayster, at Ephesus.*

This is highly interesting, and we wonder that Mr. Wood has not more fully commented on it, because the site of the great temple is close to and half surrounded by the Selinus, on the north-east side of which the precinct and sanctuary stand. The writer expressly adds, "And at Ephesus, too, the river Selinus runs past the Temple of Artemis."† This is really an indication of its site so strictly accurate, that some may be tempted to wonder that the search for the long-lost temple extended through so many years. To know, however, that a temple stood somewhere near a river, is not very much. It may indeed prove what is an unlikely site, but it does not help us very much in ascertaining the true one. As the goddess of hunting (*Ἀγροτέρα*) we must suppose she was principally worshipped at this early period, because Xenophon goes on to describe a general hunt in honor of her, in which his own sons took part (*θῆραν ἐποι- οῦντο εἰς τὴν ἑορτήν*), on and near her new estate at Olympia; and as it was evidently his intention to carry out the worship established in Asia, it was likely that he would adopt that feature of it which took precedence of all other attributes. He also built to her an altar and a shrine, and makes the significant remark that "this shrine (or temple, *ναός*), for a small one, is made to resemble the large one at Ephesus."

Megabyzus, we have said, is called *νεωκόρος*, a temple-warder. This is a rather important word. It is the term used in the Acts of the Apostles, xix. 35, "What man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is the *worshipper* (Lat. Vulg. *cultricem*) of the goddess Artemis, and of her statue that fell from heaven?" It occurs repeated in the inscriptions recovered by Mr. Wood, and usually as the attribute of the city, either as the special guardian and protectress of the goddess, or as *νεωκόρος τῶν Σεβαστῶν*, "temple-warder of the Augusti," meaning, probably, of the deified Roman emperors. But in its origin the term had the humble

signification of a temple-sweeper. Nevertheless, in quite early times, the post of temple-keeper, as a religious service, was held in great respect. "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God," says the Psalmist, "than dwell in the tents of the ungodly." This is illustrated by the "Ion" of Euripides, in which the young priest bearing that name comes forward to express in a long introductory monologue his happiness at serving the god Apollo by brushing the floor of his temple at Delphi with a wisp of bay-leaves and myrtles, and sprinkling it with water.* The whole passage is interesting, from the pure-minded and religious tone which pervades it. How curious is the transition from the name of a menial servant to the proud title of a city which called itself the metropolis of Asia! Another term, somewhat more obscure, occurs in the inscriptions several times, *νεωποιός* and *νεοποιός*. This (if both words are the same, which is perhaps doubtful) should mean "shrine-maker," and it seems reasonable to interpret it of a particular guild at Ephesus who had the privilege of making silver shrines, probably enclosing statuettes or sacred portraits of the goddess. This explains the description, "Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana," in Acts xix. 24. It is expressly stated that he had a large and lucrative trade, and he dreaded the influence which St. Paul had already obtained in Asia, in persuading men not to worship idols made with human hands.† We read that when the tumult against the apostle became great, he was persuaded by some of the *Asiarchs* (a title also found in the inscriptions) not to trust himself to the fury of the people in the theatre.‡ That theatre has been explored by Mr. Wood, and a plan of it is given in his work (p. 69). A vast building it was, nearly five hundred feet in diameter, and capable of holding some twenty-five thousand persons.§ Here we stand on the very site

* Ion, 102-6, 113, 121, 145-7, 794, τὸν νεανίαν ὃς τόνδ' ἔσαιρε ναόν.

† The frequent mention of gold and silver shrines of the goddess, and the detailed account of their weight, in the great "Salutarian" inscription found in the theatre (pp. 73, 4), prove that such a manufacture was carried on at Ephesus on a large scale. The term generally used is *ἀπεικονίσματα*, meaning probably "copies from the great statue." Mr. Wood thinks (p. 154) that *νεοποιός* meant "a person who decorates the temple with a votive offering in gold or silver." In some of the inscriptions we find *νεωποιός* rendered "temple-warder" — a meaning which the context seems to suggest. In one (No. 2 from the Augusteum) it is *νεο- ποιός*, and rendered "temple-builder," with the suggestion, "curator, or shrine-maker."

‡ Acts xix. 31.

§ P. 68. This corresponds sufficiently well with the

* Compare Strabo, p. 387, with Pausanias, v. 65, who confirm the account of Xenophon.

† This is quoted by Mr. Wood, p. 18. He is perplexed by the statement of Pliny (N. H. v., § 116) that there are *two* rivers called Selinus. It seems probable that Pliny confounded the Selinus in Elis with the so-called branch of the Cayster. The words are, "Templum Dianæ complexi e diversis regionibus duo Sele- nuntēs."

where for two hours the populace kept calling out,* "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*" The clerk, γραμματεὺς, who quieted the people by his judicious address,† is an official of whom very frequent mention is made in the inscriptions. On the whole it may truly be said that many important illustrations of the recorded action of St. Paul at Ephesus have resulted from Mr. Wood's discoveries. At page 58 the author gives a drawing of a beautiful circular building surmounted by a dome, which he was able to restore from the fragments discovered. He had every reason to believe this was the tomb of St. Luke, who, according to one tradition at least, died at Ephesus.

A singular object was found in digging on the east side of the forum. This was a large basin of stone (*breccia*), raised on a pedestal. It was fifteen feet in diameter, and Mr. Wood supposes (but as a conjecture only) that it was used in early Christian times for the public baptism, in large groups, of converts to Christianity (p. 31). It is figured on page 32 in section, and shows a shallow receptacle for water (about nine inches deep), with a raised centre on which one (the supposed baptizer) could stand dryshod. Near it were found the remains of a pipe and a reservoir. This conjectural use is made an argument against baptism by immersion in the third century. We may perhaps grant that the basin may have been converted to the above use; but we believe it was originally used in the temple itself for the "holy water," which, as is still practised in Catholic churches, was sprinkled with an *aspersorium*, probably a wisp of myrtle or bay. To this Euripides alludes when he makes the young priest say in the "Ion," "I will go into the water-stoup and throw down water on the pavement" — Ἐλθὼν εἰς ἀπορραντήριον δρόσον καθήσω. This is confirmed by what Mr. Wood says (he does not tell us on what authority). "A basin similar to this has been described as having been formerly in use in or near the Temple of Artemis;" and this, he adds, "may be the one now found in the forum."

So much interest attaches to the extraordinary statue or image of the Ephesian goddess, that we make no apology for a fuller account of it. Mr. Wood has given a good engraving of it in page 271, from the statue in the Museo Reale at Naples.

statement in Plato, Symp. p. 175, E, that the theatre at Athens held more than thirty thousand citizens.

* Acts xix. 34. See p. 74 of Mr. Wood's work.

† Acts v. 5.

Another, and but slightly different, representation, may be seen in page 114 of Mr. Murray's "Manual of Mythology." A third, very archaic in type but with the same general characteristics, is engraved on page 270 of Mr. Wood's volume, from a statuette of white marble which he met with at Mylassa. We have before us impressions of three gems, all of Roman workmanship, and in all the same famous image may be identified.

There was a tradition as early as the time of Euripides, that the statue of Artemis at Tauri (in the Crimea) had fallen from heaven. The same epithet, διοπετὲς, is applied to it* by the poet which we find in the Acts of the Apostles; and there can be little doubt that the tradition referred to the fall of an aerolite at some remote time, like that of the Roman *ancile*, which was supposed to be the shield of the god Mars, dropped from the sky.† The Ephesian Artemis, however, has all the appearance of having been a wooden effigy (ξύανον), and perhaps it was one of those natural growths which, being abnormal and rudely resembling the human form, were regarded as supernatural, and worshipped accordingly. Such an effigy is described in Pindar,‡ as dedicated by the Cretans in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi. He calls it ἀνδρίαντα μονόδροπον φύτον, "a statue cut in a single piece, and of vegetable growth."

At first sight the Ephesian effigy reminds us of a Hindu or Buddhistic symbol of prolific generation and nurture. She is represented as having a great number of breasts, an idea quite alien from the usual attribute of Artemis as the virgin goddess. Mr. Murray remarks,§ "Her appearance altogether wants the simplicity, humanity, and truth to nature which characterized the Greek deities; and, what is more, bears the most obvious signs of maternity. It would seem that the Greeks, who settled as colonists in very early times on the coast of Asia Minor, found this goddess being worshipped by the native population of that land, and adopted her in the place of Artemis, who, leaving out the fact of her

* Iph. T. 977 compared with *ibid.* 87 and Acts xix. 36. We are told that the worship of the goddess was famous throughout Asia and the whole (Roman) world (ver. 27). The wooden statue (βρέτας) of Athena Polias in the Erechtheum at Athens was fabled to have fallen from heaven.

† Ovid, Fast. iii. 373.

‡ Pyth. v. 39. Of course some touches of the artist's chisel would not be wanting to bring the stump into closer resemblance to the "form divine."

§ Mythology, p. 114.

being a virgin, was probably identical with the Asiatic goddess in respect of her divine power over fertility, childbirth, the moon, and hunting."

The lower part of the image is simply a stump, bandaged round like a *bambino* or a mummy, the feet being placed close together, with the toes appearing but the ankles concealed. In these respects it much resembles the effigies of the god Serapis. The whole figure is sculptured over with small lions, which are also seen reclining on the arms. In all the effigies the arms are extended from the waist, the elbows being pressed close and hardly shown. This may be due to projecting boughs on the sacred stump, converted into those members, just as the numerous breasts may have been a cluster of such excrescences as we often see on the yew, the maple, and the elm, analogous to warts and wens on animal bodies. In the Naples effigy two stags stand at her feet, and she holds in each hand a hunter's spear wreathed with ivy or vine. In other representations each hand holds downwards a jagged or serrated implement which has been called a spit. In all the figures a tower-like crown, or *modius*, and in some a kind of nimbus, surrounds the head. Need we wonder that St. Paul taught the people to put no faith in images made by man's hands (Acts xix. 26), when he saw and heard of all Asia prostrating itself before such a monster, or that the early Christians rose in anger against the splendid temple that sheltered it?

Pliny tells us * that the statue of the Ephesian Diana (*Artemis*) was of wood, but some thought it was ebony, others of vine (*vitigineus*); and he gives on the authority of Mucianus, thrice consul, even the name of the artist—Endoeus. The statue was moistened with fragrant oil exuding from many holes, that the wood might remain sound and the joinings show no defect. "*Adicit multis foraminibus nardo rigari, ut medicatus umor alat teneatque juncturas.*" This reminds one of the Hindu custom of pouring *ghee* over the sacred stones or pillars, a practice not unknown to the Greeks and the Romans. It is likely that perforations in the numerous breasts were thus made typical of the fostering influences which were attributed to the moon. The stag, symbolical perhaps of the swiftness of the goddess in the chase, seems to have been her familiar attendant. It was into a deer (*ἐλαφος*) that Iphigenia was miracu-

lously turned when brought to the altar to be sacrificed. Mr. Wood gives an engraving of a fragment from a sculptured frieze, in which the head and neck of a stag, much mutilated, may be distinguished near the arm of what had been the figure of the goddess.

What especial cult of *Artemis* was practised at Ephesus we know not. There can be no doubt that in ancient times she was propitiated, as the destroying goddess, with human sacrifices. From the play of Euripides we learn that at Tauri, from whence her worship was afterwards transferred to Brauron, in Attica,* it was the custom to immolate to her all Greeks who might be captured on the shore; and the sacrifice of Iphigenia by her own father to appease her wrath is familiar to all.† Mr. Wood supposes that the altar in the great temple was used for burnt-offerings. It was very large, nearly twenty feet square,‡ and below the pavement was found a drain, provided probably for carrying away the water used in washing the surface after sacrifice, the victims being, as he supposes, killed outside, and portions of the flesh brought to the altar as a burnt-offering (p. 258).§ As a huntress, slaying with her bow both human beings of her own sex and also animals, and as presiding over childbirth, she was more feared than venerated, or, rather, she was venerated because she was feared. To understand her complex relations with man, we must go back to very primitive notions connected with element-worship and lunar influences.

A considerable part of Mr. Wood's volume is occupied by an appendix containing a selection from the numerous and important inscriptions he had the singular good fortune to discover. Whether these are exactly in place in such a work it is not easy to say. On the one hand, from the mutilated and fragmentary appearance of many of them, they are not likely to prove attractive to the majority of readers; on the other, they constitute so important a part of the general discoveries at Ephesus, that it seems natural to introduce a selection of them in a work of such scholarly pretensions. We shall content ourselves with a very brief notice of them, premising that they are arranged by Mr.

* Eurip. Iph. T. 1450-6.

† Ibid. 38; Aesch. Ag. 20.

‡ Strabo (xiv. 641, 23) says, on the authority of Artemidorus, that "the whole altar was nearly filled with the works of Praxiteles." This must have somewhat resembled the sculptured "reredos" in a cathedral.

§ Similar drains, evidently for the blood of the victims, have been found under the Temple at Jerusalem.

* N. H. xvi. 79.

Wood under eight heads, viz., those found (1) in the temple wall, or *peribolus*, and the Augusteum; (2) those from the temple, found in the great theatre; (3) those from the actual site of the temple; (4) from the Augusteum;* (5) from the *odeum*; (6) from the great theatre; (7) from the tombs and sarcophagi; (8) from the city and suburbs. They are for the most part decrees of the senate and people of Ephesus, or records of contests, or donations of money or statues to the goddess, votive or dedicatory inscriptions, epitaphs, or claims to the possession of tombs, inventories or dispositions (*διατάξεις*) of property for certain specified uses, statements of fines or penalties imposed, notices of walls, boundary-pillars, roads, and watercourses, with the names of the builders and the dates by consulships, grants of citizenship to public benefactors, enrolment in local tribes, etc., etc. The bulk of these refer to the reigns of Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus Pius, some of them to Hadrian, while others are considerably earlier, and one, which is of the highest importance and interest, and fortunately is not only nearly perfect but distinctly legible, dates from the period of Alexander the Great, if not considerably earlier; for the translator remarks in a note at the end, that though nothing is known of the men named therein in connection with the history of Ephesus, "in the year 409 B.C. a state of things existed in Asia Minor which corresponds well with that referred to above," referring to Xenophon, *Hellen.* i., ch. 2. It is a rather curious document, apparently containing regulations for the rates of borrowing money on mortgage, and it throws considerable light on financial customs prevailing in the time of Demosthenes. But the most important document of all, perhaps, though much later, is the great "Salutarian" inscription, of the finding and removal of which Mr. Wood gives an interesting account in pp. 83-7. One of the blocks was so large that it weighed four tons. The date of this inscription is about A.D. 104 (p. 73). It contains a series of decrees relating to certain gold and silver images dedicated to the goddess by a rich Roman knight, C. Vibius Salutaris, together with a sum of money for keeping them in order. It is ordained that these statues shall be taken on certain days in solemn procession from

the temple to the theatre and back again, — an enactment which shows how easily similar processions of statues of saints were adopted in the early Church, and are kept up in Roman Catholic countries at the present day.

The work of reducing ancient inscriptions to the form in which they are here presented to the reader — that of ordinary classical texts, with a translation appended — is much more tedious and difficult than is commonly supposed. First, there is the deciphering of the letters on the stone. Occasionally this is impossible; generally there is considerable difficulty; rarely is it quite plain and easy, even to experts. The least flaw in the marble, the least fracture, the loss of a corner, or a small piece knocked out of the side, or the obliteration of a few words by attrition, may interrupt the tenor of an important and interesting passage, and by rendering the context uncertain, may make the interpretation in great measure conjectural. In but too many cases — as several almost blank pages lamentably show — more words have been lost than preserved. Moreover, this literal transcript is frequently a work of time. Letter by letter it has to be written down; the aid of paper rubbings or "squeezeings," or casts in plaster of Paris, has often to be invoked. Hours may be spent, sometimes fruitlessly, sometimes with a success and a certainty that may justly be called a triumph of scholarship, over half-a-dozen letters, some of which have to be identified, it may be, by the remaining half or quarter of a stroke. A good illustration of this is a word in the No. 7 inscription from the Temple of Diana (Appendix, p. 10). At the end of verse seven, a few very faint traces of letters indicated the name of the person to whom the inscription, an elegant composition in elegiac verse, was dedicated. After much trouble, and some wrong guesses, the letters ΣΕΟΥΗΡΟΝ were decided upon as undoubtedly the true reading. This, of course, represents *Severus*, and as the name is associated with another Latin name known in history, *Ummidius Quadratus*, and with *Hadrianus*, the translation is given accordingly, "Hadrianus dedicated this statue to Severus." But Dr. Hort, in a learned note which forms a postscript to the volume, shows good reasons for thinking the stonecutter meant ΣΕΟΥΗΡΟΝ, "Thee, Verus," and he considers the inscription records no less a person than Annius Verus, the father of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, and the allusions in the epigram

* In Greek, *Σεβαστεῖον*, a shrine or sacred precinct dedicated to the worship of the deified Augustus. The ancient Greeks consecrated such places to gods and heroes, as *Θεοῦδειον*, *Ὀρεστεῖον*, *Ἑκατεῖον*, *Θησεῖον*, etc.

to a "royal marriage" are to the union of Verus' daughter, Annia Cornificia, only sister of Marcus Aurelius, to a man of great wealth, "whose name is on good grounds assumed to have been Ummidius Quadratus."

But, secondly, having got an accurate transcript in the uncial character, which alone was then in use, we still have the words to divide, the sentences to distribute, the punctuation to arrange. This task alone is often difficult, and not seldom uncertain in its results. Every one knows how a change of punctuation may affect the sense of an entire passage. Then, thirdly, there must be made a new transcript in the cursive character, divided and punctuated, tentatively, perhaps, for the time, and always liable to changes and improvements as the full meaning becomes more and more developed. Fourthly, we have a work to do that none but accomplished scholars can properly execute — the accentuation of the cursive transcript. Fifthly, the still difficult task remains of translation. It is unnecessary to say that this often involves doubts and difficulties that are almost insuperable. The historical allusions may be unknown; the local customs, names of contests, tribes, officers of state or of religion, may be either wholly unknown, or only to be discovered or verified by a diligent search among the thousands of inscriptions and coins already in the hands of the learned, or accessible to the learned alone. It will generally happen that in some passages different views of the precise meaning will be taken by different interpreters; and the balance of probability, as well as the reasons of it, have to be weighed and discussed, and an agreement arrived at, before the document can see the light in a published work, and be put forward for the criticism of others.

All these difficulties, and many more, have been actually realized in the rendering of the inscriptions which Mr. Wood was enabled some two years ago to deposit in our national museum, and has now presented for the first time* to the reading public. The labor of the transcripts, we believe, is almost entirely his own; in the other departments he has called to his assistance some of the most experienced scholars of the day. With every effort that has been taken to secure the utmost accuracy, it will probably be felt that very much remains to be done which time only

and a long study and comparison of the various inscriptions can effect. Some of the lost or mutilated sentences will perhaps be made good by parallelisms from other inscriptions; and this can be done with the less risk of error from the technical nature of most of the inscriptions, in which the same formulæ are repeated with but little variety.

Next to the discovery of the great temple, Mr. Wood's exploration of the theatre was the most important work. It is one of the largest, he says, in Asia Minor; and he gives a plan of it drawn to a scale on page 68. As usual, it was cut out of the slope of a hill, and like the theatre under the Acropolis at Athens, it commanded a view of the sea, — for the ancient theatres, our readers are aware, were perfectly open in all parts, except that the Romans used awnings (*vela* or *velaria*). The diameter of the orchestra was not less than one hundred and ten feet, and the proscenium was built almost entirely of white marble, adorned with granite columns and highly enriched entablatures of fine white marble. These, having fallen upon the stage, remained there undisturbed (p. 69). A much smaller, but hardly less elaborate building, was the *odeum*, or music-hall, of which Mr. Wood also gives a plan at page 52. The exploration of this proved rich both in sculptures and inscriptions. Nothing, it seems, was found of an amphitheatre, such as would be required by a literal rendering of the passage (1 Cor. xv. 32) where St. Paul says, "If after the manner of man I fought with beasts at Ephesus." Mr. Wood, alluding to the difficulty of this passage, ventures an opinion that it means, metaphorically, that St. Paul contended with the evil passions of wicked men (p. 46). There can be no question that the Greeks used *θηρίον*, as the Romans used *bellua*, to express a monster in human form. And the total silence of St. Paul about any contest with beasts in enumerating his trials and sufferings in 2 Cor. xi. is a further proof that the words cannot be too literally understood.* Mr. Wood thinks that in the theatre the "gladiatorial games were probably exhibited" (p. 69). We should venture to question this. So far as we know, scenic exhibitions were quite

* Some few have already appeared in other collections of inscriptions, but the bulk are now first made known.

* A more conclusive proof lies in the words *κατὰ ἄνθρωπον*, which cannot be reconciled with *actual* fighting. St. Paul evidently means, "If, when I was at Ephesus, I fought, as some men do actually fight, in the arena with wild beasts, even that is of no use to me if there is no resurrection." The case is clearly put *hypothetically*, "Supposing I had fought at Ephesus," etc.

distinct from such contests, and we believe the *orchestra* proper was never used as an arena for the latter purposes. Both these buildings were of Roman construction; and, speaking generally, the ruins and inscriptions indicated a period of great splendor in ancient Ephesus from the time of Augustus to that of Marcus Aurelius.

We have been compelled to omit the notice of many important details, but we have said enough to justify a prediction that Mr. Wood's "Discoveries" will occupy a place in archæological lore which will hand down both his name and his fame to posterity.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE FEY FACTOR.

WHEN Mr. Crathie heard of the outrage the people of Scaurnose had committed upon the surveyors, he vowed he would empty every house in the place at Michaelmas. His wife warned him that such a wholesale proceeding must put him in the wrong with the country, seeing they could not *all* have been guilty. He replied it would be impossible, the rascals hung so together, to find out the ringleaders even. She returned that they all deserved it, and that a correct discrimination was of no consequence: it would be enough to the purpose if he made a difference. People would then say he had done his best to distinguish. The factor was persuaded, and made out a list of those who were to leave, in which he took care to include all the principal men, to whom he gave warning forthwith to quit their houses at Michaelmas. I do not know whether the notice was in law sufficient, but exception was not taken on that score.

Scaurnose, on the receipt of the papers, all at the same time, by the hand of the bellman of Portlossie, was like a hive about to swarm. Endless and complicated were the comings and goings between the houses, the dialogues, confabulations and consultations, in the one street and its many closes. In the middle of it, in front of the little public-house, stood, all that day and the next, a group of men and women, for no five minutes in its component parts the same, but, like a cloud, ever slow-dissolving and as continuously

re-forming, some dropping away, others falling to. Such nid-nodding, such uplifting and fanning of palms among the women, such semi-revolving side-shakes of the head, such demonstration of fists and such cursing among the men, had never before been seen and heard in Scaurnose. The result was a conclusion to make common cause with the first victim of the factor's tyranny — namely, Blue Peter — whose expulsion would arrive three months before theirs, and was unquestionably head and front of the same cruel scheme for putting down the fisher-folk altogether.

Three of them, therefore, repaired to Joseph's house, commissioned with the following proposal and condition of compact: that Joseph should defy the notice given him to quit, they pledging themselves that he should not be expelled. Whether he agreed or not, they were equally determined, they said, when their turn came, to defend the village; but if he would cast in his lot with them, they would, in defending him, gain the advantage of having the question settled three months sooner for themselves. Blue Peter sought to dissuade them, specially insisting on the danger of bloodshed. They laughed. They had anticipated objection, but being of the youngest and roughest in the place, the idea of a scrimmage was, neither in itself nor in its probable consequences, at all repulsive to them. They answered that a little blood-letting would do nobody any harm; neither would there be much of that, for they scorned to use any weapon sharper than their fists or a good thick *rung*: the women and children would take stones of course. Nobody would be killed, but every meddlesome authority taught to let Scaurnose and fishers alone. Peter objected that their enemies could easily starve them out. Dubs rejoined that if they took care to keep the sea-door open, their friends at Portlossie would not let them starve. Grosert said he made no doubt the factor would have the Seaton to fight as well as Scaurnose, for they must see plainly enough that their turn would come next. Joseph said the factor would apply to the magistrates, and they would call out the militia.

"An' we'll call out Buckie," answered Dubs.

"Man," said Fite Folp, the eldest of the three, "the hail shore, frae the Brough to Fort George, 'ill be up in a jiffie, an' a' the cuinray, frae John o' Groats to Berwick, 'ill hear hoo the fisher-fowk's misguidit; an' at last it 'll come to

the king, an' syne we'll get oor richts, for he'll no stan' to see't, an' maitters 'll sune be set upon a better futtin' for pur fowk 'at has no freen' but God an' the sea."

The greatness of the result represented laid hold of Peter's imagination, and the resistance to injustice necessary to reach it stirred the old tar in him. When they took their leave he walked halfway up the street with them, and then returned to tell his wife what they had been saying, all the way murmuring to himself as he went, "The Lord is a man of war." And ever as he said the words he saw as in a vision the great man-of-war in which he had served sweeping across the bows of a Frenchman, and raking him, gun after gun, from stem to stem. Nor did the warlike mood abate until he reached home and looked his wife in the eyes. He told her all, ending with the half-repudiatory, half-tentative words, "That's what they say, ye see, Annie."

"And what say ye, Joseph?" returned his wife.

"Ow! I'm no sayin'," he answered.

"What are ye thinkin' than, Joseph?" she pursued. "Ye canna say ye're no thinkin'."

"Na, I'll no say that, lass," he replied, but said so more.

"Weel, gien ye winna say," resumed Annie, "I wull; an' my say is, 'at it luiks to me unco like takin' things intil yer ain han'."

"An' whase han' sud we tak them intil but oor ain?" said Peter, with a falseness which in another would have roused his righteous indignation.

"That's no the p'int. It's whase han' ye're takin' them oot o'," returned she, and spoke with solemnity and significance.

Peter made no answer, but the words *Vengeance is mine* began to ring in his mental ears instead of *The Lord is a man of war*.

Before Mr. Graham left them, and while Peter's soul was flourishing, he would have simply said that it was their part to endure, and leave the rest to the God of the sparrows. But now the words of men whose judgment had no weight with him threw him back upon the instinct of self-defence — driven from which by the words of his wife, he betook himself, not, alas! to the protection, but to the vengeance, of the Lord.

The next day he told the three commissioners that he was sorry to disappoint them, but he could not make common cause with them, for he could not see it

his duty to resist, much as it would gratify the natural man. They must therefore excuse him if he left Scaurnose at the time appointed. He hoped he should leave friends behind him.

They listened respectfully, showed no offence, and did not even attempt to argue the matter with him. But certain looks passed between them.

After this Blue Peter was a little happier in his mind and went more briskly about his affairs.

CHAPTER LV.

THE WANDERER.

IT was a lovely summer evening, and the sun, going down just beyond the point of the Scaurnose, shone straight upon the Partan's door. That it was closed in such weather had a significance — general as well as individual. Doors were oftener closed in the Seaton now. The spiritual atmosphere of the place was less clear and open than hitherto. The behavior of the factor, the trouble of their neighbors, the conviction that the man who depopulated Scaurnose would at least raise the rents upon them, had brought a cloud over the feelings and prospects of its inhabitants which their special quarrel with the oppressor for Malcolm's sake had drawn deeper around the Findlays; and hence it was that the setting sun shone upon the closed door of their cottage.

But a shadow darkened it, cutting off the level stream of rosy red. An aged man in Highland garments stood and knocked. His overworn dress looked fresher and brighter in the friendly rays, but they shone very yellow on the bare hollows of his old knees. It was Duncan MacPhail, the supposed grandfather of Malcolm. He was older and feebler — I had almost said blinder, but that could not be — certainly shabbier than ever. The glitter of dirk and broadsword at his sides, and the many-colored ribbons adorning the old bagpipes under his arm, somehow enhanced the look of more than autumnal, of wintry, desolation in his appearance. Before he left the Seaton the staff he carried was for show rather than use, but now he was bent over it, as if but for it he would fall into his grave. His knock was feeble and doubtful, as if unsure of a welcoming response. He was broken, sad, and uncomfortable.

A moment passed. The door was unlatched, and within stood the Partaness, wiping her hands in her apron and looking thunderous. But when she saw who

it was her countenance and manner changed utterly. "Preserve's a'! Ye're a sicht for sair e'en, Maister MacPhail!" she cried, holding out her hand, which the blind man took as if he saw as well as she. "Come awa' but the hoose. Wow! but ye're walcome!"

"She thanks your own self, Mistress Partan," said Duncan, as he followed her in; "and her heart will be thanking you for ta coot welcome; and it will be a long time since she'll saw you howefer."

"Noo, noo," exclaimed Meg, stopping in the middle of her little kitchen as she was getting a chair for the old man, and turning upon him to revive on the first possible chance what had been a standing quarrel between them, "what *can* be the rizzon 'at gars ane like you, 'at never saw man or wuman i' yer lang life, the verra meenute ye open your mou' say its lang sin' ye *saw* me? A mensefu' body like you, Maister MacPhail, sud speyk mair to the p'int."

"Ton't you'll be preaking her heart with ta one hand while you'll be clapping her head with ta other," said the piper. "Ton't be taking her into your house to be telling her she can't see. Is it that old Tuncan is not a man as much as any woman in ta world, tat you'll be telling her she can't see? I tell you she *can* see, and more tan you'll be think. And I will tell it to you, tere iss a pape in this house, and tere wass pe none when Tuncan she'll co away."

"We a' ken ye hae the *second* sicht," said Mrs. Findlay, who had not expected such a reply; "an' it was only o' the first I spak. Haith! it wad be 'ill set o' me to anger ye the moment ye come back to yer ain. Sit ye doon there by the chimla-neuk till I mak ye a dish o' tay. Or maybe ye wad prefer a drap o' parritch an' milk? It's no muckle I hae to offer ye, but ye cudna be mair walcome."

As easily appeased as irritated, the old man sat down with a grateful, placid look, and while the tea was *drawing*, Mrs. Findlay, by judicious questions, gathered from him the story of his adventures.

Unable to rise above the disappointment and chagrin of finding that the boy he loved as his own soul, and had brought up as his own son, was actually the child of a Campbell woman, one of the race to which belonged the murderer of his people in Glenco, and which therefore he hated with an absolute passion of hatred—unable also to endure the terrible schism in his being occasioned by the

conflict between horror at the Campbell blood and ineffaceable affection for the youth in whose veins it ran, and who so fully deserved all the love he had lavished upon him—he had concluded to rid himself of all the associations of place and people and event now grown so painful, to make his way back to his native Glenco, and there endure his humiliation as best he might, beheld of the mountains which had beheld the ruin of his race. He would end the few and miserable days of his pilgrimage amid the rushing of the old torrents and the calling of the old winds about the crags and precipices that had hung over his darksome yet blessed childhood. These were still his friends. But he had not gone many days' journey before a farmer found him on the road insensible and took him home. As he recovered, his longing after his boy Malcolm grew until it rose to agony, but he fought with his heart, and believed he had overcome it. The boy was a good boy, he said to himself; the boy had been to him as the son of his own heart; there was no fault to find with him or in him; he was as brave as he was kind, as sincere as he was clever, as strong as he was gentle; he could play on the bagpipes and very nearly talk Gaelic; but his mother was a Campbell, and for that there was no help. To be on loving terms with one in whose veins ran a single drop of the black pollution was a thing no Mac-Dhonnill must dream of. He had lived a man of honor, and he would die a man of honor, hating the Campbells to their last generation. How should the bard of his clan ever talk to his own soul if he knew himself false to the name of his fathers? Hard fate for him. As if it were not enough that he had been doomed to save and rear a child of the brood abominable, he was yet further doomed, worst fate of all, to love the evil thing; he could not tear the lovely youth from his heart. But he could go farther and farther from him.

As soon as he was able he resumed his journey westward, and at length reached his native glen, the wildest spot in all the island. There he found indeed the rush of the torrents and the call of the winds unchanged, but when his soul cried out in its agonies, they went on with the same song that had soothed his childhood: for the heart of the suffering man they had no response. Days passed before he came upon a creature who remembered him, for more than twenty years were

gone, and a new generation had come up since he forsook the glen. Worst of all, the clan spirit was dying out, the family type of government all but extinct, the patriarchal vanishing in a low form of the feudal, itself already in abject decay. The hour of the Celt was gone by, and the long-wandering raven, returning at last, found the ark it had left afloat on the waters dry and deserted and rotting to dust. There was not even a cottage in which he could hide his head. The one he had forsaken when cruelty and crime drove him out had fallen to ruins, and now there was nothing of it left but its foundations. The people of the inn at the mouth of the valley did their best for him, but he learned by accident that they had Campbell connections, and, rising that instant, walked from it forever. He wandered about for a time, playing his pipes, and everywhere hospitably treated, but at length his heart could endure its hunger no more: he *must* see his boy, or die. He walked, therefore, straight to the cottage of his quarrelsome but true friend, Mistress Partan, to learn that his benefactor, the marquis, was dead, and Malcolm gone. But here alone could he hope ever to see him again, and the same night he sought his cottage in the grounds of Lossie House, never doubting his right to reoccupy it. But the door was locked, and he could find no entrance. He went to the house, and there was referred to the factor. But when he knocked at his door and requested the key of the cottage, Mr. Crathie, who was in the middle of his third tumbler, came raging out of his dining-room, cursed him for an old Highland goat, and heaped insults on him and his grandson indiscriminately. It was well he kept the door between him and the old man, for otherwise he would never have finished the said third tumbler. That door carried in it thenceforth the marks of every weapon that Duncan bore, and indeed the half of his *sgian dhu* was the next morning found sticking in it, like the sting which the bee is doomed to leave behind her. He returned to Mistress Partan white and trembling, in a mountainous rage with "ta low-pred hount of a factor." Her sympathy was enthusiastic, for they shared a common wrath. And now came the tale of the factor's cruelty to the fishers, his hatred of Malcolm and his general wildness of behavior. The piper vowed to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of his Mistress Partan. But when, to strengthen the force of his

asseveration, he drew the dangerous-looking dirk from its sheath, she threw herself upon him, wrenched it from his hand, and testified that "fules sudna hae chappin'-sticks, nor yet teylors guns." It was days before Duncan discovered where she had hidden it. But not the less heartily did she insist on his taking up his abode with her; and the very next day he resumed his old profession of lamp-cleaner to the community.

When Miss Horn heard that he had come, and where he was, old feud with Meg Partan rendering it imprudent to call upon him, she watched for him in the street and welcomed him home, assuring him that if ever he should wish to change his quarters her house was at his service.

"I'm nae Cam'ell, ye ken, Duncan," she concluded, "an' what an auld wuman like mysel' can du to mak ye coamfortable sail no fail, an' that I promise ye."

The old man thanked her with the perfect courtesy of the Celt, confessed that he was not altogether at ease where he was, but said he must not hurt the feelings of Mistress Partan, "for she'll not pe a paad womans," he added, "but her house will pe aalways in ta flames, howefer."

So he remained where he was, and the general heart of the Seaton was not a little revived by the return of one whose presence reminded them of a better time, when no such cloud as now threatened them heaved its ragged sides above their horizon.

The factor was foolish enough to attempt inducing Meg to send her guest away.

"We want no landloupin' knaves, old or young, about Lossie," he said. "If the place is no keepit dacent, we'll never get the young marchioness to come near's again."

"Deed, factor," returned Meg, enhancing the force of her utterance by a composure marvelous from its rarity, "the first thing to mak' the place — I'll no say dacent, sae lang there's sae mony claverin' wives in't, but — mair dacent nor it has been for the last ten year, wad be to sen' factors back whaur they cam' frae."

"And whaur may that be?" asked Mr. Crathie.

"That's mair nor I richtly can say," answered Meg Partan, "but auld-farand fouk threepit it was somewhaur 'ithin the swing o' Sawtan's tail."

The reply on the factor's lips as he left the house tended to justify the rude sarcasm.

CHAPTER LVI.

MID-OCEAN.

THERE came a breath of something in the east. It was neither wind nor warmth. It was light before it is light to the eyes of men. Slowly and softly it grew, until, like the dawning soul in the face of one who lies in a faint, the life of light came back to the world, and at last the whole huge hollow hemisphere of rushing sea and cloud-flecked sky lay like a great empty heart, waiting, in conscious glory of the light, for the central glory, the coming lord of day. And in the whole crystalline hollow, gleaming and flowing with delight, yet waiting for more, the Psyche was the one only lonely life-bearing thing—the one cloudy germ-spot afloat in the bosom of the great roc-egg of sea and sky, whose sheltering nest was the universe with its walls of flame.

Florimel woke, rose, went on deck, and for a moment was fresh born. It was a fore-scent—even this could not be called a fore-taste—of the kingdom of heaven; but Florimel never thought of the kingdom of heaven, the ideal of her own existence. She could, however, half appreciate this earthly outbreak of its glory, this incarnation of truth invisible. Round her, like a thousand doves, clamored with greeting wings the joyous sea-wind. Up came a thousand dancing billows to shout their good-morning. Like a petted animal importunate for play, the breeze tossed her hair and dragged at her fluttering garments, then rushed into the Psyche's sails, swelled them yet deeper, and sent her dancing over the dancers. The sun peered up like a mother waking and looking out on her frolicking children. Black shadows fell from sail to sail, slipping and shifting, and one long shadow of the Psyche herself shot over the world to the very gates of the west, but held her not, for she danced and leaned and flew as if she had but just begun her coranto-lavolta fresh with the morning, and had not been dancing all the livelong night over the same floor. Lively as any new-born butterfly—not like a butterfly's flitting and hovering—was her flight, for still, like one that longed, she sped and strained and flew. The joy of bare life swelled in Florimel's bosom. She looked up, she looked around, she breathed deep. The cloudy anger that had rushed upon her like a watching tiger the moment she waked fell back, and left her soul a clear mirror to reflect God's dream of a world. She turned and saw Malcolm at the tiller, and the cloudy wrath

sprung upon her. He stood composed and clear and cool as the morning, without sign of doubt or conscience of wrong, now peeping into the binnacle, now glancing at the sunny sails, where swayed across and back the dark shadows of the rigging as the cutter leaned and rose like a child running and staggering over the multitudinous and unstable hillocks. She turned from him.

"Good-morning, my lady! What a good morning it is!" As in all his address to his mistress, the freedom of the words did not infect the tone: that was resonant of essential honor. "Strange to think," he went on, "that the sun himself there is only a great fire, and knows nothing about it! There must be a sun to that sun, or the whole thing is a vain show. There must be One to whom each is itself, yet the all makes a whole—One who is at once both centre and circumference to all."

Florimel cast on him a scornful look. For not merely was he talking his usual unintelligible rubbish of poetry, but he had the impertinence to speak as if he had done nothing amiss and she had no ground for being offended with him. She made him no answer. A cloud came over Malcolm's face, and until she went again below he gave his attention to his steering.

In the mean time, Rose, who happily had turned out as good a sailor as her new mistress, had tidied the little cabin, and Florimel found, if not quite such a sumptuous breakfast laid as at Portland Place, yet a far better appetite than usual to meet what there was; and when she had finished her temper was better, and she was inclined to think less indignantly of Malcolm's share in causing her so great a pleasure. She was not yet quite spoiled. She was still such a lover of the visible world and of personal freedom that the thought of returning to London and its leaden-footed hours would now have been unendurable. At this moment she could have imagined no better thing than thus to go tearing through the water—home to her home. For although she had spent little of her life at Lossie House, she could not but prefer it unspeakably to the schools in which she had passed almost the whole of the preceding portion of it. There was little or nothing in the affair she could have wished otherwise except its origin. She was mischievous enough to enjoy even the thought of the consternation it would cause at Portland Place. She did not realize all its awkwardness. A letter to Lady Bellair when she reached

home would, she said to herself, set everything right: and if Malcolm had now repented and put about, she would instantly have ordered him to hold on for Lossie. But it was mortifying that she should have come at the will of Malcolm, and not by her own — worse than mortifying that perhaps she would have to say so. If she were going to say so she must turn him away as soon as she arrived. There was no help for it. She dared not keep him after that in the face of society. But she might take the bold, and perhaps a little dangerous, measure of adopting the flight as altogether her own madcap idea. Her thoughts went floundering in the bog of expediency until she was tired, and declined from thought to reverie. Then, dawning out of the dreamland of her past, appeared the image of Lenorme. Pure pleasure, glorious delight, such as she now felt, could not long possess her mind without raising in its charmed circle the vision of the only man except her father whom she had ever something like loved. Her behavior to him had not yet roused in her shame or sorrow or sense of wrong. She had driven him from her; she was ashamed of her relation to him; she had caused him bitter suffering; she had all but promised to marry another man; yet she had not the slightest wish for that man's company there and then: with no one of her acquaintance but Lenorme could she have shared this conscious splendor of life. "Would to God he had been born a gentleman instead of a painter!" she said to herself when her imagination had brought him from the past and set him in the midst of the present. "Rank," she said, "I am above caring about. In that he might be ever so far ~~my~~ inferior and welcome, if only he had ~~been~~ of a good family, a gentleman born." She was generosity, magnanimity itself, in her own eyes. Yet he was of far better family than she knew, for she had never taken the trouble to inquire into his history. And now she was so much easier in her mind since she had so cruelly broken with him that she felt positively virtuous because she had done it and he was not at that moment by her side. And yet if he had that moment stepped from behind the mainsail she would in all probability have thrown herself into his arms.

The day passed on. Florimel grew tired and went to sleep; woke and had her dinner; took a volume of the "Arabian Nights" and read herself again to sleep; woke again; went on deck; saw the sun growing weary in the west. And

still the unwearied wind blew, and still the Psyche danced on, as unwearied as the wind.

The sunset was rather an assumption than a decease, a reception of him out of their sight into an eternity of gold and crimson; and when he was gone, and the gorgeous bliss had withered into a dove-hued grief, then the cool, soft twilight, thoughtful of the past and its love, crept out of the western caves over the breast of the water, and filled the dome, and made of itself a great lens royal, through which the stars and their motions were visible; and the ghost of Aurora with both hands lifted her shroud above her head, and made a dawn for the moon on the verge of the watery horizon — a dawn as of the past, the hour of inverted hope. Not a word all day had been uttered between Malcolm and his mistress: when the moon appeared, with the waves sweeping up against her face, he approached Florimel where she sat in the stern. Davy was steering. "Will your ladyship come forward and see how the Psyche goes?" he said. "At the stern you can see only the passive part of her motion. It is quite another thing to see the will of her at work in the bows."

At first she was going to refuse, but she changed her mind, or her mind changed her: she was not much more of a living and acting creature yet than the Psyche herself. She said nothing, but rose and permitted Malcolm to help her forward.

It was the moon's turn now to be level with the water, and as Florimel stood on the larboard side, leaning over and gazing down, she saw her shine through the little feather of spray the cutwater sent curling up before it and turn it into pearls and semi-opals.

"She's got a bone in her mouth, you see, my lady," said old Travers.

"Go aft till I call you, Travers," said Malcolm.

Rose was in Florimel's cabin, and they were now quite alone.

"My lady," said Malcolm, "I can't bear to have you angry with me."

"Then you ought not to deserve it," returned Florimel.

"My lady, if you knew all, you would not say I deserved it."

"Tell me all, then, and let me judge."

"I cannot tell you all yet, but I will tell you something which may perhaps incline you to feel merciful. Did your ladyship ever think what could make me so much attached to your father?"

"No, indeed. I never saw anything

peculiar in it. Even nowadays there are servants to be found who love their masters. It seems to me natural enough. Besides, he was very kind to you."

"It was natural indeed, my lady — more natural than you think. Kind to me he was, and that was natural too."

"Natural to him, no doubt, for he was kind to everybody."

"My grandfather told you something of my early history, did he not, my lady?"

"Yes: at least I think I remember his doing so."

"Will you recall it, and see whether it suggests nothing?"

But Florimel could remember nothing in particular, she said. She had, in truth, forasmuch as she was interested at the time, forgotten almost everything of the story. "I really cannot think what you mean," she added. "If you are going to be mysterious I shall resume my place by the tiller. Travers is deaf and Davy is dumb: I prefer either."

"My lady," said Malcolm, "your father knew my mother, and persuaded her that he loved her."

Florimel drew herself up, and would have looked him to ashes if wrath could burn.

Malcolm saw he must come to the point at once or the parley would cease. "My lady," he said, "your father was my father too. I am the son of the marquis of Lossie, and your brother — your ladyship's half-brother, that is."

She looked a little stunned. The gleam died out of her eyes and the glow out of her cheek. She turned and leaned over the bulwark. He said no more, but stood watching her. She raised herself suddenly, looked at him and said, "Do I understand you?"

"I am your brother," Malcolm repeated.

She made a step forward and held out her hand. He took the little thing in his great grasp tenderly. Her lip trembled. She gazed at him for an instant, full in the face, with a womanly, believing expression. "My poor Malcolm!" she said. "I am sorry for you."

She withdrew her hand, and again leaned over the bulwark. Her heart was softened towards her groom-brother, and for a moment it seemed to her that some wrong had been done. Why should the one be a marchioness and the other a groom? Then came the thought that now all was explained. Every peculiarity of the young man, every gift extraordinary of body, mind, or spirit, his strength, his beauty, his courage and honesty, his sim-

plicity, nobleness, and affection — yes, even what in *him* was mere doggedness and presumption — all, everything, explained itself to Florimel in the fact that the incomprehensible fisherman-groom, that talked like a parson, was the son of her father. She never thought of the woman that was his mother, and what share she might happen to have in the phenomenon — thought only of her father, and a little pitifully of the half honor and more than half disgrace infolding the very existence of her attendant. As usual, her thoughts were confused. The one moment the poor fellow seemed to exist only on sufferance, having no right to be there at all, for as fine a fellow as he was: the next she thought how immeasurably he was indebted to the family of the Colonsays. Then arose the remembrance of his arrogance and presumption in assuming on such a ground something more than guardianship, absolute tyranny, over her, and with the thought pride and injury at once got the upper hand. Was *she* to be dictated to by a low-born, low-bred fellow like that — a fellow whose hands were harder than any leather, not with doing things for his amusement, but actually with earning his daily bread — one that used to smell so of fish — on the ground of a right too, and such a right as ought to exclude him forever from her presence?

She turned to him again. "How long have you known this — this — painful — indeed I must confess to finding it an awkward and embarrassing fact? I presume you *do* know it?" she said coldly and searchingly.

"My father confessed it on his death-bed."

"Confessed!" echoed Florimel's pride, but she restrained her tongue. "It explains much," she said with a sort of judicial relief. "There has been a great change upon you since then. Mind, I only say *explains*. It could never justify such behavior as yours — no, not if you had been my true brother. There is some excuse, I dare say, to be made for your ignorance and inexperience. No doubt the discovery turned your head. Still, I am at a loss to understand how you could imagine that sort of — of — that sort of thing gave you any right over me."

"Love has its rights, my lady," said Malcolm.

Again her eyes flashed and her cheek flushed: "I cannot permit you to talk so to me. You must not fancy such things are looked upon in our position with the

same indifference as in yours. You must not flatter yourself that you can be allowed to cherish the same feeling towards me as if—as if—you were really my brother. I am sorry for you, Malcolm, as I said already, but you have altogether missed your mark if you think that can alter facts or shelter you from the consequences of presumption."

Again she turned away. Malcolm's heart was sore for her. How grievously she had sunk from the Lady Florimel of the old days! It was all from being so constantly with that wretched woman and her vile nephew. Had he been able to foresee such a rapid declension he would have taken her away long ago, and let come of her feelings what might. He had been too careful over them.

"Indeed," Florimel resumed, but this time without turning toward him, "I do not see how things can possibly, after what you have told me, remain as they are. I should not feel at all comfortable in having one about me who would be constantly supposing he had rights and reflecting on my father for fancied injustice, and whom I fear nothing could prevent from taking liberties. It is very awkward indeed, Malcolm—very awkward. But it is your own fault that you are so changed; and I must say I should not have expected it of you: I should have thought you had more good sense and regard for me. If I were to tell the world why I wanted to keep you, people would but shrug their shoulders and tell me to get rid of you; and if I said nothing, there would always be something coming up that required explanation. Besides, you would forever be trying to convert me to one or other of your foolish notions. I hardly know what to do. I will consult—my friends on the subject. And yet I would rather they knew nothing of it. My father, you see"—she paused. "If you had been my real brother it would have been different."

"I am your real brother, my lady, and I have tried to behave like one ever since I knew it."

"Yes, you have been troublesome: I have always understood that brothers were troublesome. I am told they are given to taking upon them the charge of their sisters' conduct. But I would not have even you think me heartless. If you had been a *real* brother, of course I should have treated you differently."

"I don't doubt it, my lady, for everything would have been different then. I should have been the Marquis of Lossie,

and you would have been Lady Florimel Colonsay. But it would have made little difference in one thing: I could not have loved you better than I do now, if only you would believe it, my lady."

The emotion of Malcolm, evident in his voice as he said this, seemed to touch her a little. "I believe it, my poor Malcolm," she returned, "quite as much as I want or as it is pleasant to believe it. I think you would do a good deal for me, Malcolm. But then you are so rude! take things into your own hands, and do things for me I don't want done! You *will* judge, not only for yourself, but for me! How *can* a man of your training and position judge for a lady of mine? Don't you see the absurdity of it? At times it has been very awkward indeed. Perhaps when I am married it might be arranged; but I don't know." Here Malcolm ground his teeth, but was otherwise irresponsible as block of stone. "How would a game-keeper's place suit you? That is a half-gentlemanly kind of post. I will speak to the factor, and see what can be done. But on the whole, I *think*, Malcolm, it will be better you should go. I am *very* sorry. I wish you had not told me. It is very painful to me. You *should* not have told me. These things are not intended to be talked of. Suppose you were to marry, say——" She stopped abruptly, and it was well both for herself and Malcolm that she caught back the name that was on her lips.

The poor girl must not be judged as if she had been more than a girl, or other than one with every disadvantage of evil training. Had she been four or five years older, she might have been a good deal worse, and have seemed better, for she would have kept much of what she had now said to herself, and would perhaps have treated her brother more kindly while she cared even less for him.

"What will you do with Kelpie, my lady?" asked Malcolm quietly.

"There it is, you see!" she returned. "So awkward! If you had not told me, things could have gone on as before, and for your sake I could have pretended I came this voyage of my own will and pleasure. Now, I don't know what I can do, except indeed you—— Let me see: if you were to hold your tongue, and tell nobody what you have just told me, I don't know but you might stay till you got her so far trained that another man could manage her. I might even be able to ride her myself. Will you promise?"

"I will promise not to let the fact come out so long as I am in your service, my lady."

"After all that has passed, I think you might promise me a little more. But I will not press it."

"May I ask what it is, my lady?"

"I am not going to press it, for I do not choose to make a favor of it. Still I do not see that it would be such a mighty favor to ask of one who owes respect at least to the house of Lossie. But I will not ask. I will only *suggest*, Malcolm, that you should leave this part of the country—say this country altogether—and go to America or New South Wales or the Cape of Good Hope. If you will take the hint, and promise never to speak a word of this unfortunate—yes, I must be honest and allow there is a *sort* of relationship between us—but if you will keep it secret I will take care that something is done for you—something, I mean, more than you could have any right to expect. And mind, I am not asking you to conceal anything that could reflect honor upon you or dishonor upon us."

"I cannot, my lady."

"I scarcely thought you would. Only you hold such grand ideas about self-denial that I thought it might be agreeable to you to have an opportunity of exercising the virtue at a small expense and a great advantage."

Malcolm was miserable. Who could have dreamed to find in her such a woman of the world? He must break off the hopeless interview. "Then, my lady," he said, "I suppose I am to give my chief attention to Kelpie, and things are to be as they have been?"

"For the present. And as to this last piece of presumption, I will so far forgive you as to take the proceeding on myself—mainly because it would have been my very choice had you submitted it to me. There is nothing I should have preferred to a sea-voyage and returning to Lossie at this time of the year. But you also must be silent on your insufferable share in the business. And for the other matter, the least arrogance or assumption I shall consider to absolve me at once from all obligation toward you of any sort. Such relationships are *never* acknowledged."

"Thank you—sister," said Malcolm—a last forlorn experiment; and as he said the word he looked lovingly in her eyes.

She drew herself up like the princess Lucifera, "with loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe," and said, cold as ice, "If once I hear that word on your lips again,

as between you and me, Malcolm, I shall that very moment discharge you from my service as for a misdemeanor. You have *no* claim upon me, and the world will not blame me."

"Certainly not, my lady. I beg your pardon. But there is one who perhaps will blame you a little."

"I know what you mean, but I don't pretend to any of your religious motives. When I do, then you may bring them to bear upon me."

"I was not so foolish as you think me, my lady. I merely imagined you might be as far on as a Chinaman," said Malcolm, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"What insolence do you intend now?"

"The Chinese, my lady, pay the highest respect to their departed parents. When I said there was one who would blame you a little, I meant your father." He touched his cap and withdrew.

"Send Rose to me," Florimel called after him, and presently with her went down to the cabin.

And still the Psyche soul-like flew. Her earthly birth held her to the earth, but the ocean upbore her and the breath of God drove her on. Little thought Florimel to what she hurried her. A queen in her own self-sufficiency and condescension, she could not suspect how little of real queendom, noble and self-sustaining, there was in her being; for not a soul of man or woman whose every atom leans not upon its father-fact in God can sustain itself when the outer wall of things begins to tumble toward the centre, crushing it in on every side.

During the voyage no further allusion was made by either to what had passed. By the next morning Florimel had yet again recovered her temper, and, nothing fresh occurring to irritate her, kept it and was kind.

Malcolm was only too glad to accept whatever parings of heart she might offer.

By the time their flight was over Florimel almost felt as if it had indeed been undertaken at her own desire and motion, and was quite prepared to assert that such was the fact.

From Temple Bar.

MARIA THERESA, THE EMPRESS QUEEN.

IT has been said, "When women reign, men govern," but the history of Maria Theresa gives a direct contradiction to this oft-repeated assertion. From the

moment she ascended the imperial throne, she displayed a love of power and a force of will, not surpassed by the most autocratic monarch. Her faults were few, her virtues many; a woman, she accomplished deeds worthy of a great man, and is justly regarded in history as one of the most renowned and beneficent sovereigns that ever wore a crown.

Maria Theresa Walpurga Amelia Christina, archduchess of Austria, came into the world at Vienna, on the 13th of May, 1717. Her father, Charles the Sixth of Germany, was a man of small capacity, reserved manners, rigid in the observance of court etiquette, and of so grave a temperament that he was never seen to laugh. His taste for music amounted to a passion, which he indulged at an enormous expense to the State, for upon one opera alone he lavished the sum of thirty thousand pounds in dresses and decorations. He was, however, a devoted husband to his wife, the beautiful Elizabeth Christina, of Wolfenbüttel, of whom Lady Wortley Montagu speaks in rapture during her visit to the Austrian capital. One of Elizabeth's especial charms was her maiden-like modesty and bashfulness, the effect of which was heightened by the dazzling purity of her complexion. When Charles saw her for the first time he is said to have cried out "that, until then, he had not believed the world contained so beautiful a woman!" She was eminently, too, a woman of sense, and possessed a greater share of tact and prudence than generally falls to her sex.

The only son of the imperial pair, Archduke Leopold, died in infancy — a terrible blow to their ambitious hopes, as no other male issue gladdened their union. To her two remaining children, Maria Theresa, and Maria Anna, the empress devoted every moment she could snatch from her royal duties. Much of their time was passed in the country, where they were brought up with almost Spartan simplicity, their education differing but little from that of other high-born Austrian maidens of the period. Maria Anna was a lovely and engaging girl, but the brilliant qualities of her elder sister threw her completely into the shade.

Metastasio, who was their master in Italian and music, speaks with fond admiration of the striking talents displayed by Maria Theresa. She inherited her father's taste for music, which was assiduously cultivated, and became her favorite distraction during the leisure moments of her troubled career. Like Elizabeth of En-

gland, she delighted in the study of history, omitting no opportunity of reading the present by the lamp of the past; in this, she foreshadowed the future ruler, as it is only by an intimate knowledge of men and events that we can become master of either. She danced and moved with exquisite grace; we hear of her when a mere girl, figuring in the ballet of an opera composed by her father, when her elegant and dignified manners charmed and astonished the spectators.

Such amusements, however, were few and far between, the empress being desirous that her daughters should be educated in the strictest seclusion for the lofty position to which life had called them. Her own piety was fervent and sincere, and she felt that something more lasting than mere worldly acquirements was needed to render her children good as well as great women. Maria Theresa warmly responded to these efforts; her religious feelings were enthusiastic and profound, softening the inborn haughtiness of her character, which already brooked no opposition to her despotic will. Pride of birth and position is the natural result of courtly surroundings, but in Maria Theresa it was an innate disposition. She was one of nature's queens, born to reign and to subdue, in whatever state destiny might have placed her. The teaching and example of the gentle Elizabeth restrained in a great measure these arrogant ideas of her daughter, whose affections at the same time were of the warmest kind, and easily guided by the hand of love.

When not more than fifteen years of age, Maria Theresa was summoned by the emperor to take her place at the sittings of the State Council, where the young girl remained silent and thoughtful, never showing signs of weariness, but listening with eagerness to the driest diplomatic discussions. She made no use of her privilege, save to present petitions on behalf of importunate supplicants. The emperor at length became impatient at these incessant demands, and said to her once, "You seem to imagine a sovereign has nothing to do but to grant favors." "I see nothing else that can make a crown supportable," replied the future empress queen. On one occasion, however, Maria Theresa astonished her father and his ministers, and showed that her silent habits of observation had not been without result, for at the cabinet council held after the death of Augustus the Strong, when the Polish election was being discussed, she warmly entered into the subject, and electrified

those present by the shrewdness of her questions, and the unerring correctness of her judgment. Bartenstein, then secretary of state, noted what he heard, and kept the fact in his memory, regarding her conduct as a finger-post to the future.

Her own fate soon occupied her thoughts, filling her with vague apprehensions. From childhood a marriage had been arranged for her with her cousin, Francis Stephen, duke of Lorraine, who had been brought up at the imperial court as her intended husband. It is not often that marriages, thus planned, harmonize with the feelings of those chiefly concerned, but in this case the course of true love blended with that of policy. An ardent attachment existed between the two cousins. Francis was deficient in talent and education, but he was remarkably handsome, and possessed the princely grace of manner so calculated to win the heart of a woman. Maria Theresa loved him with all the warmth of her passionate nature, strong in its likes as in its dislikes. "A heart," says Mademoiselle de Scudéri, "is to be judged by its capacity for loving." Neither the anger of her father, the tears of her mother, nor the fear of war, made any impression upon her determination to be true to Francis. When it was proposed by the emperor to remedy the disastrous state of his affairs by offering her hand to Don Carlos, heir to the Spanish monarchy, the indignation of Maria Theresa knew no bounds. Affairs at the palace seem to have been pretty well known in the capital, for the English minister, Lord Grantham, gives an amusing description of the demeanor of the fair archduchess. "She is," he writes, "a princess of the highest spirit; she reasons already; she enters into affairs, she admires the virtues of the emperor, but condemns his mismanagement, and is of a temper so formed for rule and ambition, as to look upon him as little more than her administrator. Notwithstanding this lofty humor, she sighs and pines for her duke of Lorraine; if she sleeps, it is only to dream of him; if she wakes, it is only to talk of him; so that there is no more probability of her forgetting the very individual government and the very individual husband she thinks herself born to, than of her forgiving the authors of her losing either." Charles, tortured by the increasing difficulties of his situation, was willing to gain help by the sacrifice of any one but himself. The weak are more to be feared than the wicked. Both in public and private life they manage to

bring about an amount of evil almost incredible, and which is probably due to their persistent selfishness. Charles the Sixth was a living example. By his weakness and extravagance, the empire was tottering on the verge of destruction, civil discord reigned within, powerful enemies waited without, only watching for a favorable opportunity to pounce upon their prey. A treaty with France had become a necessity at any cost, as there was no hope of gaining the consent of Maria Theresa to the Spanish marriage. Cardinal Fleury, who then ruled the French nation in the name of Louis the Fifteenth, insisted upon the transfer of the duchy of Lorraine to France, and that Duke Francis, in lieu of his hereditary possessions, should be installed grand duke of Tuscany; the last of the Medici sovereigns, Cosmo III. being in a state of complete dotage, and willing to set aside the claims of Anna, heiress of his house and name. The feelings of the inhabitants were not consulted in this political traffic; it was in vain the Tuscans objected, and Francis of Lorraine resisted this insolent interference of a foreign power. Bartenstein dared to say to him, "*Monseigneur, point de cession, point d'archiduchesse*," knowing well that Francis would sacrifice everything rather than lose the hope of Maria Theresa, whose brilliant prospects no doubt added to her charms. In spite, therefore, of all obstacles, the aged cardinal concluded the barter. Lorraine was yielded, and the reversion of the grand duchy of Tuscany settled upon Francis. This treaty was signed in 1735. The empire was delivered from impending ruin, and the marriage of the archduchess celebrated a year after with great splendor at Vienna. Thus were the illustrious houses of Hapsburg and Lorraine again reunited in the nuptials of the two cousins. The Pragmatic Sanction was once more signed and ratified in the most solemn manner, by which act Maria Theresa became in her own right empress of Germany, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, sovereign of the Netherlands, and duchess of Milan and Placentia. It is strange that Charles the Sixth should have been able to compass this chief aim of his life, and thus engage all Europe to put aside the usual course of hereditary succession in royal families. It may be, as afterwards happened, that few cabinets intended to keep the promises so often reiterated. "Words," says Talleyrand, "are given to conceal thoughts." This is especially true with politicians. Charles

obtained many fair words in ratification of his wishes, but the deeds never followed. He himself had broken a solemn oath, and his treachery was returned tenfold.

Though the title of emperor of Germany was by the constitution of the empire elective, yet the imperial crown had been worn by the house of Hapsburg, for more than four centuries. Joseph the First died in 1711, leaving two daughters in their childhood, and, prompted by feelings of justice and prudence, consigned the Austrian dominions to his brother Charles, on condition that if the latter had no sons, his own daughters should, at his death, inherit the throne. This agreement, which was solemnly signed and sealed in the presence of witnesses during the lifetime of Joseph, was called "the Family Compact." Charles's only son, however, died in infancy; it therefore became his sole ambition to transfer the order of succession from his two nieces to his two daughters; and to obviate the dangers which might arise from the claims of the Josephine archduchesses, he published the Pragmatic Sanction, and compelled them to renounce their pretensions on their respective marriages with the electors of Saxony and of Bavaria. Aware, however, that the strongest renunciations are disregarded, he sacrificed every consideration to obtain the acknowledgment of the Pragmatic Sanction from the different nations of his vast empire, and a guarantee from Spain, England, France, Prussia, Russia, and the minor states of Europe, which, by dint of negotiation and intrigue, he succeeded in accomplishing.

The festivities which followed the marriage of the archduchess were speedily put an end to by an event which caused a universal gloom throughout the whole empire. This was the sudden death of Prince Eugène of Savoy, the greatest captain of his age. By a lucky stroke of fate the services of this illustrious man had been devoted to the house of Hapsburg. His mother, Olympia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, had given offence to the reigning favorite of Louis the Fourteenth, the Duchesse de la Vallière, and in consequence was banished from France. She retired to Brussels, where she brought up and educated her son Eugène, who early displayed that aptitude for military science which afterwards rendered his name famous. Wishing to enter the French army, he applied for a company, but was haughtily refused by Louis, when he exclaimed, "Well, then, I will not step again on French ground otherwise than

as an enemy, and with the sword in my hand; only do you take care to find some one to meet me." History tells how this threat was fulfilled. From the day he won the battle of Zentha against the Turks, his world-wide celebrity commenced. For forty years he carried the arms of Austria to glorious victory, and his death at this particular moment was perhaps the greatest calamity that could have befallen the nation. Eugène never married, but was united in ties of the closest intimacy with the beautiful Eleanor Strattman, widow of the gallant Hungarian, Adam Batthyany, ban of Croatia, in 1703. For a quarter of a century Eugène passed his evenings at her house, and it is said that through the influence of this lady, in 1718, Hungary was saved from another *coup d'état*.

The four years that elapsed before Maria Theresa ascended the throne were fraught with anxiety arising from her peculiar position.

Her husband was appointed by the emperor generalissimo of the Austrian forces against the Turks—a post for which he was utterly unfitted; for Francis, though brave, possessed but little military knowledge. The failure of two disastrous campaigns was attributed to his want of skill, and he returned to Vienna, disgusted, sick at heart, and suffering from the hardships of his camp life. The emperor received him with marked coldness; the court readily followed the example of their master, and Maria Theresa had the mortification of seeing her adored Francis an object of suspicion and dislike.

Shortly after, from jealousy or other motives, Charles sent the newly-married couple into Tuscany, under the pretence of taking possession of their kingdom; but it was in reality a species of honorable banishment, for a sojourn in Florence was extremely distasteful to Maria Theresa, who disliked the heat of the climate, the manners and customs of the people, with whom she had no feelings in common, and who in return displayed but scant loyalty towards the beautiful Austrian. Her stay there was a time of bitter anxiety, for each day brought proofs from Vienna of the incompetency of her father's government, and fresh tidings of defeat or disgrace. She beheld the magnificent heritage of the Hapsburgs dwindling away under the feeble sway of the imbecile monarch, who, neither confiding in himself nor in those around him, gave way to an agony of despair, often repeating, "Is then the fortune of my empire departed with

Eugène?" Now that Maria Theresa was no longer by his side, he appreciated her great qualities, and hourly bewailed the loss of her upon whose strength of mind he had leaned for support. An order was at length given for her immediate return. Scarcely had she and her husband arrived in Vienna than the disastrous war with the Turks was brought to an end by the humiliating treaty in which Belgrade was ceded to the Ottoman Porte. The state of affairs is thus described in the despatches of Lord Grantham: "Everything in this court is running into the last confusion and ruin, where there are visible signs of folly and madness as ever were inflicted on a people whom Heaven had determined to destroy."

But the days of Charles the Sixth were numbered; he expired after an illness of a few hours on the morning of the 20th of October, 1740, his death being ascribed to eating too plentifully of a dish of mushrooms stewed in oil. He had reigned forty years, during which period he transformed a powerful and prosperous kingdom into a mere wreck of its former greatness. Maria Theresa was then approaching her *accouchement*, so was not permitted to enter her father's chamber; but her grief was so excessive that her life was despaired of for several hours, though the following day she rallied sufficiently to give audience to her ministers. Her accession was proclaimed amid the greatest rejoicing, and at the age of twenty-four she took peaceable possession of the throne. Never, perhaps, was any woman more fitted to wear a crown; the lofty elevation of her mind, the real goodness of her heart, rendered her worthy to be the ruler of a great people. She inherited, it is true, much of the inflexible pride and obstinacy of her race; she could be roused to temper on occasion, but this was seldom, and was never known to forget the dignity and self-possession necessary in a sovereign. To her noble qualities of mind and heart she joined unusual personal attractions. Her figure was tall, and formed with perfect elegance; her deportment at once graceful and majestic; her features were regular, her large grey eyes full of lustre and expression. She had the Austrian mouth, but her smile was charming, her complexion dazzling in its fairness, her hair golden and wavy, and, to crown her fascinations, she possessed a voice peculiarly sweet and clear. Count Podewils, in one of his despatches, mentions with particular praise the wonderful beauty of her

hands and arms. Maria Theresa was not unconscious of her charms, but her passionate love for her husband, her severe religious principles, and, perhaps, the natural pride of her character, prevented her employing her powers of captivation, save as a queen to win over subjects and kingdoms. The bravest heart might have been appalled at the gloomy prospect now opening before her, without an army, without a treasury, without almost a cabinet, for the incompetent men who formed her father's ministry agreed in nothing save jealousy of her husband, who was, therefore, excluded from all State concerns. The army, which on paper amounted to one hundred and thirty-five thousand strong, was in reality only sixty-eight thousand effective men under arms, and the contents of the treasury did not exceed the sum of thirteen thousand pounds.

The politicians of Vienna relied on the peaceful disposition of Cardinal Fleury, then in his ninetieth year; without the aid of France, Bavaria seemed powerless. Frederic of Prussia, who only eight weeks after the death of Charles overran Silesia, was not even thought of; it was like a thunderbolt falling upon the Hofburg when the news reached Vienna, "The Prussians are in Silesia."

The first war in which the young empress engaged certainly began in self-defence. Scarcely had she been seated upon the throne, than the Pragmatic Sanction was thrown to the winds. Her chief enemy, Frederic the Great, was speedily joined by France, Spain, and Bavaria, who all laid claim to various parts of her dominions, and insultingly addressed her as "grand duchess of Tuscany." England and Holland were, however, devoted to the defenceless queen. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which her hapless situation excited amongst the English. The Parliament voted a large subsidy for her use, and the ladies of England, headed by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, subscribed the sum of a hundred thousand pounds. The War of the Austrian Succession lasted nearly eight years. Vain would it be to attempt in a short space to describe the numerous battles, sieges, defeats and victories which marked its progress. We can but allude to some of the most striking incidents which exercised a prominent influence over the fortunes of Maria Theresa.

At the outset of the war her position seemed hopeless. Frederic took forcible possession of Silesia, and in the first serious engagement the Austrians were

entirely defeated. Still the queen would not consent to yield Silesia, and haughtily refused to purchase the friendship of her enemy at such a price. The birth of her first son, Archduke Joseph, increased her determination not to yield one inch of his inheritance. "I wrote," she says, "to Cardinal Fleury; pressed by hard necessity, I descended from my royal dignity, and wrote to him in terms that would have melted stones." But the old politician was *granite*, and the cry of a woman in distress failed to alter the course of his policy. Her allies were slow in sending the long-expected aid, her friends deserted her, even her ministers were paralyzed with dismay, so that her situation seemed desperate indeed. But fear was unknown to this true daughter of the Cæsars, whose courage rose with the danger, and she determined to make a personal and touching appeal to the loyalty of her Hungarian subjects. From the commencement of her reign Maria Theresa had evinced especial favor and leaning towards this oppressed people, and had voluntarily taken the oath to preserve all their privileges entire; their hearts were therefore won before she appeared in their midst. The cabinet at Vienna in vain urged that an appeal to the Hungarians was useless, as they had refused hitherto to be governed by a woman, and the present opportunity seemed a favorable one for them to withdraw their allegiance. But the empress formed a different opinion, and pursued her purpose. She felt instinctively that a people distinguished by grandeur of soul, energy of character, and love of liberty, might indignantly reject the rule of a tyrannical despot, but would rally round a defenceless woman invoking their help in her dire distress. Who has not heard of the scene so oft described, and yet so full of beauty and pathos that it can bear repeating? It comes across the page of history like a picture from some old romance, moving us to tears of sympathy and admiration.

It was at Presburg that Maria Theresa was crowned queen of Hungary, with all the quaint ceremonies of the country. The iron crown of St. Stephen was placed upon her head, the tattered but venerated mantle thrown over her own rich robe studded with jewels, and the sword girded to her side. Thus attired, and seated upon a superb charger, she rode gallantly up to the royal mount, and according to the ancient custom drew her sabre, and defied the four corners of the world, in a manner to show she had no occasion for

that weapon to conquer all who saw her. The crown of the saint had been thickly lined to fit the finely-formed head of the queen; the weight, however, obliged her to have it removed during the banquet which followed the coronation, when her luxuriant hair, loosened from confinement, fell in rich masses over her neck and shoulders. The emotion that she felt heightened the brilliancy of her complexion, so that her beauty appeared dazzling to the beholders, who could scarcely forbear their applause. The effect she produced had not faded when she called together the Diet of Hungary, in order to lay before it the state of her affairs. Clad in Hungarian costume, with the crown of St. Stephen upon her head, and his scimitar by her side, she entered the hall with slow and majestic tread, and ascended the throne, when after a few moments of breathless silence, Maria Theresa addressed the assembly in Latin, a language in use amongst the Hungarians, and spoken by her with ease and fluency: "The disastrous state of our affairs," she said, "has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful States of Hungary the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending over this kingdom, and propose to them the consideration of a remedy. The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children, of our crown, are now at stake, and forsaken by all, we place our sole hope in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valor of the Hungarians!" She spoke in a clear and melancholy tone. Her beauty, her majesty, and her distress roused the enthusiasm of the Hungarian nobles to the wildest frenzy; they drew their sabres half out of the scabbards, and then flung them back to the hilt with a sound which echoed through the lofty building, and with one voice and accord exclaimed: "*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa!*" The queen, overcome by this sudden display of loyalty, burst into a passionate flood of tears. This act served but to increase the enthusiasm. "We wept too," said Count Koller, "but they were tears of admiration, pity, and fury." A few days after, the deputies again assembled to receive the oath of the duke of Lorraine, who had been appointed co-regent of Hungary, by consent of the Diet. Francis having taken the oath, waved his arm over his head, exclaiming with devotion, "My blood and life for the queen and kingdom!" At the same moment Maria Theresa presented her children, Archduke Joseph and Maria Christina, to the assem-

bly, who again burst forth with the exclamation: "Our swords and our blood for your Majesty; we will die for Maria Theresa and her children!"

Count Pallfy, the venerable palatine of Hungary, unfurled the blood-red standard of the kingdom, and called upon the people to defend their queen. Maria Theresa, who knew the magic power of a woman's word and smile, exercised her fascinations, and made every man who approached her a hero in her cause. Hordes of wild warriors poured forth from the banks of the Danube and the Turkish frontiers — Croats, Pandours, Sclavonians — in all about a hundred thousand men, commanded by Menzel, Kevenhüllä, and Baron Von Trenck. This army rapidly changed the aspect of affairs, and saved the queen, Vienna, and the crown. The capital was placed in a state of defence, and Frederic began to show some desire to come to terms. With great difficulty a truce was effected by the mediation of England, and Maria Theresa, with an aching heart, was obliged to yield Silesia "as a sop to this royal Cerberus," although she had frequently declared she would part with her last garment rather than an inch of territory to "the bad man," as she was accustomed to call Frederic. Her affairs, however, compelled her to this concession, for while she was defending herself against the Prussians on one side, the French and Bavarians threatened to overwhelm her on the other.

The elector of Bavaria, who had espoused Maria Amelia, daughter of the emperor Joseph the First, had seized upon Bohemia, and was crowned king at Prague. Soon after, growing bolder under the auspices and with the help of France, he assumed the imperial crown of Germany, by the title of Charles the Seventh. The election of Charles was a bitter mortification to Maria Theresa, and deeply she avenged it. Her troops, under the command of Charles of Lorraine and General Kevenhüllä, entered Bavaria, laid waste the hereditary dominions of the new emperor, and on the day he was proclaimed at Frankfort, his capital, Munich, surrendered to the Austrians, who entered the city in triumph. The French were everywhere defeated, Prague was evacuated, and Maria Theresa was able to fulfil her long-cherished desire, of placing the imperial crown upon the head of Francis. The unfortunate Charles was driven from all his possessions, Bohemia was recovered, and the peace which put an end to the War of the Austrian Succession was signed at

Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, and remained unbroken for the space of eight years, during which period Maria Theresa devoted her attention to the internal government of her dominions.

Ten or twelve hours a day were dedicated to State affairs, in the conduct of which she was ably assisted by Prince Wenceslaus Kaunitz, called "the Richelieu of Austria." He was descended from an ancient Sclavonic house in Moravia, and early entered upon a diplomatic career. He was entrusted with various missions of importance by his imperial mistress — to Rome, Turin, and Brussels, and successively ambassador at the courts of England and France. One of his first despatches was written in such a masterly style that the minister Uhlefeld placed it before Maria Theresa with the prophetic words, "Here is your Majesty's first minister;" and, indeed, soon after, he was recalled from Paris to Vienna, when only in his forty-third year, and placed at the head of the cabinet, a position he maintained for upwards of forty years.

It was during the reign of Maria Theresa that the term "*corps diplomatique*" was first employed. Kaunitz was undoubtedly the chief diplomate of his age, and the head of all the political intrigues of the eighteenth century, from the Seven Years' War down to the French Revolution, hence his nickname of "the driver of the European coach." He was a strange mixture of great and petty qualities, possessing extraordinary talents without elevation of character; a bold and subtle statesman, and incorruptible in his fidelity to the interests of his sovereign. He was vain and eccentric in dress and manners, and could play the part of a French *petit-maitre* to perfection. His reputation for gallantry was extremely distasteful to the empress, and she remonstrated with him one day about his free and easy conduct. "Madame," replied Kaunitz, "I have come here to discuss the affairs of your Majesty, not those of your servant."

Maria Theresa's tendencies were decidedly absolutist, but she sincerely loved her people; the use of torture was abolished forever, schools and hospitals founded, a new coinage issued, and the arts and sciences encouraged by liberal reward and patronage. Such was the flourishing state of the treasury a few years after she came to the throne, that her revenues exceeded those of her predecessors by six millions. Her affability and good nature enchanted her subjects; though she possessed in the highest degree the inflexible will and dom-

ineering disposition of many of the Hapsburg rulers, yet with a woman's tact she could act on occasion with the most extraordinary simplicity and condescension. For instance, after her husband's death, she never visited the theatre, when, on the 12th of February, 1768, a son and heir, afterwards the emperor Francis the Second, was born to the grand duke Leopold of Tuscany, Maria Theresa's second son. She received the news late in the evening, whilst writing in her cabinet. Without a moment's hesitation she ran through the antechamber, the outer rooms, and passages, into the theatre of the Hofburg, and leaning far over the balustrade of the imperial box, called out with motherly triumph: "Leopold has a boy, and just as a token of remembrance on my wedding-day. Isn't he gallant?" The audience was electrified.

Her generosity was unbounded; a thousand anecdotes are told of her kind-hearted benevolence. Her private charities amounted to the large sum of eighty thousand a year; her son the emperor Joseph, used to say, "If I gave away like my mother, we should soon have nothing left to give."

She could scarcely endure the sight of physical suffering. One day as she was driving with imperial pomp to visit her daughter, the archduchess Christina, who was then living with her husband at Presburg, the empress saw a poor woman accompanied by two children feebly dragging themselves along, apparently in a deplorable state of starvation. The reflection that such misery, and destitution should exist under her government filled her with the deepest anguish and humiliation. "What have I done," she exclaimed, her eyes suffused with tears, "that Providence should afflict me with such a sight as this?" It need scarcely be added that the poor woman and her family had reason to bless the moment in which they attracted the compassionate notice of the noble-hearted Maria Theresa.

Her feelings were lively and impetuous; her anger easily excited, but as easily propitiated, especially in cases where the fault had been committed against herself alone. An example of this trait in her character is told by the younger Moser, the Hessian diplomatist. She once commanded General Prince Christian Löwenstein to absent himself from court, his Highness having been too free in his criticisms and remarks. The prince, apparently unconcerned, made his appearance at her *levée* the next morning as if no order had been

issued to him. The empress instantly sent for an explanation. The prince as quickly replied, "that in Berlin orders were given once for all, but in Vienna they are repeated thrice before obeyed." Maria Theresa received the answer with great good humor, laughing heartily, and at once readmitted the prince to her favor. Horneys, the historian, relates that on one occasion, when the censorship had struck out whole pages of a periodical edited by Sonnenfels, Madame Von Greiner, confidant of and reader to the empress, sent in his name through the archduchess Caroline, afterwards queen of Naples, even though Maria Theresa was already seated at the card-table. She immediately arose, and, advancing towards the editor, exclaimed, "Well, what is it? Have you written anything against us? If so, you have our sincere pardon. A true patriot must sometimes become impatient, or against religion. But, no; you are not a fool, or against morality. I cannot believe it. But if you have written anything against ministers, well, my dear Sonnenfels, you will have to fight your own battles. I cannot help you in this. I have warned you often enough!"

The affability and good nature of Maria Theresa enchanted her people, the more so as her conduct was in striking contrast to the exclusive Spanish etiquette of former sovereigns. During her husband's lifetime she paid much attention to her toilette, and spent large sums of money upon balls, *fêtes*, and *ridottos*. Many of these amusements were provided from motives of policy, to inspire her subjects with confidence during the severe political struggles of the commencement of her reign. In many of these entertainments she displayed an Olympian splendor and munificence seldom surpassed.

Dutens witnessed at Schlosshof, near Vienna, the former summer residence of the prince Eugène of Savoy, a wonderful masquerade given by the empress. Although the palace itself was a spacious edifice, a temporary building was added, four hundred feet in length, and lit up by a hundred thousand wax tapers. Supper was served to ten thousand guests, and every possible requisite was supplied, so that in case of accident, beds, physicians, and even *accoucheurs*, were in attendance.

On another occasion an English visitor beheld a *fête* on a still more brilliant scale where Maria Theresa, dressed with the utmost magnificence, was seated on a throne surrounded by the court and principal nobility, when a superb ballet was

danced before her by the archdukes, the archduchesses, and several persons of rank, all attired in costly robes of pink and white brocade covered with diamonds.

It was at one of these masquerades that the empress laid a wager with her husband that she would allow herself to be conducted to the ball by a partner whom Francis would be utterly unable to recognize. The wager was accepted. She chose Duval, master of the mint, who, originally the son of a poor forest wood-cutter, had made his way, under the protection of Francis, to his present position, and was now living at the court of Vienna, and looked upon as an eccentricity.

The empress sent him her commands through Madame Josepha Gutenberg, a lady of the bedchamber, to proceed at once to the royal apartments. When Duval arrived, he was immediately seized upon by the dressers of her Majesty, and, notwithstanding his resistance and earnest entreaties, he was disguised as a "calendar," and then instructed in the part he had to play. The empress said, "Well, Duval, I hope you consider it an honor, and, remember, I dare you to betray me to the emperor in any way. I expect you will dance a minuet with me." Duval, in the greatest consternation, exclaimed, "Good heavens, your Majesty! In the wood I have learned nothing but to make somersets." "We can't have any of these," laughingly replied the empress; "but never mind, I will tell you in time what you are to do." From the moment the strangely-assorted couple entered the ball-room, Francis followed them unceasingly; but all his endeavors to penetrate the mystery were in vain, so that he thus lost a considerable sum to his wife.

Maria Theresa seemed entirely occupied with promoting the prosperity and welfare of her people, but she could not forget the loss of Silesia, and eagerly looked around for any chance of humbling her hateful enemy, Frederic of Prussia. Though she obstinately resisted anything like dictation, she listened willingly to advice, especially when it coincided with her own inclinations. Kaunitz, who hated England and had long been paving the way for an alliance with France, seeing the temper of his royal mistress, gradually unfolded to her his plans. He proceeded with subtlety and caution, knowing he was treading upon dangerous ground, for the Marquise de Pompadour, mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, was then the ruling power of France, and it was therefore necessary to win her over to the Austrian interest.

The prince, in suggesting this line of policy to the empress, made some kind of apology, but she simply replied, "Have I not flattered Farinelli?" The singer Farinelli was favorite of Barbara, queen of Ferdinand the Sixth of Spain, and this proud daughter of the Cæsars, descendant of a hundred kings, the pure and pious Maria Theresa, addressed a letter of complimentary persuasion to the *bourgeoise* favorite of the French king, styling her "*ma chère amie*," and "*ma cousine*." It might have been necessary in a great emergency thus to address a woman holding the powerful position of the De Pompadour, but there is no excuse for the treachery of which Maria Theresa was then guilty towards England, her first and faithful ally. She displayed a dissimulation which showed how thoroughly she had mastered the ruses of diplomatic intrigue, and a forgetfulness of treaties only to be ascribed to her long schooling in the political world of Europe, which might not inaptly be termed the "Land of Promise."

Madame de Pompadour was enraptured at such condescension from the proudest sovereign in Europe, and exerted her potent influence to compass the desired result. In 1775 she overthrew the reigning ministry, and obtained the appointment of her friend, the Abbé Bernis, as head of the French cabinet. The transactions were secretly carried on in Madame's boudoir, in her Villa Babiole, near Paris; and on the 5th May, 1756, the treaty of alliance between France and Austria was ratified and signed by the Austrian ambassador, Count George Starhemberg, and the minister Bernis. When the affair was made known at Vienna it created the greatest sensation. The emperor Francis was loud in his denunciations at the Council of State, and the archduke Joseph, encouraged by Prince Charles Batthyany, implored the empress "not to separate from England, and to trust perfidious France which had so often deceived her." But Maria Theresa was immovable, and the Seven Years' War now broke out in all its fury. Austria, France, Russia, Sweden and Denmark, were united against Prussia, who was aided by Great Britain and Holland. The hatred of Elizabeth of Russia against Frederic was bitter and unrelenting; he had made some coarse comments of a personal nature upon this immoral woman; she answered with an army of fifty thousand men. It was during these wars that a large portion of our national debt

was contracted, first in subsidies to Maria Theresa, and afterwards to her adversary of Prussia. Frederic led his troops in person, and displayed heroic valor and perseverance. The empress never would permit Francis to take the field, but her cause was bravely upheld by the Bohemian General Leopold Von Daun, who saved the Austrian dominions upon more than one occasion from imminent peril. After his signal victory over Frederic at Collin, Maria Theresa instituted the military order called by her name. The laurels of Marshal Daun were shared by Gideon Von Loudon, who almost annihilated the army of the Prussian king near Frankfort; he made his escape with the greatest difficulty, and, it is supposed, by the connivance of the Russian general Soltikoff, who had secret orders to that effect. For seven years the contest raged, alternate victory and defeat attending the belligerent parties, till they themselves became weary of a strife which brought no beneficial result to either. Frederic was the first to offer terms, demanding an answer in twelve days. Maria Theresa, with her characteristic energy accepted the proposal at once, and the peace of Hubertsburg was signed in 1763; by which treaty, not an inch of territory was gained or lost to either country, though five hundred thousand men had fallen upon the battlefield.

Maria Theresa was at this period forty-seven years old, and had attained the zenith of human prosperity, when an event occurred which cast a gloom over her later life. Her love for her husband was with her a sentiment at once passionate and profound, and had known no change during their married life, though Francis, in spite of the attractions of his wife, was by no means a model of conjugal fidelity. His conduct in this respect must have deeply pained the sensitive pride and ardent nature of the empress; but she magnanimously allowed his infidelities to pass unnoticed, and forgave the weakness of her "dear and handsome Francis," though she herself had the nicest feelings of womanly delicacy and decorum. In August, 1765, the court was at Innspruck, having repaired thither to celebrate the nuptials of Archduke Leopold with the Infanta of Spain. Before his departure the emperor had complained of indisposition, but nothing serious was apprehended, though he himself gave way to melancholy presentiments. On the 18th of the month, feeling suddenly ill at the opera, he left the house escorted by his son Joseph, and had

scarcely reached his apartments when he was struck with apoplexy, and falling on the floor, expired without a groan in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Maria Theresa was inconsolable. In a letter to her daughter she says, "I have lost a consort, a friend, my heart's joy for forty-two years." The Princess of Auersperg-Neipperg, the declared favorite of Francis, had accompanied him during this journey. On the day that the empress showed herself for the first time at a *levée* after his death, when the court was ranged on the right side, on the other quite alone, shunned by all, stood the princess, covered by a long black veil and weeping bitterly. Maria Theresa, who understood the situation in a moment, went straightway up to the deserted woman, took her hand, and said in a voice that could be heard by all, "We have indeed suffered a great loss, my dear (*meine liebe*)."

She moreover ordered a bond of upwards of two hundred thousand florins to be paid to her, which Francis had given to the princess a few days before his death, and which the ministers wished to declare void. It is said, however, that the kind condescension of Maria Theresa was returned with insolence and ingratitude by her ignoble rival. For sixteen years the empress wore mourning in memory of Francis, her apartments in the Hofburg Palace were draped with black velvet, and during the whole month of August of every year she shut herself up in solitude, and spent her time in prayer and religious observances, to which she devoted almost as many hours as the great Charlemagne. She was an exceedingly affectionate and conscientious mother to the sixteen children she had borne to her husband. Many of them played remarkable parts in the world's history, but the youngest child of Maria Theresa is the one whose hapless fate excites our deepest interest and sympathy. Each day is bringing to light unanswerable proofs of the public and private virtues of this adorable woman. Posterity is not long unjust. Her beauty, her goodness, and her misfortunes have thrown around the name of Marie Antoinette a halo to which time and research add but additional lustre. The imperial circle at that time must have formed a charming reunion of fair women and brave men. Those who stood highest in the favor of Maria Theresa were, besides Kaunitz, Daun, and Loudon, the brothers Louis and Charles Batthyany, the former palatine of Hungary, and the latter friend and governor of the emperor Joseph the Second. The

Batthyany's are one of the most ancient and illustrious of the Magyar families, and date from the fourth century, hence the adherence of this house was greatly valued by Maria Theresa, who ever retained her old preference for the Hungarian magnates. The two daughters of Prince Charles Batthyany, afterwards the Countess Esterhazy and Countess Windischgrätz, were lovely and fascinating women, and united in ties of platonic friendship with the emperor Joseph the Second, whose affection for the elder sister is said to have induced him to renounce all idea of a third marriage, though no shadow rests upon the reputation of the Hungarian charmer.

After the death of Francis, Maria Theresa admitted Joseph to a share in the government of the empire, without interfering with her own supreme authority. She herself spent many months of the year at her country palace at Schönbrunn, where she inhabited the apartments on the ground-floor, near the orangery, which were painted in Indian fashion and hung with ash-grey damask, and gold embroideries. Being of a very warm nature, she sat constantly in the open air in a secluded bower called "the Glorietta," pen in hand, and papers by her side, a sentinel being placed at the entrance to warn off all intruders. Towards the end of her life she suffered much from weak ankles, and became exceedingly stout, so that exercise was almost an impossibility. Her manners, however, retained all their old graciousness and dignity; clad in heavy crape robes and veil, her hair thrown back from her forehead and faintly powdered, she displayed even to the end traces of her former beauty. Her mental powers and decision of character never forsook her. In 1772 two of the most signal acts of her reign took place. The first, which was brought about by the influence of Kaunitz, was the expulsion of the Jesuits, who for two hundred years had been the chief advisers of the imperial policy. The empress long hesitated from casting out this powerful body of ecclesiastics, as she entertained the opinion, afterwards held by the statesman Metternich, "that the Jesuits are the mainstay of all authority." But Kaunitz for years had been preparing answers to every objection that could be raised, and the empress at length reluctantly signed the decree for the expulsion of the order. Scarcely was this matter accomplished, than another act, equally important, but more unfortunate, was wrung from Maria Theresa by her old

enemy, Frederic, and Catherine the Great of Russia. This was the fatal partition of Poland, by which spoliation Austria gained indeed increased territory, and saved the empire from a serious war, but committed an act the danger of which was even then foreseen by the clear-sighted judgment of Maria Theresa; for in the deed of partition she writes on the margin of the memorandum sent in by Kaunitz: "I do it, because so many great and learned men wish it; but, when I have been long dead, people will see what must come from this violation of everything that is deemed holy and right." Nevertheless, her Majesty signed the deed, "in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity," and at the same time wept with the heroic Polish countess Wielopolska, who afterwards committed suicide, driven distracted by the miseries of her unhappy country. Cardinal Prince de Rohan, the French ambassador at the Viennese court in 1772, thus writes: "Maria Theresa stands, indeed, with the handkerchief in one hand, weeping for the woes of Poland, but with the sword in the other, ready to cut Poland into sections, and take her share!" A true, but severe satire, upon the last act of a glorious reign!

The health of Maria Theresa had been rapidly failing for some time. On repeated occasions she used to be lowered in a chair, slung on ropes, into the vault of the church where Francis was buried. On the last of these sad visits, the rope broke as she was being drawn up again, and she called out, "He wants to keep me with him—I shall come soon." A few days after, she was taken worse, dropsy declared itself, and no hope was given.

Amidst the most acute sufferings, she evinced a calm serenity of manner, and an unalterable patience, said to be almost superhuman. On recovering from a violent paroxysm, she was deeply moved by the sight of her son Joseph bathed in tears. "Spare me, my son," she said; "my own sufferings do not appal me, but your affliction takes away my firmness." She implored him to be a father to his brothers and sisters. Like all great minds, she was an enthusiast in love and friendship; the sense of gratitude she possessed in an unusual degree. Her chief thanks were addressed to the Hungarians, who had saved her at the commencement of her reign, and the name of this noble nation was one of the last words upon her lips. The night before her death, Joseph implored her to take some rest; she replied earnestly, "In a few hours I shall

appear before the judgment-seat of God—and would you have me rest?”

She expressed much anxiety lest those who had depended entirely upon her private charities should be left destitute, saying, “If I could wish for immortality upon earth, it would only be for the power of relieving the distressed.” A short while before she expired, after receiving the sacraments of the Church, she lay with her eyes closed in silent prayer. One of her ladies, thinking she was asleep, whispered, “The empress sleeps.” She instantly opened her eyes. “No,” she said, “I do not; I wish to meet my death awake.” “To Thee I am coming!” she suddenly exclaimed, and then passed away all that was mortal of the august Maria Theresa, on the 29th of November, 1780, in the sixty-fourth year of her age, and the forty-first of her reign.

Both as a queen and a woman, Maria Theresa commands the respect and admiration of posterity; and, amongst all her lofty titles, there is none which so completely sums up her reign and character as the endearing appellation bestowed by her own subjects—“Mother of her People.”

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THE NORWEGIAN LEMMING AND ITS MIGRATIONS.

BY W. DUPPA CROTCH, M.A., F.L.S.

AMONG the many marvellous stories which are told of the Norwegian lemming (*Myodes lemmus*, Linn.) there is one which seems so directly to point to a lost page in the history of the world that it is worth a consideration which it appears hitherto to have escaped. I allude to the remarkable fact that every member of the vast swarms which periodically almost devastate Norway perishes voluntarily, or at least instinctively, in the ocean. But as among my readers some may not be familiar with the lemming, a brief description of the animal itself will not be out of place. It is a vole, like our short-tailed field mouse, very variable in size and color. The claws, especially on the fore foot, are strong and curved, the tail is very short, the ears scarcely visible, and the beadlike, black eyes seem always to notice objects above them rather than those in any other direction. During the summer these animals form their nests under stones, usually betraying their habitations by the

very care which they take to keep them sweet and clean. In winter, however, they form long galleries through the turf and under the snow in search of their food, which is exclusively vegetable; and it is at this time that those ravages are caused which have led the Norwegians in former times to institute a special form of prayer against their invasions. There are several species of lemming, easily recognizable, and with well-marked geographical range; but it is to the Scandinavian species only that the following old description applies. “It lives on the shoots of the dwarf birch, reindeer lichens, and other mosses; it hisses and bites; in winter it runs under the snow; and about every tenth year, especially before an extremely severe winter, the whole army of animals, in the autumn and at night, migrates in a direct line.” According to Olaus Magnus they fall from the clouds; and Pennant narrates that “they descend from the Kolen, marching in parallel lines three feet apart; they traverse Nordland and Finmark, cross lakes and rivers, and gnaw through hay and corn stacks rather than go round. They infect the ground, and the cattle perish which taste of the grass they have touched; nothing stops them, neither fire, torrents, lakes, nor morasses. The greatest rock gives them but a slight check; they go round it, and then resume their march directly without the least division. If they meet a peasant they persist in their course, and jump as high as his knees in defence of their progress. They are so fierce as to lay hold of a stick and suffer themselves to be swung about before they quit their hold. If struck they turn about and bite, and will make a noise like a dog. Foxes, lynxes, and ermines follow them in great numbers, and at length they perish, either through want of food or by destroying one another, or in some great water, or in the sea. They are the dread of the country, and in former times spiritual weapons were exerted against them; the priest exorcised them, and had a long form of prayer to arrest the evil. Happily it does not occur frequently—once or twice only in twenty years. It seems like a vast colony of emigrants from a nation overstocked, a discharge of animals from the northern hive which once poured forth its myriads of human beings upon southern Europe. They do not form any magazine for winter provision, by which improvidence, it seems, they are compelled to make their summer migration in certain years, urged by hunger. They are not poisonous, as

vulgarly reported, for they are often eaten by the Laplanders, who compare their flesh to that of squirrels."

M. Guyon disposes of the theory that these migrations are influenced by *approaching* severe weather, since the one witnessed by himself took place in the spring; also the superabundance of food during the previous autumn precluded all idea of starvation. He therefore adopts a third view, that excessive multiplication in certain years necessitates emigration, and that this follows a descending course, like the mountain streams, till at length the ocean is reached. Mr. R. Collett, a Norwegian naturalist, writes that in November, 1868, a ship sailed for fifteen hours through a swarm of lemmings, which extended as far over the Trondhjems-fjord as the eye could reach.

I will now relate my own experience of the lemming during three migrations in Norway, and in a state of captivity in England. The situation of Heimdalen, where I reside during the summer months, is peculiarly well suited for observation of their migrations, lying as it does at an elevation of three thousand feet, and immediately under the highest mountains in Scandinavia, and yet, except during migration, I have never seen or been able to procure a specimen. It was in the autumn of 1867 that I first heard the peculiar cry of the lemming, guided by which I soon found the pretty animal backed up by a stone, against which it incessantly jerked its body in passionate leaps of rage, all the while uttering a shrill note of defiance. The black, beadlike eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the teeth shone white in the sunlight. I hastily snatched at the savage little creature, but it sprang completely round, fastened its teeth sharply in my hand, and taking advantage of my surprise escaped under a large stone, whence I could not dislodge it. A Norwegian friend who accompanied me by no means shared my feelings of satisfaction at the sight of a lemming. "We shall have a severe winter and no grass next spring owing to those children of Satan!" was his comment on the event. However, it was many a month before I saw another, then, on lifting a flat stone I found six in a nest of dried grass, blind, and apparently but just born. In a few days the whole fjeld became swarming with these pretty voles; at the same time white and blue foxes made their appearance, and snowy owls and many species of hawks became abundant. My dogs, too, were annoyed by the rash courage of

the new-comers, which would jump at their noses even when slowly drawing on game, so that they never spared a lemming, though they never ate them till last year, when I observed that they would eat their heads only, rejecting the body, although they devoured the common field mouse to the end of his tail. As the season advanced and snow covered the ground, the footprints and headless carcasses told plainly how hard it must be for a lemming to preserve its life, although there can be no doubt that its inherent pugnacity is its worst enemy. In this country we fail to conceive how much active life goes on beneath the snow, which in more northern latitudes forms a warm roof to numerous birds, quadrupeds, and insects, which are thus enabled to secure an otherwise impossible sustenance. At the same time, as I have already noticed, a fearful struggle for existence is carried on during the long autumnal nights before the snow has become a protection rather than a new source of danger to all save predaceous animals. It was a curious sight, when the whole visible landscape was of an unbroken whiteness, to see a dark form suddenly spring from the surface and scurry over the snow, and again vanish. I found that some of the holes by means of which this feat was executed were at least five feet in depth, yet even here was no safety, for the reindeer often kill the lemmings by stamping on them, though I do not believe their bodies are ever eaten.

During the autumn I noticed no migration, or rather there was only an immigration from some point to the eastward, and in the subsequent migrations of 1870-1 and 1875-6 I still found the same state of things. The animals arrived during early autumn, and immediately began to breed; there was no procession, no serried bands undeterred by obstacles, but there was an invasion of temporary settlers, which were speedily shut out from human view by the snow, and it was not till the following summer that the army, reinforced by five or six generations, went out to perish like the hosts of Pharaoh. On calm mornings my lake, which is a mile in width, was often thickly studded with swimming lemmings, every head pointing westward, but I observed that when my boat came near enough to frighten them they would lose all idea of direction and frequently swim back to the bank they had left. When the least wind ruffled the water every swimmer was drowned, and never did frailer barks tempt a more treacherous sea, as the wind

swept daily down the valley, and wrecked all who were then afloat. It was impossible not to feel pity for these self-haunted fugitives. A mere cloud passing over the sun affrighted them; the approach of horse, cow, dog, or man alike roused their impotent anger, and their little bodies were convulsively pressed against the never-failing stone of vantage, whilst they uttered cries of rage. I collected five hundred skins, with the idea of making a rug, but was surprised to find that a portion of the rump was nearly always denuded of hair, and it was long before I discovered that this was caused by the habit of nervously backing up against a stone, of which I have just spoken. As this action is excited by every appearance of an enemy, it seems surprising that a natural callosity should not take the place of so constant a lesion; possibly, however, the time during which this lesion occurs is too short to cause constitutional change.

Early in the autumn, and just a year after their arrival at Heimdalen, the western migration commenced anew. Every morning I found swarms of lemmings swimming the lake diagonally instead of diverging from their course so as to go round it, and mounting the steep slopes of Heimdals-hö on their way to the coast, where the harassed crowd, thinned by the unceasing attacks of the wolf, the fox, and the dog, and even the reindeer, pursued by eagle, hawk, and owl, and never spared by man himself, yet still a vast multitude, plunges into the Atlantic Ocean on the first calm day, and perishes with its front still pointing westward. No faint heart lingers on the way; and no survivor returns to the mountains.

There appears to have been a difficulty in keeping these restless creatures in captivity, both because they escape through incredibly small apertures (generally, however, dying from internal injuries thus caused), and because they will gnaw through a stout wooden cage in one night, and devote every spare moment to this one purpose, with a pertinacity worthy of Baron Trenck. At all events, few have been brought alive to this country, and none have survived. At present (February, 1877) I have one which I have preserved since September last, defeating his attempts at escape by lining the cage with tin, and allowing him a plentiful supply of fresh water, in which he is always dabbling. With the approach of winter all his attempts to escape ceased, and I now always take the little stranger for an airing in my closed hands whilst his bed

is being made and his room cleaned out. He seems to like this, but after a few minutes a gentle nibble at my finger testifies to his impatience, and if this be not attended to the biting progresses in a crescendo scale until it becomes unbearable, although it has never under these circumstances drawn blood. My little prisoner shows few other signs of tameness, but the fits of jumping, biting, and snarling rage have almost ceased. I expect, however, that with the return of spring the migratory impulse will be renewed, and that he will kill himself against the wires of his cage like a swallow.

The reader is now in a position to consider the three questions raised by the above facts, and those questions are as follows: 1. Whence do the lemmings come? 2. Whither do they go? 3. Why do they migrate at all? With regard to the first, no one has yet supplied an answer. They certainly do not exist in my neighborhood during the intervals of migration; and the Kjolen range was probably selected as their habitat, not because it was proved to be so, but because so little is known about it at all. The answer to the second question is certain: they go to the sea. Those on the east of the backbone of Norway go to the Gulf of Bothnia, and those on the west to the Atlantic Ocean; and out of eighteen migrations which have been investigated, one only, and that very doubtful, is reported to have been directed southward. The question as to the cause of these migrations remains, and is a very difficult one to answer. We have been told that the foreknowledge of approaching severe weather predetermines the exodus: my experience, however, contradicts this, and it may be dismissed as merely a popular superstition. Unusual reproduction and consequent deficiency of food is a more plausible theory, but I have always noticed that, just as with the swallow, a few individuals have preceded the main body, and that during the first autumn the numbers are never large, but after a winter spent beneath the snow they begin to breed with the first days of summer, and thus develop the extraordinary multitude which is, as it well may be, the astonishment and terror of the country. It appears, then, that excessive reproduction is rather the result than the cause of migration. It has also been suggested that the course taken by the lemmings follows the natural declivities of the country, but a reference to the maps will show that in that case nearly all the Norwegian migrations should take a

southerly route, which is by no means the case. On the contrary, westward at Heimdal means across a rapid river, over a wide lake, and up a steep, rocky, and snowy mountain, and this is the course which is followed. Now this ends eventually in the ocean, and thus we are again landed at the question from which we set out. After all, it is not the power of direction which is so remarkable: this is a faculty possessed by many animals, and by man himself in a savage state. A young dog which I took from England, and then from my home in Vaage by a path to Heimdalen, a distance of forty-six miles, ran back the next morning by a direct route of his own, crossing three rapid rivers and much snow, and accomplishing the distance in six hours, without the vestige of a path. This same dog afterwards repeated the feat, but followed the path, and took two days in reaching his destination, hindered and not aided, as I believe, by his experience. Herr Palmén, indeed, says "experience guides migration, and the older migrants guide the younger," like one of Mr. Cook's personally conducted tours. This obviously cannot be the case with the lemmings.

It is now generally admitted that instinct is merely inherited experience, and is therefore primarily calculated to benefit the species, unless indeed circumstances have changed meanwhile more rapidly than the structures to which the phenomena of instinct are due. Now, the lemmings during their wanderings pass through a land of milk and honey, where, if their instincts could be appeased, they might well take up a permanent abode, and yet they pass on, whilst their congener, the field-vole, remains in quiet possession of the quarters from which he was temporarily ousted. It is indeed almost as strange a sight to see the holes, the deeply-grooved runs, and the heaps of refuse of these restless creatures, which have passed away but yesterday, as it is to see the fields suddenly become alive with a new and boisterous tenant, who, like another Ishmael, has the hand of all men against him.

Now, if we compare the migration of the lemmings with that of our more familiar swallows, we find that the latter obviously seek a more genial climate and more abundant food, returning to us as surely as summer itself; nor do they ever, so far as I know, breed on their passage. The swifts, which stay but a short time with us, remain in Norway barely long enough to rear their young before return-

ing to Africa. It is difficult, in fact, to find a parallel case to that of the lemmings: the nearest approach, perhaps, is afforded by the strange immigration of Pallas's sand-grouse in 1863, when a species whose home is on the Tartar steppes journeyed on in considerable numbers to the most western shores of Europe, and very probably many perished, like the lemmings, in the waves of the Atlantic. But to revert to the swallows, which annually desert Europe to visit Africa. Let us suppose that these birds were partial migrants only—that is, that a remnant remained with us after the departure of the main body—and further suppose that the continent of Africa were to become submerged, would not many generations of swallows still follow their inherited migratory instincts, and seek the land of their ancestors through the new waste of waters, whilst the remaining stock, unimpeded by competition, would sooner or later, according to the seasons, recruit the ranks for a new exodus? It appears quite as probable that the impetus of migration towards this lost continent should be retained as that a dog should turn round before lying down on a rug merely because his ancestors found it necessary thus to hollow out a couch in the long grass.

Well, then, is it probable that land could have existed where now the broad Atlantic rolls? All tradition says so: old Egyptian records speak of Atlantis, as Strabo and others have told us. The Sahara itself is the sand of an ancient sea, and the shells which are found upon its surface prove that no longer ago than the miocene period a sea rolled over what now is desert. The voyage of the "Challenger" has proved the existence of three long ridges in the Atlantic Ocean, one extending for more than three thousand miles; and lateral spurs may, by connecting these ridges, account for the marvellous similarity in the fauna of all the Atlantic islands. However, I do not suppose that the lemmings ever went so far south, though they are found as fossils in England; but it is a remarkable fact that whilst the soundings off Norway are comparatively shallow for many miles, we find a narrow but deep channel near Iceland, which probably has prevented the lemming from becoming indigenous there, although an American species was found in Greenland during the late Arctic Expedition. If, as is probable, the Gulf Stream formerly followed this deep channel, its beneficent influence would only extend a few miles from

the coast, which would also have reached to a great distance beyond the present shores of Norway, and thus the lemmings would have acquired the habit of travelling westward in search of better climate and more abundant food; and as little by little the ocean encroached on the land the same advantages would still be attained. And thus, too, we find an explanation of the fate which befalls the adventurous wanderers; for we have already seen that no lake deters them, and that they frequently cross the fjords, or arms of the sea, in safety. No doubt, therefore, they commit themselves to the Atlantic in the belief that it is as passable as those lakes and fjords which they have already successfully dared, and that beyond its waves lies a land which they are never destined to reach.

The submerged continent of Lemuria, in what is now the Indian Ocean, is considered to afford an explanation of many difficulties in the distribution of organic life, and I think the existence of a miocene Atlantis will be found to have a strong elucidative bearing on subjects of greater interest than the migration of the lemming. At all events, if it can be shown that land existed in former ages where the North Atlantic now rolls, not only is a motive found for these apparently suicidal migrations, but also a strong collateral proof that what we call instincts are but the blind and sometimes even prejudicial inheritance of previously acquired experience.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

IT was late when they arrived at Mainz, and there was some little delay about getting supper ready, because, a quarter of an hour after it was ordered, they heard the squealing of a young cock outside, that being the animal destined for their repast. Moreover, when the fowl appeared, he turned out to be a tough little beast, only half cooked; so they sent him away, and had something else. For convenience' sake they supped in the great, gaunt, empty Speis-saal. It was about ten o'clock

when they went up to the sitting-room on the first floor which they had reserved.

There was thus plenty of time for Lady Sylvia to have got over the first fierce feeling of wrath against Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, which had been begotten by the cynicism of Mr. Bolitho and the indifference of her husband. Surely those large and tender blue-grey eyes—which her husband now thought had more than ever of the beautiful liquid lustre that had charmed him in the days of her sweet maidenhood—were never meant as the haunt of an incontrollable rage? And indeed when Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, who had been wandering about the town on foot, were brought up to the apartment at that late hour of the night by Mr. Bolitho, and introduced to Mr. and Lady Sylvia Balfour, there was nothing hideous or repellant about the political Gorgon, nothing calculated to awaken dismay or disgust. On the contrary, Mrs. Chorley, who was a tall, motherly-looking woman, with a fresh-colored face, grey hair, thin and decided lips, and blue eyes that stared at one over her silver spectacles, was more than friendly with the young girl. She was almost obsequious. She was sure Lady Sylvia must be so tired; would not Lady Sylvia have a cup of tea now? she would be so pleased if she could do anything for Lady Sylvia. Lady Sylvia sat proud and cold. She did not like to be fawned upon. She was listening, in indignant silence, for the first efforts of her husband and Mr. Bolitho to cajole this mercenary solicitor into betraying an English constituency.

One thing she might be sure of—that her husband would not be guilty of any tricks of flattery or hypocrisy to gain his end. His faults lay all the other way—in a bluntness and directness that took too small account of the sensitiveness of other people. And on this evening he was in very good spirits, and at once attacked Mr. Eugenius Chorley with a sort of gay and friendly audacity. Now, Mr. Chorley was a little, dapper, horsey-looking man, with shrewd, small eyes, a face wrinkled and red as a French rennet, accurately clipped whiskers, and a somewhat gorgeous necktie with a horseshoe in emeralds in it. He was shrewd, quick, and clever; but he was also very respectable and formal; and he disliked and distrusted jokes. When Balfour gaily asked him what price Englebury put upon itself, he only stared.

"My friend Bolitho," continued Balfour, with a careless smile, "tells me you've

got some land there, Mr. Chorley, of no particular use to you. If I were to buy that, and turn it into a public garden, wouldn't the inhabitants of Englebury be vastly grateful to me?"

Here Mr. Bolitho struck in, very red in the face.

"Of course you understand, Chorley, that is mere nonsense — we were having a joke about it on the steamer. But really now, you know, we may have a general election in October; and Mr. Balfour is naturally anxious to fix on some borough where he may have a reasonable chance, as Ballinascroon is sure to bid him good-bye; and I have heard rumors that old Harnden was likely to retire. You, as the most important man in the borough, would naturally have great influence in selecting a candidate."

It was a broad hint — a much franker exposition of the situation than Mr. Bolitho at all liked; but then the reckless audacity of this young man had compromised him.

"I see," said the small, pink-faced solicitor, with his hands clasping his knee; and then he added gravely — indeed, solemnly — "You are doubtless aware, Mr. Balfour, that your expressed intention of giving the inhabitants a public garden would become a serious matter for you in the event of there being a petition?"

"Oh," said Balfour, with a laugh, "I shan't express any intention! You would never think of repeating a private chat we had one evening by the Rhine. The people of Englebury would know nothing about it till long after the election — it would only be a reward for their virtuous conduct in returning so admirable a representative as myself."

Mr. Chorley did not like this fashion of treating so serious a matter; in the conduct of the public affairs of Englebury he was accustomed to much recondite diplomacy, caucus meetings, private influence, and a befitting gravity.

"There is a number of our people," said he cautiously, "dissatisfied with Mr. 'Arnden."

"Parliament really wants some fresh blood in it," urged Mr. Bolitho, who would have been glad to see a general election every three months; for his Parliamentary agency was not at all confined to looking after the passage of private bills.

"And his connection with Macleary has done him harm," Mr. Chorley again admitted.

"Oh, that fellow!" cried Balfour. "Well, I don't think a man is responsi-

ble for the sins of his brother-in-law; and old Harnden is an honest and straightforward old fellow. But Macleary! I know for a fact that he received 120*l.* in hard cash for talking out a bill on a Wednesday near the end of this very session; let him charge me with libel, and I will prove it. Thank goodness, I am free in that respect. I am not hampered by having a blackguard for a brother-in-law —"

He stopped suddenly; and Lady Sylvia, looking up, was surprised by the expression of his face, in which a temporary embarrassment was blended with a certain angry frown. He hurried on to say something else; she sat and wondered. What could he mean by this allusion to a brother-in-law? He had no brother-in-law at all. She was recalled from these bewildered guesses by the assiduous attentions of Mrs. Chorley, who was telling Lady Sylvia about all the beautiful places which she must visit, although Lady Sylvia treated these attentions with but scant courtesy, and seemed much more deeply interested in this electioneering plot.

For it was as a plot that she distinctly regarded this proposal; and she was certain that her husband would never have been drawn into it but for the evil influence of this worldling, this wily serpent, this jester. And what was this that they were saying now? — that Englebury had no politics at all; that it was all a matter of personal preference; that the Dissenters in that remote and rustic paradise had not even thought of raising the cry of disestablishment; and that Balfour, if he resolved to contest the seat, would have a fair chance of success. Balfour had grown a trifle more serious, and was making inquiries. It appeared that Mr. Chorley was not much moved by political questions; his wife was a Dissenter, but he was not. Very probably Mr. Harnden would resign. And the only probable rival whom Balfour would in that case encounter was a certain Reginald Key, who was a native of the place, and had once represented a neighboring borough.

"Confound that fellow," said Mr. Bolitho; "is he back in England again? It does not matter which party is in power, they can't get him killed. They've sent him, time after time, to places that invalid every Englishman in a couple of years; and the worse the place is the better he thrives — comes back smiling, and threatens to get into Parliament again if they don't give him a better appointment. What a nuisance he used to be in the House! But certainly the feeblest thing I

ever knew done by a Liberal government was their sending him out to the Gold Coast — as if twenty Gold Coasts could kill that fellow! Don't you be afraid of him, Balfour. The government will get him out of the way somehow. If they can't kill him, they will at least pack him out of England. So you think, Chorley, that our friend here has a chance?"

Mr. Chorley looked at his wife; so far the oracle had not spoken. She instantly answered that mute appeal.

"I should say a very good chance," she observed, with a friendly smile, "a very excellent chance, and I am perhaps in a better position to sound the opinions of our people than my husband is, for of course he has a great deal of business on his hands. No doubt, it would be a great advantage if you had a house in the neighborhood. And I am sure Lady Sylvia would soon become very popular — if I may say so, I am sure she would become the popular candidate."

Surely all things were going well. Had this important ally been secured, and not a word said about disestablishment? It was Lady Sylvia who now spoke.

"I must beg you," said the girl, speaking in clear tones, with her face perhaps a trifle more proud and pale than usual, "I must beg you to leave me out of your scheme. I must say it seems to me a singular one. You meet us, who are strangers to you, by accident in a foreign country; and without consulting the gentleman who is at present your member, and without consulting any of the persons in the town, and without asking a word about my husband's opinions or qualifications, you practically invite him to represent the constituency in Parliament. All that happens in an hour. Well, it is very kind of you; but it seems to me strange. Perhaps I ought not to ask why you should be so kind. There has been a talk about presenting a public green to the people; but I cannot suppose you could be influenced by so paltry a bribe. In any case, will you be so good as to leave me, at least, out of the scheme?"

All this was said very quietly; and it was with a sweet courtesy that she rose, and bowed to them, and left the room; but when she had gone they looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of them. Balfour broke the silence; he was as surprised as the others, but he was far more deeply vexed.

"That shows the folly," said he, with an angry look on his face, "of allowing

women to mix themselves up in politics — I mean unmarried women — I mean young women, of no experience, who take everything *au grand sérieux*. I am sure, Mrs. Chorley, you will allow me to apologize for my wife's conduct; she herself will be sorry enough, when she has time to reflect."

"Pray don't say another word, Mr. Balfour," Mrs. Chorley replied; but all the bright friendliness had gone from her face, and she spoke coldly. "I have no doubt Lady Sylvia is a little tired by travelling — and impatient; and indeed my husband and myself ought not to have intruded ourselves upon her at so late an hour. I have no doubt it is eleven o'clock, Eugene?"

Her husband rose; and they left together. Then Mr. Bolitho put his hands into his pocket, and stretched out his legs.

"The fat's in the fire," said he.

For a second Balfour felt inclined to pick a fierce quarrel with this man. Was it not he who had led him into this predicament; and what did he care for all the constituencies, and solicitors, and agents that ever were seen as compared with this desperate business that had arisen between him and his young wife?

But he controlled himself. He would not even show that he was vexed.

"Women don't take a joke," said he, lightly. "Besides, she knows little about actual life. It is all theory with her; and she has high notions about what people should be and do. It was a mistake to let her know anything about election affairs."

"I thought she was deeply interested," said Mr. Bolitho. "However, I hope no harm is done. You will see old Chorley to-morrow before they leave — he is a decent sort of fellow — he won't bear a grudge. And from what he says, it appears clear to me that Harnden does really mean to resign; and Chorley could pull you through if he likes — his wife being favorable, that is. Only, no more at present about the buying of that land of his: I am afraid he felt that."

Bolitho then went; and Balfour was left alone. He began pacing up and down the room, biting the end of a cigar which he did not light. He could not understand the origin of this outburst. He had never suspected that placid, timid, sensitive girl of having such a temper. Where had she got the courage, too, that enabled her to speak with such clear decision? He began to wonder whether he

had ever really discovered what the character of this girl was, during those quiet rambles in the bygone times.

He went into her room and found her seated in an easy-chair, reading by the light of a solitary candle. She put the book aside when he entered. He flattered himself that he could deal with this matter in a gentle and friendly fashion: he would not have a quarrel in their honeymoon.

"Sylvia," said he, in a kindly way, "I think you have successfully put your foot in it this time."

She did not answer.

"What made you insult those people so?"

"I hope I did not insult them," she said.

"Well," he said, with a laugh, "it was getting close to it. I must say, you might have shown a little more consideration to friends of mine —"

"I did not regard them as friends of yours; I should be sorry to do that."

"They were at all events human beings; they were not black-beetles. And I think you might have considered my interest a little bit, and have remained silent, even if you had conjured up some imaginary cause of offence —"

"How could I remain silent?" she suddenly said with vehemence. "I was ashamed to see you in the society of such people; I was ashamed to see you listening to them; and I was determined that I, for one, would not be drawn into their unblushing conspiracy. Is it true, Hugh, that you mean to bribe that man? Does he really mean to accept that payment for betraying his trust?"

"My dear child," said he impatiently, "you don't understand such things. The world is the world, and not the paradise of a schoolgirl's essay. I can assure you that if I were to buy that land from Chorley — and so far it has only been spoken of as a joke — that would be a very innocent transaction as things go; and there could be no bribing of the constituency, for they would not know of the public green till afterwards. Bribery? There was more bribery in giving Mrs. Chorley the honor of making your acquaintance —"

"I know that," said the girl with flushed cheeks. "I gathered that from the remarks of your friend, Mr. Bolitho. And I was resolved that I, at least, would keep out of any such scheme."

"Your superior virtue," said Balfour in a matter-of-fact way, "has asserted itself most unmistakably. I shall not be sur-

prised to find that you have killed off the best chance I could have had of getting into the next Parliament."

"I should be sorry to see you get into any Parliament by such means," she said; for her whole soul was in revolt against this infamous proposal.

"Well, at all events," said he, "you must leave me to be the best judge of such matters, as far as my own conduct is concerned."

"Oh, I will not interfere," she said with a business-like air, though her heart was throbbing cruelly. "On the contrary, if you wish to get back soon, in order to look after this borough, I will go whenever you please. There will be plenty for me to do at the Lilacs while you are in London."

"Do you mean," said he, regarding her with astonishment, "when we return to England — do you mean that you will go down to Surrey, and that I should remain in Piccadilly?"

There was a voice crying in her heart, "*O my husband — my husband!*" but she would pay no heed to it. Her face had got pale again, and she spoke calmly.

"If that were convenient to you. I should not wish to be in the way if you were entertaining your friends — I mean the friends who might be of use to you at Englebury. I should be sorry to interfere in any way with your chances of getting the seat, if you consider it right and honorable that you should try."

He paused for a moment, and then he said, sadly enough — "Very well."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MORAL TREATMENT OF INSANITY.

A SKETCH OF ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

OF all the many dark chapters in the history of mankind, we doubt whether the treatment of the insane in all ages, up to within a little more than half a century of the present time, is not the darkest. It is one which it is impossible to study without arising from it emphatically a wiser and a sadder man — sadder as being forced to realize what the human heart is capable of, not in moments of frenzied passion, or exceptional excitement, but in the cold blood of thoughtlessness, ignorance, and careless selfishness; wiser, as grasping the infinite progress which lies before the human race, and which is slowly being evolved by the dynamic forces stored up

in every great evil, the cumulative anguish which in that evil is being slowly but surely heaped up, till the moment comes when the consummation is reached, the evil is felt to be intolerable, and the imprisoned giant, so long and so hopelessly ignored, rends the crust of human indifference, and man finds himself tossed by some irresistible power to a higher level of humanity and moral feeling, in which the old things have passed away, and are no longer possible, and, behold! all things are become new. We therefore feel we owe no apology to our readers for bringing before them a history little known, yet which all ought to know, most painful in the past, but full of hopeful bearing for the future.

Nothing perhaps has so appealed to human compassion in every age as sickness, in all its varied forms; the sight of the undecaying mind almost overwhelmed in the ruins of its own temple, the strong activity we have known all turned to the touching weakness and dependence of a little child, the hourly helpless wants that stretch dumb appealing hands to our love and sympathy. Yet in many a ruined temple of the body the sweetest worship has been held; there the broken gleams of dying day often fall tenderest, and the gloom breaks into mystic glory; there, as from haunted ruins, strange midnight strains are often heard, turning the common air into celestial harmonies.

But what of that one sickness and decay which spreads from the house to its mysterious inhabitant, and, leaving the ignominious prey of the body, attacks the divinity within the shrine, and destroys the mind, while often giving a strange vitality to the body? "Struck by this affliction" (to quote the eloquent words of Dr. Conolly), "man can no longer enjoy the chief distinction of his nature. He can no longer pursue truth, nor do good, nor govern himself. If he is a person of rank, all his power and influence depart from him. If he lives by the exercise of his profession, hope flies away, and poverty overwhelms him. If he belongs to the class in which daily subsistence is provided for by daily toil, he becomes destitute of the means of living. No malady effects such wide destruction, or creates so much and such varied distress." Even the consolations of religion seem often vain here; no prayer rises up spontaneously in the darkened mind, "like fountains of sweet water in the sea," to alleviate the bitterness of the heart; no thoughts of the infinite life beyond to make the lifelong anguish grow

short as shadows at noonday. Often the light is known only by the distorted shadows it casts, indescribable shapes of supernatural terror. And love itself, the great assuager of all sorrow, is but too often the lunatic's worst torment, turned, as his heart generally is, against his nearest and dearest, hearing their voices like some wretch —

Who wounded, hears cold waters babbling by,
Yet cannot crawl and drink, but parched
moans;

While as he lies,
That cool voice maddening mocks his agony
And fevered cries.

For the insane, all the wells of life are poisoned, and he seems outcast from consolation, both human and divine.

Surely, then, in this form of deepest misery, in all the pathetic grandeur of its fall from the excellence of manhood, we have a condition of humanity which man in all ages has agreed to compassionate, and to surround with loving ministrations, so far as tender touch, and soothing word, and cheerful sight, can win their way through the closed doors and darkened windows? Alas! that nothing should be more certain than that the treatment these afflicted children of the great Father have received from the time of the earliest physicians whose works we possess on the subject, down to about eighty years from the present time, or for about two thousand five hundred years, can only be qualified by one word, *barbarous*.

Up to the middle of the last century, and in many countries much later, harmless maniacs, or those supposed to be so, were allowed to wander over the country, beggars and vagabonds, affording sport and mockery. If they became troublesome, they were imprisoned in dungeons, whipped, as the phrase ran, out of their madness, at all events subdued, and then secluded in darkness in the heat of summer and in the cold and dampness of winter, often forgotten, and sometimes starved to death, always half-famished. There was not a town or a village in this Christian land where such enormities were not committed.*

On the Continent, up to the French Revolution, the monk was generally the madman's physician, and the monastery was his asylum. It is not to be doubted that in some cases he was humanely treated, but there is abundant evidence to show that the ordinary treatment was to

* The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints. John Conolly, M.D., Edinburgh, 1856.

the last degree cruel and inhuman. Whether by the monks the insane were regarded as the subject of demoniacal possession, and the idea was entertained of beating the evil spirit out of them, we will not determine, but whatever was the theory of the *modus operandi* the fact is indubitable, that in some establishments at least the practice existed of the daily administration of about a dozen lashes to the unfortunate patient. He was almost constantly chained, often in a state of complete nudity, the straw in which he grovelled for warmth rarely changed; he was therefore filthy in the extreme. As a greater security against his violence he was often enclosed in an iron cage; the returning seasons found him "crouching like a wild beast, in his wire-bound cell," his limbs cramped and stiffened into one position, and whatever of mind and feeling was left to him crushed to the lowest pitch by changeless monotony, or maddened by intolerable despair.*

But even whips, and chains, and cages, were not ingenious enough to satisfy the cruelty of man. Chairs were invented which pinioned all the patient's limbs as in an iron vice, depriving him of all power of motion; others were made so as to whirl round with furious speed, quieting the most unruly by means of extreme vertigo and sickness. A German writer recommended that the lunatic should be swung up to the top of a tower, and then be let suddenly to plunge down, so as to give him the impression of entering the lowest parts of the earth; naïvely adding, "that if he could be made to alight among snakes and serpents, it would be still better." The "bath of surprise," too, was a favorite resource, the flooring being so contrived as to give way, and precipitate the unfortunate lunatic into a tank, from which he was not removed till half-drowned. "Indeed," as Dr. D. Hack Tuke observes, "only to enumerate the means employed to tame the fury of the maniac, whether on the Continent or in England, would subject the historian to the charge of gross exaggeration from a stranger to the actual history of insanity at this period;" and this eighteen hundred years after the Healer of men had taught by his own example the compassionate treatment of the insane, and braved the storm on the Galilean lake, to seek out the wretched lunatic among the tombs, and bring calm to the storms of his dis-tempered mind.

* Moral Management of the Insane. Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke. 1854.

At the end of the eighteenth century, a few faint streaks of the coming dawn appeared. In 1736, Tenon wrote a work on Paris hospitals and asylums, in which he advocated the necessity of better accommodation and milder treatment of the insane. And even earlier still, St. Vincent de Paul, "the father of the poor, the steward of Providence," espoused the cause of the poor lunatic, and showed himself alive to the cruelty of his treatment. In 1790, the subject at last received sufficient attention for a law to be passed in the French Assembly, enforcing the seclusion or imprisonment of dangerous or deranged persons, which, however, brought little amelioration to their lot. The incurable were separated from those supposed to be curable, regardless of the fact that an arbitrary division of this kind consigns many to incurability whose case might otherwise not have proved hopeless. The position of the curable, however, was by no means enviable. They were placed in the Hôtel Dieu, in narrow, ill-ventilated wards, and slept four in a bed, the majority being fastened down. There were no airing-courts, and the treatment of all cases was indiscriminate. The crowded wretchedness and dirt of such wards were ill calculated to relieve mental irritation. If such was the condition of the curable in the French asylums, what then was that of those whose case was thought hopeless? These were lodged in the two largest public asylums of Paris, the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière, many of the cells in both buildings being below the level of the surrounding ground. As a rule, they were only six feet square. Air and light were admitted by the door alone. The only furniture consisted of narrow planks, fastened to the damp walls. Food was thrown in through a sort of wicket. At the Salpêtrière, where the cells were level with the drains, large rats found their way into them, and often attacked and wounded the unhappy inmates, and sometimes caused their death.*

It was when things were in this apparently hopeless state that three enlightened and humane men were appointed to the administration of the hospitals of Paris. These were Cousin, Thouret, and Cabanis. More happily still, all the three were friends of the physician Pinel, a physician whose name has become immortal. All three were of opinion that he was the only man in Paris, or even in France, who could remedy the evils which they de-

* Report to the Council of Hospitals, 1822. M. Desportes.

plored. They appointed him physician to the Bicêtre. He entered on his great field of work towards the end of 1793.

And what a field it was! Dr. Pariset, in his *éloge* on Pinel, paints its character in dark but faithful colors. The insane, the vicious, the criminal, were mingled together and treated alike. Wretched beings covered with filth and loaded with chains, were seen crouched down in the damp, dark cells, to which God's great charities of light and air were denied. The attendants on these unhappy ones were malefactors, selected from the prisons, armed with whips, and often accompanied by savage dogs. No chapel bell assembled the inmates for prayer, or suspended the fierce and dreadful thoughts of the dungeon. No "kindly face did good like a medicine," but night and day the building resounded with cries, yells, and curses, and the clanking of chains and fetters.

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
Facevan un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
Come la rena quando il turbo spira.*

It was into this "hell above ground" that Pinel resolved to bring order, comfort, and the power of love and kindness. After having many times urged the government to allow him to unchain the maniacs of the Bicêtre, but in vain, Pinel went himself to the authorities, and with much earnestness and warmth advocated the removal of this monstrous abuse. Couthon, a member of the Commune, gave way to Pinel's arguments, and agreed to meet him at the Bicêtre. Couthon then interrogated those who were chained, but the abuse he received, and the confused sound of cries, vociferations, and clanking of chains, in the filthy damp cells, made him recoil from Pinel's proposition. "You may do what you will with them," said he, "but I fear you will become their victim."

Pinel immediately began his undertaking. There were about fifty whom he considered might without danger to others be unchained, and he began by relieving twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of *camisoles* with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary.

The first man on whom the experiment was tried was an English captain, whose

history no one knew, as he had been in chains *forty years*. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them; his keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of blind fury killed one of them with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and said to him, calmly, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty, if you will promise to behave well, and injure no one."

"Sir, I promise you," said the maniac; "but you are laughing at me, you are all too much afraid of me."

"I have six men," Pinel answered, "ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me, then, on my honor, I will give you your liberty if you will only put on this waistcoat."

He submitted to this willingly, and without a word his chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door of his cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again on it, for he had been in a sitting posture so long that he had lost the use of his legs; in a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord into his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to have had been prepared for him, and he slept quietly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicêtre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

Another unfortunate being whom Pinel visited was a soldier of the French Guards, whose only fault was drunkenness; when once he lost self-command by drink he became quarrelsome and violent, and the more dangerous by reason of his great strength. From his frequent excesses he had been discharged from the corps, and had speedily dissipated his scanty means. Disgrace and misery so depressed him that he became insane; in his paroxysms he believed himself a general, and fought those who would not acknowledge his rank. After a furious struggle of this sort, he had been brought to the Bicêtre in a state of the greatest

* Dante's "Inferno," Canto III. 25-30.

excitement. He had now been chained for ten years, and with greater care than the others, as he had frequently broken his chains with his hands only. Once, when he had broken loose, he had defied all the keepers who entered his cell until they had each passed between his legs, and he compelled eight or ten men to obey this strange command. Pinel in his previous visits to him, regarded him as a man of original good nature, but laboring under excitement incessantly kept up by cruel treatment; and he had promised soon to ameliorate his condition, which promise alone had made him more calm. Now he announced to him that he should be chained no longer; and to prove that he had confidence in him, and believed him to be a man capable of better things, he called upon him to assist in releasing those others who had not reason like himself, and promised, if he conducted himself well, to take him into his own service. The change was sudden and complete. No sooner was he liberated than he became obliging and attentive, following with his eye every motion of Pinel, and executing his orders with as much address as promptness. He spoke kindly and reasonably to the other patients, and during the rest of his life was devoted to his deliverer. "I can never hear without emotion," says Pinel's son, "the name of this man, who, some years after this occurrence, shared with me the games of my childhood, and to whom I shall always feel attached."

In the next cell were three Prussian soldiers who had been in chains for many years, but on what account no one knew. They were generally calm and inoffensive, becoming animated only when conversing together in their own language, which was unintelligible to others. They were allowed the only consolation of which they appeared sensible — to live together. The preparations taken to release them alarmed them, and they imagined the keepers were come to inflict new severities, so they opposed them violently while removing their irons. When released they were not willing to leave their prison, and remained in their habitual posture. Either loss of intellect or grief had made them indifferent to liberty.

Next to them was an old priest who was possessed with the idea that he was Christ. His appearance indicated the sincerity of his belief; he was grave and solemn; his smile soft, and at the same time severe, repelling all familiarity; his hair was long, and hung on each side of

his face, which was pale, intelligent, and resigned. On his being taunted with the question that if he were Christ he could break his chains, he calmly replied, "*Frustra tentaris Dominum tuum.*" His whole life was a romance of religious excitement. He undertook a foot pilgrimage to Cologne and Rome, etc. On his confinement in the Bicêtre, his hands and feet were loaded with heavy chains, and during twelve years he bore with exemplary patience this martyrdom, as well as constant sarcasms.

Pinel did not attempt to reason with him, but ordered that he should be unchained in silence, and directed at the same time that every one should imitate the old man's reserve, and never speak to him. This order was rigorously observed, and produced on the poor man a more decided effect than either chains or dungeon; he became humiliated at this unusual isolation, and, after hesitating a long time, gradually introduced himself to the society of the other patients. From this time his notions became more quiet and sensible, and in less than a year he acknowledged the absurdity of his previous prepossessions, and was dismissed from the Bicêtre.

In the course of a few days, Pinel unfettered fifty-three maniacs in the Bicêtre; among them were men of all conditions and countries. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked by a regularity and kindness which had a most favorable effect on the insane, rendering even the most furious more tractable.*

But, while thus liberating the lunatic from his iron fetters, it must not be supposed that Pinel reached at one bound the present enlightened treatment of the insane, or realized the extent to which they may be allowed liberty of action. He still judged that mechanical restraint was necessary, and employed both coercion and intimidating measures where the use of them would now be considered reprehensible. Nor could he change the prison-like aspect of their abode. But though he considered it justifiable and expedient to resort in some cases to stratagem, and in many to threats of punishment, he mainly relied on moral means, and was the first on the Continent to prove the effect of kindness on the disordered brain.

Pinel's noble example was followed by many other distinguished physicians, among whom were Esquirol, Georget, Jacobi, Falret, Zeller, Foville, Voisin, Sci-

* *British and Foreign Medical Review*, No. 1.

pio Pinel, Parchappe, and others. But the subsequent treatment of insanity on the Continent has not kept pace with that in this country.

Not only was the spread of Pinel's principles extremely slow, so that as late as 1836, when, as we shall afterwards see, Charlesworth and Hill, in England, were abolishing the last vestige of mechanical treatment, we still find the existence of chains, manacles, and cages in some of the French provincial asylums; but when, in 1853, Dr. Daniel H. Tuke visited some of the principal Continental asylums, though in a general way the patients were treated with kindness and care, he found much mechanical restraint still in force, and the douche as a punishment still employed. The latter he described as a fearful instrument of torture, in the hands of an ignorant or cruel attendant. A friend of his witnessed its application, at the Bicêtre, to a young man who persisted in calling himself Jesus Christ and Napoleon. On his asserting this the douche was threatened, and on the failure of this threat actually put into effect. His head was fixed by means of a board, with an aperture which fitted his neck, and a stream of water from a great height was directed so as to fall with painful force on the irritated brain of the unfortunate lunatic. It was then suspended, and he was asked whether he would still persist in calling himself Jesus Christ and Napoleon. On repeating his delusion, the douche was again allowed to descend on his head. He was then asked a third time, "Are you Jesus Christ and Napoleon?" and having replied in the negative, he was allowed to retire.

Holland for many years has made great advance in her treatment of the insane. In 1837, Prof. Van der Kolk delivered an address at Utrecht, entitled, "*Oratio de debita cura infaustam Maniacorum sortem emendandi eosque sanandi, in nostra patria nimis neglecta.*" The professor succeeded in rousing public attention, and the intervention of the legislature. Commissioners were appointed, laws passed for the regulation of existing asylums, the suppression of some, including all private asylums, and the creation of new ones. Among the latter was a princely building near Haarlem, called Meerenberg; its medical officers, Dr. Everts and Dr. D. H. Van Leeuwen, visited England to obtain information as to the right treatment of the insane, and determined, as a result of their visit, to introduce the system of non-restraint. Prof. Van der Kolk, however,

did not subscribe to the non-restraint system, as an inexorable principle never to be departed from, holding, with most Continental psychological physicians, that the waistcoat may prove, under some circumstances, the least irritating mode of restraining violence.

In Germany insanity had for long received much attention, as a subject of great speculative interest, and elaborate theories were framed, respectively entitled the somatic, the psychic, and the somatopsychic. But whilst speculative philosophers were engaged in caustic controversy over their rival abstract theories, the poor concrete lunatic was left in chains and darkness, and no attention was given to his practical treatment. The asylum of Sonnenstein, near Dresden, was the first to adopt more enlightened modes of treatment. In 1821 Dr. Jacobi began his labors at Siegburg, near Bonn, and in the following year edited a free translation of the "Description of the York Retreat," by Samuel Tuke, with a view to introducing the same method of treatment in Germany. By his personal labors at Siegburg, and his writings, he is regarded as the main leader in the amelioration of the condition of the insane in that country. Religious influence, kindness, and other moral means, combined with a most careful attention to the medical indications of each case, constituted his primary rules of treatment; but he was never convinced of the necessity of adopting the principle of non-restraint.

Many of the provincial asylums of Prussia are well worthy of praise, but Dr. Tuke found Berlin miserably deficient in proper accommodation for the insane. On making some remark to Professor Ideler, on so wealthy a city neglecting so necessary an object of public care, he replied that the military expenses of the country were so great, that little was left to be spent on public asylums. It was in the portion of the public hospital, La Charité, set apart for the insane, that Dr. Tuke witnessed Prof. Ideler's sanction of the douche, with indignation and disgust, as being positively cruel.

Austria, on the other hand, has been decidedly in advance of Prussia in the treatment of those afflicted with mental diseases. The large comparatively new public asylums at Vienna and Prague are worthy of all praise, not only in their construction and external appearance, but in their management, the condition of the patients, and the high character of their medical officers.

The old tower can still be seen in Vienna where the insane were chained and exposed to public view.

Having thus briefly passed in review the history of this great movement on the Continent, let us now trace out its history in our own country, the first to lead the way and the most advanced in the humane treatment of the disordered mind.

A few months prior to Pinel's great reform in France, the same movement was taking place in England, in a more unobtrusive form. It is not so generally known as it ought to be that it is to the Quakers that England owes this immense debt of gratitude, to those gentle worshippers of light and silence — a silence in which they have ever heard the voice of God speaking to them in every form of human misery, an inner light which seems invariably to guide them to successful methods in dealing with it.

Among all the bad English asylums, the York Asylum possessed the unenviable pre-eminence. The patients slept three in a bed; the light in some of the ground-floor rooms was obstructed by pigstyes, which added to the general foulness of the air. Small airing-courts, into one of which one hundred lunatics were crowded without any supervision, so that it was discovered that several patients had been killed by their companions; dark cells into which the more violent were thrust, often in a state of complete nudity, sometimes for a week at a time, no provision being made for ordinary cleanliness; food which was described as cold meat for the middle class, and offal and trash for the lower; flogging and cudgelling systematically resorted to, and downright murder not an unfrequent occurrence: such were some of the features of an asylum established in 1777, by general subscription, for the decent maintenance and relief of such insane persons as were in reduced circumstances.

The secrecy which formed part of its vicious system kept suspicion from being aroused till 1790, when some members of the Society of Friends sent one of their family, a lady, for care to the York Asylum. Its rules forbade her friends to see her; she died; something wrong was suspected, and from that day "the Society of Friends, acting as always in conformity with Christian precepts, and never hesitating to face a right work because of its difficulty, determined to found an institution in which there should be no secrecy. William Tuke was the great founder of the new asylum, and from the first he and his

friends pursued in their asylum the principles which are now universally adopted." *

This was the more remarkable as the founder was not a medical man, with the advantage of modern pathological knowledge to guide him in breaking through the received treatment of the insane for two thousand years, but was simply guided by humanity and Christian principles, combined with strong common sense. For thirty years he devoted himself to this good work.

The new asylum was set in extensive grounds; it was made to look as much like a rural mansion as possible, instead of a gloomy prison; the apertures, guarded by strong bars and shutters, which did duty for windows in the old asylum, were discarded, and glazed windows with iron sashes substituted; the rooms were furnished with neatness and care; and in order to imbue the patient's mind with the idea that he had come to a temporary home, the name of "the Retreat" was suggested, and was then first used. Healthful employment was resorted to — straw and basket work, as well as needlework, for the women, and outdoor cultivation of land for the men, which was found to have a marked beneficent influence; and simple amusements and friendly tea-parties were introduced. "Certainly," says Dr. Conolly, "restraint was not altogether abolished by them; but they began the new system in this country, and the restraints they did continue to use were of the mildest form." It was thought that cases existed in which the excitement created by the use of the strait waistcoat during a maniacal paroxysm was of a lesser degree than that caused by the employment of great physical force by an attendant, for, it must be remembered, the padded room had not yet been introduced. But no "whirling-chairs" were employed, no "bath of surprise" brought the patient to his senses; no cage-like dens were there in which to incarcerate the maniac from all human sympathy and the light and air of heaven; no whips, chains, and fetters. Yet the venerable founder, we are told, could go his way through the wards of the asylum, not only without fear of injury, but greeted by many a warm handshake, and by eyes glistening with grateful emotion, and kindling into intelligence.

And this at the time when the great authority, Dr. Cullen, was writing in favor

* Dr. Conolly's speech at Willis's Rooms. *Daily News*, April 1, 1852.

of the systematic employment of fear in the treatment of insanity, and prescribing stripes in some cases of mania!

It was impossible that so remarkable an experiment should be going on without gradually attracting the curiosity of medical men and philanthropists; and the numerous enquiries made led at last, in 1813, to the publication of an account of the institution, by Samuel Tuke, the grandson of the founder, which was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* by Sydney Smith, whose racy wit so often served the cause of philanthropy. "If it be true," as the author of this able article remarks, "that oppression often makes a *wise* man *mad*, is it to be supposed that stripes, insults, and injuries, for which the receiver knows no cause, are calculated to make a *mad-man* *wise*, or would they not rather exasperate his disease, and excite his resentment? May we not most clearly perceive why furious mania is almost a stranger to the 'Retreat'?—why all the patients wear clothes, and are generally induced to adopt orderly habits?" Referring to mechanical restraint and seclusion, he says: "Except in the case of violent mania, which is by no means of frequent occurrence, coercion, when required, is considered as a necessary evil, that is, it is thought abstractedly to have a tendency to retard the cure, and to oppose the influence of the moral remedies employed. It is, therefore, used only sparingly, and the superintendent has often told me that he would rather run some risk than have recourse to restraint when not absolutely necessary."

The publication of these enlightened principles, accompanied by an account of their successful practical adoption, had an immediate effect. The medical superintendent of the York Asylum took offence at the slur cast by the existence of the Retreat on *his* ideal institution, and rashly engaged in a newspaper controversy, during which a case of grave ill-treatment came to light. The public became alarmed. A commission of inquiry was instituted, and such fearful abuses were revealed as roused the whole country, and at last forced mental therapeutics on both public and medical attention.

But it was not till 1814, a year after the publication of Mr. Samuel Tuke's account of the Retreat—some twenty years after the right system had been enacted, under the able oversight of Tuke and also of Jepson—that any general reform took place. In the next five-and-twenty years fifteen new county asylums were opened,

superintended by men of intelligence and humanity, recognizing the supreme importance of moral treatment, discarding whips, chains, and whirling-chairs, and using as little restraint as was then thought possible. Sir Alexander Morison, in 1823, gave the first course of lectures on the subject; and his example was followed later on by Drs. Conolly and Sutherland.

It was not, however, till 1837 that the important experiment of the total abolition of mechanical restraint was tried, which happily proved a still further advance in the treatment of the insane. The experiment was first tried at the Lincoln Asylum, under Dr. Charlesworth and the house-surgeon, Mr. Gardiner Hill. The indignity of the coercion-chair and the strait-waistcoat, and the unseemly struggle to enforce their use, was found so irritating to the excited brain, and productive of such angry dislike and revengeful feeling in the patient's mind, as fatally to militate against moral treatment; and the immediate saving of trouble by the use of such instruments of control, regardless of the uncleanly habits they almost invariably produce, was so likely to be abused in the long run by careless attendants, that they were discontinued. A "padded room" was often used. The walls are padded half-way up with coir; the floor itself is a bed, on which additional pillows and rugs are spread for the patient to lie down; the window is carefully guarded with a wire network, letting in light and air, while ensuring safety. The perfect quiet and subdued light in themselves often come like healing balm to the poor excited brain, and the patient frequently falls into sound sleep; his state being carefully watched through the inspecting-plate. Four or five hours sometimes are found sufficient to subdue a paroxysm of acute mania. In some asylums, however, at the present day, it is rarely or never resorted to.

The following curious table will show how gradual was the introduction of the non-restraint principle in the Lincoln Asylum:—

Year	Total No. in House	Total No. Restrained	Total No. of instances of Restraint	Total No. of Hours under Restraint
1829	72	39	1,727	20,424
1830	92	54	2,364	27,113
1831	70	40	1,004	10,830
1832	81	55	1,401	15,671
1833	87	44	1,109	12,003
1834	109	45	647	6,597
1835	108	28	323	2,874
1836	115	12	39	334
1837	130	2	3	28

Here we remark that in 1829 more than

half the number of the inmates were subjected to mechanical restraint; in 1836, out of one hundred and fifteen, it was found necessary for only twelve; and in 1837, out of one hundred and thirty patients, for only two; after which date the practice was totally discontinued. Let our readers reflect how much irritability, even in the ordinary brain excitement of anger, we instinctively work out at the soles of our boots, or by a free movement of the hands, and then realize what it would be in the intolerable brain-excitement of mania to be strapped immovably to a coercion-chair, or have our arms pinioned so as to be unable even to wipe away one's own tears of anguish and despair, and they will not be at a loss to conceive the enormous alleviation of suffering represented in that column of lessening figures.

But the time had at length arrived when the experiment had to be tried on a larger scale. In 1839 the great and good Dr. Conolly was appointed superintendent of the large pauper asylum at Hanwell, containing one thousand patients; and, having personally studied the working of the system at Lincoln, he determined to introduce the principle of non-restraint into his unruly kingdom, which he resolved to govern by moral and therapeutical means alone.

When Colonel Clitheroe and other benevolent persons on the Middlesex magistracy made their preliminary inquiries into the actual condition of the pauper lunatics of that county, which led to the erection of Hanwell, it was found that in the places in which they were kept, several were chained to the walls in dirty and offensive rooms. Once a month a medical visit was accorded them, and in the interval they were left to the mercy of their keepers. Before dusk, at the close of each dismal day, the patients were carefully chained in cribs, the long corridors echoing with yells and curses of helpless fury all the night. On Sunday, a day of holiday to the keepers, the patients were left chained in their cribs all day. Their toilet, except on Sunday, when there was none, was performed by means of a tub in the yard, with the aid of a mop. The extravagance of soap was not permitted, and for one hundred and seventy patients one towel was considered sufficient. The economy of the plan was manifest; and the mortality resulting from it, though considerable, was not considered. The condition of one man in Bethlehem, where the patients were exposed to public view for

money, has been immortalized in a work of Esquirol, which contains a plate drawn from life. This patient's name was Norris. He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment from his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through the wall, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he liked. To prevent this sort of outrage, poor Norris muffled the chain with straw, but the savage inclinations of the keeper were either checked by no superintending eye, or the officers of the asylum partook of his cruelty and his fears, for a new and refined torture for the patient was invented, in the shape of an ingenious apparatus of iron. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall, but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not lie down except upon his back. And in this thralldom he had lived for *twelve years*. During much of this time his conversation is reported to have been rational. At length release came, but he only lived one year to enjoy it. "It is painful to have to add," says Dr. Conolly, "that this long-continued punishment had the recorded approbation of all the authorities of the asylum." Surely the fact that such atrocities could go on under medical sanction should put us on our guard against attaching a superstitious weight to the dicta of medical men, when they assert the necessity of vice and unlicensed vivisection, as they once asserted the necessity of stripes and chains for the lunatic.

When — to return to our subject — the Hanwell Asylum was finished, presenting a handsome building surrounded by extensive grounds, and a farm on which the patients could be employed, it was a source of admiration and wonder. Yet the fine new building might, in its practical working, have been "only the old Adam dressed up in new clothes." Such was not the case. The instruments of coercion dis-

carded by Dr. Conolly, of one kind and another, amounted to *six hundred*, half of which were leg-locks and handcuffs; for these instruments of restraint the good doctor substituted the padded room for the violent, for mischievous patients clothes of a material that could not be torn, fastened on with a small padlock; for epileptic patients, instead of the old miserable chaining to the bed in one constrained attitude, a well-padded floor on either side, making a possible fall harmless; and for all alike patience, kindness, moral suasion, and sympathy. He instituted regular occupations; a school for the younger patients, recreation of all kinds, and even occasional social gatherings, in which the officials and the patients met happily together, and a band, composed of the more musical patients, performed. And lastly, not least, the religious services established by Dr. Conolly's predecessor, Sir William Ellis, were made regular by the appointment of a chaplain. The Sunday services, no longer interrupted by patients made irritable by mechanical restraint, were conducted with decent decorum; sacred singing was cultivated, and these afflicted ones encouraged, with what broken lights of reason remained to them, to look up to the great Father of us all.

The success of the good doctor's method exceeded even his expectations; the wards ceased to resound at night with groans and curses from chained and struggling patients; order, content, and industry reigned among his one thousand and eight insane subjects; cures were far more quickly effected in the absence of any external aggravation of the irritability of the brain; and Dr. Conolly's vast experience, extending over a period of upwards of thirteen years, enabled him to enforce the principle that there is no properly managed asylum in the world in which mechanical restraint may not be abolished, not only with safety, but with incalculable advantage; a principle hotly contested on the Continent, with some notable exceptions, within recent years, as Griesinger in Germany and Morel in France.

The commissioners in lunacy, who were at first disposed to regard the new system with some disfavor, after carefully watching its results, became convinced of its desirability, and urged its adoption in the strongest terms. In their eighth report they could state that in twenty-seven out of thirty public or county asylums mechanical restraint had been abolished, these asylums containing about ten thousand patients.

A few years later and the use of it may be said to have ceased to exist in England.

Would that we could say that the old abuses of our system of caring for the insane had been completely weeded out; the objectionable increase in the size of the asylums, the painfully inadequate medical superintendence — the only efficient guarantee against the re-introduction of cruelty, against which the mere abolition of mechanical restraint is no safeguard — two physicians being considered sufficient for the care of one thousand patients, while at Illenau, in Germany, there are four medical officers, and only four hundred and fifty patients, the jealousy of the governing bodies, which often curtails and cripples medical authority, and the petty economy which leads to the discontinuing of schools, and of the useful agencies to restore the balance of the mind on the score of expense, are some of the evils which still infect the milder system.

One or two instances, in conclusion, may perhaps better enable us to realize the difficulties to be overcome in the abolition of all mechanical restraint, and the marvellous results obtained by the invincible power of love, kindness, and gentle firmness.

A poor tailor's wife was admitted as a patient; she had already been insane some months, after a confinement, apparently from the want of proper food and comforts. She was a kind of mad skeleton, looking as if she might drop down and die at any moment, and yet danced and sang, and tore her clothes and all bedding to rags. No restraints were used, and she was indulged in some of her harmless fancies, supplied, among other things, with useless remnants, that she might amuse herself with tearing them into shreds. Good food was given her; she became stouter, and became calmer, and soon she employed herself in making dresses instead of tearing them; and then a happy recovery was commencing, when her poor husband came to see her. The sight of him, half starved and half clothed, brought on a temporary relapse. She became depressed, wept bitterly, and lamented that her husband could not also come to Hanwell. These feelings were contracted by the desire to go to him, poor as their home was, to comfort her husband and share his poverty; and, as soon as she was well enough, her wish was complied with.

In Dr. Hitchman's first report (1833) of the Derbyshire Asylum, we read of a patient brought to the institution naked, except that round the middle there were

some remains of a dress; his limbs were chained; he roared hideously as he was being conveyed to the wards. The patient was of a large size and formidable aspect, but he appeared to be unable to retain the erect position without support. He resisted all attempts to clothe him, and he seemed unacquainted with the use of a bedstead. He whined after the manner of a dog that has lost its home—that home appearing to have been for more than thirty years a mere outhouse. He seemed to dread everybody, and he was lost to all sense of decency. “He is guided,” writes Dr. Hitchman, on his arrival, “by the lower instincts only, and his whole appearance and manner—his fears, his whines, his peculiar skulking from observation, his bent gait, his straight hair, large lips, and gigantic forearm—painfully reminded one of the more sluggish of the anthropoid apes, and tell but too plainly to what sad depths the human being can sink, under the combined influences of neglect and disease.”

It is interesting to know what improvements can be made in even such a case as this, in an asylum containing every comfort and advantage. Fifteen months after his admission, Dr. Hitchman was able to say, “He now walks about the galleries properly clothed, smiles when he is approached, puts out his hand in a friendly manner towards those he recognizes, sits regularly at meals, is shaved at appointed times, carries himself nearly erect, and looks as if he belonged to the children of men.”

Some of the most distressing cases occur amongst patients of a higher grade, from the mistaken reluctance of affectionate relatives to place them under proper medical care.

“A man of rank and education,” says Dr. Conolly, “looking much like a mad beggar, all decent politeness forgotten, and who has kept his family in a state of disturbance and misery indescribable, yet, on removal to a good asylum, conforms at once to the hours and customs of the house, where he finds himself surrounded with kindness, and above all, meets with the calm, wise treatment so seldom to be had at the hands of agitated relatives, but which the irritable brain demands. In time the tranquil days and nights, the regularity of the hours of exercise, meals, good diet, cheerful social intercourse, and hopeful words, together with the administration of baths, and all the medical and therapeutical means practicable, produce a gradual restoration of health. Nothing

occurring from day to day to exasperate the patient; no unkind thing being ever done, no unkind expression ever addressed to him, no ungentle emotion ever aroused, the irritation of the brain gradually subsides, and reason is restored; or, if structural change has already taken place which precludes cure, the malady takes a milder form, till the sufferer is released by death.*

Even in the frequent cases which came under Dr. Conolly, of men and women reduced to insanity after a long career of vice, and mad indulgence of their passions, he found the effects of quiet treatment and inexhaustible patience were generally seen at last. Profligate, intemperate, violent, regardless of domestic ties, their children abandoned to all the evils of poverty, themselves by degrees given up to utter recklessness, the trouble occasioned by patients such as these was indescribable. All violent methods produced greater obstinacy, greater determination to give trouble and do mischief, and commit all kinds of outrage. It was not till such patients, in whatever mood of mind, found themselves treated month after month, and even year after year, with invariable temper and patience, their outbreaks met with sorrow and not with anger, their attempts at self-control noticed and encouraged with hopeful words, that even these became generally quiet, decorous in manner and language, attentive to their dress, disposed to useful activity, and able to preserve their good behavior in the chapel.

Indeed, the marvellous results recorded by Dr. Conolly, as obtained from the most disordered and refractory material by the use of moral means alone (for experienced alienist physicians are agreed that in addition to the direct medical treatment of the brain, and often when this fails, moral means are of the utmost importance) irresistibly lead up to the question whether, by the use of the same means outside the asylum, insanity might not often be preventible as well as curable. “Very little consideration,” writes Dr. Conolly, “is required to show that in the management of children of tender years, early customs prevail which tend to irritate the growing brain; and let us remember that it is the tendency of all long-continued irritation to produce structural change, in other words, incurable insanity. Might not many a wayward temper, inherited,

* Dr. Conolly, “The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints.”

perhaps, from half insane ancestors, be soothed and regulated, if the fault was met with sorrow instead of anger, if in the paroxysm of passion, instead of the loud voice, the irritable shake, or the angry slap, the child was put into a room by itself, with the assurance it should be released the moment it stopped crying, or in the case of a very young child, a warm bath was resorted to, to stop long-continued screaming; if every effort at self-control were carefully watched, noticed, and encouraged, instead of the usual careless 'You get worse and worse,' that greets the next outburst; above all, if strict obedience and regular habits were quietly but irresistibly enforced, implanting a habit of self-control, and teaching the child what, as Carlyle says, 'it cannot learn too early and thoroughly: that Would, in this world of ours, is as a mere zero to Should, and for the most part as the smallest fraction even to Shall'—might not many a brain have been saved from making shipwreck in after life?"

Mothers especially would do well to study Dr. Andrew Combe's "Principles of Physiology Applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education;" Dr. Southwood Smith's "Philosophy of Health;" and Mr. Charles Bray's work on "The Education of the Feelings." From these works may be gathered many directions for the regulation of the life of children, conformable in system and in object to the character of the non-restraint system applied to older and decidedly disordered minds.

Again, we should do well to ponder the following statement of Dr. Conolly: "All who have had peculiar opportunities of studying the mental habits of insane persons of the educated classes, well know that with some exceptions their pursuits and studies appear to have been superficial desultory, and frivolous; the condition of the female mind, especially of the minds of those who are to be the mothers of another generation, is even in the highest circles too often more deplorable still. Not only is it most rare to find them familiar with the best authors of their own country, but most common to find that they have never read a really good author either in their own or in any other language, and that the few accomplishments possessed by them have been taught only for display in society and not for solace in quieter hours." Much is doing to remedy this state of things, and great efforts are being made for the better education of

women, but much still remains to be done. Surely the moral treatment resorted to in such cases, "exercise in the open air, customary and general activity and usefulness, a moderate attention to music and other accomplishments, instead of an extravagant devotion of time to such excitements, protection from fanatical expositions, and substitution of sensible books for the worthless tracts and volumes with which well-meaning friends have crowded their boxes, and which are henceforth locked up as so much mental poison—surely this treatment can be better pursued *outside* an asylum than *in* one? To make a real intelligent effort to give our boys and girls healthy pursuits, and, if possible, some interest in some branch of science, whether natural history or some other—an object often accomplished by the purchase of a few books and instruments—is surely a great step made towards the preservation of mental sanity, bringing the mind into contact with that fair-ordered world of nature, which Goethe recognized as the great influence in calming a distempered mind.

And lastly could we not be a little kinder to each other? It is unkindness that most often unhinges the mind. It is the kindness the patient meets with in the asylum that forms the first steps to his cure.

Musing upon the little lives of men,
And how they mar that little by their feuds,

it has often struck me as an infinitely sad thing, how little it takes to make a human heart happy, and how often that little is denied; often, too, not from want of affection, but from want of a little thought.

In conclusion, are there no ways in which we could co-operate in the great work of these good men, who, by the devotion of a lifetime, have brought about this great revolution in the treatment of the insane? All who have had personal experience of the insane, will bear witness to the cruelty and folly of the feeling of dread with which they are regarded, a feeling which we do not indulge towards a patient in the delirium of fever, though with better cause for it, a feeling which I sometimes think must have been implanted in us by the centuries of superstitious horror and cruelty which this one form of human malady inspired. In the life of Elizabeth Fry, it is touching to read how the dowager czarina of Russia personally visited the asylums of St. Petersburg, saw to the comfort of the inmates, and soothed their afflicted minds by playing on the organ to

them. Are there not some with bright gifts of song or of elocution, who would sometimes place these gifts at the disposal of the officers of an asylum, to help to bring a little brightness into these darkened lives? Could not a flower mission be opened to our city asylums, and all the tender beauty and healing grace of those "fair ungrieving things" be made to minister to troubled minds?

At least let us render our heart's thanks to those noble men who have removed one of the darkest blots from our common human nature, and shown love victorious over neglect, and fear, and cruelty, by working with them, in prevention, if we cannot in curing; and remembering the wonders they have effected by pouring into the wounds of a troubled mind the oil and wine of kindness, unwearied patience, and wise tenderness, let us "go and do likewise."

ELLICE HOPKINS.

From The Sunday Magazine.

"DARK" DENNIS AND HIS GRANDSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

BELOW the level of the road, which is bounded on one side by a line of comparatively modern, but already smoke-dried and seedy-looking, houses, and separated from it by an iron railing, which serves as a gymnasium for the ragged youngsters of the neighborhood, there runs a narrow paved footway in front of a row of low, dark, old-fashioned cottages. They were rural cottages once, with front gardens, perchance, sloping up to the level of the then much narrower roadway, and the top of apple-trees in the bigger gardens behind showing over their low roofs or sweeping the tiles (it may have been thatch in those times) with branches of white and pink blossom, or ruddy fruit gleaming forth from still green leaves. Citizens setting forth for a country walk may have glanced gratefully at the honeysuckle on the porches or the hollyhocks standing sentry beside the garden gates, as a first taste of the treats in store for them. There is very little rural now about Fleming's Row. "London" has spread some four miles beyond it. The "respectable" quasi-private houses of the neighborhood, as I have intimated, have put on shabbiness and they have, too, the unhome-like look which springs from joint occupancy and

the turning of front parlors into workshops and offices, and first-floor bedrooms into warehouses. The front gardens are utterly gone. The back gardens have been amputated into built-in little back yards. The cottages have acquired a very sluttish aspect, to match the appearance of their tenants, who may be described as people whom you never see with clean faces and in Sunday clothes. The first house of the row, however, and its inmates, were some short time ago an exception to this rule of dreary dowdyishness. A side view of the little back yard, somewhat longer than the others, could be got by the passer-by, and it showed that the small enclosure tried — a hard struggle — still to be a garden. There was a disproportionately big summer-house at the bottom with some dull green trellis-work about it, up which the vividly green round leaves and blazing blossoms of the nasturtium managed to climb. The garden walls were green and red in the season with scarlet-runners, hung here and there, in autumn, with flaccid, open, yellow pods, displaying very respectably mature seed-beans of amethyst and jet. In spring mustard-and-cress came up in strangely fresh-looking initial letters from the cindery soil, and later there were flowers in the bed — chiefly wall-flowers, Tom Thumb nasturtiums, and London-pride. But the front of the house, as long as flowers could bear the open air, was bright with their blossoms. The two or three little front windows were fenced with miniature gates and palings, painted green and white, over which musk-plants billowed and creeping-jennys cascaded in downy light or glossy dark green and glowing gold. Within stood balsams, sweet-williams, fuchsias, and geraniums. In front of one window stretched a box of mignonette, which the weary London air sometimes roused itself to wander over, sending abroad the scent like the sweet, mysteriously uncertain sounds of an Æolian harp. I should have said before that one of the old apple-trees still lingered in the old garden, long past fruit-bearing, but able still to put forth blossom in May, each spring more scanty, and yet each bloom almost as beautiful as if it had opened in Herefordshire, and pathetic with a "tender grace of a day that is dead," which no cider-county orchard could rival.

The house inside was a humble conservatory. Here the alabaster spathe and golden spadix of an arum lighted up a dusky corner, and throughout the little home which otherwise in such a neighbor-

hood, in spite of the cleanliness of Dennis's daughter, might have been musty, floated in summer the sweet breath of stocks. The very kitchen window was shaded on the inside with broad leaves, between which little clusters of fruit were sometimes coaxed to peep, the stem of a vine, rooted in the garden, having been brought through the wall.

It was the stranger that the dingy cottage should have been draped so abundantly, both within and without, with brightly or softly beautiful color, inasmuch as Dennis, as may have been inferred from his nickname, was blind. But he could drink in the fragrance of his flowers, and seemed to feel by a private sense their visual loveliness. The song of a thrush, in fine weather hung outside the house or on the apple-tree, gave another proof of the old man's gentle tastes.

Its cage was of Dennis's own construction, for basket-making was one of his trades; the white specimens of his wickerwork which dangled beside his doorway affording another pleasant contrast to the grimy gloom of Fleming's Row. The old man made nets, mats, mops, brooms, brushes, clothes-pegs, and re-caned chairs, sometimes at his own house, and sometimes in the streets outside the houses of his customers. His daughter, Hannah Jones, who kept his house, was a widow who had had a large family and a hard life, made harder by a bad husband. Her troubles had crushed all cheerfulness out of her, but yet they had not made a grumbler of her. She seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that happiness in this life was not meant for folk like her—that her duty on earth was to keep on working, even at times when there was no need for her to labor. Besides keeping her father's house, she kept a little shop, in which she sold boot-laces, marbles, bulls'-eyes, gingerbread, and such-like, chiefly articles of juvenile demand; and sometimes she went out charing. Her nearest approach to happiness was on Sundays, when, without rebuke of conscience, she could sit still in the little meeting-house. She did not mind how long the services lasted; her idea of heaven, most probably, was her chapel magnified and glorified. There might easily be more agreeable members of a household than Hannah Jones, but in her undemonstrative way she was faithfully attached to her father and her little boy; although, if she ever did repine at the dealings of Providence it was because, out of her many children, little Abel was the one who had been spared to her.

Poor little Abel was weakly, lame, and slightly deformed; but he had a fine head, although out of proportion to the body that supported it—a brow that showed an intelligence which Hannah could not appreciate, and eyes in which yearned an affectionateness which found no adequate answer in his mother's. As I have said, she was faithfully attached to him. When, as was often the case, if he ventured outside the front door alone the children of the row began to tease or downright maltreat him, Hannah, heedless of the fact that she was driving away her customers, would rush to the rescue with an energy which contrasted strangely with her usual sluggish calm of manner; but still she could not help feeling half ashamed that a son of hers should be so little able to take his own part. Taunts, experienced from the first opening of consciousness, so sharpen the tempers of some deformed children that they soon become, though still butts for scorn, too formidable to be approached by their persecutors, except at unawares; but Abel had been made timid by his physical misfortunes.

It was to his grandfather the little fellow clung, and the old man fully paid back his affection. He had inherited not only a good deal of Dennis's mental and moral make, but also that slight deformity to which I have referred; and the tender-hearted old man felt somehow as if he had wronged the child in handing it down to him. No one, I should say, who transmits defects of his or her own, whether physical or moral, to another generation, can help having somewhat of this feeling. The compunction must be especially painful when the defect is moral. When a father in his son, or a mother in her daughter, sees weaknesses and perversities outcropping which they clearly recognize as old personal property, they must doubt whether *they* are the persons who should punish the young offenders; and I fancy that children, by some dim kind of instinct, partially discover the injustice of being scolded for "teeth set on edge" by the very people who have "eaten the sour grapes."

But to return to Dennis and Abel. They were almost inseparable. Their needles clicked against their meshes in concert, and whilst a big basket grew between the old man's legs, Abel, also sitting on the floor, twined his osiers into its baby brother. Abel worked at the bench, twisting the vice-handle, driving his little plane, helping his grandfather to saw, and bore, and bristle. He split and rough-hewed

wood for the pegs, etc., leaving the finishing off to the old man's defter fingers. He kept the old man supplied with mat and mop material, but had no need to tell him whether or not he had made his mop-heads lop-sided. Dennis could find this out for himself by poising them on his cord. The little fellow, fumbling over his own chair, half enviously watched his grandfather's slip of cane twine in and out and round about his chair-seat like a lithe tame snake, and wondered whether he would ever attain such unfaltering precision.

When the old man went out on his caning rounds, the lad limped by his side and picked out the driest, sunniest, snuggest corners for him to sit in while he did his work.

Sometimes they went without Dennis's dog, the lame leading the blind, and then the timid little boy was not afraid, for he had full confidence in his grandfather's power, blind though he was, to protect him against ill-usage from the world at large, and had found, moreover, that the old man's blindness restrained the young imps who mocked at his own infirmities. Popular kindness is very partial in its manifestations, but a blind person at any rate is almost always safe in the roughest crowd, and Abel's tormentors merely followed the fashion of the neighborhood in respecting Dennis's defect.

But still better did Abel like to have the dog with them when he went out with his grandfather, since Cincinnatus freed each entirely from the responsibility of looking after the other. Cincinnatus was a shaggy mongrel that had been given to Dennis by a wag, who told him that Cincinnatus meant "curly-haired," and that he would find him a "dictator." Cincinnatus certainly was a dog of great determination of character, but he almost always used it to good purpose. Having learnt from his master the general route that he was to take, he insisted on taking it in his own fashion, and thus saved Dennis more than once from being run over. Woe betide any one also—however big, however small—who attempted to insult or in any way ill-treat the blind man or his grandson when they had Cincinnatus for their protector. A graceless fellow having splashed the old man one day with mud intentionally, the dog wrenched his tether from his master's hand, flew at the coward, and, fastening his long teeth in his leg, made him howl for mercy. When Cincinnatus thought that he had inflicted sufficient

punishment, he gravely trotted back to Dennis.

So far as the garden bore mustard-and-cress for relishes, nasturtium seeds for pickling, and beans for boiling, Hannah could discover sense in her father's horticultural pursuits; but his flower-fancying, especially since he could not see his flowers, she considered one of his many "follies." Abel, under his grandfather's direction, was chief gardener; and it was he, too, who looked after the bird. The dog was fed by all three, not least by Hannah.

He took her food, but made no response to her frigid fondling: he was not going to be seduced by bribes of broken victuals to abjure his allegiance to his old and young master, who needed his protection far more than his nominal mistress did.

He liked to get them into the summer-house on a fine still afternoon or evening, and there watch over them, whilst they went on with their work, or took their little recreation. Sometimes they played at draughts there, the old man running his hand over the board every now and then to remind himself of the position of the pieces, and recognizing his own men by the notch in their sides. On Sunday afternoons the constant companions read their Bibles there together, verse after verse in turns, as if they were both children—Abel from his tiny Testament, Dennis moving his hand from left to right and right to left over the embossed characters of his oblong gospel, as if he were playing on some musical instrument. In the evening, when it was too dark for Abel to distinguish the letters, Dennis sometimes read aloud there by himself, in a monotonous tone which had a rather eerie sound as it boomed through the twilight. It was pleasanter to hear his mellow bass joined to Abel's silvery though not very sonorous treble in the evening hymn—occasionally the noisy neighbors hushed their brawls and boisterous talk to listen. Now and then Dennis and Abel went with Hannah to her chapel, but not often, since Cincinnatus (I did not say he was quite perfect) grew impatient at the length of the sermon, and had caused scandal.

In the arbor in fine weather, and over the kitchen fire in cold, Dennis and his grandson had many a confidential talk, either netting, or when their work was done. The old man more than half, and the little boy fully, believed that Cincinnatus understood every word they said, but his presence was no check upon the freedom of their inter-

course. Still, if poor, harmless, hard-working, but unsympathetic Hannah made her appearance, their speech froze, or, instead of flowing continuously, dribbled and dried up, and again dribbled, to again dry up very speedily. The old man and the little boy seemed to be two half-souls that exactly complemented one another, with Cincinnatus for harmonious canine supplement. Dennis passed the time of day in a friendly manner with his neighbors; but the only acquaintances at all intimate he had outside his own home were a blind man and his blind wife, Jacob and Patty Mullins. Mullins was no favorite of Dennis's, but he forced his company on No. 1, Fleming's Row, at times when he wanted a meal, or the loan of a shilling, or any other favor. Pecuniary benefits he very seldom repaid, and other friendly offices never. He was a sneaking, dissatisfied fellow, always scheming and complaining. Sometimes he adopted a pharisaical tone, maintaining that his lot in life fell shamefully below his merits—at other times a cynical, shamelessly avowing his meanness, and trying to make out that nobody else was any better; and, again, at other times he twisted the two strains of talk together. It all depended on the amount of alcohol he had recently imbibed. Dennis's contentedness of spirit angered him, and whenever the two men met, Mullins was sure to bring the repining phase of his character into prominence. When very much "excited," he would openly boast of the nefariousness of the "games," to which at other times he more cautiously alluded, and if Dennis spoke or even looked disapproval, would call him a canting old humbug. "Some parson's sleeve you're wantin' to creep up—eh, Denny?" he would ask. "You're every bit as bad as me, you old reprobate, only you're not so clever—can't do the trick so well—that's what your honesty comes to, old boy; and much good you get out of it."

If Hannah happened to be near when he looked in at Fleming's Row in one of these states, he was cunning enough to hold his tongue. He went upon another tack with her.

"Ah, Mrs. Jones," he would say, giving a gasp of satisfaction, "it's a privilege I vally highly to talk with a consistent Christian woman like yourself. Your father, poor man!—I won't deny he's shown me kindness, but I'm afraid—I'm grieved to say it—but I greatly fear he hain't got the root o' the matter in him. He's too much taken up with the things o' this

world—his flowers and his fiddle, an' sich-like wanities."

But Hannah, though she had no love for the fiddle and the flowers, was a genuine woman, and could not be taken in by the counterfeit thing.

She was not very shrewd, and he might easily have talked her over, had it not been for his cant. Her religion was not large, but what she had of it was genuine, and therefore it enabled her to detect the hollowness of his would-be pious phrases.

Hannah, however, unfairly included in her dislike Mullins's wife, who sometimes came with or for her husband to the row.

The reason of Hannah's antipathy to Patty Mullins was—though she would not have owned to the fact, of which she was only vaguely conscious—because the blind woman almost idolized little Abel, whom his mother could only love half grudgingly.

Patty had had but one child, a boy that had died when little more than a baby. To have such a son as Abel seemed to her a bliss which she marvelled Hannah could possess and yet be even for a moment downcast. Patty could not see the little boy's deformity, but ran her hand over his features, and her fingers through his silky hair, with unwearying delight. She almost hushed her breath when he began to speak, and hugged him, after the most trivial speeches, with a fond admiration which made the little fellow wonder and yet was very pleasant to him. The embraces Patty gave him when she greeted him and bade him good-bye were very different from the regulation morning and evening kisses he got from his mother.

Patty was a good, quiet little woman, whom Mullins had married because he thought he could make a more serviceable, faithful drudge of her than he could of a "seeing woman." He had imposed upon her by professions of superlative goodness appertaining to himself; but she had long before found him out. Indeed, when he had once secured his slave, he had been brutally honest enough to save her very soon much trouble in guessing at his real character. When her little boy was born, she had thought that she might still find some happiness in her married life; but the baby died, and she had to make up her mind to a lonely life of misery. She did her duty in it without flinching, although her owner, thinking in his besotted self-conceit that nothing he might do could alienate from him her supposed idolizing affection (of which he made great

fun), tried her fidelity very hard. Her fondness for the gentle, affectionate, mother-slighted little lame boy may now easily be understood.

Cincinnatus as well as Abel liked the lonely little woman; but they both loathed her husband, in their different ways. Abel shrunk from him; Cincinnatus openly snarled at him.

Mullins's dog was not nearly so good a guide as Cincinnatus. Fear of his master made him attend, though in a perfunctory fashion, to his duties when he was out with *him*; but when he professed to pilot Patty, whom he did not fear, the selfishness he had caught from Mullins rampantly asserted itself, and he did not scruple to risk her neck to gratify any passing inclination of his own. One day, when he was out with her, he snatched a piece of liver from a butcher's block, and in his eagerness to make off with his ill-gotten spoil, dragged Patty into the middle of the road, where she was run over.

Mullins, deprived of his drudge, talked as if she had done him a great injury in meeting with an accident, for which, after all, he was primarily responsible, and made a great merit of visiting her once or twice in hospital, where she lay for many weeks. Dennis and Abel, on the other hand, visited her very often, and Hannah sometimes. Abel scarcely missed a visiting day going alone when neither his grandfather nor his mother could go with him. When I say alone, I do not mean without the dog. Even if the timid little fellow could have plucked up courage to slip through the crowded streets without a companion of any kind, Cincinnatus would have considered himself guilty of a grave dereliction of duty in suffering him to do so. Accordingly the faithful dog escorted his young master to and from the hospital. If Abel protracted his stay with his invalid friend, however slightly, beyond what Cincinnatus considered the proper time, he manifested his displeasure when the boy came out by trotting off homewards at a rate which made it difficult for the little lame lad to keep up with him; but he would be sure to relent as soon as he deigned to look back at panting, painfully limping Abel. Then he stood stock still until his little master came up and patted him, when he would give a leap and a bark, circle round Abel, dart off as if he meant to run away for good, but soon return as swiftly, and trot beside his master as though glad to be reconciled.

Patty did all she could to protract Abel's

visits. He told her all his little news, he read to her, he brought her flowers; it was a satisfaction to her simply to hold his hand. Looking back on his last visit and forward to his next wiled away her weary hours.

The glory of Dennis's flowers had become dim before Patty again made her appearance in Fleming's Row, and when she did come, she had still to use a crutch and stick. Mullins, as well as Snap, came with her, and her gracious husband grumbled at having had to take the trouble.

"The dog would ha' brought her safe enough," he muttered. "'Twasn't his fault, I'll be bound, she'd to go to the hospital. Might as well be there now, for any good she is to me yet. But she's got nervous, and so I came. Something or other for the boy she's got, and so I brought her that he might have it. I'll come back for you some time between this and bedtime, old woman."

So having spoken, the churl who, even when growling at his wife, had tried to wheedle the old man by his reference to Abel, took his departure with his dog.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, my dear," said the blind woman as she stooped to kiss her little favorite. "I've got something in my pocket as I worked for you in the hospital. I'll give 'em to you as soon as I've sat down."

It was a pair of muffetees that Patty had knitted as a birthday gift for Abel.

"The nurse," she explained, "got me the pins and the worsted, when she knew what I wanted, and who they was for. She's a kind body. She's most as fond o' your little Abel as I am, Mr. Dennis, and I don't wonder. I should say it would be strange if anybody could keep off likin' of him."

It was well that Hannah was out, or otherwise she might have resented this remark as a reflection on herself. Still, Abel could not help thinking it rather unkind that his mother should have gone out charing on his birthday, while blind Patty had come on crutches to bring a present of her own work made specially for him.

Hannah's birth-gift had been a couple of bull's-eyes and a cake of parliament—handed over to him very much as if he had been one of her small customers trying to obtain goods on very uncertain credit—when she happened to remember what day it was.

Dennis never forgot his grandson's birthday. If his mother half unconsciously almost wished that he had never been born, the old man felt vividly how much

brighter his life had been since he had had the little fellow with him, and always had a birthday present ready for him — chuckled over for some days before as a great secret, and brought forth as if it must necessarily prove a great surprise. In honor of the occasion, also, he always provided some little "relish" for tea, and the muffin-man chancing to be tinkling his bell hard by when Mrs. Mullins arrived, Abel was sent to stop him and purchase what Mrs. Jones would have thought a very absurd amount of muffins. Patty, Dennis, Abel, and Cincinnatus had a very cosy tea (the dictator had previously tasted the muffins whilst Abel was toasting them), and afterwards they had a very pleasant evening. Music and singing, friendly chat, the heart-warming consciousness of being in kindly company, and, I am afraid I must add, the absence of poor Hannah, made Patty forget how the time went.

When Hannah came home tired out by a long day's work, and venially rather cross, Patty remembered that her husband had promised to call for her, and that he had not come. At such an hour, she knew well enough he was not likely to come; most probably he had forgotten all about her. Dennis, Abel, and Cincinnatus escorted her home. A comet hung over the black city, and the little boy, as he looked up at its angry red, squeezed Patty's hand hard, and pressed close to her side. She asked him what frightened him, and he told her. She had never seen the sky, but she had heard, of course, that it was a comet year, and had inherited the popular superstitions in reference to those mysterious wanderers in our system, whose fiery presence, followed by their dim departures into the lonely wastes of space, may well impress forcibly other than vulgar imaginations. "Ah, yes," she said, "that means war, plague, or famine, or something awful. I wonder what it's to be — there's a deal of sickness about. How close it is for this time of year! quite as hot as summer, it is. There's fever in your row. Pray God you mayn't catch it, dear."

"I hope the comet will be gone if I'm to die," answered Abel. "I should be half afraid to go past that to heaven. It don't look good, like the stars."

Abel was very quiet while he walked home with his grandfather.

"What's become of your tongue, my boy?" asked Dennis.

"The air seems as if it couldn't breathe," said the little fellow. "Does the fever

go about in the air, grandfather? I wonder what it's like. How many people was it you said died in an hour? What a many must have died since we had tea! Why, perhaps some one is dying now — this very minute. I wish some one could die with me when I die. It must be so lonely to die all by yourself. I should like you, grandfather, if you wouldn't mind."

Next morning Abel was shivering and flushing in turns, his pulse beat fast, he was burnt up with thirst. Cincinnatus eyed him with wonder when he languidly pushed away his faithful friend, instead of feeding him, at breakfast-time. The next day the symptoms left it beyond doubt that poor Abel was down with the fever. His was a case of the virulent type. He became delirious — did not know the old man, who scarcely ever left his bedside. Cincinnatus sat by it too, eyeing now the old man and now the little boy with a sad, grave look of personal grief and sympathy.

On the evening of the fourth day the doctor shook his head.

A little after midnight the little fellow partially recovered consciousness.

"Grandfather," he gasped in a hoarse, feeble voice, "pull up the blind. I want to see if the comet's there."

He shuddered when he saw it, but soon recovered himself, and said, "I sha'n't be afraid to go by it now. There's ever so many more of the good stars. And you're coming, ain't you? Call mother, to say good-bye."

The old man went to call his daughter. When he came back with her the little boy was dead, and the dog was mournfully baying the comet, as if he held its baleful light responsible for the heavy loss he had sustained.

Next morning Patty, who had only just heard of Abel's illness, came to inquire after him. When she heard that he was dead she wept more bitterly than his mother, although poor Hannah, now that she had lost the last child, whom she had sometimes called her "cross," mourned him sincerely; and if she did not wish him back, wished, perhaps, that she had shown him more marked affection while she had him.

A single one-horse vehicle, half hearse, half mourning coach, bore the little corpse and its followers from dingy Fleming's Row to the green cemetery outside the smoke of London, in which it was laid to rest, with yellow leaves dropping slowly through the warm still air upon the little coffin.

Dennis, Hannah, Patty, and Cincinna-

tus were the mourners. The dog lingered by the grave, as if he could not understand how it was that Dennis and the others should be leaving the little fellow there alone. The old man had to carry the faithful guardian back into the coach, instead of being led by him.

When the comet was shining over the new-made grave, the old man sat upon the bed in which the boy had died, still holding the dog in his arms. Each seemed to know how sad the other was, and to derive some solace from that sympathetic consciousness as they sat there silent in the dark.

When they afterwards took their walks abroad without the little companion who had so often limped beside them, it seemed to an imaginative mind as if they were seeking him; there was such a look of something lost about them both. His little chief gardener gone, Dennis lost much of his interest in his flowers. His garden and his front windows, from their lack of color, seemed to have put on mourning some months before the old man, his daughter, and his dog left Fleming's Row, and moved—I know not whither. The thrush, too, died in the spring after Abel's death; and so the basket-maker's, in more ways than one, had ceased to be the enlivener of the row. The tenant who succeeded Dennis cut down the vine, and now the house, in gloom and grime, is actually altogether such a one as its fellows; but as I go by it, it does not seem so when I call to mind the pure, graceful tastes, simple, devoted affection and patient industries, of which it was once the scene.

From All The Year Round.

A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER.

TURNING over the leaves of a diminutive blue book of no particular interest, we lighted upon a translation of the six hundred and thirty-third number of the *Yokohama Daily News*, published on the 20th day, 2nd month, 6th year of Meiji, 20th day of 2nd month of Solar Calendar; that is to say, Thursday, February 20th, 1873. The date is not of the freshest, but the contents of the paper have lost none of their savor by keeping.

Compared with more familiar journals, our Japanese newspaper is but lightly laden. Immediately after the date comes the announcement: "Weather fine. Thermometer at noon, 'fifty-two degrees."

This is followed by an official communication from Inouye Kaora, vice-minister of the treasury, setting forth the number and description of the ships at anchor in the bay of Yokohama, the amount of customs receipts for the preceding day, the rates of exchange, and a notification that the *Budget of News*, the *Daily Intelligence Association News*, and the *Yokohama Daily News*, being conducive, "be it in ever so slight a degree," to energy and progress, by furnishing correct information about home and foreign affairs, it is ordered that these journals be forwarded daily to every *fen* and *ken*—city and district—in the empire.

His Excellency not only helps the circulation of the favored newspapers; he seems to supply them with no small portion of their "copy." In the number before us he reminds "the three cities and thirty-six districts," that although it had hitherto been usual when the government disposed of mansions, residences, and offices with the sites thereto belonging, for the purchasers to pay the price of the standing edifices to the board of buildings, and the price of the ground sites to the board of revenue, for the future all such payments were to be paid to the last-named. Then, by way of warning to ill-disposed folks, the minister furnishes a copy of a report from the Wakamatsu Ken respecting a conspiracy hatched by Toyoji, son of Manyo, of Shiogawa village, township of Aidyu, province of Iwashiro. This report is merely the deposition of Toyoji, prefaced by a letter signed by Washio Takamitsu, Okabi Isunanori, and Yasuda Natinori, respectively governor, vice-governor, and acting vice-governor of the *ken*, enclosing a list of eight individuals implicated in the plot, for whom "most diligent search is being made."

Like many a plotter before him, Toyoji tries to clear himself at the expense of his fellow-plotters, but whether his statement (a long and uninteresting one), in which he solemnly declared there was not one word of untruth, did him much service, we doubt. If he got off scot free, he was a luckier fellow than the penitent rabbit-dealer of Kanangawa, who humbly acknowledged in the columns of the *Yokohama Daily News*, that, when he petitioned his Excellency Governor Oye Taka for leave to commence business, he was cautioned that assemblies would not be allowed; that, notwithstanding, he hired the parlor of Iida Kichigemon, and there held an assembly, and the governor's suspicion lighting upon him, he

was found out. He was consequently filled with fear. He had again been admonished that, if ever he held any more assemblies, he would be severely reprovéd; and respectfully received, and promised to observe, the admonition. To the unfortunate rabbit-dealer's confession is appended an order signed by Oye Taku: "As this man has acted in an unprincipled manner by violating the conditions prescribed to him when leave was given to him to carry on business as a rabbit-dealer, he is hereby forbidden to carry on that business any longer."

As at least one and a half of the four pages of the modest-sized sheet are devoted to advertisements, the editor of the *Yokohama Daily News* has very little space at his disposal for chronicling the events of the day. We find only one accident recorded in its columns, but that is a strange one. A Japanese boat in distress being sighted off O'Shima by a British steamer, the captain put his ship about and picked up the six occupants of the boat, just in time to save them from drowning. One of the rescued Japanese, who appeared more dead than alive, had his whole body so scorched and inflamed, that his shirt was sticking to his flesh, and could not be peeled off him. Upon the captain questioning his companions, they stated that, as their boat was running before the wind about noon, this man and another were sitting facing each other, when, all of a sudden, a flash of lightning struck the boat, stunning the scorched man, while the one opposite him was hit right in the head by the lightning, smashed into little bits, and disappeared in the sea. "Foreigners," is the editorial comment, "have a contrivance for warding off lightning strokes, not only at sea, where there is no shelter at hand, but also on every one of their houses. Therefore, our countrymen should adopt this system without delay; if this is done, we shall have no more loss of life and destruction of houses by lightning, such as have heretofore been frequent."

Our journalist gives us a better taste of his quality, when he deals with a bit of social scandal, airing his morality in quaint fashion, as he relates the story of a frail dame, the course of whose love ran anything but smoothly: "Near the Imado-bridge, in Asakusa, Yokiyo, there was a restaurant known as the Zumeiro, the proprietress of which was named O'Kiku. This lady, though fully forty years of age, is uncommonly handsome, and of very attractive manners. She is, however,

of a fickle disposition, and some years ago was free of her favors to the play-actor, Suwamuro Dossho, in consequence of which she lost her lawful husband, and brought confusion on the household. Still she paid but little regard to the censure of the world; and, about four years ago, the pair started off for Oesaka, intending to become man and wife. As she had slipped away from home on the sly, the lady was followed, and was overtaken and brought back by the pursuers when they had got as far as Sogayeki. Thus their intercourse was interrupted for that time. But within the last year or so they drew together again; and as love brooks no denial, the lady called in her go-between, and arrangements were made for the marriage. However, on the very night before, a fire broke out in her house, and it, together with four or five houses adjoining, was burned to the ground. In consequence, the bridal preparations have had to be postponed. It is said that O'Kiku cares very little either for her own or her neighbors' losses by the fire, but that she is inconsolable because the mischance has marred her nuptials. As regards the tender passion between the sexes, it were useless to enter upon the question of wisdom or folly. Just as in old times, so now, the cleverer the man the greater fool he makes himself; but when women like the O'Kiku, whose brows are beginning to wrinkle with age, forget, for the sake of a young spark, their family and household ties, Heaven visits them either with a fire, as in this case, or with some other calamity. As for Dossho, his family cognomen of Edderburnhouse is only too likely to be changed into Wed-her-burnthouse. Surely a man ought to guard against so scathing a fire as that!"

The *Daily News* complains that lottery-boxes, called "your fortune," are allowed to be placed outside fanes and temples, out of which a numbered stick is shaken, and a ticket marked with the same number, foretelling good or bad luck, sold to the devotee; while close at hand stands a fortune-reader, prepared to explain the drift of the lot, who, by talking confidently about life and death, so frightens ignorant folk that he can extort money from them at his pleasure. "Unless these fellows," says the *Daily News*, "are put down by the government, it is not likely that this superstitious abuse will cease." "Such improper things as fortune-telling and saying prayers ought, as a matter of course, to be suppressed." With this bold protest against a popular superstitious

folly, the Japanese journalist puts down his pen for the day and leaves the rest of the paper to the advertisers, of whose contributions the translator gives only a few specimens — of too commonplace and familiar a character to justify quotation.

From The Pictorial World.
CHILDREN OF THE CZAR.

IT is naturally to be expected that in a land so backward in modern civilization as Russia the social life of the people should present to the stranger points of novelty and quaintness even beyond what is usually met with in an unfamiliar land. In the primitive there is always something of the picturesque, and there is much of the charm of antiquity in the manners and customs of a nation whose habits have practically undergone but little change for centuries. Although serfdom is abolished in Russia, traces of the old feudal system which so long prevailed there are still strongly marked, and the gulf between the upper and the lower classes is almost as wide as ever. Even now the peasant has virtually no remedy at law against the noble who wrongs him; for a small grievance it is hopeless to proceed against his superior in rank, while, if the great man seriously injures a poor one, the matter can easily be settled by the former paying a few roubles to the local magistrate. The result is that the peasantry often take the law into their own hands against their oppressors, by acts of petty and secret malice, such as rick-burning, which of late years has become terribly prevalent in Russia. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that the lower classes of Russia are an unhappy people. The peasantry are industrious and ingenious, and though their services can no longer be commanded gratuitously by the landowners, they are always ready to work for the rich for a small consideration. And the Russian peasant can turn his hand to many things. One day he will be at the plough, the next he is weaving cloth or cotton, on the morrow he will help to build a house, and the following day he will be ready to mount the box and drive four horses with admirable dexterity, if some great man should need an extra coachman. He is generally well fed and well dressed, his costume consisting of a red shirt, fastened round the waist with a leather belt, a pair of loose trousers tucked into boots reaching halfway up the legs, the whole being covered

in winter with a warm overcoat of sheepskin, worn with the wool inside. His hair he wears parted at the top and down the middle, and cut evenly all around the neck, to which it descends, though he generally ties a band round it, to prevent its falling into his eyes when he is at work. Such is the appearance also presented by the *ivostchik* or *yemstick*, the driver or postilion, with whom every traveller in Russia soon makes acquaintance. The *ivostchik* is, for the most part, a good-humored, light-hearted fellow — very civil, as a rule, but much given to overcharging, like all his race. When, however, you make your bargain with him, he will be well enough satisfied if he only gets his *vosseim grievnik*, or eightpenny-piece, as *novodka* — that is, “dram-money,” called by the more genteel class of drivers, *nachai*, i.e., “tea-money,” though it comes to the same thing in the end. Yet the crafty fellow will get more money out of you if he can. He addresses you affectionately as *batushka* or “little father,” and will sometimes insinuate that he is an old friend of your family, the names of whom he will probably have got from your servant, and therefore you might give him a trifle extra for the sake of old times. Another class of hard bargainers are the wandering Tartars one meets with in most parts of eastern and southern Russia. These usually malodorous gentlemen are great dealers in dressing-gowns, which they are constantly pressing the traveller to buy, asking eight or ten times as much as the articles are worth to begin with. They are generally seen going about with one of their dressing-gowns on as a specimen, and with these and their round skull-caps, ribbed with red and yellow, they look not unpicturesque. But by far the most slightly class of people to be met with in Russia are the famous singing gipsies of Moscow. These people, who are generally well-to-do, and are not accustomed to wander about like others of their race, dress with great finery, but yet with a natural eye to artistic effect. Their songs, which nearly always consist of an air with a chorus, and are usually accompanied on the *balalaika*, a sort of guitar, are greatly admired by travellers. In fact, it has been said of them, that if they are not the best singers in the world there are no other singers in the world at all like them; and there is a story current that the famous Catalani was once so delighted with a certain female gipsy vocalist, that she threw round the shoulders of the singer a costly shawl which she herself had lately been

presented with by the empress. Another peculiar and exclusive order of people to be met with in Russia, though of a widely different sort, are those strange patriots known as the Old Religionists. The Russians are not much given to change, but these people are as conservative as the Chinese themselves. They detest all modern manners, insist upon wearing the old Russian caftan, and never cut their beards, allowing them to grow to prodigious length, from purely pious motives, because "man is made in the image of God." But still more singular is their religious objection to tobacco, for they look upon smoking — so common in Russia — as a sin denounced by Scripture in the text, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." One would think they might get over the difficulty by consuming their own smoke; but, as a matter of fact, the Old Religionists are so particular in this respect that there are special *traktirs*, or tea-houses, exclusively kept for them, and where the "fragrant weed" and the "pipe of peace" are rigidly tabooed. Yet these queer folks are only a few degrees more behind the age than most other children of the czar, and probably several generations will have to elapse before Russia better deserves to be called a civilized nation than that Turkey, whose barbarism she denounces, and is endeavoring to make the pretext of a war of ambition.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

"WHILE out for a walk the other day we came across a curious incident in natural history. At Cap Martin, about two miles from Mentone, our attention was attracted by something by the roadside which looked at a little distance like a long, thin serpent. At first we thought it best not to go very near, but curiosity prevailed, and upon closer inspection we found it was a long line, consisting of ninety-nine caterpillars, crawling in single file close after one another. Our curiosity led us to remove one from the middle, a little distance from the others, and we found his place was soon filled up; but he crawled back to them and edged his way into the line again. Then we removed the leader: this brought them for a time to a standstill. After a little while they began to move on, and then we put the original leader in his proper place, but this brought

them again to a standstill; and from the way they moved their heads from side to side, a great deal of talking seemed to be going on, and they decided their original leader was not fit to lead, and they chose another, while he had to make his way into the line lower down. A little farther on we saw another line of forty-four coming up in the opposite direction, and we were curious to see what would happen when they met, imagining they might perhaps have a fight; but such was not the case: they joined the others by degrees, and so made a much longer line and marched on.

"We have since heard they climb some particular kind of trees, and make their nests in them, which has a very injurious effect, and often kills the trees, unless the branches are cut off which hold the nests."

In an interesting little work on "Insect Architecture," published in 1830, mention is made of these social caterpillars, the construction of their nests, and their processional habits. The writer says: "It is remarkable that, however far they may ramble from their nest, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or nightfall renders shelter necessary. It requires no great shrewdness to discover how they effect this; for by looking closely at their track it will be found that it is carpeted with silk, no individual moving an inch without constructing such a pathway both for the use of his companions and to facilitate his own return. All these caterpillars, therefore, move more or less in processional order, each following the road which the first chance traveller has marked out with his strip of silk carpeting." Further remarks are made of two species "more remarkable than others in the regularity of their processional marchings." "These are found in the south of Europe, but are not indigenous in Britain. The one named by Réaumur the processionalary (*Cnethocampa processionea*) feeds upon the oak; a brood dividing, when newly hatched, into one or more parties of several hundred individuals, which afterwards unite in constructing a common nest, nearly two feet long and from four to six inches in diameter. It is not divided into chambers, but consists of one large hall, so that it is not necessary that there should be more openings than one; and accordingly, when an individual goes out and carpets a path, the whole colony instinctively follow in the same track, though, from the immense population, they are often compelled to march in parallel files from two to six deep. The proces-

sion is always headed by a single caterpillar; sometimes the leader is immediately followed by one or two in single file, and sometimes by two abreast. A similar procedure is followed by a species of social caterpillar which feeds on the pine in Savoy and Languedoc, and their nests are not half the size of the preceding; they are more worthy of notice from the strong and excellent quality of their silk, which Réaumur was of opinion might be advantageously manufactured. Their nests consist of more chambers than one, but are furnished with a main entrance, through which the colonists conduct their foraging processions."

The lady whose remarks are recorded above has since written that the species she observed feeds upon the pine-trees in the neighborhood of Mentone.

S. W. U.

From The New Quarterly Magazine.
ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND GERMAN COMEDY.

ITALIAN comedy gives many hints for a Tartuffe; but they may be found in Boccaccio, as well as in Machiavelli's "*Mandragola*." The Frate Timoteo of this piece is only a very oily friar, compliantly assisting an intrigue with ecclesiastical sophisms (to use the mildest word) for payment. Native Italian comedy did not advance beyond the state of satire, and the priests were the principal objects of it. Priestly arrogance and unctuousness, and trickeries and casuistries, cannot be painted without our discovering a likeness in the long Italian gallery. Goldoni sketched the Venetian manners of the decadence of the republic with a French pencil, and was an Italian scribe in style. The Spanish stage is richer in such comedies as that which furnished the idea of the "*Menteur*" to Corneille. But you must force yourself to believe that this liar is not forcing his vein when he piles lie upon lie. There is no preceding touch to win the mind to credulity. Spanish comedy is generally in sharp outline, as of skeletons, in quick movement, as of marionnettes. The comedy might be performed by a troop of the *corps de ballet*; and in the recollection of the reading it resolves to an animated shuffle of feet. It is, in fact, something other than the true idea of comedy. Where the sexes are separated, men and women grow, as the Portuguese call it, *affaimados* of one

another, famine-stricken; and all the tragic elements are on the stage. Don Juan is a comic character that sends souls flying: nor does the humor of the breaking of a dozen women's hearts conciliate the comic muse with the drawing of blood. German attempts at comedy remind one vividly of Heine's image of his country in the dancing of Atta Troll. Lessing tried his hand at it, with a sobering effect upon readers. The intention to produce the reverse effect is just visible, and therein, like the portly graces of the poor old Pyrenean bear poising and twirling on his right hind-leg and his left, consists the fun. Jean Paul Richter gives the best edition of the German comic in the contrast of Siebenkäs with his Lenette. A light of the comic is in Goethe; enough to complete the splendid figure of the man, but no more. The German literary laugh, like the timid awakenings of their Barbarossa in the hollows of the Untersberg, is infrequent, and rather monstrous—never a laugh of men and women in concert. It comes of unrefined abstract fancy, grotesque, or grim, or gross, like the peculiar humors of their little earthmen. Spiritual laughter they have not yet attained to; sentimentalism waylays them in the flight. Here and there a *Volkslied* or *Märschen* shows a national aptitude for stout animal laughter; and we see that the literature is built on it, which is hopeful so far; but to enjoy it, to enter into the philosophy of the broad grin, that seems to hesitate between the skull and the embryo, and reaches its perfection in breadth from the pulling of two square fingers at the corners of the mouth, one must have aid of "the good Rhine wine," and be of German blood unmixed besides. This treble-Dutch lumberousness of the comic spirit is of itself exclusive of the idea of comedy, and the poor voice allowed to women in German domestic life will account for the absence of comic dialogues reflecting upon life in that land.

From The Leisure Hour.

STONE ADZES IN THE PACIFIC.

THE adzes of the Hervey Islanders are frequently hafted with carved *pua* wood. The carving, which is often admirable, was formerly executed with sharks' teeth, and was primarily intended for the adorning of their gods. The fine-pointed pattern is known as "the sharks' teeth pattern" (*nio mango*). Other figures are

each supposed, by a stretch of imagination, to represent a man squatting down (*tiki-tiki tangata*). Some patterns are of recent introduction, and being mere imitations of European designs are destitute of the significations which invariably attached to ancient Polynesian carving. The large square holes are known as "eel-borings" (*ai tuna*); the lateral openings are naturally enough called "clefts" (*kavava*). To carve was the employment of sacred men. The national gods of Mangaia, with one exception, were carved in iron-wood by one man, Rori, who was believed to have been specially assisted by the gods for the purpose. The idols were called "carvings" (*tiki* in the Hervey group, *tii* in the Tahitan and Society groups). The stone adzes were secured to their wooden hafts by means of fine cinet, itself esteemed divine. It was fabled that the peculiar way in which the natives of Mangaia fasten their axes was originally taught them by the gods. A famous god, named Tanemataariki, *i.e.*, Tane-of-royal-face, was considered to be enshrined in a sacred triple axe, which symbolized the three priestly families on the island, without whose aid the gods could not be acceptably worshipped. Tane-of-royal-face was one of the very few much-respected gods not surrendered to the missionaries, but

hidden in caves. All trace of this interesting relic of heathen antiquity is now lost. The shape of a god adze differed at the back from those used by artisans in being rounded underneath. These artisans were priests; to use an adze was to be a man of consequence, the skill necessary in using it being invariably referred back to the gods as its source. That the Rev. J. Williams should be able to fell a tree and build a vessel as well as to preach and teach was in perfect harmony with their traditional ideas of a priest-chief. The improved art of carving and plaiting cinet, etc., was long ago introduced from Tahiti by a worshipper of Tane. During these employments songs were chanted in a soft low tone to the gods to aid their work. Some of these stone adzes were intended for despatching their foes. Stone adzes are invariably used laterally, not perpendicularly as with our steel ones. Beds of stone adzes are occasionally discovered. They generally consist of about a dozen adzes, large and small, arranged in a circle, the points being towards the centre. This "treasure-trove" would have been the property of some family exterminated in war. The knowledge of the localities where to find them was of course carefully handed down from one generation to another until the last of the tribe was gone.

THE idea has recently occurred to some French gentlemen of starting a national subscription for the repurchase from Germany of that part of Lorraine which was ceded by the treaty of 1871; and it has already become necessary to warn the public against certain persons, who have constituted themselves collectors, but do not deem it necessary to account for the funds entrusted to them. Meanwhile it has been suggested that before definitively organizing the grand Patriotic Association for the Recovery of Lorraine, it may be as well to ascertain if Germany is willing to sell the territory in question. Of course there is no lack of precedents. France herself sold Louisiana to the United States in 1803 for the modest sum of fifteen million dollars, while Russia sold Alaska in 1867 to the same power for seven million dollars. But European soil is not so readily sold, the latest transaction of this nature having been a very

small one indeed. It will be remembered that the Prince of Monaco gave up the communes of Roquebrune and Mentone to France in consideration of the sum of four million francs. It is also within living memory, though the period seems far distant, that by the treaty of June 11, 1857, the late king of Prussia renounced his claims to the sovereignty of Neufchâtel, stipulating only for the title, and a pecuniary compensation, which was not paid, and the claim to which was ultimately waived. But the Prussia of to-day is not in the habit of concluding bargains unsatisfactory to itself; and even if the German emperor's government felt disposed to sell Lorraine, one may be sure that the price asked would be a far higher one than could be raised by voluntary contributions. The attempt to pay a portion of the French war indemnity in a similar manner, it will be remembered, proved a dismal failure.
Pall Mall Budget.

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{ Vol. CXXXIII.

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SLEEP ON: A DIRGE.

BASED ON THE FRENCH.

I.

THE daisies prank thy grassy grave ;
 Above, the dark pine-branches wave :
 Sleep on.
 Below, the merry runnel sings,
 And swallows sweep with glancing wings :
 Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

II.

Some whisper words of doubt and shame,
 Or, lightly laughing, breathe thy name :
 Sleep on.
 Slander may never harm thee now,
 God's gentle hand upon thy brow :
 Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

III.

Calm as a summer sea at rest,
 Thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
 Sleep on ;
 Hushed into stillness life's sharp pain,
 Nought but the pattering of the rain :
 Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

Gentleman's Magazine. JOHN H. DAVIES.

SPRING SHOWERS.

SWEET is the swart earth
 After the April rain ;
 It will give the violets birth,
 And quicken the grass in the plain.

The woodlands are dim — with dreams
 Of the region they lately have left ;
 Like man and his thoughts of Eden —
 Of something of which he's bereft.

The stars they have left their veils
 On the everlasting hills ;
 And angels have trodden the dales,
 And spirits have touched the rills.

And truths to be seen and heard,
 Say love has made all things his own ;
 He reigns in the breast of the bird,
 And has made the earth's bosom his throne.

The pansies peep by the brook,
 And the primrose is pure in the sun ;

The world wears a heavenly look,
 Man's spirit and nature are one.

The cottage that glints through the trees,
 And the moss-cushioned, lilac-plumed wall,
 The woodland, and emerald leas,
 Are touched with the spirit of all.

Chambers' Journal.

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

TRANSLATION, FROM VICTOR HUGO.

THE tomb asked of the rose :
 " What dost thou with the tears, which dawn
 Sheds on thee every summer morn,
 Thou sweetest flower that blows ? "
 The rose asked of the tomb :
 " What dost thou with the treasures rare,
 Thou hidest deep from light and air,
 Until the day of doom ? "

The rose said : " Home of night,
 Deep in my bosom, I distil
 Those pearly tears to scents, that fill
 The senses with delight. "
 The tomb said : " Flower of love,
 I make of every treasure rare,
 Hidden so deep from light and air,
 A soul for heaven above ! "

Chambers' Journal.

A. J. M.

SONNET.

OFt let me wander hand-in-hand with Thought
 In woodland paths and lone sequestered
 shades,
 What time the sunny banks and mossy glades,
 With dewy wreaths of early violets wrought,
 Into the air their fragrant incense fling,
 To greet the triumph of the youthful spring.
 Lo, where she comes ! 'scaped from the icy
 lair
 Of hoary winter ; wanton, free, and fair !
 Now smile the heavens again upon the earth ;
 Bright hill and bosky dell resound with mirth ;
 And voices full of laughter and wild glee
 Shout through the air pregnant with harmony,
 And wake poor sobbing Echo, who replies
 With sleeping voice, that softly, slowly dies.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

It was told of a distinguished gentleman of the last generation that, on leaving the university, he was thus addressed by the head of his college: "Mr. —, the tutors think highly of you: your fellow-students think highly of you: I think highly of you, but nobody thinks so highly of you as you think of yourself." Miss Martineau might have been somewhat similarly addressed in the first flush of her celebrity. She had achieved a decided and well-merited success: she was cordially welcomed by the *élite* of the cultivated class: her acquaintance was eagerly sought by many persons of eminence: the reading public thought highly, her personal friends very highly, of her: but her elated estimate of her position and budding honors, as recorded in her "Autobiography," will be read by the most admiring of her contemporaries with a mixture of wonder and regret. It recalls the story of the senior wrangler fresh from the Senate House, who, entering a theatre at the same time with royalty, fancied that the audience were standing up to do him honor. She writes as if the appearance of her "Illustrative Tales" had formed an epoch in history: as if the greatest discoveries of the age had been that the didactic method of inculcating knowledge was altogether a mistake: that political economy in particular could be only efficiently taught through the medium of fiction, and that the appropriate sort of fiction could only be supplied by the discoverer. She plainly gives us to believe, if she does not say it in so many words, that, like Byron on the publication of "Childe Harold," she awoke one fine morning and found herself famous: that she became at once the observed of all observers, the glass of fashion, if not exactly the mould of form: that the republic of letters received her with acclamation: that the political world was stirred and agitated to its inmost depths by her advent, like the pool of

Bethesda when the healing influence came down.

"If all this," said Johnson, speaking of Garrick's triumphs, "had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way." Miss Martineau must have needed some escort of the kind. She tells us that she could neither stay at home nor stir abroad without being besieged or mobbed by lion-hunters, waylaid by publishers, worried by legislators, or persecuted by philanthropists. A great noble, the Mæcenas of the period, whom she deliberately snubbed, is punished for what she deems his ill-bred persistency in intruding on her, by having an enduring mark of reproach set against his name. At an evening party she had no alternative but to ensconce herself behind a folding-door, where she could only be approached in single file by statesmen and philosophers competing for a turn at her ear-trumpet.

"Here is my throne; let kings come bow to it," exclaims Lady Constance, as she throws herself on the ground. "Here is *my* throne," was the secret thought if not the exclamation of Miss Martineau when she settled in Fluyder Street, and received (she states) the homage of three crowned heads in the shape of pressing requests, or unlimited orders, for her works.

The mock triumph proposed by Peter Plymley for Canning was that he should ride up and down Pall Mall, glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, "Thus shall it be done to the statesman who hath written 'The Needy Knife-grinder' and the 'German Play.'" There were moods in which Miss Martineau would have seen no mockery in the suggestion that she should be led in triumph, and that they cry out before her, "Thus shall it be done to the authoress who has written 'Poor-laws and Paupers Illustrated,' and 'Illustrations of Political Economy.'"

This exalted mood, although it sobered down before she died, permanently colored her impressions of men, manners, and modes of thought; and it must be kept steadily in mind in weighing her opinions

* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*. With Memorials by Maria Weston Chapman. In Three Volumes. London, 1877.

of her contemporaries or her reflections on society. But we are far from blaming the sense of importance which led her to feel, as she felt from youth upwards, that it was one of the duties of her life to write her biography. In the introduction, dated Ambleside, March 1855, she says:—

When my life became evidently a somewhat remarkable one, the obligation presented itself more strongly to my conscience: and when I made up my mind to interdict the publication of my private letters, the duty became unquestionable. For thirteen or fourteen years it has been more or less a weight on my mind that the thing was not done. Twice in my life I made a beginning: once in 1831, and again about ten years later, during my long illness at Tynemouth: but both attempts stopped short at an early period, answering no other purpose than preserving some facts of my childhood which I might otherwise have forgotten.

Later on, she repeatedly told her most intimate friends that she could not die in peace till this work was done; and on New Year's Day, 1855, she said to herself that the year must not close without her having recorded the story of her life.

Two or three weeks more settled the business. Feeling very unwell, I went to London to obtain a medical opinion in regard to my health. Two able physicians informed me that I had a mortal disease, which might spare me some considerable space of life, but which might, as likely as not, destroy me at any moment. No doubt could remain after this as to what my next employment should be: and as soon after my return home as I had settled my business with my executor, I began this autobiography.

She finished it so far as it goes within the year; then printed it off, and kept it by her without alteration or addition till her death. The publishers' advertisement runs thus:—

The first two volumes of *this edition* of Miss Martineau's Autobiography were printed by her twenty years ago, and are issued as printed, in accordance with her express instructions.

The first two volumes of the publication contain the whole of the autobiography; there is no other edition that we know of. The third volume is exclusively occupied by Mrs. Chapman's memorials.

Miss Martineau begins with her infancy; but believers in blood and race will attach more weight than she seemingly attaches to the concluding paragraph of her introduction:—

I have only to say further, in the way of introduction, a word or two as to my descent and parentage. On occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1688, a surgeon of the name of Martineau, and a family of the name of Pierre, crossed the Channel, and settled, with other Huguenot refugees, in England. My ancestor married a young lady of the Pierre family, and settled in Norwich, where his descendants afforded a succession of surgeons up to my own day. My eminent uncle, Mr. Philip Meadows Martineau, and my eldest brother, who died before the age of thirty, were the last Norwich surgeons of the name. My grandfather, who was one of the honorable series, died at the age of forty-two, of a fever caught among his poor patients. He left a large family, of whom my father was the youngest. When established as a Norwich manufacturer, my father married Elizabeth Rankin, the eldest daughter of a sugar-refiner at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. My father and mother had eight children, of whom I was the sixth: and I was born on the 12th of June, 1802.

Her infantine impressions, after being long in abeyance, were revived in an inexplicable way—"as by a flash of lightning over a far horizon in the night." Her recollection goes back to feelings excited by events which must have happened when she was not more than eighteen months old. She was almost starved to death in the first weeks of her life by a wet-nurse, who, to keep her place, concealed the failure of her milk. "My bad health during my whole childhood and youth, and even my deafness, was always ascribed by my mother to this." Her nervous system was terribly shattered; and she suffered agonies from the commonest sights and sounds. "The starlight sky was the worst; it was always coming down, to stifle and crush me, and rest upon my head." She had no dread of thieves or ghosts, but the beating of feather-beds at a distance, the dull shock, with the want of correspondence between the striking of the blow and the arrival of the sound, made her heart stand still. Her sufferings

and peculiarities passed unnoticed by her parents, and she thinks that "a little more of the cheerful tenderness which was then thought bad for children would have saved her from her worst faults and a world of suffering." Her hostess and nurse at the cottage where she was sent for change of air, was a Methodist or "melancholy Calvinist of some sort."

The family story about me was that I came home the absurdest little preacher of my years (between two and three) that ever was. I used to nod my head emphatically, and say, "Never ky for tyfles:" "Dooty fust and pleasure afterwards," and so forth: and I sometimes got courage to edge up to strangers, and ask them to give me — "a maxim." Almost before I could join letters, I got some sheets of paper, and folded them into a little square book, and wrote, in double lines, two or three in a page, my beloved maxims. I believe this was my first effort at book-making. It was probably what I picked up at Carleton that made me so intensely religious as I certainly was from a very early age. The religion was of a bad sort enough, as might be expected from the urgency of my needs; but I doubt whether I could have got through without it.

It certainly was not of the best sort, although quite as good as what she eventually adopted in the place of it.

While I was afraid of everybody I saw, I was not in the least afraid of God. Being usually very unhappy, I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I was sure that suicide would not stand in the way of my getting there. I knew it was considered a crime; but I did not feel it so. I had a devouring passion for justice; justice, first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Justice was precisely what was least understood in our house, in regard to servants and children.

She describes her temper at this early age (five) as "downright devilish." She declares she had no self-respect — the quality for which she was pre-eminent in after-life — and that her capacity for jealousy was something frightful. Her notions of the circulating medium, also, give small promise of the future writer on currency.

I suspect I have had a narrow escape of being an eminent miser. . . . The very sight of silver and copper was transporting to me,

without any thought of its use. I stood and looked long at money, as it lay in my hand.

Mr. Bright is well known to have been from youth upwards an unremitting reader of Milton, who is to him what Homer and Dante are to Mr. Gladstone. Macaulay knew "Paradise Lost" by heart;* but Miss Martineau's devotion to the sublime poet's masterpiece is, we believe, without a parallel in a child.

When I was seven years old, — the winter after our return from Newcastle, — I was kept from chapel one Sunday afternoon by some ailment or other. When the house-door closed behind the chapel-goers, I looked at the books on the table. The ugliest-looking of them was turned down open; and my turning it up was one of the leading incidents of my life. That plain, clumsy, calf-bound volume was "Paradise Lost;" and the common bluish paper, with its old-fashioned type, became as a scroll out of heaven to me. The first thing I saw was "Argument," which I took to mean a dispute, and supposed to be stupid enough: but there was something about Satan cleaving Chaos, which made me turn to the poetry; and my mental destiny was fixed for the next seven years. That volume was henceforth never to be found but by asking me for it, till a young acquaintance made me a present of a little Milton of my own. In a few months, I believe there was hardly a line in "Paradise Lost" that I could not have instantly turned to. I sent myself to sleep by repeating it: and when my curtains were drawn back in the morning, descriptions of heavenly light rushed into my memory.

From her eleventh to her thirteenth year, she attended a school kept by a Unitarian minister, where she learned Latin and French and obtained considerable proficiency in English composition, of which her master reminded her when she became celebrated as a writer. At this school, in her twelfth year, attention was first attracted to her deafness, which grew fixed and incurable before she was sixteen.

* One evening at Edinburgh, Jeffrey betted a copy of "Paradise Lost" with Macaulay as to a line of the poem. The next morning Macaulay called with a handsomely-bound copy. "There," he said, "is your book: I have lost; but I have read it through once more, and I will now make you another bet that I can repeat the whole." Jeffrey took him at his word, and put him on in passage after passage without finding him once at fault. *Ex relatione* Lord Jeffrey.

She was born without the sense of smell. It would seem also that her sight was imperfect, for she gives as an instance of "that inability to see what one is looking for," her inability to see the comet of 1811.

Night after night, the whole family of us went up to the long windows at the top of my father's warehouse; and the exclamations on all hands about the comet perfectly exasperated me — because I could not see it! "Why, there it is!" "It is as big as a saucer." "It is as big as a cheese-plate." "Nonsense; you might as well pretend not to see the moon." Such were the mortifying comments on my grudging admission that I could not see the comet. And I never did see it. Such is the fact; and philosophers may make of it what they may, — remembering that I was then nine years old, and with remarkably good eyes.

In her eighteenth year we find her translating Tacitus and Petrarch, and deep in the study of Hartley and Priestley, which resulted in her becoming a firm believer in their doctrine of necessity. The theological opinions which she habitually professed have been so uniformly condemned in this journal that we are fortunately relieved from the necessity of commenting on them, and we shall merely note the phases of belief or unbelief through which she passed as steps or stages of intellectual progress. One of the most important, as bearing both on her future career and the constitution of her mind, was her scornful rejection of her inherited creed, the Unitarian, as equally unsatisfactory to reason and to faith. This was the more marked, because in 1830–1831 she competed for and won the three prizes given by the Unitarian Association for three essays on Unitarianism, respectively addressed to Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans, with a view to their conversion.

There are the papers: and I hereby declare that I considered them my best production, and expected they would outlive everything else I had written or should write. I was, in truth, satisfied that they were very fine writing, and believed it for long after — little aware that the time could ever come when I should write them down, as I do now, to be morbid, fantastical, and therefore unphilosophical and untrue. I cannot wonder that it did not occur to the Unitarians (as far as they thought of me at all) that I was really not of them, at the time that I had picked up their gauntlet, and assumed their championship. If it did not occur to me, no wonder it did not to them. But the clear-sighted among them might and should have seen, by the evidence of those essays themselves, that I was one of those merely nominal Christians who refuse whatever they

see to be impossible, absurd, or immoral in the scheme or the records of Christianity, and pick out and appropriate what they like, or interpolate it with views, desires, and imaginations of their own. I had already ceased to be an Unitarian in the technical sense.

At length, I hope and believe my old co-religionists understand and admit that I disclaim their theology *in toto*, and that by no twisting of language or darkening of its meanings can I be made out to have anything whatever in common with them about religious matters. I perceive that they do not at all understand my views or the grounds of them, or the road to them: but they will not deny that I understand theirs, — chosen expositor as I was of them in the year 1831; and they must take my word for it that there is nothing in common between their theology and my philosophy.

We are here anticipating. Her first appearance in print was a letter to the *Monthly Repository*, a Unitarian magazine, in 1821. It was read by her brother, not knowing it to be hers, with a warm expression of admiration in her presence. On her avowing it, he laid his hand on her shoulder and (calling her "dear" for the first time) said: "Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this." Some years were to elapse before she was at liberty to act upon this advice; and a succession of small successes, although clearly indicative of her powers, produced no corresponding change in her prospects or position. In 1826, age 24, occurred the most important event in her, in every woman's, life: an experience, without which (as in Macaulay's case) a wide range of passion and sentiment would have been as an unknown land.

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

She loved, was beloved and (to use her own expression) virtually engaged; when her betrothed "became suddenly insane, and, after months of illness of body and mind, died." Although the trial was severe, and "the beauty of his goodness" remained lastingly impressed on her, she thinks that it was happiest for both that the union was prevented by any means.

I am, in truth, very thankful for not having married at all. I have never since been tempted, nor have suffered anything at all in relation to that matter which is held to be all-important to woman, — love and marriage. Nothing, I mean, beyond occasional annoyance, presently disposed of. *Every literary woman, no doubt, has plenty of importunity of*

that sort to deal with ; but freedom of mind and coolness of manner dispose of it very easily, and since the time I have been speaking of, my mind has been wholly free from all idea of love-affairs.

We were not aware that literary ladies were so peculiarly exposed to this description of danger, although the French have a maxim (based on such examples as Madame du Chatelet): "*Une femme savante est toujours galante.*" At all events, Miss Martineau gained the invaluable schooling of the heart. To this schooling are owing many fine touches in her tales: without it she could hardly have written "Deerbrook."

In 1827, age 25, she wrote a short story, called "The Rioters," and its success was such that some hosiers and lacemakers of Derby and Nottingham sent her a request to write a tale on the subject of wages, which she did, calling it "The Turn Out." This led to further dealings with the provincial publisher; for whom, she says, she wrote a good many tracts which he sold for a penny, and for which he gave her a sovereign apiece. It was in the autumn of 1827 that she took up Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy," lent to her sister, to see what political economy principles were, and great was her surprise to find that she had been teaching them unawares. It struck her at once that the principles of the whole science might be conveyed in the same way, and, as she read on, the views and design which she afterwards developed and carried out dawned upon her:—

During that reading, groups of personages rose up from the pages, and a procession of action glided through its arguments, as afterwards from the pages of Adam Smith and all the other Economists. I mentioned my notion, I remember, when we were sitting at work, one bright afternoon at home. Brother James nodded assent; my mother said, "Do it;" and we went to tea, unconscious what a great thing we had done since dinner.

Although constantly cramped for want of money, her family had discouraged her adopting authorship as a profession for fear of compromising their gentility, and she was driven to do her writing upon the sly till June 1829; when the old Norwich firm, from which all their income was derived, broke, and the question arose, what was she to do, "with her deafness precluding both music and governessing"? Strange to say, there was still so little demand for her writings, that during two years she lived on fifty pounds a year, most of which was earned with her needle.

She wrote some stories and carried them to London herself; but although a volume of them, "Traditions of Palestine," now ranks amongst the best of her works, the publishers received her as the great French publisher received Lucien in the "*Grand Homme de Province*," of Balzac: "*On n'entre ici qu'avec une réputation faite. Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d'or. . . . Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir, mais pour gagner de l'argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.*" She says that, having no literary acquaintance or connection, she could not get anything she wrote even looked at; so that everything went to the "Repository" at last.

I do not mean that any amount of literary connection would necessarily have been of any service to me; for I do not believe that "patronage," "introductions," and the like are of any avail, in a general way. I know this; that I have always been anxious to extend to young or struggling authors the sort of aid which would have been so precious to me in that winter of 1829-1830, and that, in above twenty years, I have never succeeded but once. I obtained the publication of "The Two Old Men's Tales,"—the first of Mrs. Marsh's novels: but, from the time of my own success to this hour, every other attempt, of the scores I have made, to get a hearing for young or new aspirants has failed. My own heart was often very near sinking,—as were my bodily forces; and with reason. During the daylight hours of that winter, I was poring over fine fancy-work, by which alone I earned any money; and after tea, I went up-stairs to my room, for my day's literary labor.

Her prize-money, forty-five guineas, gave a timely respite from pressing care if not from labor, and in the autumn of 1831, we find her with all her powers concentrated on her "Political Economy Series."

I was resolved that, in the first place, the thing should be done. *The people wanted the book; and they should have it.* Next I resolved to sustain my health under the suspense, if possible, by keeping up a mood of steady determination, and unfaltering hope. Next, I resolved never to lose my temper, in the whole course of the business. I knew I was right; and people who are aware that they are in the right need never lose temper.

The third resolution was severely tested, and no one ever suffered more from the sickening pang of hope deferred. The time was inauspicious.

I wrote to two or three publishers from Dublin, opening my scheme; but one after another declined having anything to do with it, on the ground of the disturbed state of the public mind, which afforded no encourage-

ment to put out new books. The bishops had recently thrown out the Reform Bill; and everybody was watching the progress of the cholera, — then regarded with as much horror as a plague of the Middle Ages.

Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock requested her to take London on her way from Ireland to Norwich, and made an appointment which she attended with a beating heart.

Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock sat superb in their armchairs, in their brown wigs, looking as cautious as possible, but relaxing visibly under the influence of my confidence. My cousin said that, in their place, he should have felt my confidence a sufficient guarantee, — so fully as I assigned the grounds of it: and Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock seemed to be nearly of the same mind, though they brought out a long string of objections, beginning with my proposed title, and ending with the Reform Bill and the cholera.

The advertisement they put out as a feeler attracted no notice, and after keeping her some time longer in suspense, they wrote to say that considering the public excitement they could not venture.

Here was the whole work to begin again, I stifled my sighs, and swallowed my tears, and wrote to one publisher after another, receiving instant refusals from all, except Messrs. Whittaker. They kept up the negotiation for a few posts, but at length joined the general chorus about the Reform Bill and the cholera.

The upshot is that the only publisher who could be induced to incur the risk, was a young one without business or connection, the brother of her Unitarian friend, Fox, with whom she came to terms which practically reduced his risk to a minimum. The work was to be published by subscription, and five hundred subscribers were to be procured before the printing began: he was to have half the profits, besides commission; and the agreement was to cease at the end of any five numbers at the wish of either party. She managed somehow or other to get subscribers, but the greater number of them were relatives or friends who subscribed out of kindness, and deemed the money thrown away. One foggy morning she called on Mr. Fox to show him a prospectus.

I found Mr. Fox in a mood as gloomy as the day. He had seen Mr. James Mill, who had assured him that my method of exemplification — the grand principle of the whole scheme — could not possibly succeed; and Mr. Fox now required of me to change my plan entirely, and issue my "Political Economy" in a didactic form! Of course, I re-

fused. He started a multitude of objections, — feared everything and hoped nothing. I saw, with anguish and no little resentment, my last poor chance slipping from me. I commanded myself while in his presence. The occasion was too serious to be misused. I said to him, "I see you have taken fright. If you wish that your brother should draw back, say so *now*. Here is the advertisement. Make up your mind before it goes to press." He replied, "I do not wish altogether to draw back." "Yes, you do," said I: "and I had rather you would say so at once. But I tell you this: the people want this book, and they *shall* have it."

The interview ends by his assenting to the issue of the advertisement, clogged with the additional stipulation that his brother should give up at the end of two numbers, unless they sold a thousand in a fortnight. On her walk back to the friend's house at which she was staying, she became too giddy to stand without support; and she leaned over some dirty palings, pretending to look at a cabbage-bed, but saying to herself, as she stood with closed eyes, "My book will do yet." This may be bracketed with the "*E pur si muove*" of Galileo, and the "I have it in me and, by God, it shall come out!" — of Sheridan.

I wrote the preface to my "Illustrations of Political Economy" that evening; and I hardly think that any one would discover from it that I had that day sunk to the lowest point of discouragement about my scheme. — At eleven o'clock, I sent the servants to bed. I finished the preface just after the brewery clock had struck two. I was chilly and hungry: the lamp burned low, and the fire was small. I knew it would not do to go to bed, to dream over again the bitter disappointment of the morning. I began now, at last, to doubt whether my work would ever see the light. *I thought of the multitudes who needed it — and especially of the poor — to assist them in managing their own welfare.* I thought too of my own conscious power of doing this very thing.

The only bit of encouragement she received was on the Sunday preceding the publication, when the publisher wrote to say that he had a bookseller's order for a hundred copies.

To the best of my recollection, I waited ten days from the day of publication, before I had another line from the publisher. My mother, judging from his ill-humor, inferred that he had good news to tell: whereas I supposed the contrary. My mother was right, and I could now be amused at his last attempts to be discouraging in the midst of splendid success. At the end of those ten days, he sent with his letter a copy of my first number, desiring me to make with all speed any corrections I might

wish to make, as he had scarcely any copies left. He added that the demand led him to propose that we should now print two thousand. A postscript informed me that since he wrote the above, he had found that we should want three thousand. A second postscript proposed four thousand, and a third five thousand. The letter was worth having, now it had come. There was immense relief in this; but I remember nothing like intoxication; like any painful reaction whatever. I remember walking up and down the grassplot in the garden (I think it was on the 10th of February) feeling that my cares were over.

The entire periodical press, daily, weekly, and, as soon as possible, monthly, came out in my favor; and I was overwhelmed with newspapers and letters, containing every sort of flattery. The Diffusion Society wanted to have the series now; and Mr. Hume offered, on behalf of a new society of which he was the head, any price I would name for the purchase of the whole. I cannot precisely answer for the date of these and other applications; but, as far as I remember, there was, from the middle of February onwards, no remission of such applications, the meanest of which I should have clutched at a few weeks before. Members of Parliament sent down blue-books through the post-office, to the astonishment of the postmaster, who one day sent word that I must send for my own share of the mail, for it could not be carried without a barrow; an announcement which, spreading in the town, caused me to be stared at in the streets. Thus began *that* sort of experience. Half the hobbies of the House of Commons, and numberless notions of individuals, anonymous and other, were commended to me for treatment in my series, with which some of them had no more to do than geometry or the atomic theory.

To what was this success owing? Was she right in believing, intuitively and instinctively, that she was obeying a popular call, and that her work would be hailed by the multitude who needed it to assist them in managing their own welfare? Was it so hailed by the multitude? Is it not "caviare to the general" to this hour? The circulation extended little if at all beyond the cultivated class. The monthly sale of the series never exceeded six or seven thousand. The monthly sale of the "Pickwick Papers," prior to the conclusion, exceeded forty-five thousand. Writing, shortly before her death, in the third person, and assuming the tone of an impartial critic, she says:—

The original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society, by a series of pictures of selected social action, was a fortunate one; and her tales initiated a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy

is and of how it concerns everybody living in society. Beyond this, there is no merit of a high order in the work. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent: she had no power of dramatic construction: nor the poetic inspiration, on the one hand, nor critical cultivation, on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live.*

We have arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion. There was little originality in the idea of exhibiting the natural laws of society in action. It was a short and easy leap from "Evenings at Home," or Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales" to "Illustrations of Political Economy." But the utility is more important than the originality; and we have yet to learn that any appreciable amount of scientific knowledge was or could be diffused by her writings. At the same time she does herself less than justice in disclaiming artistic skill and dramatic power. She excels in situation, description, and character. She is far from wanting in sentiment, elevation of thought, or poetic fancy, although it may fall short of inspiration. Above all, her best stories please as stories, and lead us on with unabated interest to the end. They have points in common with the sensational school; and this was their real attraction for the mass of readers, who read for amusement. But the primary and essential cause of her success was the state of the national mind when she came out.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it." The reception of a book equally depends on the predisposition of the public to which it is addressed. One example amongst many may suffice. In the autumn and winter of 1870-71, during the siege of Paris, the feeling of sympathy with the French grew so strong that many thought the time had come for England to interpose with effect. This feeling found expression in a *brochure*, entitled "The Fight at Dame Europa's School, showing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy, and the English Boy looked on." There are five monitors who have each a garden. The English boy's is an island on which he has a workshop; and the French boy's comprises an arbor in which he regales his friends with grapes and champagne. The moral is drawn and pointed by the dame, who on hearing of the fight, tells the English boy that he is a sneaking, cowardly fellow for remaining neutral. Nothing could be less

* The *Daily News*, June 29th, 1876. The article appeared in the shape of an obituary notice.

like a dame's school. The allegory is incongruous and ill-sustained, and the moral doubtful at best. Yet more than a hundred thousand copies were sold within three months.

The solution is that a responsive chord had been struck. Miss Martineau was similarly fortunate in finding the required train laid ready to her hand. The Reform Bill and the cholera, instead of being her worst enemies, were her best friends. They had made people serious, and created a taste for grave subjects. The utilitarian philosophy, better represented than it has ever been since, was gaining ground. The political economists were in vogue. The names of Malthus, Macculloch, Ricardo, Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, John Stuart Mill, were familiar as household terms. Young gentlemen and ladies, who wished to pass for clever, were expected to be well up in "Mrs. Marcet's Conversations," if they went no deeper. The popular tone and tendency were marked enough to supply a telling topic for the satirist:—

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster,

A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts :
Who talks, with a lisp, of the last new *Westminster*,

And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts." *

There is always action and reaction in these cases. But Miss Martineau certainly did not create the taste for political economy if she promoted it; and one branch, the Malthusian theory, was just then attracting an amount of interest which no fiction could enhance. It was whilst she was meditating her plan that the abuses of the old system of poor-laws had reached their acme and were felt to be unendurable. "In 1832 was seen the phenomenon of whole parishes of fertile land being abandoned, the landlords giving up their rents, the farmers the tenancy, the clergyman his glebe and the tithes. We find the paupers assembled and refusing to accept of the offer of the whole land of the parish, avowing that they liked the present system better. . . . In a period of great general prosperity, that portion of England in which by much the largest expenditure of poor-rates had been made, was the scene of daily riot and nightly incendiarism." †

After an appalling picture of the condi-

tion of England when the series began, Mrs. Chapman remarks:—

The public action of this period directly to be traced to Harriet Martineau's political influence may be seen in the Reform songs, sung with uncovered heads by what were called the "monster meetings,"—the immense assemblages of the people that in 1831 shook the kingdom into a speedy but pacific and constitutional reform in 1832.

We shall next be told that Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the Test Acts, and the reform of the criminal law, were owing to her. In the same spirit of exaggeration this lady proceeds:—

Persons of the highest intelligence, literary cultivation, and religiously trained thought, like Sara Coleridge, took such a mistaken and merely literary view of the matter as this:—

"What a pity it is, that, with all her knowledge of child-nature, she (Miss M——) should try to persuade herself and others that political economy is a fit and useful study for growing minds and limited capabilities,—a subject of all others requiring matured intellect and general information as its basis! This same political economy which quickens the sale of her works now, will, I think, prove heavy ballast for a vessel that is to sail down the stream of time. . . . And she might have rivalled Miss Edgeworth! . . . And then, what practical benefit can such studies have for the mass of the people for whom, it seems, that Miss M—— intends her expositions?"

We go further than Sara (Mrs. Henry Nelson) Coleridge. What a pity it is that Miss Martineau should have tried to persuade herself and others that political economy, considered as a science, is a fit subject for fiction! Let us test this, as well as the amount of solid instruction she diffused, by a brief reference to her tales. The first of the series, entitled, "Life in the Wilds," is the story of a party of settlers at the Cape, who are reduced to the verge of destitution by an inroad of the Bushmen. They have little left beyond the clothes upon their backs and a few tools. The three best heads amongst them consult, and take the conduct of affairs. All are forced to work: the product of well-directed labor accumulates into capital, and a tolerable amount of well-being is restored; the various stages of the process are noted as it goes on; and the precise difference between productive and unproductive labor, as well as the exact nature of capital and wealth, are made clear to the uninitiated. There is nothing new, and nothing applicable to England, in showing how people ought to act in such circumstances; and the reader

* Moore, "Ode to the Sublime Porte." Written prior to Miss Martineau's appearance on the stage.

† Encyclopædia Britannica, Art. "Poor Laws."

acquires about the same amount of science, communicated in much the same way, as M. Jourdain had acquired of language when he found that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it.

And all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

So far as the teaching of scientific terms goes, the "Loves of the Triangles" might pass for a lesson in mathematics.

The second tale, "The Hill and the Valley," presents some well-drawn characters, male and female, and some striking scenes. That in which Paul makes good his defence of the building till the swords of the military are seen flashing amongst the assailants, may be placed alongside the spirited defence of the Irish country-house in "Guy Livingstone," or the scene in "Guy Mannering" when the prison is on fire. But the political-economy lesson is compressed into a speech, which one of the partners addresses to a riotous assembly of work-people, on whom it has the same effect which it would produce on a similar assembly at this hour; the purport of it being that the laborer and the capitalist are embarked in the same boat, and must sink or swim together. If the laboring class have not arrived at this conclusion from their personal experience of "strikes" with the attendant deprivations, their opinions and conduct will hardly be influenced by reading (if they read) these deprivations as set forth in a tale.

The third tale is open to an additional and graver objection. It is an instance of the almost inevitable abuse of fiction when employed for such purposes. It is the story of the enclosure of a common; and the moral is that enclosures are to be encouraged as adding to production, making no account of the disturbance of habits or the loss of healthful recreation for the neighborhood. Incidentally, she discountenances small holdings, including peasant proprietors, by drawing a melancholy picture of a small proprietor who refuses to part with his field. Now these are debatable questions, on which the commoners of Plumstead and the advocates of peasant-proprietorship (like John Stuart Mill) would have a word or two to say. It is an idle mockery to talk of science when the palpable object is to advance a one-sided view. Science defines and generalizes; fiction invents and colors; science deals with the abstract, fiction with the concrete. Principles should be deduced from actual facts or incidents; not facts or incidents be fancied or moulded

to suit principles. Moreover, if we resort to fiction and appeal to sentiment, it is far from clear that political economy will be the gainer upon the whole. No artistic representation of prosperity resulting from "Clearings" will outweigh the exquisite lament in "The Deserted Village" over the "humble happiness" that had been ruthlessly sacrificed to wealth:—

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene
Liv'd in each look, and brightened all the green:

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

The material advance of a country is like the car of Juggernaut: it destroys, crushes, maims, and mangles, as it moves on; and the individual sufferings of the victims afford better materials for romance than the general good. Nothing would be easier than to compose a tale to discredit any marked step in social progress or any sweeping measure of improvement; for example, to represent a community which had thriven on protected industry suddenly ruined by free-trade, or the interesting family of an inn-keeper or stage-coach proprietor reduced to poverty by a railroad. The tables might be turned against the population-principle by contrasting a testy old bachelor or crabbed old maid "doom'd to a lone and loveless bed," with a young couple, poor but happy, blest with a brace of babies and looking hopefully forward to a full quiver. Or what fiction would outweigh the positive fact of Lord Eldon's marriage in his twenty-second year with a beautiful girl, neither having a sixpence of their own, and the utter falsification of the Newcastle prophecy: "Jack Scott has run off with Bessy Surtees, and the poor lad is undone"? The marriage supplied the very stimulant to exertion which he wanted, and the result confirmed the advice of Thurlow (some say Kenyon) to a law-student, "Spend your own fortune, marry, and spend your wife's, and then you will have some chance of succeeding in the law."

One of Miss Martineau's tales was written to enforce Macculloch's doctrine that absenteeism is no injury to Ireland. It was preceded by "The Absentee" of Miss Edgeworth, who, so far at least as popular effect is concerned, has clearly the best of the argument. The visit *incog.* of Lord Colambre (the heir apparent) to the paternal estates brings to light a host of abuses which a resident landlord might have prevented or set right. Neither

Macculloch nor Miss Martineau appear to have made much impression on the people most interested in the argument. Not long since an orator at a public meeting in Ireland, admitting the evil, was expatiating on the diminished number of absentees, when he was interrupted by the indignant protest: "Diminished, sir, why the whole country's full of them!"

In the *Edinburgh Review* of my "Political Economy Series" (says Miss Martineau) — a review otherwise as weak as it is kind — there is the best appreciation of the principle of the work that I have seen anywhere; a page or so of perfect understanding of my view and purpose.

On turning to this page, we find that, as a preliminary and indispensable condition, "she *merely* stipulates that she will allow political economy to be talked by people, and under circumstances, where it was never talked before;" in other words, that since it is incongruous and out of place in ordinary conversation, she shall be allowed to drag it in head and shoulders at the risk (or rather certainty) of bringing the action of the tale to a dead stop, or to put it into the mouths of her *dramatis personæ* when it is completely out of keeping with the characters. This is precisely what she has done in "Ella of Garveloch," perhaps the best of her stories, where the action is suspended to introduce an explanation of the Ricardo theory of rent!

We (of the *Quarterly*) are spared the humiliating imputation of weakness bordering on imbecility, cast on our distinguished contemporary; but five or six pages of bitter censure and reproach are levelled at us in the "Autobiography," to say nothing of Mrs. Chapman's downright assertion, that "Mr. Lockhart, as the editor of the Tory *Quarterly*, disgraced himself and the review by an utter want of decency and honesty."

'Tis a pity when charming women

Talk of things that they don't understand.

All that is said by both these ladies touching the article in question is simply a specimen of the *gobemoucherie* to which both of them were prone, e.g. in the "Autobiography:" —

Mr. Croker had declared at a dinner-party that he expected a revolution under the Whigs, and to lose his pension; and that he intended to lay by his pension while he could get it, and maintain himself by his pen; and that he had "begun by tomahawking Miss Martineau in the *Quarterly*."

This means, if it means anything, that the

thought of getting money by his pen had only just been forced upon Mr. Croker by the Reform Bill. To proceed: —

On the same day another friend called to tell me that my printers (who also printed the *Quarterly*) thought I ought to know that "the filthiest thing that had passed through the press for a quarter of a century" was coming out against me in the *Quarterly*.

She had just before stated that Mr. Lockhart, after "the atrocious article" was in print, "wanting to seize an opportunity that might be the last for meeting her," had eagerly pressed for an introduction, and was refused.

I was long afterwards informed that Lady G. went to him early the next day (which was Sunday) and told him that he would repent of the article, *if it was what he had represented to her*; and I know from the printers that Mr. Lockhart went down at once to the office, and cut out "all the worst passages of the review," at great inconvenience and expense. What he could have cut out that was worse than what stands, it is not easy to conceive.

Nor is this all that reached her touching the secret history of this production.

The sequel of the story is that the writer of the original article, Mr. Poulett Scrope, requested a mutual friend to tell me that he was ready to acknowledge the political economy of the article to be his; but that he hoped he was too much of a gentleman to have stooped to ribaldry, or even jest; and that I must understand that he was not more or less responsible for anything in the article which we could not discuss face to face with satisfaction. Messrs. Lockhart and Croker made no secret of the ribaldry being theirs.

The plain answer to all this foolish gossip is that nothing of the sort took place: that there was no ribaldry to own, and no wish or intention to destroy or tomahawk. The second paragraph of the article begins thus: —

There is, we admit, much which it is impossible not to admire in Miss Martineau's productions — the praiseworthy intention and benevolent spirit in which they are written — and the varied knowledge of nature and society, the acute discrimination of character, and remarkable power of entering into, and describing the feelings of the poorer class, which several of her little narratives evinced.*

The passage, the only passage, which was or could be represented, or rather misrepresented, as ribaldry, was a warning to Miss Martineau that there were certain topics which an unmarried woman could not

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlix., p. 136.

be supposed to understand and had better let alone. The sentence on which we commented was this : —

The parent has considerable influence over the subsistent fund of his family, *and an absolute control over the numbers to be supported by it.*

Referring to her own meditated change of condition in 1826, she says : "I long ago came to the conclusion that, without meddling with the case of the wives and mothers, I am probably the happiest single woman in England." Then why did she meddle with the case of the wives and mothers?

If, as she states, Mr. Lockhart subsequently renewed the attempt to become acquainted with her, it can only have been because he was unconscious of rudeness or wrong. He was a proud, reserved man, except amongst friends; and he agreed with Thomas Moore in disliking literary ladies, unless they happened to be handsome and thought more of pleasing as women than as wits.

Her account of her difference with the *Times* is another specimen of her simplicity or credulity. She states that, soon after her "Poor-law Series" began, she received a message from Mr. Barnes, the editor, intimating that his paper was prepared to support her work as a valuable auxiliary of the proposed reform. The ministers were assured of support by "the same potentate."

It was on the 17th of April, 1834, that Lord Althorp introduced the bill. His speech, full of facts, earnest, and deeply impressive, produced a strong effect on the House; and the ministers went home to bed with easy minds, — little imagining what awaited them at the breakfast table. It was no small vexation to me, on opening the *Times* at breakfast on the 18th, to find a vehement and total condemnation of the new poor-law. *Everybody in London was asking how it happened.* I do not know, except in as far as I was told by some people who knew more of the management of the paper than the world in general.

The account of "some people," probably the same who supplied her with the secret history of our article, was that reports had arrived of the hostility of the country justices — "a most important class of customers" — that a meeting of the proprietors was held on the evening of the sixteenth, at which the policy of humoring the justices was carried by one vote. "So went the story. Another anecdote, less openly spoken of, *I believe to be true.*" We should say much more openly

spoken of, it being neither more nor less than a garbled version (with a change of date) of the old story of Lord Brougham's torn note, the pieces of which were picked up and forwarded to Mr. Barnes, who thenceforth declared open war against the government.

Now, Miss Martineau's "Poor-law Tales" began in 1833; and if the *Times* had pledged itself both to the writer and the ministers, how happens it that no notice, preparatory to the introduction of the measure, was taken of the series? But a reference to the file of the *Times* suffices to show how little pains she took to verify statements involving imputations of the gravest kind. She did not, on opening the *Times* at breakfast on the 18th, find a vehement and total condemnation of the new poor-law. The article did not appear till the 19th, and the writer, feeling his way cautiously, simply objected to the restrictions on out-of-door relief. It was a tentative article. In the *Times* of April 29th, 1834, ten days after the alleged quarrel, appeared a highly laudatory article on Lord Brougham. In the *Times* of May 9th, 1834, a brief recommendation of Miss Martineau's "Tales against Strikes" is qualified by a protest against being supposed to be a general admirer of her works. As to the line taken by the leading journal on the subject of the new poor-law, did she never hear, amongst her other rumors, that it was inspired or dictated from within? Did she not know that, unaffected by the death of Mr. Barnes, it was pursued for years with an earnestness, a consistency, and a disregard of popular favor, that could only have been produced by conviction?

By a strange coincidence, Thomas Moore acted like Mr. Lockhart in seeking her acquaintance, which was refused on account of some verses which he certainly did not write. Mr. Sterling, "the Thunderer of the *Times*," met with a similar repulse.

When I was at Tynemouth, hopelessly ill, poor and helpless, the *Times* abused and insulted me for privately refusing a pension. Again Mr. Sterling made a push for my acquaintance; and I repeated what I had said before: whereupon he declared that "it cut him to the heart" that I should impute to him the ribaldry and coarse insults of scoundrels and ruffians who treated me as I had been treated in the *Times*. I dare say what he said of his own feelings was true enough; but it will never do for responsible editors, like Sterling and Lockhart, to shirk their natural retribution for the sins of their publications by laying the blame on some impalpable

offender who, on his part, has very properly relied on their responsibility.

Mr. Sterling was never editor of the *Times*; and she had already stated that Mr. Lockhart publicly admitted his personal participation in the "ribaldry." Talleyrand said of Chateaubriand that he became deaf when people ceased talking about him. Miss Martineau took it for granted that people never ceased talking about her, and complacently records every idle myth about her doings or personality. Her ear-trumpet must have resembled the allegorical trumpet of Fame.

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled ;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too.

She heard from Mrs. Marcet, "who had a great opinion of great people," that Louis Philippe had ordered a copy of the series for each member of his family, a tolerably numerous one. "At the same time I heard from some other quarter (I forget what) that the emperor of Russia had ordered a copy of the series for every member of his family." The emperor of Austria paid her the compliment of including her and her series in the list of persons and books who were not to pass the frontier of his dominions.

A friend of mine who was at Kensington Palace one evening when my "Political Economy Series" was coming to an end, told me how the princess (Victoria) came, running and skipping, to show her mother the advertisement of the "Illustrations of Taxation," and to get leave to order them. Her favorite of my stories is "Ella of Garveloch."

The Whig government, for whom, over and over again, she expresses a sovereign contempt, could not stir a step without her aid. Mr. Drummond, the private secretary of the chancellor of the exchequer, who had called to bespeak a tale against tithes, "had not been gone five minutes before the chairman of the Excise Commission called, to ask in the name of the commissioners, whether it would suit my purpose to write immediately on the Excise." She is very angry with Lord Althorp for abandoning the house tax just as she had engaged to write a tale in its support. Her table was covered with cards and invitations; and the social penance her celebrity entailed upon her, led to her setting down her experience and impressions as a lion in an article on "Literary Lionism," written in 1837, the bulk of which is reproduced in this "Autobiography:" —

The sordid characteristics of the modern system appear when the eminent person becomes a guest in a private house. If the resuscitated gentleman of the fifteenth century were to walk into a country house in England in company with a lady of literary distinction, he might see at once what is in the mind of the host and hostess. All the books of the house are lying about — all the gentry in the neighborhood are collected; the young men peep and stare from the corners of the room; the young ladies crowd together, even sitting five upon three chairs to avoid the risk of being addressed by the stranger. The lady of the house devotes herself to "drawing out" the guest, asks for her opinion of this, that, and the other book, and intercedes for her young friends, trembling on their three chairs, that each may be favored with "just one line for her album." Such a scene, *very common now in English country houses*, must present an unfavorable picture of our manners to strangers from another country or another age. The prominent features are the sufferings of one person, and the selfishness of all the rest.

Bad as all this is, she continues, the case is worse in London: —

A new poet, if he innocently accepts a promising invitation, is liable to find out afterwards that his name has been inserted in the summonses to the rest of the company, or sent round from mouth to mouth to secure the rooms being full. If a woman who has written a successful play or novel attends the *soirée* of a "lionizing" lady, she hears her name so announced on the stairs as to make it certain that the servants have had their instructions; she finds herself seized upon at the door by the hostess, and carried about to lord, lady, philosopher, gossip, and dandy, each being assured that she cannot be spared to each for more than ten seconds. She sees a "lion" placed in the centre of each of the two first rooms she passes through, — a navigator from the north pole in the one, a dusky Egyptian bey or Hindoo rajah in another; and it flashes upon her that she is to be the centre of attraction in a third apartment.

If the guest be meek and modest, there is nothing for it but getting behind a door, or surrounding herself with her friends in a corner. If she be strong enough to assert herself, she will return at once to her carriage, and take care how she enters that house again. A few instances of what may be seen in London during any one season, if brought together, yield but a sorry exhibition of the manners of persons who give parties to gratify their own vanity, instead of enjoying the society and the pleasure of their friends.

The effect on the victims is melancholy in the extreme. "The drawing-room is the grave of literary promise." The author overrates his vocation, whilst the intoxica-

tion of flattery is kept up, and underrates it when the deleterious ingredient is withdrawn. "He must be a strong man who escapes all the pitfalls into this tomb of ambition and of powers." He or she must be a very weak man or woman to whom such things *are* pitfalls; and nothing has shaken our opinion of Miss Martineau's powers of observation and reflection more than this superficial and utterly erroneous tirade against what she is pleased to term society. She seems to have mistaken what may have occurred to her at the house of some suburban or provincial Mrs. Leohunter, for the normal reception of a celebrity. The London society, in which she was most cordially received at starting, was the literary and scientific society, which happened just then to be particularly good. She most certainly was not lionized, nor saw any one else lionized, by Hallam, Milman, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Babbage, Senior, Lyell, the Austins, the Somervilles, the Carlyles, the Berrys, or the Grotes.

Of fashionable life, to which she especially refers, she saw little or nothing. She was taken up rather by the Whig-Radicals than by the Whigs. She says, "I became the fashion, and I might have been the lion of several seasons had I chosen to permit it." She here confounds things essentially distinct. A person may be the fashion without being a lion, and a lion without being the fashion. A person may be the fashion for several seasons or for life; hardly a lion, which requires novelty. She was never the fashion. She was not personally acquainted with any one of the female leaders of fashion, which was then a power. She was never a guest in any one of the great London houses; and that this was by her own choice, does not alter the fact.* In this respect she differed widely from Miss Edgeworth, who finishes a busy day of intellectual intercourse with Almack's: where Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh) hurries up to talk of "Castle Rackrent" and Ireland, and introduce her to Lady Londonderry, who invites her to "one of her grandest parties." Miss Edgeworth records this incident with complacency. Miss Martineau would have set it down as an affront.

For one instance; I never would go to Lansdowne House, because I knew that I was invited there as an authoress, to undergo, as people did at that house, the most delicate

and refined process of being lionized, — but still, the process. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and a son and daughter, caused me to be introduced to them at Sir Augustus Callcott's; and their not being introduced to my mother, who was with me, showed the footing on which I stood. I was then just departing for America. On my return, I was invited to every kind of party at Lansdowne House, — a concert, a state dinner, a friendly dinner party, a small evening party, and a ball; and I declined them all. I went nowhere but where my acquaintance was sought, as a lady, by ladies. Mr. Hallam told me — *what was true enough*, — that Lady Lansdowne, being one of the queen's ladies, and Lord Lansdowne, being a cabinet minister, could not make calls.* If so, it made no difference in my disinclination to go, in a blue-stocking way, to a house where I was not really acquainted with anybody. Mr. Hallam, I saw, thought me conceited and saucy: but I felt I must take my own methods of preserving my social independence. Lord Lansdowne would not give the matter up. Finding that General Fox was coming one evening to a *soirée* of mine, he invited himself to dine with him, in order to accompany him. I thought this somewhat impertinent, while Mr. Hallam regarded it as an honor. I did not see why a nobleman and cabinet minister was more entitled than any other gentleman to present himself uninvited, after his own invitations had been declined. The incident was a trifle; but it shows how I acted in regard to this "lionizing."

Strange that she did not see the precise application to herself of the story told by Johnson of Congreve, who, "when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered, not as an author, but a gentleman: to which the Frenchman replied, 'that if he had only been a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him.'"

In what capacity was she originally invited to Hallam's, Milman's, Sydney Smith's or Rogers'? If she had steadily acted upon her principle, she must have gone back to Norwich as much a stranger to persons of intellectual distinction as she came up. This over-sensitive dignity was not true dignity. There was a dash of vulgarity about it, as there was a dash of snobbery in Thackeray's frequent references to snobs. The thoroughbred sense of social equality was wanting. Her notion of equality resembled that of the Irishman who, on his friend's remarking that one man was as good as another, emphatically assented: "Yes, and a deuced

* It is a significant fact, as regards fashion, that she is not mentioned in the "Greville Journals."

* Could Hallam have told her this, which was certainly not true?

deal better." If Lord Lansdowne came uninvited to her house, it obviously was because her alleged reason for refusing his invitations never crossed his mind. If she had accepted them, instead of finding herself in a house where she was not really acquainted with anybody, she would have found herself (as Hallam could have told her) amongst the most distinguished of her acquaintance, attracted round the noble host far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial taste than by his rank. "He looks," wrote Sydney Smith, "for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst stars and garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces. I shall take care of him in my memoirs." Miss Martineau has certainly taken care of him in *hers*.

Lord Londonderry, naturally enough, began talking to Miss Edgeworth about "Castle Rack-rent" and Ireland. This, from Miss Martineau's point of view, was wrong. It was treating her like a blue-stocking, to begin by alluding to her works or the subjects on which she was employed. Speaking of the Whig dinners, which she found so pleasant in her first season, she says:—

My place was generally between some one of the notabilities and some rising barrister. From the latter I could seldom gather much, so bent were all the rising barristers I met on knowing my views on "the progress of education and the increase of crime." I was so weary of that eternal question that it was a drawback on the pleasure of many a dinner-party.

It is new to us that the rising barrister was so much in vogue at the pleasantest Whig dinners of 1832, *i.e.* if dinners so composed were the pleasantest; and we do not envy him the distinction of having to find light topics adapted to an ear-trumpet. Of Holman, the blind traveller, who was boasting of having reached the top of a mountain sooner than his comrades, she says: "It evidently never occurred to him that people with eyes climb mountains for another purpose than a race against time; and that his comrades were pausing to look about them when he outstripped them. It was a hint to me never to be critical in like manner about the pleasures of the ear."

Unluckily she did not take the hint, or she would not have complained of being

made the object of marked attention. What was optional towards others, was obligatory towards her. When not individually addressed, she was insulated. She could not blend carelessly and easily with conversation. She could not catch the playful tone, the evanescent spirit, the allusive raillery or pleasantry, which are its charm. She could not say with Sydney Smith, when an introduction was proposed: "Don't inoculate me, let me take him in the natural way." The suitor for her acquaintance had to be formally brought up and presented; and there was something appalling in her preparations for colloquial enjoyment. At one time, besides the large trumpet, she had one with a caoutchouc tube, long enough to be passed across the dinner-table, winding like a serpent amongst the dishes. The operation was jocularly termed "laying down the pipes." The interchange of mind thus effected could hardly be called conversation: it was a dialogue, or monologue, under difficulties. She herself talked pleasantly and well.

Sir Walter Scott enjoyed being lionized. So did Lord Macaulay. Miss Martineau admits that it has its advantages in enabling the lion to form valuable acquaintances and establish a connection; but he must hasten to make hay whilst the sun shines, the odds being that, at the end of his first season, he will be dropped.

Such reverse may be the best thing to be hoped; but it does not leave things as they were before the season of flattery set in. The safe feeling of equality is gone; habits of industry are impaired; the delicacy of modesty is exhaled; and it is a great wonder if the temper is not spoiled. The sense of elevation is followed by a consciousness of depression: those who have been the idols of society feel, when deposed, like its slaves; and the natural consequence is contempt and repining.

A little farther on, after stating that "the Whig dinners of that day (her first season) were at their highest point of agreeableness"—the rising barrister *non obstante*—she says that, on returning to London some years later, she found a melancholy change.

I found some who had formerly been "pleasant fellows" and agreeable ladies, now saving the same things in much the same manner as of old, only with more conceit and contempt of everybody but themselves. Their pride of station and office had swelled into vulgarity; and their blindness in regard to public opinion and the progress of all the world but themselves was more wonderful than ever.

Yet Lansdowne House, Holland House,

Devonshire House, Stafford House, were in their zenith; and the Whigs, whom pride of station and office had swelled into vulgarity, must have included Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Normanby, Lord Althorp, Lord Carlisle, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Clarendon.

How did this come to pass? We cannot help suspecting that the change was more subjective than objective: that it was in her, not in them: that the Whigs had found out their mistake in supposing that legislation could be based on story-books; and that (to use her own words) the natural consequence in the deposed idol was repining and contempt.

She follows up and supports her theory of lionizing by impressions of her most distinguished acquaintance, which are equally remarkable for discrimination and uncharitableness. Franklin mentions a gentleman who, having one handsome and one shrivelled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Miss Martineau had a disagreeable knack of looking first and most at the worst leg, especially when the candidate for her favor had put his best leg foremost. Brougham, who laid himself out to please her, utterly failed.

He watched me intently and incessantly when I was conversing with anybody else. For my part, I liked to watch him when he was conversing with gentlemen, and his mind and its manifestations really came out. This was never the case, as far as my observation went, when he talked with ladies. I believe I have never met with more than three men, in the whole course of my experience, who talked with women in a perfectly natural manner; that is, precisely as they talked with men: but the difference in Brougham's case was so great as to be disagreeable. He knew many cultivated and intellectual women; but this seemed to be of no effect. If not able to assume with them his ordinary manner towards silly women, he was awkward and at a loss. This was by no means agreeable, though the sin of his bad manners must be laid at the door of the vain women who discarded their ladyhood for his sake, went miles to see him, were early on platforms where he was to be, and admitted him to very broad flirtations. He had pretty nearly settled his own business, in regard to conversation with ladies, before two more years were over. His swearing became so incessant, and the occasional indecency of his talk so insufferable, that I have seen even coquettes and adorers turn pale, and the lady of the house tell her husband that she could not undergo another dinner-party with Lord Brougham for a guest.

This, to our certain knowledge, is a gross exaggeration. In marked contrast to Brougham in her estimate stands Lord Durham, the pink of kindness, gentleness, temper, and amiability, and the pattern of high-minded statesmen. When she was "giving him evidence of the popular distrust of Lord Brougham and his teaching and *preaching* clique," he heard her with evident concern, and said at last, in his earnest, heartfelt way, "Brougham has done, and will do, foolish things enough; but it would cut me to the heart to think that Brougham was false." "In seven years from that time he was in his grave, sent there by Brougham's falseness." Did these intervening years pass away without inspiring the smallest distrust of Brougham? Lord Durham died in 1840, and Brougham was never in office after 1834.

There is little new in her reminiscences of Hallam and Sydney Smith. She says, "The story of Jeffrey and the north pole as told by Sydney Smith, appears to me strangely spoiled in the 'Life.'" It appears to us better told than by her. She hits off Jeffrey's manner to women, *apropos* of a scene in which he is monopolized by a lady whose admirers thought more of her personal attractions than her publications.

He could be absurd enough in his devotion to a clever woman; and he could be highly culpable in drawing out the vanity of a vain one, and then comically making game of it; but his better nature was always within call; and his generosity was unimpeachable in every other respect — as far as I knew him.

She was hard upon the bishops who ventured amongst the blue-stockings.

There were a few bishops; Whately, with his odd, overbearing manners, and his unequal conversation, — sometimes rude and tiresome, and at other times full of instruction, and an occasional drollery coming out amidst a world of effort. Perhaps no person of all my acquaintance has from the first appeared to me so singularly overrated as he was then. I believe it is hardly so now. Those were the days when he said a candid thing which did him honor. He was quite a new bishop then; and he said one day, plucking at his sleeve, as if he had his lawn ones on, "I don't know how it is: but when we have got these things on, we never do anything more."

She has left a portrait of the amiable and excellent Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Stanley, so disfigured by sectarian or provincial animosity that it will hardly be recognized by those who knew him personally, or have become familiar with his career and character in the truthful pages

of his distinguished son.* The man who is there shown to have given the most decided proofs of courage, moral and physical, in confronting prejudice, suppressing vice, putting down brutal amusements, and facing Chartist mobs, is described by her as "timid as a hare, sensitive as a woman."

Bishop Stanley was, however, admirable in his way. If he had been a rural parish priest all his life, out of the way of Dissenters and of clerical *espionnage*, he would have lived and died as beloved as he really was, and much more respected. In Norwich, his care and furtherance of the schools were admirable; and in the function of benevolence to the poor and afflicted, he was exemplary.

What follows is introduced with a *but* —

I do not like your *but* — it does allay
The good precedence —

But censure almost broke his heart and turned his brain. He had no courage at all under the bad manners of his clergy; and he repeatedly talked in such a style to me about it, as to compel me to tell him plainly that Dissenters like myself are not only accustomed to ill-usage for differences of opinion, but are brought up to regard that trial as one belonging to an honest avowal of convictions, and to be borne with courage and patience like other trials. His innocent amazement and consternation at being ill-used on account of his liberal opinions were truly instructive to a member of a despised sect: but they were painful, too.

This is tantamount to saying that bad manners and ill-usage should not be checked or censured, because the sufferers are thereby subjected to an improving trial; and that to sympathize with them is to imply that they are unequal to it. Painful, forsooth! It is infinitely more painful to see such a perverse construction of conduct and motive. The courage shown by the bishop in condemning his intolerant clergy is adduced to prove that he had none!

She does ample justice to the poetic genius and many excellent qualities of Lord Houghton, who, on hearing of her hopeless condition in 1842, sent her some lines on "Christian Endurance"! — "the lines (says Mrs. Chapman) which Dr. Channing so much admired, and after reading which he bade her be glad that she was the inciter of such holy thoughts and generous sympathies." They were followed by a fine sonnet in the same spirit in 1843. She made his acquaint-

ance at Lady Mary Shepherd's; a house to which she never went a second time for fear of being pestered by blue-stockings. First, there was Lady Mary herself, "who went about accompanied by the fame given her by Mr. Tierney, when he said there was not another head in England that could encounter hers on cause and effect." Then Lady Charlotte Bury, for whose benefit she underwent a "ludicrous examination about how I wrote my series, and what I thought of it." Escaping from this to an opposite sofa, she was "boarded" by Lady Stepney, who was then, as she boasted, receiving seven hundred pounds apiece for her novels, and paraded a pair of diamond earrings, costing that sum, which she had so earned. Would any one suppose from this that Mr. and Lady Mary Shepherd had collected round them a highly cultivated and most agreeable society: that the ladies named were probably the only blue-stockings in the room; and that kind, amiable, unassuming Lady Stepney, although she wrote some foolish novels, was the last person in the world to parade her earrings as the price?

The difficulty in conversing with this extraordinary personage was that she stopped at intervals, to demand an unqualified assent to what she said, while saying things impossible to assent to. She insisted on my believing that "that dreadful Reform in Parliament" took place entirely because the "dear duke" of Wellington had not my "moral courage," and would not carry a trumpet. She told me that the dear duke assured her himself that if he had heard what had been said from the treasury-benches, he should never have made that declaration against Parliamentary reform which brought it on: and thence it followed, Lady Stepney concluded, that if he had heard what was said behind him, — that is, if he had carried a trumpet, he would have suppressed his declaration; and the rest followed of course. I was so amused at this that I told Lady Durham of it; and she repeated it to her father, then prime minister; and then ensued the most amusing part of all. Lord Grey did not apparently take it as a joke on my part, but sent me word, in all seriousness, that there would have been Parliamentary reform, sooner or later, if the Duke of Wellington *had* carried a trumpet!

It is our firm conviction, knowing Lady Stepney well, that the remark about the "moral courage" was a bit of comic exaggeration on her part; and we feel equally sure that Lord Grey's message of assurance was sent by way of carrying on the joke. There are more specimens of Lady Stepney's conversation, who is made to say in reference to the alleged discovery

* Memoir, by the Dean of Westminster, prefixed to "Addresses and Charges." 1851.

of the magnetic pole: "But you and I know what a magnet is very well. *We* know that a little thing like that would be pulled out of its place in the middle of the sea." We ourselves heard the Duke of Sussex, at one of the *soirées* at Kensington Palace, when he was president of the Royal Society, address a group of north-pole navigators: "How do you do, Franklin? Glad to see you, Parry. Very hot here; more like the south pole than the north." It is quite possible, therefore, that Lady Stepney may have talked nonsense about the magnet, but Miss Martineau did not understand *persiflage* when she heard it: to joke through a tube or trumpet is no laughing matter; the look and accent are out of keeping with the words. When Sydney Smith was asked how he got on with her, he replied, "Very well; except that about three times out of four she mistakes my mystifications for facts." The most decidedly "blue" parties in London were her own.

To return to her sketches. She disposes of a whole batch of eminent acquaintance in a paragraph or two:—

I had heard all my life of the vanity of women as a subject of pity to men: but when I went to London, lo! I saw vanity in high places which was never transcended by that of women in their lowlier rank. There was Brougham, wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among silly women. There was Jeffrey flirting with clever women, in long succession. There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries,—he and they dizen out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground,—only the indifference or hauteur of the lord of the harem being absent. There was poor Campbell the poet, obtruding his sentimentalities, amidst a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous.

Then there was Babbage,—less utterly dependent on opinion than some people suppose; but still, harping so much on the subject as to warrant the severe judgment current in regard to his vanity. There was Edwin Landseer, a friendly and agreeable companion, but holding his cheerfulness at the mercy of great folks' graciousness to him.

If she had revised her autobiography after reading Macaulay's "Life" by his nephew, she would hardly have attributed "the fundamental weakness which pervades his writings" to want of heart; and she goes much too far when she says:—

His review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confi-

dence in his honesty, as well as in his capacity for philosophy.

But she is not far wrong when she complains of the difficulty thrown in the way of reference by his mode of citing his authorities:—

Where it (reference) is made by painstaking readers, the inaccuracies and misrepresentations of the historian are found to multiply as the work of verification proceeds. In fact, the only way to accept his history is to take it as a brilliant fancy-piece,—wanting not only the truth but the repose of history,—but stimulating, and even, to a degree, suggestive.

We have no fault to find with her reminiscence of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, except that "clever" is an inadequate expression, and "with all imaginary freedom" must not be understood to mean more than vivacity, comprehensiveness, and variety.

I was always glad to meet him and his clever wife, who were full, at all times, of capital conversation; she with all imaginable freedom; and he with a curious, formal, old-fashioned, deliberate courtesy, with which he strove to cover his constitutional timidity and shyness. The publication of his fine history now precludes all necessity of describing his powers and his tastes. He was best known in those days as the leading member of the Radical section in Parliament; and few could suppose then that his claims on that ground would be swallowed up by his reputation as a scholar and author in one of the highest walks of literature. As a good man and a gentleman his reputation was always of the highest.

She had ample opportunities of studying Mr. Carlyle, and made a good use of them, although she begins by showing her incapacity for enjoying the Shakespearian humor which is the distinctive quality of his genius. When the lease of his house in Cheyne Row had nearly expired, he was obliged (she says) to set forth "with sanitary views," and look about him:—

Forth he went, his wife told me, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the world in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of London.

She was puzzled for a long time as to whether he did or did not care for fame; but at length the mystery was solved:—

My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered weak brandy and water instead of wine; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which we carried over one evening, when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after, whenever he turned his eyes towards the long-necked bottles, showed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labors at last:

and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat round the fire after dinner, and Carlyle mixed the toddy while Mrs. Carlyle and I discussed some literary matters, and speculated on fame and the love of it. Then Carlyle held out a glass of his mixture to me with, "Here — take this. It is worth all the fame in England."

The following verses were improvised by Johnson in ridicule of the antique ballad style : —

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way."
This I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the smiling sage replied,
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

Miss Martineau would most assuredly have understood this effusion as conveying the deliberate opinion of the sage that beer is bliss and bliss is beer.

After expressing an opinion that Mr. Carlyle could not do any more effectual work in the field of morals or philosophy, avowing a preference for his biographies, and declaring that for her part she could not read his "Latter-Day Pamphlets," she says : —

No one can read his "Cromwell" without longing for his "Frederick the Great;" and I hope he will achieve that portrait, and others after it. However much or little he may yet do, he certainly ought to be recognized as one of the chief influences of his time. Bad as is our political morality, and grievous as are our social short-comings, we are at least awakened to a sense of our sins; and I cannot but ascribe this awakening mainly to Carlyle. What Wordsworth did for poetry, in bringing us out of a conventional idea and method to a true and simple one, Carlyle has done for morality.

We admire "his sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness, and courage" as highly as any of his disciples, and there is no denying his influence. But it may well be doubted whether that influence has been for evil or for good. Does it advance morality to idealize power, force, strength of volition, success — to contend that might makes right — to set up Cromwell and Frederick the Great as models for rulers — to defend the stupid brutality of Frederick William as the eccentricity of genius?

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Mr. Carlyle would have agreed with the gods and shouted with the senate.*

Longing for rest, and wishing to break through any selfish "particularity" that might be growing on her, she resolved at the end of her third season to visit the United States. It was not a bookmaking expedition. "I can truly say that I travelled without any such idea in my mind. I am sure that no traveller seeing things through author's spectacles can see them as they are." However, she kept a journal and wrote two books, based on it, on her return. These contain what she had to say about the great republic, its institutions and its society; but one subject was glossed over in both — her own personal connection with the controversy on negro slavery, which she purposely kept back for fear of creating a suspicion of partiality. "In this place I feel it right to tell my own story." It is told in minute detail, filling ninety-two pages, and leaves a high impression of her courage, although to a certain extent confirming what fell from a "pompous young man" at New York: "My verdict is that Harriet Martineau is either an impertinent meddler in our affairs, or a woman of genius without common sense." In defiance of warnings, she attended a women's abolition meeting at Boston and made a speech, thereby identifying herself with the agitation to which most of the friends who *fêted* (or "Lafayetted") her on her arrival were vehemently opposed.

In our own room at Washington, I spread out our large map, showed the great extent of Southern States through which we should have to pass, probably for the most part without an escort; and always, where we were known at all, with my anti-slavery reputation uppermost in everybody's mind. "Now, Louisa," said I, "does it not look awful? If you have the slightest fear, say so now, and we will change our route." "Not the slightest," said she. "If you are not afraid, I am not." This was all she ever heard from me of danger.

Sydney Smith had jocularly suggested before she left England that, although a feather in her cap was agreeable, a quantity of feathers sticking to her back might

* Miss Martineau's readers would do well to compare her impressions of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and many others with those of a less prejudiced and singularly acute judge of character, contained in the highly interesting work, just published, entitled: "Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends." We are indebted for this book to the poet's widow, whose acquirements and cultivated taste eminently fitted her for the execution of what she terms a dear and honorable task.

prove an awkward encumbrance; and he made another joke on the probability of her joining the feathered tribe, which she did not hear and had better be suppressed. She saw enough to show that the danger was not altogether chimerical; being present in Boston, if not witness of the scene, when Mr. Garrison was dragged by the mob towards the tar-kettle, whilst his lovely wife, more lovely in her tears, looked on from a balcony, exclaiming, "I trust in God he will not give up his principles;" which, under the circumstances, was pretty nearly tantamount to saying, "I trust in God he will be tarred and feathered." She was absent rather more than two years. On landing at Liverpool, August 26th, 1836, she found various letters from publishers awaiting her; and the very day she arrived in London, the competition began.

One November morning, however, my return was announced in the *Morning Chronicle*; and such a day as that I never passed, and hoped at the time never to pass again.

First, Mr. Bentley bustled down, and obtained entrance to my study before anybody else. Mr. Colburn came next, and had to wait. He bided his time in the drawing-room. In a few minutes arrived Mr. Saunders, and was shown into my mother's parlor. These gentlemen were all notoriously on the worst terms with each other; and the fear was that they should meet and quarrel on the stairs. Some friends who happened to call at the time were beyond measure amused.

Dickens used to relate that when two publishers, formerly partners, were similarly competing, each told him that he could hang or transport the other.

She closed with Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and through them became acquainted with "one of the tricks of the trade" which surprised her a good deal, as well it might.

After telling me the day of publication, and announcing that my twenty-five copies would be ready, Mr. Saunders inquired when I should like to come to their back parlor, "and write the notes." "What notes?" "The notes for the reviews, you know, ma'am." He was surprised at being obliged to explain that authors write notes to friends and acquaintances connected with periodicals, "to request favorable notices of the work." I did not know how to credit this; and Mr. Saunders was amazed that I had never heard of it. "I assure you, ma'am, ——— does it; and all our authors do it." On my emphatically declining, he replied, "As you please, ma'am: but it is the universal practice, I believe." I have always been related to the reviews exactly like the ordinary public. I have never in-

quired who had reviewed me, or known who was going to do so, except by public rumor.

Instead of taking credit, like the Pharisee, for being unlike others, Miss Martineau should have given an indignant denial to the statement, if only for the honor of the craft. There is, we know it to our cost and say it to our sorrow, a good deal of unworthy canvassing through friends for favorable notices, but the general or universal practice mentioned by Mr. Saunders, sounds to us like a pure invention or myth. The book came out under the title of "Society in America." She wished to call it "Theory and Practice of Society in America;" which would have been a better indication of its quality; most of the chapters being rather essays on legislation, manners, customs, and institutions than sketches of society. She frankly admits the principal fault, its metaphysical framework: —

Again, I was infected to a certain degree with the American method of dissertation or preaching; and I was also full of Carlylism, like the friends I had left in the western world. So that my book, while most carefully true in its facts, had a strong leaning towards the American fashion of theorizing; and it was far more useful on the other side of the Atlantic than on this.

Although taking her stand on the American point of view and herself republican to the core, she commented freely on the defects of the federal constitution, and did not spare American vanity or self-love.

A fair lady of blue-stocking Boston said of me after my book appeared, "She has ate of our bread and drunk of our cup; and she calls dear, delightful, intellectual Boston pedantic!" on which a countryman of the complainant remarked, "If she thinks Boston pedantic, did you mean to bribe her, by a cup of tea, not to say so?"

She sorely wounded the susceptibilities of the fair sex throughout the whole length and breadth of Yankee land, by plainly telling them that their accent was a material drawback to their attractions. They certainly, with rare exception, did and do require to be occasionally reminded of Lear's touching tribute to Cordelia, —

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

Some of Miss Martineau's "wisest friends at home," including Sydney Smith and Carlyle, offered their criticism on the more abstract American book in the pleasant form of praise of the more concrete one, the "Retrospect of Western Travel."

Carlyle wrote me that he had rather read of Webster's cavernous eyes and arm under his coat-tail, than all the political speculation that a cut-and-dried system could suggest.

It is to be hoped that she called Mr. Carlyle's attention to the motto for the chapter on Washington sent her by Lord Holland through General Fox:—

He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honorably good.*

After duly considering a proposal to undertake the editorship of an economical magazine, she rejected it, and set to work on a regular novel, for which her friends told her she had a special vocation. She must have had her misgivings, for she could never, she says, frame a plot for the shortest of her tales; and she was too good a critic not to know that no novel can approximate to excellence without a plot, although so many admirable writers have managed to do without one. A perfect plot is one where each incident tells on the denouement or catastrophe, where each character more or less influences it, where the interest is suspended to the end. One of the best examples is "Tom Jones." In default of the inventive faculty she fixed upon a story of actual life: the story of a gentleman "who had been cruelly driven, by a match-making lady, to propose to the sister of the woman beloved, on private information that the elder had lost her heart to him, and that he had shown her attention enough to warrant it." This story was the groundwork of "Deerbrook," a novel in three volumes, which came out in 1839.

I was not uneasy about getting my novel published. On May-day, 1838, six weeks before I put pen to paper, I received a note from a friend who announced what appeared to me a remarkable fact; that Mr. Murray, though he had never listened to an application to publish a novel since Scott's, was willing to enter into a negotiation for mine. I was not aware then how strong was the hold on the public mind which "the silver-fork school" had gained; and I discovered it by Mr. Murray's refusal at last to publish "Deerbrook." He was more than civil; he was kind, and, I believe, sincere in his regrets. The execution was not the ground of refusal. It was, as I had afterwards reason to know, the scene being laid in middle life. I do not know whether it is true that Mr. Lockhart advised Mr. Murray to decline it; but Mr. Lockhart's

clique gave out on the eve of publication that the hero was an apothecary.

Here is *gobemoucherie* again. Mr. Murray knew full well, if Miss Martineau did not, that "the silver-fork school" had long before received its death-blow from Dickens. The suggested ground of refusal is absurd. The hero was in fact a surgeon, so that Mr. Lockhart's clique (if he had a clique) were not far wrong. One of Theodore Hook's heroes (and Hook was the chief founder of the silver-fork school) is the son of a surgeon and man-midwife. He is rapturously expatiating to a friend on the charms of a fair *incognita* whom he had saved from the consequences of an accident in the streets, and the thrilling tone in which she had addressed him, as "My deliverer!" "Most likely," dryly remarks the friend, "she took you for your father."

Miss Martineau goes on to state (what we doubt) that Mr. Murray finally regretted his decision; and that Mr. Moxon, to whom, by Mr. Rogers's advice, she offered it, had reason to rejoice in it; "two large editions having been long exhausted and the work being still (1855) in constant demand."

To keep pace with Miss Martineau is an impossibility: the panting critic toils after her in vain; the wonder is how her physical powers bore the strain so long.

The fiery spirit working out its way
Fretted the puny body to decay.

If for "fiery" and "puny" we read "resolute" and "sickly," Dryden's couplet fits her to a hair. The moral of Balzac's "*Peau de Chagrin*" is that every gratified volition or unrestrained impulse more or less shortens life. It was not upon the cards that Miss Martineau's intensity of will could go on taxing mind and body with impunity, and soon after the publication of "Deerbrook," in the very act of meditating "The Hour and the Man" at Venice during a Continental journey, she broke down. She was brought home by easy stages, and conveyed without delay to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to be under the care of her brother-in-law, with whom she remained six months, and then removed to a lodging in Tynemouth overlooking the sea.

On the sofa where I stretched myself after my drive to Tynemouth, on the 16th of March, 1840, I lay for nearly five years, till obedience to a newly-discovered law of nature raised me up, and sent me forth into the world again, for another ten years of strenuous work, and al-

* The Duke of Buckingham on Fairfax.

most undisturbed peace and enjoyment of mind and heart.

Her prolonged illness inspired "Life in a Sick-room," a book which will be found replete with all kinds of comforting suggestions to the invalid who has strength of mind to turn it to account. The keynote is given in the first sentence:—

The sick-room becomes the scene of intense convictions, and among these, none, it seems to me, is more distinct and powerful than that of the permanent nature of good, and the transient nature of evil.

She finds the best source of consolation in revealed religion:—

Nothing but experience can convey a conception of the intense reality in which God appears supreme, Christ and his gospel divine, and holiness the one aim and chief good, when our frame is refusing its offices, and we can lay hold on no immediate outward solace and support.

Unhappily, this was little more than a passing impulse; and she speedily relapsed into her habitual frame of mind.

Her "Letters on Mesmerism," giving a faithful account of her cure, exposed her to a torrent of misrepresentation and abuse. The medical profession resented her getting well contrary to the rules of art as a personal injury. Their language resembled that of the doctor in the "*Malade Imaginaire*:" "*Un attentat énorme contre la médecine! Un crime de lèse-faculté, qui ne se peut assez punir.*" Some went the length of declaring that she had been a *malade imaginaire* all along, without a real malady to cure.

Now and then we heard, or saw in the newspapers, that I *was* as ill as ever, and mourning my infatuation, — though I was walking five or seven miles at a time, and giving every evidence of perfect health. The end of it was that I went off to the East, — into the depths of Nubia, and traversing Arabia on a camel; and then the doctors said I had never been ill!

In her "Letters on Mesmerism" she was hurried by her grateful enthusiasm into giving it credit for miracles; such as conferring something like the gift of tongues upon a servant-girl. She also wrote some ill-judged letters on "Clairvoyance;" but she adopts the rational view of spiritualism:—

An eminent literary man said lately that he never was afraid of dying before; but that he now could not endure the idea of being summoned by students of spirit-rapping to talk such nonsense as their ghosts are made to do.

This suggests to me the expediency of declaring my conviction that if any such students should think fit to summon me, when I am gone hence, they will get a visit from — not me, — but the ghosts of their own thoughts: and I beg beforehand not to be considered answerable for anything that may be revealed under such circumstances. I do not attempt to offer any explanation of that curious class of phenomena, but I do confidently deny that we can be justified in believing that Bacon, Washington, and other wise men are the speakers of the trash that the "spiritual circles" report as their revelations.

The year after her cure she formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, with Mr. Atkinson, a gentleman of independent fortune and scientific acquirements, with whom, towards the end of 1847, she commenced the "Correspondence" which appeared in 1851 as an octavo volume, entitled "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." The pervading doctrine being materialism, she must have made up her mind to disapproval or condemnation from many of her most valued friends; but she could hardly have reckoned on the excessive virulence and gross misrepresentation with which she was encountered by the organ of the Unitarians, whose tenets she had repudiated, or that her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, would volunteer to become the instrument of their animosity. He was (she says) the avowed author of the article in the *Prospective Review* headed "Mesmeric Atheism." The bare heading (she protests) was a cruel calumny. The letters had nothing to do with mesmerism; the imputation of atheism is indignantly repelled; and the proper tone to be adopted towards an erring sister or friend was taken by Lord Houghton, when he said: "I am less and less troubled about theories which I disapprove when adopted by the good and true. *You* can hold them, and hold your moral judgment and sensibilities too. *You* are unharmed by what would be death to me."

In 1845 she built, for 500*l.*, her cottage or villa, the Knoll, at Ambleside, where she resided the remainder of her life, although (she says) so pestered by tourists that she was obliged to let it during the months of July, August, and September, when they swarmed in the Lake country. Wordsworth was her near neighbor, and she records some curious incidents relating to him:—

When you have a visitor [said he] you must do as we did; you must say, "If you like to

have a cup of tea with us, you are very welcome: but if you want any meat, — you must pay for your board." Now, promise me that you will do this. Of course, I could promise nothing of the sort. I told him I had rather not invite my friends unless I could make them comfortable. He insisted: I declined promising; and changed the subject.

In the autumn of the same year, 1845, she wrote three volumes of "Forest and Game-Law Tales," based on evidence supplied by Mr. Bright. They proved a failure, "my first failure;" but they did not destroy the belief in the efficiency of her mode of writing. In 1847, she was earnestly pressed on behalf of the leading Italian Liberals to take up her abode in Milan for six months or a year, and write a book on the condition of Lombardy under Austrian rule. In reference to this proposal, she states that a similar one had been made to her to visit Sweden, and that O'Connell (about 1839) had applied to her "to study Irish affairs on the spot, and report upon them." In 1846, finding that a misunderstanding between Sir Robert Peel and Cobden was likely to delay the repeal of the Corn Laws, she took the bold step of writing to Sir Robert (with whom she was not acquainted) and brought about the cordial co-operation of the two.

Turn her to any chord of policy,
The Gordian knot of it she will unloose
Familiar as her garter.

She converted her paddock at Ambleside into a miniature farm, which served as a model to agriculturists; and her cottage and grounds were called a "perfect poem" by the visitors. She was really an excellent manager, and by all accounts a most agreeable hostess.

Early in 1846 she joined a party of friends in a journey to the East, which supplied the materials for "Eastern Life, Past and Present," published in 1848. This book must speak for itself. So must her "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace" (1816-1846), and many other publications, great and small, including an abridged translation (highly commended by Mr. Grote) of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," and a volume of "Biographical Sketches" reprinted from the *Daily News*, for which she wrote "leaders" regularly during several years.

Startling as was the amount of literary labor which she undertook, she left nothing unfinished or incomplete. She was not a superficial writer: neither was she an original one. Her strength lay in mas-

tering and diffusing knowledge; and her style, although wanting in grace and finish, was admirably fitted for her purposes, being idiomatic, animated, sufficiently colored, and pellucidly clear. As soon as she had thought out her subject, she took the first words that offered, troubled herself little about polishing, and made no fair copies. Scott and Dumas adopted the same method. Mr. Carlyle, she says, erred on the side of fastidiousness. "Almost every word was altered, and revise followed revise." Burke, we may add, was the terror of printers; and Balzac spent a fortune upon corrections in his proofs.

The publishers must have made a good thing of her if her writings were as much in request as she supposes; for she says that her literary earnings, during her twenty-five years of authorship, little exceeded ten thousand pounds. This is not a tithe of what Edward Lord Lytton and Dickens are each reported to have made.

From motives of independence which do her honor, she had declined a pension when offered by Lord Melbourne; and in reply to the renewed offer by Mr. Gladstone, in June, 1873, she writes: —

The work of my busy years has supplied the needs and desires of a quiet old age. On the former occasions of my declining a pension I was poor, and it was a case of scruple (possibly cowardice). Now I have a competence and there would be no excuse for my touching the public money.

Her last sustained literary effort was the composition of the "Autobiography," after she had been distinctly warned (in 1854) that her complaint was mortal, and that she might die at any moment. The circumstances under which it was composed will be held a fair apology for any failure or confusion of memory which it betrays. But she maintained much of her intellectual vigor to the last, and occasionally resumed her pen to promote causes, like the abolition of slavery, in which she felt a special interest. She died on the 27th of June, 1876. On May 19th she writes to Mr. Atkinson: —

I see everything in the universe go out and disappear, and I see no reason for supposing that it is not an actual and entire death — and for *my* part, I have no objection to such an extinction. I well remember the passion with which W. E. Forster said to me, "I had rather be damned than annihilated." If he once felt five minutes' damnation, he would be thankful for extinction in preference.

It is clear, therefore, that she contem-

plated death then as she contemplated it in 1855, when she was concluding her biography and wrote thus : —

Night after night I have known that I am mortally ill. I have tried to conceive, with the help of the sensations of my sinking-fits, the act of dying, and its attendant feelings ; and, thus far, I have always gone to sleep in the middle of it. And this is after really knowing something about it ; for I have been frequently in extreme danger of immediate death within the last five months, and have felt as if I were dying, and should never draw another breath. Under this close experience, I find death in prospect the simplest thing in the world, — a thing not to be feared or regretted, or to get excited about in any way. I attribute this very much, however, to the nature of my views of death. The case must be much otherwise with Christians, — even independently of the selfish and perturbing emotions connected with an expectation of rewards and punishments in the next world. They can never be quite secure from the danger that their air-built castle shall dissolve at the last moment, and that they may vividly perceive on what imperfect evidence and delusive grounds their expectation of immortality or resurrection reposes.

This is widely different from the view she expressed in "Life in a Sick-room ;" and if the case is to be stated at all, it should be fairly stated. The comparison should be between persons equally fixed or equally unfixed in their respective belief or unbelief. The sincere Christian is entirely free from selfish and perturbing emotions, is quite secure in his own mind that his castle, instead of being air-built, is built upon a rock. Was Addison selfish or perturbed when he told his pupil that he had sent for him to see how a Christian could die ? Surely no candid inquirer, with or without faith, will deny its ineffable comfort, its elevating, purifying, beautifying influence, upon a death-bed. It does more than soften or subdue pain, suffering, fears, regrets. It comes with more than healing on its wings. As the mortal coil drops off, it anticipates the life to come, and fixes the fading, flickering gaze on the brightest visions of immortality.

They who watch by him, see not, but he sees,
Sees and exults — were ever dreams like these ?

They who watch by him, hear not, but he hears,

And earth recedes, and heaven itself appears ! *

* Rogers, "Human Life." The leading thought is borrowed from "The Dying Christian to his Soul," of Pope.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WIDOW.

THE full particulars of Mr. Meredith's death and Mr. Meredith's will came by the next mail ; and this information acted as a kind of funeral ceremony and conclusion to the melancholy period. All his affairs were in order ; his will unassailable, the provisions sufficiently just. There was more money than any one expected, and it was divided into three unequal shares — the largest for his eldest son, the second for Edward, the least of all for their mother. This arrangement took them all by surprise, and it was with some little difficulty that Mrs. Meredith was brought to see how it affected herself. That there would be any difference to her had not occurred to her. She had thought only of her children. "They certainly will not be worse off than they have been," she said five minutes before the contents of the will were communicated to her ; but any question as to how she herself would be affected had not entered her mind. Even after she had heard it she did not realize it.

"I am afraid you will scarcely be able to keep up this house unless the boys stay with you, which is not to be expected," said old Mr. Sommerville.

She looked at him, taking her handkerchief from her eyes. "My house ?" she said, faltering. Mr. Beresford was present and one or two other old friends.

Oswald was playing with a paper-knife, balancing it on his finger, and paying no attention. He was thinking of something else with a vague smile on his face. He was as rich almost as he had hoped — made an "eldest son" of, in so far at least that his portion was the biggest ; and he was thinking of a house of his own, taking no thought for his mother, and a wife of his own soon to be beguiled out of poke bonnets and convent cloaks, yet all the more piquant from the comparison. Naturally this was more interesting to him than his mother, and the house that he had been used to for years. But Edward, who, whatever he was himself doing, managed somehow to see what Oswald was about, and who thought he knew what that preoccupation and absorption meant, interposed hastily. "Of course my mother will keep her house. It is quite unnecessary to enter into such questions. The

economy of the household is unchanged," he said.

"But, my lad, I don't agree with you," said old Sommerville. "You may both take to chambers, your brother and you. Most young men do nowadays, so far as I can see. I will not say whether it's better for them, or worse for them. Any how, your mother must be on her own footing. You must not be dependent on the whimsies of a boy. I would advise you, my dear madam, to look out for a smaller house."

"A smaller house?" she repeated again, in dismay. "Why a smaller house?" Then her eyes fell upon Oswald. "Yes, I understand. Oswald will perhaps — marry. It is quite true; but I have lived in this house so long — I am used to it. I do not wish to change."

"You will not be able to afford it — on your income, madam," said old Sommerville, watching her keenly. He was fond of studying mankind, and to see how a fellow-creature encountered a change of fortune was keenly interesting to the old man.

She looked at him, opening her eyes wider with a curious gaze of surprise; then paused a moment, looking round her as if for some explanation. "Ah," she said, "I begin to understand." Nobody spoke to her; the other two old friends who were present turned aside and talked to each other. Mr. Beresford looked over a photograph-book as earnestly as if he hoped to find a fortune between the pages; only the old spy watched the new-made widow, the admired and beloved woman to whom in this distinct way it was becoming apparent that she had not been so much beloved after all.

And her face was worth a little study — there came over it a momentary gloom. She had been thinking with so much tender kindness of *him*; but he, it was evident, had been less tender in his thoughts of her. But then, he had died, and she lived. No doubt, if it had been she who had died, his mind too would have been softened and his heart grown tender. The cloud lightened, a soft smile came into her eyes: and then two tears sprang quickly over the smile, because he had slighted her publicly in these last settlements; he had put her down willingly and consciously out of the position she had held as his wife. She felt this sting, for love and honor were the things she prized most. Then her courageous spirit roused up, and this time the smile descended softly, seriously, to touch her mouth.

"What does it matter?" she said, with her habitual sweetness. "My husband knew I had a little of my own. If I am not able to keep up this house, I must get another house, Mr. Sommerville, that I can keep up."

"Madam," said Mr. Sommerville, "that is the way to take it. I respect you for what you say; many a woman now would have raged at us that cannot help it, would have abused the maker of the will, and made a disturbance."

"Made a disturbance?" said Mrs. Meredith. The smile brightened into a momentary laugh. It was the first time she had allowed herself to stray beyond the gloomy pale of memory which she considered her husband's due. But the sound of her own laugh frightened her. She shrank a little, saying hastily, "Oh, Edward, my dear boy, forgive me!" He was not her favorite son, or at least he had thought so; but he was the one to whom she clung now.

"I thought you knew my mother," said Edward, proudly, "after knowing her so long. That is all; is it not? We can settle among ourselves about houses, etc. I think my mother has had enough of it now."

"No," she said, "oh, no; whatever ought to be done, I am quite able for; if there is any stipulation as to what I must do, or about the boys — if the boys should marry; but to be sure they are of age, they are their own masters," she added, with once more a faint smile. "Whether their mother is considered wise enough — oh, Edward! no, I am in earnest. Perhaps there is some task for me, something to do."

This was the only little resentment she showed; and even the sharp-witted old Sommerville scarcely took it for resentment. The friends took luncheon with the family at an early hour, and departed, carrying away the unnecessary papers, and leaving everything as it had been; the blinds were all drawn up, the sunshine coming in as usual. Oswald, with his hat brushed to a nicety and his cigars in his pocket, went out just as usual. The usual subdued domestic sounds were in the house, and in the course of the afternoon four or five visitors were allowed to come in. Everything was as it had been; only Mrs. Meredith's pretty ribbons, all soft in tint as in texture, her dove-colored gown, her lace, her Indian shawls and ornaments, were all put away, and crape reigned supreme. There was no further conversation on the subject until after

dinner, when Edward and his mother were alone. Oswald was dining with one of his friends; it was hard to hold him to the etiquette of "bereavement." "Besides," Mrs. Meredith said, "no one thinks of these rules with a young man."

"It will be strange to have to leave this house," she said, when the servants had left the dining-room. "It was the first house I had in England, when I brought you home. Some people thought the country would have been best; but I liked the protection of a town, and to see my friends, and to be near a good doctor; for you were delicate, Edward, when you were a child."

"Who, I, mother? I don't look much like it now."

"No, heaven be praised — but you were delicate; two little white-faced things you were, with India written in your little pale cheeks. That was the first thing that brought me home. You could not have stayed in India; and then the question was, Edward, to leave your father, or to leave you — and, oh — you seemed to have so much more need of me!"

"Do not go over the question again, mother. You did not do it, I am sure, without thought. Let us think of the future now. You are to stay in the house you like, and which is all the home I have ever known; as for a smaller house, or for what you are able to afford, that is simple nonsense. It appears I have a separate income now, not merely an allowance. You don't mean to turn me out, do you, to the streets?"

"My dear boy! — of course, wherever I have a roof, there is a place for you."

"Very well, mother; this is the place. You don't want me to go off and live in chambers?"

"Not unless — you think it necessary; unless — you would like it better, Edward. Oh, I hope not, my dear!"

"So do I," he said, smiling. "I hope you don't mean to turn me out for the sake of something you can afford. We must live together, mother, you and I. I can't be idle; you know, I must do something; and all the pleasure I shall ever get out of life," he added, with the solemnity of youthful conviction, "will be to find my home always the same — and my mother. I look for no other happiness."

"My dear," she said, "that is all very well at present, till you see some one who is dearer to you than either your mother or your home. That will come some time; but in the mean time, dear —"

"The mean time will be always, mother — the other time will never come."

Mrs. Meredith gave him a sudden look — then checked herself when about to say something, sighed a little, and made a pause; and then she began to talk on another subject between which and this there seemed little connection, though Edward perceived the connection easily enough.

"We shall have it all to ourselves apparently," she said, with a faint smile. "Oswald, I suppose, will be thinking of a house for himself; and why should he wait? There is no reason why he should wait. To be sure, they are young. Has he said anything to you, Edward?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Well; they must have their reasons, I presume. One does not like to be left quite out; but it is the thing one ought to expect as one gets old. Old people are supposed not to sympathize with youth. It is a mistake, Edward — a great pity; but I suppose it will be the same as long as the world lasts. — I did the same, no doubt, when I was young too."

He made no reply. So sure as he was that he never could have such secrets to communicate, how could he say anything? and she went on.

"I am not finding fault with Oswald. He has always been a good boy — both of you," she said, smiling upon him. "You have never given me any great anxiety. And everything has turned out well hitherto. They will have plenty of money; but so long as Oswald does not say anything, how can I speak to her father, as I should like to do? Men do not notice such things; and it seems uncandid with so good a friend; but till Oswald speaks — I hope he will be an attentive husband, Edward. He will be kind; but there are many little attentions that a fanciful girl expects — and feels the want of when they fail her."

Edward said nothing to all this; how could he? He winced, but bore it stoutly, though he could not make any reply. It was better to accustom himself to have it talked about; but he could not himself enter upon the subject. "Will you mind if I leave this evening, for a little?" he said.

"No, dear; certainly not — but, Edward," she said, coming round to him as she rose from the table, and laying her hand on his arm, "are you sure it is good for you, my dear boy? are you not making it harder for yourself?"

"Let me alone, mother — so long as I

can," he said, hoarsely. "No; it does not make it harder; and it can't last long now."

"No — there is no reason why they should wait. I wish — I wish he may not be a careless husband, Edward. Why should he spend all his evenings away? There is something in it I cannot understand."

"He has always been the happy one, mother. Whatever he has wished for has come to him. He does not know what it is to be so fortunate — nothing has cost him any trouble — not even this."

"Still, he should not be away every evening," said the mother, shaking her head; and she drew him down to her and kissed his cheek tenderly. "My boy! we must comfort each other," she said, with soft tears in her eyes. Her heart bled for him in the troubles she divined, and she was one of the women who never lose their interest in the trials of youthful love. Yet, sympathetic as she was, she smiled too as she went up-stairs. He thought this would last forever — that he would never change his mind, nor suffer a new affection to steal into his heart. She smiled a little, and shook her head all by herself. How short-lived were their nevers and forevers! She went up to the drawing-room, where she had spent so many quiet evenings, pleased to think that her boys were happy, though they were not with her; where she had thought of them at school, at college, in all the different places they had passed through, trying to follow them in her thoughts, anxiously wondering what they were doing, often pausing to breathe out a brief, silent prayer for them in the midst of her knitting, or when she closed her book for a moment. This had become so habitual to her, that she would do it almost without thinking. "Oh, bless my boys; keep them from evil!" — between how many sentences of how many books — in the pauses of how many conversations — woven through and through how many pieces of wool, had those simple supplications gone!

By-and-by she heard the door close of the next house, the bell ring in her own, the familiar step on the stair, and the neighbor came in and took his usual place. They sat on each side of the fireplace, in which still glimmered a little fire, though the season was warm. It irked her that she could not continue with him the conversation she had been having with Edward; but till Oswald spoke, what could she say? and they had plenty to talk about.

"I wonder," he said, "if it was a bad

dream when I was sent away — not knowing why, or where to go?"

"Where were you going? I never wished it. How I should have missed you now! It is in trouble that we want our friends most. Edward has been so good and kind. He says he will never leave me; that we must live together. And he thinks he will always think so — poor boy! I have not the heart to tell him that he will soon change."

"Why should he change? he may search far enough before he will find such another home. If I were he, I would not change either. He is more to be trusted than Oswald."

"Oh, you are mistaken. My boy is —"

"I am not saying ill of him. If I ever wish to do that, I will not come to his mother with it. But Oswald thinks more of himself. Where is he to-night? He has left you alone, to bear all your loneliness, to think over everything."

"You know I never taught my children that they were to keep by me. I might have liked it, but I did not think it right. They are very, very good; but no one can upbraid me with keeping them at my apron-strings."

"That is one thing I object to in women," said Mr. Beresford. "The most sensible are so sensitive about those wretched little things that people say. What does it matter what people say who know nothing? Do you think a club is so much better than your apron-strings, as you call them? Why should you care for such vulgar reproach?"

"I don't know why; we are made so, I suppose; and if women are sensitive, you must know the best of men will talk about our apron-strings; when all we are thinking of is what is best for the children — trembling, perhaps, and wondering what is best — giving all our hearts to it — some careless fool will spoil all we are planning with his old joke about our apron-strings — or some wise man will do it. It is all the same. But, never mind; I have locked up all my tremblings in my own mind, and left them free."

"And you have not repented? You have more confidence in them now than if you had been less brave. But I wish Oswald had stayed at home with you to-night."

"Oh, you must not blame Oswald," she cried, doubly anxious not to have her son blamed, and not to allow Cara's father to conceive any prejudice against him. "It is in the evening he sees his friends; he

is always ready when I want him — during the day. It would not be good for the boy to let him shut himself up. Indeed, it is my own doing," said Mrs. Meredith, smiling upon him, with one of those serene and confident lies which the sternest moralist cannot condemn.

Mr. Beresford shook his head a little; but he could not undeceive the mother about her son, any more than she could confess how well she was aware of all Oswald's selfishnesses. They were selfishnesses, to be sure; or, at least, the outside world would naturally call them so. To her, the boy's conduct bore a different appearance. He thought of himself — this was how she explained it. And how natural that was for any one so watched over and cared for as he had been! Was it not, indeed, her fault, who had always supplied every want, satisfied every wish she knew of, and trained him, so to speak, to have everything his own way, and to think that every other way should yield to his? It was *her* fault; and as he grew older, and his mind enlarged, he would grow out of it. This, though with an uneasy twinge now and then, Mrs. Meredith believed, and though as clear-sighted as any one to her boy's faults, thought less hardly, and perhaps more truly, of them than strangers did. But there was a little pause after this, and a sense in her mind that she had not convinced this critic, who considered himself more clear-sighted than Oswald's mother, and internally half pitied, half smiled at her blindness. If critics in general only knew! for who is so sharp-sighted to all these imperfections as the parent who thus endeavors to convince them of the excellence of a child!

"Edward gives up India, then?" said Mr. Beresford. "I do not wonder; but it is a fine career, and with his connections and antecedents —"

Mrs. Meredith gave a little shiver. "Do you think he should still go?" she asked, anxiously. "Indeed, I have not persuaded him. I have held my tongue. And he never liked the idea. He did it for duty only. But he does not mean to sink into idleness — he will work here."

"At what will he work? The bar? Every young man I ever meet is going to the bar. There will soon be nobody left to make the necessary mischief, and provide work for them. But if a man wants a fine career, India is the place. You are going to stay in this house, notwithstanding your old adviser?"

"It does not matter to me," she said.

"I can be as happy in one house as another. It is Edward who wishes it."

"And then, if he sees some one he likes — and marries, and leaves you in the lurch? Boys who are independent so young are sure to marry young."

She shook her head. "Ah! how I wish it might be so! I would forgive him for leaving me — if only my boy was happy."

Mr. Beresford got up, and walked about the room. It was nothing extraordinary, but only a way he had, and did not suggest to his friend any *accès* of excitement.

"You think marriage, then, so much the happiest condition?" he said.

Mrs. Meredith made a pause before she replied. "Is that the question? How can I answer at my age, and in — the circumstances you know. We have not to settle abstract happiness. Feelings of that kind die out, and I am not the person to speak. I think a woman — at one time of life — loves her children more than ever she loved *man*."

"Some women —"

"But it is not marrying in the abstract. My boy would be happy if he could get — what he wants. But he never will get that," she added, with a sigh.

"What is so tragic about Edward's love affairs?" he asked, half laughing; "is it ever so serious at two-and-twenty?"

"Ah, you laugh! but you would not have laughed, at his age, if you had seen some one you were fond of secured by — another — who was not half so true a lover perhaps; or, at least, you thought so."

"No," he said, growing grave. "That was different, certainly." And the mind of the man travelled suddenly off, like a flash of lightning, back to the flowery land of youth, that lay so far behind. The mind of the woman took no such journey. Her love had ended, not in the anguish of a death parting, but in estrangement, and coldness, and indifference. She remained where she was, thinking only, with a sigh, how willingly would she give a bit of her life, if she could — a bit of her very heart — to get happiness for her boy; yet believing that to make one happy would be to ruin the other, and standing helpless between the two. This was the only complication in her mind. But in this the complications were many. Why did she say this, and send him back to the days of young romance and passion? just when his mind was full of the calmer affections and expedients of middle age, and the question whether — to secure such a tender com-

panion as herself, whom he loved in a way, and whose absence impoverished life beyond bearing—he should endeavor to return into the traditions of the other love which was past for him as for her. Was it her friendly, gentle hand, so unconscious of what he was meditating, that put him thus back at a touch into the old enchanted world, and showed him so plainly the angel at the gates of that faded, unfading paradise; an angel, not with any flaming sword, but with the stronger bar of soft uplifted hands? Impossible! So it was—and yet what else could be?

CHAPTER XXXV.

ROGER'S FATE.

ROGER BURCHELL had made two unsuccessful visits to the square—the first absolutely painful, the second disappointing. On both occasions he had failed to see Cara, except surrounded by strangers, who were nothing, and indeed less than nothing to him; and both times he had gone away resolute that nothing should induce him to tempt fate again, and come back. But a young man who is in love persuades himself with difficulty that fate is against him. It seems so unlikely and incredible that such a thing should be; and short of a distinct and unmistakable sentence, hope revives after the shock of a mere repulse has a little worn off. And then Roger had heard that Cara was coming back to the Hill, and his heart had risen. When she was there again, within his reach, without “these fellows” by, who had troubled him, Cara, he flattered himself, would be to him as she used to be; and, distance lending enchantment to his vision, it appeared to him that she had been much kinder in those days than she ever really was, and that she must have understood him, and had seriously inclined to hear what he had to say. Soon he managed to persuade himself that Cara had never been cold, never had been anything but sweet and encouraging, and that it was only her surroundings which had led her away from him and forced the attention which she would have much more willingly bestowed upon himself, the companion of her youth. This idea brought a rush of tender feeling with it, and resolution not to be discouraged—never to take an answer again but from Cara herself. How likely that she might have wondered too why he did not take the initiative, why he did not insist upon speaking to her, and getting her own plain answer! From this to the

thought that Cara was looking out for him every Sunday—wondering, disappointed, and alarmed that he did not come—was but a step; and then Roger made up his mind to go again, to insist on seeing her, and *to ask her*—simply to ask her, neither more nor less—for there was very little time to lose. In the autumn, he was going to India; already his importance had risen with all belonging to him. Up to this moment he had been only one of the boys, more or less, wasting money, and limiting the advantages of the others; but in autumn he would have an income of his own, and would be independent. The sense of importance went to his head a little. Had he met the queen, I think that he would have expected her Majesty to know that he was going out to India in October. It was not that he was vain of himself or his prospects; but a man *with an income* is very different from a man without that possession. This is a fact which no one can doubt. It was late in April when he came to the square for the third time, and so fine a day that everybody had gone out, except Cara, who was not well. When he was ushered into the drawing-room, he found her seated in an easy chair, with a shawl round her. Though it was very sunshiny outside, it was rather cold indoors. Miss Cherry, who stood by with her bonnet on, and her prayer-book in her hand, had just ordered the fire to be lighted, and Cara, with her cold, had crept close to it. Miss Cherry was going to the afternoon service.

“I shall not be long, my darling. You will not miss me,” she was saying, “though I don’t like to leave you on my last day.”

“Don’t say it is the last day—and look, here is Roger to keep me company,” said Cara. “He will sit with me while you are away.”

How glad he was, and how eager to promise!

Miss Cherry thought no more of poor Roger than if he had been a cabbage. She thought it might be an amusement to her niece to hear his little gossip about home; and though she saw through his eagerness, and suspected his object, yet she was not alarmed for Cara. Poor blind moth, coming to scorch his wings, she said to herself, with a half-amused pity. She did not pay very much attention to what he might have to suffer. Indeed, unless one has a special interest in the sufferer, such pangs always awake more or less amusement in the mature bosom; and tender-hearted as Miss Cherry

was, her mind was too full of other things to have much leisure for Roger, who was, she thought, anyhow too shy and awkward to commit himself. She had her mind full of a great many things. She was going away, now that her brother was not going. But though she was anxious about her old aunt, and her home, which she had left for so long a period, she was anxious about Cara too, and did not know which of these opposing sentiments dragged her most strongly to one side or the other. And then she was angry with her brother — angry with him for staying, and angry that there had been an occasion for his going away. She went to afternoon church at that drowsiest hour, when, if the mind has any temptation to be dejected, or to be cross, it is crosser and more downcast than at any other moment, and attended a sleepy service in an old dingy chapel, one of the few which are still to be found remaining, in which a scattered congregation drowse in big pews, and something like a clerk still conducts the responses. Miss Cherry had been used to this kind of service all her life, and in her gentle obstinacy of conservatism clung to it, though it possessed very few attractions. She said her own prayers very devoutly, and did her best to join in the irregular chorus of the clerk; and she sat very erect in the high corner of the pew, and gave an undivided attention to the sermon, sternly commanding every stray thought out of the way. But the effort was not so successful as the valor of the endeavor merited. Miss Cherry did not like, as she said, to have the good effect all dissipated by worldly talk after a good sermon (and was not every sermon good in intention at least — calculated, if we would only receive its directions, to do good to the very best of us?), and for this reason she was in the habit of avoiding all conversation on her way from church. But her resolution could not stand when she saw Mr. Maxwell coming towards her from the other side of the street. He had not been at church, she feared; but yet she had a great many things to ask him. She let him join her, though she liked to have her Sundays to herself.

"Yes, I hope Miss Charity is better," he said. "Her energy has come back to her, and if the summer would really come — I hear of another change, which I can't say surprises me, but yet — your brother then is not going away?"

"No — why should he?" said Miss Cherry. It is one thing to find fault with

one's brother, and quite another thing to hear him criticised by his friend.

"I thought so," said Maxwell; "he has no stamina, no firmness. I suppose, then, he has made up his mind?"

"To what, Mr. Maxwell? He has made up his mind not to go away."

"And to all the consequences. Miss Cherry, you are not so simple as you wish people to think. He means, of course to marry again. I had hoped he would have more sense — and better feeling."

"I don't know why you should judge James so harshly," said Miss Cherry, with spirit. "Many people marry twice, of whom nothing is said — and when they do not, perhaps it is scarcely from good taste or feeling on their part."

"You are kind," said the doctor, growing red, and wondering within himself how the d—— could she know what he had been thinking of? Or was it merely a bow drawn at a venture, though the arrow whistled so close?

"Whatever wishes I might have," he added, betraying himself, "are nothing to the purpose. Your brother is in a very different position. He has a pretty, sweet daughter, grown up, at a companionable age, to make a home for him. What would he have? Such a man might certainly be content — instead of compelling people to rake up the past, and ask unpleasant questions."

"Questions about James? I don't know what questions any one could ask about my brother —"

"Well," said Maxwell, somewhat hotly; "I don't like doing anything in the dark, and you may tell Beresford, if you like, Miss Cherry, all that I have to say, that I shall oppose it. I shall certainly oppose it. Never should I have said a word, had he let things alone; but in this case, it will become my duty."

"What will become your duty?" said Miss Cherry, aghast.

He looked at her wondering face, and his own countenance changed. "It is not anything to bother you about," he said. "It is — a nothing — a matter between your brother and me."

"What is it?" she said, growing anxious.

He had turned with her, and walked by her side in his vehemence. Now that she had taken fright, he stopped short.

"It is only that I have a patient to see," he said; "and I am glad to be able to make your mind quite easy about Miss Beresford. She is twice as strong as either you or I."

And before she could say another word, he had knocked at a door they were passing, and left her, taking off his hat in the most ordinary way. What did he mean? or was it nothing—some trifling quarrel he had got into with James? Miss Cherry walked the rest of the way home, alone indeed and undisturbed, but with a strange commotion in her mind. Was there something serious behind these vague threatenings, or was he only depressed and cross, like herself, from the troublesome influence of spring, and of this east-windy day?

Meanwhile, Roger sat down in front of Cara's fire, which was too warm, and made him uncomfortable—for he had been walking quickly, and he had no cold. He thought she looked pale, as she reclined in the big chair, with that fleecy white shawl round her, and he told her so frankly.

"It is living in town that has done it," he said. "When you come back to the country you will soon be all right."

"It is only a cold," said Cara. "I don't know now when we shall go to the country. Aunt Cherry leaves us to-morrow."

"But you are coming too? Yes, you are! Miss Charity told my mother so. In a few days——"

"Ah, that was before papa changed his plans; he is not going abroad now—so I stay at home," said Cara.

The young man started up from his seat in the sudden sting of his disappointment. He was too unsophisticated to be able to control his feelings. Still, he managed not to swear or rave, as nature suggested. "Good heavens!" was the only audible exclamation he permitted himself, which, to be sure, is merely a pious ejaculation; though a lower, "Confound!" came under his breath—but this Cara was not supposed to hear.

"Home?" he said, coming back after a walk to the window, when he had partially subdued himself. "I should have thought the Hill, where you have lived all your life, and where everybody cares for you, would have seemed more like *home* than the square."

"Do not be cross, Roger," said Cara. "Why should you be cross?" Something of the ease of conscious domination was in her treatment of him. She did not take the same high ground with Oswald or Edward; but this poor boy was, so to speak, under her thumb, and, like most superior persons, she made an unkind use of her power, and treated her slave with levity. "You look as if you meant to

scold me. There is a little red here," and she put up her hand to her own delicate cheek, to show the spot, "which means temper; and it is not nice to show temper, Roger, especially with an old friend. I did not choose my home any more than my name. You might as well say you should have thought I would prefer to be May rather than Cara."

"It is you who are unkind," said the poor young fellow. "Oh, Cara, if you remember how we have played together, how long you have known me! and this is my last summer in England. In six months—less than six months—I shall be gone."

"I am very sorry," she said. "But why should you get up and stamp about; that will not make things any better. Sit down and tell me about it. Poor Roger! are you really going away?"

Now, this was not the tone he wished or expected; for he was far from feeling himself to be poor Roger, because he was going away. Offended dignity strove with anxious love in his mind, and he felt, with, perhaps, a vulgar yet very reasonable instinct, that his actual dignity and importance made the best foundation for his love.

"It is not so much to be regretted, Cara, except for one thing. I shall enter upon good pay at once. That is worth sacrificing something for; and I don't care so much, after all, for just leaving England. What does it matter where a fellow is, so long as he is happy; but it's about being happy that I want to speak to you."

"I think it matters a great deal where one is," said Cara; but she refrained, out of politeness to him, who had no choice in the matter, to sing the praises of home. "I have been so used to people wandering about," she said, apologetically; "papa, you know; but I am glad that you don't mind; and, of course, to have money of your own will be very pleasant. I am afraid they will all feel it very much at the rectory."

"Oh, *they*! they don't care. It will be one out of the way. Ah, Cara; if I only could think *you* would be sorry."

"Of course I shall be sorry, Roger," she said, with a gentle seriousness. "There is no one I shall miss so much. I will think of you often in the woods, and when there are garden parties. As you are going, I am almost glad not to be there this year."

"Ah, Cara! if you would but say a little more, how happy you might make me," said the young man, self-deceived, with honest moisture in his eyes.

"Then I will say as much more as you like," she said, bending forward towards him with a little soft color rising in her cheeks. "I shall think of you always on Sundays, and how glad we used to be when you came; and if you have time to write to me, I will always answer; and I will think of you at that prayer in the litany for those who travel by land and water."

"Something more yet — only one thing more!" cried poor Roger, getting down upon one knee somehow, and laying his hand on the arm of her chair. His eyes were quite full, his young face glowing: "Say you love me ever so little, Cara! I have never thought of any one in my life but you. Whenever I hoped or planned anything it was always for you. I never had a penny: I never could show what I felt, any how: but now I shall be well enough off, and able to keep —"

"Hush!" said Cara, half frightened; "don't look so anxious. I never knew you so restless before; one moment starting up and walking about, another down on your knees. Why should you go down on your knees to me? Of course I like you, Roger dear; have we not been like brother and sister?"

"No!" he said; "and I don't want to be like brother and sister. I am so fond of you, I don't know what to say. Oh, Cara! don't be so quiet as if it didn't matter. I shall be well off, able to keep a wife."

"A wife? — that is a new idea," she said, bewildered; "but you are too young, Roger."

"Will you come with me, Cara?" he cried, passing over, scarcely hearing, in his emotion the surprise yet indifference of this question. "Oh, Cara! don't say no without thinking! I will wait if you like — say a year or two years, I shall not mind. I would rather wait fifty years for you than have any one else, Cara. Only say you will come with me, or even to me, and I shall not mind."

Cara sat quite upright in her chair. She threw her white shawl off in her excitement. "*Me?*" she said; "me?" (That fine point of grammar often settles itself summarily in excitement, and on the wrong side.) "You must be dreaming," she said; "or am I dreaming, or what has happened? I don't know what you mean."

He stumbled up to his feet red as the glow of the fire which had scorched him, poor boy, as if his unrequited passion was not enough. "If I am dreaming!" he said, in the sharp sting of his downfall, "it is you who have made me dream."

"I?" said Cara, in her surprise (the grammar coming right as the crisis got over;) "what have I done? I don't understand at all. I am not unkind. If there was anything I could do to please you, I would do it."

"To please me, Cara?" he cried, sinking again into submission. "To make me happy, that is what you can do, if you like. Don't say no all at once; think of it at least; the hardest-hearted might do that."

"I am not hard-hearted," she said. "I begin to see what it is. We have both made a mistake, Roger. I never thought *this* was what you were thinking; and you have deceived yourself, supposing I knew. I am very, very sorry. I will do anything — else —"

"I don't want anything else," he said sullenly. He turned his back upon her in the gloom and blackness of his disappointment. "What else is there between young people like us?" he said, bitterly. "My mother always says so, and she ought to know. I have heard often enough of girls leading men on — enticing them to make fools of themselves — and I see it is true now. But I never thought it of you, Cara. Whatever others did, I thought you were one by yourself, and nobody like you. But I see now you are just like the rest. What good does it do you to make a fellow unhappy — to break his heart?" Here poor Roger's voice faltered, the true feeling in him struggling against the vulgar fibre which extremity revealed. "And all your smiling and looking sweet, was it all for nothing?" he said — "all meaning nothing! You would have done just the same for anybody else! What good does it do you? for there's nobody here to see how you have made a laughing-stock of me."

"Have I made a laughing-stock of you? I am more ready to cry than to laugh," said Cara, indignantly, yet with quivering lip.

"I know what you will do," he said; "you will tell everybody — that is what you will do. Oh, it's a devilish thing in girls! I suppose they never *feel* themselves, and it pleases their vanity to make fools of us. You will go and tell those fellows, those Merediths, what a laugh you have had out of poor Roger. *Poor Roger!* but you sha'n't have your triumph, Miss Beresford," said the poor lad, snatching up his hat. "If you won't look at me, there are others who will. I am not so ridiculous as to be beneath the notice of some one else."

He made a rush to the door, and Cara sat leaning forward a little, looking after him, — her blue eyes wide open, a look of astonishment, mingled with grief, on her face. She felt wounded and startled, but surprised most of all. *Roger!* — was it Roger who spoke so? When he got to the door he turned round and looked back upon her, his lips quivering, his whole frame trembling. Cara could scarcely bear the pitiful, despairing look in the lad's eyes.

"Oh, Roger!" she said; "don't go away so. You can't imagine I ever laughed at you, or made fun of you. — I? — when you were always the kindest friend to me. Won't you say 'good-bye' to me kindly? But never mind — I shall see you often before you go away."

And then, while he still stood there irresolute, not knowing whether to dart away in the first wrathful impulse, or to come back and throw himself at her feet, all these possibilities were made an end of in a moment by Miss Cherry, who walked softly up the stairs and came in with her prayer-book still in her hand. Roger let go his hold of the door, which he had been grasping frantically, and smiled with a pale countenance as best he could to meet the new-comer, standing out into the room to let her pass, and doing all he could to look like any other gentleman saying "good-bye" at the end of a morning call. Cara drew the shawl again upon her shoulders, and wrapped herself closer and closer in it, as if that was all she was thinking of. If they had not been so elaborate in their precautions they might have deceived Miss Cherry, whose mind was taken up with her own thoughts. But they played their parts so much too well that her curiosity was aroused at once.

"Are you going, Roger? You must stop first and have some tea. I dare say Cara had not the good sense to offer you some tea; but John will bring it directly when he knows I have come in. Is it really true, my dear Roger, that you are going away? I am sure I wish you may have every advantage and good fortune."

She looked at him curiously, and he felt that she read him through and through. But he could not make any attempt at make-believe with Miss Cherry, whom he had known ever since he could remember. He muttered something, he could not tell what, made a hurried dash at Cara's hand, which he crushed so that her poor little fingers did not recover for half an hour; and then rushed out of the house. Miss Cherry turned to Cara with inquiring eyes.

The girl had dropped back into her chair, and had almost disappeared in the fleecy folds of the shawl.

"What have you been doing to Roger?" she said. "Poor boy! If I had known I would have warned him. Must there always be some mischief going on whenever there are two together? Oh, child! you ought to have let him see how it was; you should not have led him on!"

"Did I lead him on? What have I done? He said so too," cried poor Cara, unable to restrain her tears. She cried so that Miss Cherry was alarmed, and from scolding took to petting her, afraid of the effect she had herself produced.

"It's only a way of speaking," she said. "No, my darling, I know you did not. If he said so, he was very unkind. Do not think of it any more."

But this is always so much easier to say than to do.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BETWEEN THE TWO.

OSWALD'S spirits very soon recovered the shock of his father's death. He was as light-hearted as ever after that day when he had visited little Emmy at the hospital. Perhaps the satisfaction of having done a good action was in his mind, for he was permitted to send Emmy to the seaside to the abode of another sisterhood there. Agnes undertook after all to make the proposal for him, which was graciously accepted, though she herself received another admonition from the superior. Sister Mary Jane appointed a meeting with the other culprit who had made this charitable offer. As usual, he was not supposed to be at all in fault. He was allowed to enter the sacred convent gates, and wait in St. Elizabeth (for so the superior's room was entitled) till Sister Mary Jane made her appearance, who made all the arrangements, and took his money with much gracious condescension, but said nothing about his ambassadress. Neither did he say anything, though he looked up eagerly every time the door opened, and made furtive investigations, as well as he could, through the long bare passages, where all sorts of instruction were going on. When he opened (as he had no right to do) one of the doors he passed, he found it to be full of infants, who turned round *en masse* to his great terror, and saluted him with a simultaneous bob. They knew their manners if he did not. But nowhere could he see Agnes, and not a word about her did these unfeeling

sisters utter. To tell truth, they both waited for each other. Sister Mary Jane had little doubt that his real mission at the "house" was to find out all he could from her, whereas he on his part had a lively anticipation of being called to task for following and talking to the governess. Oswald had something of the feeling of a schoolboy who has escaped when he found that no explanation was asked from him, and this was the only reason he gave to himself for not making those inquiries into Agnes Burchell's family which he felt it was now really necessary to make. But why immediately? Let him make a little more ground with her first, and establish his own position. It charmed him a great deal more to think of winning her in this irregular way than to plan the proper formal approach to her parents, and application for their consent. To go and hunt up an unknown family and introduce himself to them in cold blood, and to ask them, "Will you give me your daughter?" was quite alarming to him. He put it off, as it is so easy to do. Certainly it would be his duty to do it, one time or other, if his suit prospered, and he was not much afraid of the non-success of his suit. But to go to them once for all, and inform them of his engagement with their daughter, would, he thought, be a less difficult matter—and all the delightful romance of the strange wooing would be lost should he adopt the other plan. He felt that he had got off when the door of the "house" closed upon him without any questioning from Sister Mary Jane; but on her side the feeling was different. She was disappointed. She had guessed how things were going, though not that they had gone nearly so far, and she had been convinced that the young stranger's anxiety to see her arose from his honorable desire to set everything on a proper footing. The reader will perceive that Sister Mary Jane was too simple and too credulous. She was half vexed at the idea of losing the girl whom she had grown fond of, and half glad that Agnes had found a new life more suited to her than the routine of the "house," for Agnes, it was evident, had no "vocation," and she did not doubt for a moment what Mr. Oswald Meredith's real object was. She had made up her mind to allow herself to be sounded, to yield forth scraps of information diplomatically, and finally to divulge everything there was to tell, and set the eager lover off to the rectory at the foot of the hill. But Sister Mary Jane was much dismayed to be asked no questions

at all on the subject. She could not understand it, and all the disagreeable stories she had ever heard of the wolves that haunt the neighborhood of a fold came into her mind and filled her with dismay. Instead of being honorable and high-minded, as she had taken it for granted he must be, was he designing and deceiving, according to the ideal of men who used to appear in all the novels? Up to this moment Sister Mary Jane had felt disposed to laugh at the Lothario of fiction. Was this that mythical personage in his improper person? The result of the interview on her side was that she reproved poor Agnes gently for a few days, and declined to allow her to go anywhere, and would not make any reference whatever to little Emmy's going to the seaside. Yes, she was to go. Oh, certainly, everything was arranged; but not a word about Emmy's friend, whose liberality procured her this change. Agnes felt her heart sink. She had expected at least to be questioned about the young stranger who must, she felt convinced, have asked questions about her, and the silence was hard to bear. Once more, indeed, she was permitted to go out to see Emmy before she went away; but the lay-sister, the portress, was sent with her on some pretext or other. Thus it happened that when Oswald appeared as usual, he found himself confronted by a respectable visage of forty under the poke bonnet which he had supposed to enshrine that Perugino countenance to which he had addressed so many uncompleted verses. To be sure, the Perugino face was close by, but the dragon kept so near that nothing could be said. Oswald talked a little about Emmy loudly, by way of deceiving the respectable attendant. Then he ventured upon a few hurried words in a lower tone. "Is this an expedient of the sisters?" he said hastily. "Am I never to speak to you again? Do they think they can send me away like this, and get the better of me? Never! You need not think so. You may send me away, but no one else shall."

"Mr. Meredith, for heaven's sake ——"

"I am taking care; but you don't mean to cast me off, Agnes?"

She gave him a sudden look. Her face was full of emotion. Fright, melancholy, wistfulness, inquiring wonder, were in her eyes. What did he mean? Was he as true, as reverent, as real in his love, as he had said? He could not have realized in his confident happiness and ability to do everything he wished the sense of impotent, dejected wondering, and the indigna-

tion with herself, for thinking about it so, which were in Agnes's mind. But something in her eyes touched and stopped him in his eager effort to continue this undertone of conversation, to elude the scrutiny of her companion. "Good-bye," she said, with a slight wave of her hand, hurrying on. Oswald was overcome in spite of himself. He fell behind instinctively, and watched her moving quickly along the street with the other black shadow by her in the sunshine. For the moment he ceased to think of himself and thought of her. Had it been for her comfort that he had crossed her path? It had been the most delightful new existence and pursuit to him—but to her? Oswald could not have imagined the waves of varied feeling, the secret storms that had gone over Agnes in the quiet of the convent, on account of those meetings and conversations; but he did consciously pause and ask himself whether this which had been so pleasant to him had been equally pleasant to her. It was but a momentary pause. Then he went after her a little more slowly, not unselfish enough, even in his new care for her, not to be rather anxious that Agnes should be aware that he was there. And, who knows? perhaps it was more consolatory for her when she half turned round, standing at the door of the "house" waiting for admittance, to see him pass taking off his hat reverentially, and looking at her with eyes half reproachful and tender, than it would have been had he accepted the repulse she had given him, and put force upon himself and stayed absolutely away. He had no intention of staying away. He meant to continue his pursuit of her—to waylay her, to lose no possibility of getting near her. He was pertinacious, obstinate, determined, even though it annoyed her. Did it annoy her? or was there some secret pleasure in the warm glow that came over her at sight of him. She hurried in, and swore to herself not to think of this troublesome interruption of her quiet life any more. It was over. Emmy was removed, and there was an end of it. She would think of it no more; and with this determination Agnes hastened to the girls in St. Cecilia, and never left off thinking of it till weariness and youth together, making light of all those simple thorns in her pillow, plunged her into softest sleep.

Oswald went to Cara to unburden his mind next day. He did not quite know what his next step was to be. "I think it is all right," he said. "You should have seen the look she gave me. She

would not have given me a look like that if she had not liked me. It set me wondering whether she was as happy as—such a creature as she is ought to be. Would they scold her badly because I followed her? You know what women do—would they be hard upon her? But why? If I insisted upon being there it was not her fault."

"They would say it was her fault. They would say that if she had refused to speak to you you would not have come back."

"But I should. I am not so easily discouraged. Oh yes, perhaps if she had looked as if she hated me; but then," said Oswald, with complacence, "she did not do that."

"Don't be so vain," said Cara, provoked. "Oh I *hate* you when you look vain. It makes you look silly too. If she saw you with that imbecile look on your face she would never take the trouble of thinking of you again."

"Oh, wouldn't she?" said Oswald, looking more vain than ever. "Because you are insensible that is not to say that other people are. Of course I should pull up if I did not mean anything. But I do mean a great deal. I never saw any one like her. I told you she was like a Perugino—and you should hear her talk. She is thrown away there, Cara. I am sure she never was meant to be shut up in such a place, teaching a set of little wretches. I told her so. I told her a wife was better than a sister."

"Are you so very sure of that?" cried Cara; for what she called the imbecile look of vanity on Oswald's handsome face had irritated her. "Would it be so very noble to be your wife, Oswald? Now tell me. You would like her to look up to you, and think you very grand and clever. You would read your poetry to her. You would like her to order you a very nice dinner——"

"Ye-es," said Oswald; "but if she smiled at me sweetly I should forgive her the dinner; and she should do as she pleased; only I should like her, of course, to please me."

"And you would take her to the opera, and to parties—and give up your club, perhaps—and you would take a great deal of trouble in furnishing your house, and altogether enjoy yourself."

"Very much indeed, I promise you," said the young man, rubbing his hands.

"And now she is not enjoying herself at all," said Cara; "working very hard among the poor children, going to visit

sick people in the hospital. Oh yes, there would be a difference! The wife would be much the most comfortable."

"I don't like girls to be satirical," said Oswald. "It puts them out of harmony, out of drawing. Now *she* said something like that. She asked me in her pretty way if it would be better to make one man happy than to serve a great number of people, and take care of those that had nobody to take care of them. That was what she said; but she did not laugh, nor put on a satirical tone."

"That shows only that she is better than I am," said Cara, slightly angry still; "but not that I am wrong. Your wife! it might be nice enough. I can't tell; but it would not be a great life — a life for others, like what, perhaps, she is trying for now."

"You are complimentary, Cara," said Oswald, half offended. "After all, I don't think it would be such a very bad business. I shall take good care of my wife, never fear. She *shall* enjoy herself. Don't you know," he added with a laugh, "that everybody thinks you and I are going to make it up between us?"

Cara turned away. "You ought not to let any one think so," she said.

"What harm does it do? It amuses everybody, keeping them on the stretch for news. They think we are actually engaged. The times that Edward has tried to get it out of me — all particulars — and my mother too. It is far too good a joke not to keep it up."

"But, Oswald, I don't like it. It is not right."

"Oh, don't be so particular, Cara. I shall believe you are going to be an old maid, like Aunt Cherry, if you are so precise. Why, what possible harm can it do? It is only keeping them on the rack of curiosity while we are laughing in our sleeves. Besides, after all, Cara *mia*, it is just a chance, you know, that it did not come to pass. If it had not been for *her*, and that she turned up just when she did —"

"I am much obliged to you, Oswald. You think, then, that it all depends upon you, and that the moment it pleased you to throw your handkerchief —"

"Do not be absurd, my dear child. You know I am very fond of you," said Oswald, with such a softening in his voice, and so kind a look in his eyes, that Cara was quite disarmed. He put his hand lightly upon her waist as a brother might have done. "We have known each other all our lives — we shall know each other

all the rest of our lives. I tell you everything — you are my little conscience-keeper, my adviser. I don't know what I should do without you," he said; and, being of a caressing disposition, Oswald bent down suddenly and kissed the soft cheek which was lifted towards him. There were two doors to the room — the one most generally used was in its second division, the back drawing-room; but another door opened directly out upon the staircase, and the two were standing, as it happened, directly in front of this. By what chance it happened that Miss Cherry chose this door to come in by, and suddenly, softly threw it open at this particular moment, will never be known. There is something in such a salutation, especially when at all ambiguous in its character, which seems to stir up all kinds of malicious influences for its betrayal. The sudden action of Miss Cherry in opening this door revealed the little incident not only to her but to Edward, who was coming up the stair. Cara rushed to the other end of the room, her face scorching with shame; but Oswald, more used to the situation, stood his ground, and laughed. "Ah, Aunt Cherry, are you really going?" he said, holding out his hand to her, while Edward stalked into the room like a ghost. Of all the party, Oswald was the least discomposed. Indeed it rather pleased him, his vanity and his sense of fun being both excited. He had a kind of notion that Edward was jealous, and this added to his mischievous enjoyment. Where was the harm?

"Yes, I am going away," said Miss Cherry, "and perhaps it is time — though I sometimes don't know whether I ought to go or stay," she added mournfully, with a glance at her niece. Cara had turned her back upon the company, and was in the other room arranging some music on the piano, with trembling fingers. She could not bear either reproach or laughter, for her shame was excessive, and out of all proportion to the magnitude of the offence, as was to be expected at her years.

"Oh, you must not be uneasy about Cara," said Oswald, lightly. "Cara will be well taken care of. We will all take care of her. I must go now, Cara. Good morning. I am going to look after the business I have been telling you of. Why, there is nothing to make a bother about," he said in an undertone. "Cara! crying! why, what harm is done?"

"Oh, tell them, Oswald; if you have any pity for me, tell them!"

"Tell them what? there is nothing to tell. If they put foolish constructions on the simplest incident, it is not our fault. Good-bye; only look unconcerned as I do; there is no possible harm done."

And with this he went away, shaking hands with Miss Cherry, who was very pale with agitation and disapproval. As for Edward, he gave her a very formal message from his mother about a drive which Cara was to take with her in the afternoon. He scarcely spoke to the girl herself, who indeed kept in the background and said nothing. Edward had grown quite pale: he bowed in a formal way, and spoke so stiffly that Miss Cherry was almost driven to self-assertion. "Pray don't let Mrs. Meredith take any trouble about Cara's drive," she said, drawing herself up. "Cara can get an airing very easily if this is troublesome."

"What I said was that my mother would call at four," said the young man; and he bowed again and went away. With what a heavy heart he went down-stairs, not seeing the pitiful look Cara stole at him as he went out, this time through the legitimate door, the neglect of which had caused all the mischief; no, not the neglect, but Oswald's dreadful wicked levity and her own (as it almost seemed) crime.

"I am going away," said Miss Cherry with dignity. "I will not ask you what you don't choose to tell me, Cara. I have seen enough for myself; but I can't help saying that I go with a heavy heart. Your father and you have both gone out of my reach. It is not for me to blame you. I am old-fashioned, and prefer old ways, and perhaps it is you who know best."

"Oh, Aunt Cherry," said the girl, in a passion of tears. "What can I say to you? You are mistaken, indeed you are mistaken. I am not concealing anything."

"We will not speak of it, my dear," said Miss Cherry with trembling lips. "You are out of my reach, both your father and you. Oh, when I think how things used to be! What a good child you were — so true, so transparent! and now I don't seem to know what truth is — everything is muddled up. Oh, I wonder if it is our fault! They say that to have a mother is everything; but I thought I had tried to be like a mother," cried Miss Cherry, giving way to the inevitable tears.

"I am not false," said Cara, putting her arms round her. "Oh, Aunt Cherry, believe me. I did not know what he was going to do. It was to thank me, because he had been asking — my advice —"

"Your advice! Ah, you will be fine guides to each other if this is how you treat your best friends," said Miss Cherry. But she yielded a little to the girl's caressing, and dried her eyes. "I am going away with a heavy heart," she added, after this partial making-up, shaking her head sorrowfully. "I don't know what it is all coming to. *He* is never at home — always *there*; and you — In my time we thought of what was right, not only what we liked best; but they tell us in all the books that the world is getting wiser, and knows better every day. I only hope you will find it so. Oh, Cara," said Miss Cherry, "it is thought a mean thing to say that honesty is the best policy, though it was the fashion once; but it is. I don't mean to say that is the highest way of looking at it; but still it is so. For one vexation you may have by speaking the truth, you will find a dozen from not speaking it. I wish you would think of this. But I will not say any more."

"I am not a liar," said Cara, with a wild indignation in her heart which was beyond words; and she refused to speak again, and saw her aunt off with a throbbing heart, but neither tears nor words beyond what were absolutely needful; never had she parted with any one in this way before. She came in and shut herself up in her room, directing them to say that she was ill, and could not drive when Mrs. Meredith came for her. Honesty the best policy! What breaking up of heaven and earth was it that placed her amid all these shadows and falsities, she whose spirit revolted from everything that was even doubtful? She lay down upon her little bed, and cried herself, not to sleep, but into the quiet of exhaustion. Aunt Cherry, who had been like her mother to her, had gone away wounded and estranged. Edward — what a countenance his had been as he turned and went out of the room! And Oswald, who had dragged her into this false position and would not clear her, laughed! Cara hid her eyes from the light in one of those outbursts of youthful despair, which are more intolerable than heavier sorrows. Such pangs have before now driven young souls to desperation. She was hemmed in, and did not know what to do. And where in all the world was she to find a friend now?

While she was lying there in her despair, Oswald, walking along lightly, could scarcely keep himself from laughing aloud when he thought of this quaint misadventure. How absurd it was! He hoped

Miss Cherry would not be too hard upon Cara—but he took the idea of the scolding she would receive with a certain complacency as well as amusement. It was as good as a play; Miss Cherry's look of horror, the blanched face of the virtuous Edward, and poor little Cara's furious blush and overwhelming shame. What an innocent child it must be to feel such a trifle so deeply! But they were all rather tiresome people with their punctilios, Oswald felt, and the sooner he had emancipated himself, and settled independently, the better. Thanks to that sensible old governor, who, after all, could not have chosen a better moment to die in, there was no need for waiting, and nobody had any power to raise difficulties in respect to money. No, he could please himself; he could do what he liked without interference from any one, and he would do it. He would win his little wife by his spear and his bow, without intervention of the old fogeys who spoil sport; and when the romance had been exhausted they would all live happy ever after like a fairy tale. As for any harm to be done in the mean time, any clouding of other lives, he puffed that into the air with a "Pshaw, nonsense!" as he would have puffed away the smoke of his cigar.

But it surprised him when he returned home to find his mother in tears over Edward's resolution, after all, to carry out his original plan and go out to India. Mrs. Meredith was broken-hearted over this change. "I thought it was all settled. Oh, Oswald, there are but two of you. How can I bear to part with one of my boys?" she said.

"Well, mother, but you had made up your mind to it; and, to tell the truth, it is a shame to sacrifice such prospects as his," said the elder son, with exemplary wisdom. "I am very sorry, since you take it so to heart; but otherwise one can't deny it's the best thing he could do."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE "Memorials of the late Canon Kingsley," published by his widow, do not constitute a biography of the normal type. In other words, the book does not profess to answer every question which the curiosity of readers might suggest; and, on the whole, one may be very glad that it does not. To many such questions the most appropriate answer is silence, not

unmixed with contempt. To others, which may be taken as the expression of a legitimate interest in an eminent man, a reader of moderate intelligence may be trusted to find a sufficient answer in the ample materials placed before him. There is no great difficulty in seizing the main outlines of so strongly marked a character; and, on the whole, Mr. Kingsley well deserves the labor. Few writers of his generation gave clearer indications of power. Had he died at the age of five-and-thirty (when "Westward Ho!" was already completed) we should have speculated upon the great things which we had lost. The last twenty years of his life added little or nothing to his literary reputation. Perhaps, indeed, some of his performances—the lectures at Cambridge, and the unfortunate controversy with Dr. Newman, reflected a certain discredit upon his previous achievements. The explanation is not far to seek, when one has read the story of his life; but the fact makes it rather difficult to recall the feelings with which the rising generation of the years between 1848 and 1855 regarded the most vigorous champion of a school then in its highest vigor. "The Saint's Tragedy," "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," and "Westward Ho!" did not exactly reveal one of the born leaders of mankind; but their freshness, geniality, and vigor seemed to indicate powers which might qualify their possessor to be an admirable interpreter between the original prophets and the inferior disciples. There was the buoyancy of spirit, the undoubting confidence that the riddle of the universe had at last been satisfactorily solved, and the power of seizing the picturesque and striking aspects of things and embodying abstract theories in vivid symbols which marks the second order of intellects—the men who spread but do not originate fruitful and transforming ideas. Thinkers of the highest rank may be equally self-confident: for it cannot be denied that unreasonable trust in one's own infallibility is a great condition of success in even the highest tasks; but the confidence of great minds is compatible with a deeper estimate of the difficulties before them. They may hold that evil will be extirpated, but they are aware that its roots strike down into the very heart of things. Kingsley's exuberant faith in his own message showed the high spirits of youth rather than a profound insight into the conditions of the great problem which he solved so fluently. At the time, however, this youthful zeal was contagious. If not an authority to

obey, he was a fellow-worker in whom to trust heartily and rejoice unreservedly. Nobody, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says in a letter published in these volumes, was more willing to admire or more free from petty jealousies. This quality gave a charm to his writings. There was always something generous in their tone; a desire to understand his antagonist's position, which was due to his own temperament as much as to the teaching of his leader, Mr. Maurice; and, in short, a warmth and heartiness which led one to overlook many defects, and rightly attracted the enthusiasm of men young enough to look up to him for guidance.

The earlier pages in Mrs. Kingsley's volumes give a vivid picture of this period of his life, or, at least, of one side of it. Something is said — as of course it is proper to say something — of the speculative doubts and difficulties through which he won his way to a more settled and happier frame of mind. But it is impossible to take this very seriously. Kingsley, as his letters prove, started in life like other lads, with a ready-made theory of the universe. Like other lads, he was perfectly confident that it rested upon an unassailable basis and would solve all difficulties. He intended, it is true, to perfect himself in a few branches of study which he had hitherto neglected; he was to learn something about metaphysics, theology, ecclesiastical history, and other branches of knowledge; but it is quite plain that Kant and Augustine and other great teachers of mankind were to be called in, not to consult upon the basis of his philosophy, but to furnish him with a few tools for polishing certain corollaries and increasing his dialectical skill. He is quite ready to provide his correspondents immediately with a definitive philosophical system, and shows his usual versatility in applying at least some of the metaphysical phraseology caught from his intellectual idols. Many lads, however, learn to modify the speculative apparatus with which they started. Absolute conversions, it is true, are almost unknown in philosophy. No Platonist ever became an Aristotelian, or *vice versa*; for a man's attitude in such matters depends upon intellectual tendencies which assert themselves in early youth as much as in riper years. But men of real power go through a process of development, which, though it leaves a certain homogeneity between their earlier and their later views, softens the crudeness and lessens the superficiality of the first guesses. No such process

is traceable in Kingsley. His first theory is his last, except that in later years his interest in abstract speculation had obviously declined, and his declarations, if equally dogmatic in form, show less confidence than desire to be confident. He is glad to turn from speculations to facts, and thinks that his strength lies in the direction rather of the natural sciences than of speculative thought.

Probably he was quite right. It would, at any rate, be a mistake to regard any process of intellectual development as determining his career. He was no real philosopher, though capable of providing philosophical dialogues quite good enough to figure in an historical novel. He was primarily a poet, or, at least, a man swayed by the imagination and emotions. He felt keenly, saw vividly, and accepted such abstract teachings as were most congenial to his modes of seeing and feeling. The true key to his mental development must therefore be sought in his emotional history, and not in the intellectual fermentation which determines the career of a true thinker. The story of his life in this aspect, though indicated rather than directly told, seems to be simple enough. Few people, it is probable, ever had greater faculties of enjoyment than Kingsley. His delight in a fine landscape resembled (though the phrase seems humiliating) the delight of an epicure in an exquisite vintage. It had the intensity and absorbing power of a sensual appetite. He enjoyed the sight of the Atlantic rollers relieved against a purple stretch of heather as the conventional alderman enjoys turtle soup. He gave himself up to the pure emotion as a luxuriant nature abandons itself to physical gratification. His was not the contemplative mood of the greater poets of nature, but an intense spasm of sympathy which rather excluded all further reflection. Such a temperament implies equal powers of appreciation for many other kinds of beauty, though his love of fine scenery has perhaps left the strongest mark upon his books. He was abnormally sensitive to those pleasures which are on the border-line between the sensuous and the intellectual. He speaks in an early letter of the "dreamy days of boyhood," when his "enjoyment was drawn from the semi-sensual delights of ear and eye, from sun and stars, wood and wave, the beautiful inanimate in all its forms." "Present enjoyment," he adds, "present profit, brought always to me a recklessness of moral consequences which has been my bane." The

last expression must of course be taken for what it is worth, that is, for next to nothing; but he is no doubt right in attributing to himself a certain greediness of pleasures of the class described, which became more intellectual and comprehensive but hardly less intense in later years.

It is needless to point out what are the dangers to which a man is exposed by such a temperament. He describes himself (at the age of twenty-two) as saved from "the darkling tempests of scepticism," and from "sensuality and dissipation;" saved, too, "from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage and perhaps worse." The phrase savors of his habitual exaggeration, but it has a real meaning. Young men with a strong taste for pleasure are ruined often enough, though they do not go so far as "the prairies" to effect that consummation. We can see with sufficient clearness that during his college life Kingsley went through serious struggles and came out victorious. Partly, no doubt, he owed that victory over himself to the fact that his tastes, however keen, were not coarse. He had a genuine vein of poetry, that is to say, of really noble feeling. His intense delight in the higher forms of beauty was a force which resisted any easy lapse into degradation. The æsthetic faculties may, as has been too clearly proved, fall into bondage to the lowest impulses of our nature. In the case of a man so open to generous and manly impulses, so appreciative of the claims which outward scenery reveals to healthy and tender minds, and to them alone, the struggle against such bondage must have been in any case prolonged and vigorous. But stronger men than Kingsley have yielded, and one may see in him the type of character which, under other conditions, produces the "diabolical" or rather the animalistic school of art and literature. An external influence, we are left to infer, had a share in saving him from so lamentable a descent. Kingsley, in short, was rescued as other men have been rescued, by the elevating influence of a noble passion. It is inevitable that this fact, tolerably obvious as it is, should be rather indicated than stated in the biography. But he was not slow to proclaim in all his writings, and we need not scruple to assume that his utterance was drawn from his own experience, that, of all good things that can befall a man in this world, the best is that he should fall in love with a good woman. It is not a new truth; indeed, most truths of that importance have an

uncomfortable habit of revealing themselves to the intrusive persons who have insisted upon saying all our best things before us. Still, true as it is, many young men are apt to ignore it, or to consider it as repealed instead of limited by obvious prudential maxims. Kingsley, led to recognize it, and even to exaggerate its exclusive importance by his own history, insists upon it with an emphasis which may not only be traced through his writings, but which seems to have affected all his conceptions of life. It may almost be regarded as the true central point of his doctrine. The love of man for woman, when sanctified by religious feeling, is, according to him, the greatest of all forces that work for individual or social good. This belief, and the system of which it forms a part, give the most characteristic coloring to all his work. It appears to be decided by general consent that a novel means the same thing as a love-story. Some writers indeed have been bold enough to maintain, and even to act upon the opinion, that this view exaggerates the part played by the passion in actual life; and that men have some interests in life which survive the pairing period. Kingsley's doctrine differs from that of the ordinary novelist in another way. Love may not be the ultimate end of a man's life; but it is, as Shakespeare puts it,

the ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

It is the guide to a noble life; and not only affords the discipline by which men obtain the mastery over themselves, but reveals to them the true theory of their relations to the universe. This doctrine, treated in a rather vacillating manner, supplies the theme for his earliest book, "The Saint's Tragedy." Lancelot in "Yeast," and even the poor tailor, Alton Locke, owe their best stimulus towards obtaining a satisfactory solution of the perplexed social problems of the time to their love for good women. Hypatia, the type of the feminine influence whose lofty instincts are misdirected by a decaying philosophy, and poor Pelagia, with no philosophy at all, excite the passions by which monks, pagans, and Goths are elevated or corrupted; and the excellent Victoria—a lady who comes too distinctly from a modern tract—shows the philosopher Raphael how to escape from a despairing cynicism.

The Elizabethan heroes of "Westward Ho!" take the side of good or evil according to their mode of understanding love for the heroines. In "Two Years Ago," the delicate curate, and the dandified American, and the sturdy Tom Thurnall, all manage to save their souls by the worship of a lofty feminine character, whilst poor Tom Briggs or Vavasour is ruined by his failure to appreciate the rare excellence of his wife. The same thought inspires some of his most remarkable poems, as the truly beautiful "Andromeda," and the "Martyrdom of Saint Maura," considered by himself to be his best, though I fancy that few readers will share this judgment. Laucelot in "Yeast" designs a great allegorical drawing called the "Triumph of Woman," which sets forth the hallowing influence of feminine charms upon every variety of human being. The picture is one of those which could hardly be put upon canvas; but it would be the proper frontispiece to Kingsley's works.

Such a doctrine, it may be said, is too specific and narrow to be considered as the animating principle of the various books in which it appears. This is doubtless true, and it must be taken rather as the most characteristic application of the teaching of which it is in a logical sense the corollary, though ostensible corollaries are often in fact first principles. When generalized or associated with congenial theories of wider application, it explains Kingsley's leading doctrines. Thus the love of good women is the great practical guide in life; and, in a broader sense, our affections are to guide our intellects. The love of nature, the rapture produced in a sensitive mind by the glorious beauties of the external world, is to teach us the true theory of the universe. The ultimate argument which convinces men like Tom Thurnall and Raphael Aben Ezra, is that the love of which they have come to know the mysterious charm, must reveal the true archetype of the world, previously hidden by the veil of sense. It wants no more to explain a problem which seems * to have puzzled Kingsley himself, why, namely, the mystics should supply the only religious teaching which had "any real meaning for his heart." A man who systematically sees the world through his affections is so far a mystic; though Kingsley's love of the concrete and incapacity for abstract metaphysics prevented him from using the true mystical language.

* Life, vol. i., p. 420.

Still simpler is the solution of another problem stated by his biographer. It is said to be "strange" that Kingsley should have acknowledged the intellectual leadership at once of Coleridge and Maurice and of Mr. Carlyle. The superficial difference between the two first and the last of those writers is indeed obvious. But it requires no profound reasoner to detect the fundamental similarity. They all agree in seeing facts through the medium of the imagination, and substituting poetic intuition for the slow and chilling processes of scientific reasoning. They agree in rejecting the rigid framework of dogma and desiring to exalt the spirit above the dead letter. To Kingsley, as to his teachers, and to most imaginative minds, science seemed to mean materialism in philosophy and cynicism in morals. Men of science subordinate the satisfaction of the emotions to the satisfaction of the intellect; they seek to analyze into their elements the concrete realities which alone interest the poet, and see mechanical laws where their opponents would recognize a living force. To Kingsley they seemed (rightly or wrongly, to be drying up the source of his most rapturous emotions, and reducing the beautiful world to a colorless museum of dead specimens. Instead of regulating they were suppressing the emotions. It is less remarkable that he should have opposed a doctrine thus interpreted, than that he should have gradually become less hostile to the scientific aspect of things. He accepted, instead of reviling, Mr. Darwin's teaching; and seems to have been convincing himself that, after all, science was not an enemy to the loftier sentiments. His keen eye for nature, his love of beast and bird and insect, made him sympathize with the observers, if not with the reasoners, and led him to recognize a poetic and a religious side in rightly interpreted science.

His antipathy to another kind of dogmatism is equally intelligible. To him it appeared (rightly or wrongly) to be hopelessly tainted by the evil principle which he generally described as Manichæism. It ordered him (or so he supposed) to look upon nature with horror or suspicion, instead of regarding it as everywhere marked with the indelible impress of the creative hand, and therefore calculated to stimulate the highest emotions of reverence and awe; and, still more, it set up a false and attenuated ethical standard, which condemned all natural impulses as therefore bad, and placed the monkish above the domestic virtues. It was clearly

inevitable that a man who regarded human love as the very centre and starting point of all the good influences of life, and the delight in nature as the very test of a healthily constituted mind, should look upon teaching thus understood with absolute detestation. Possibly he caricatured it; at any rate he spared no pains to attack it by every means open to him, and especially by setting forth his own ideal of character. He created the "muscular Christian"—the man, that is, who, on the showing of his antagonists, is an impossible combination of classical and Christian types, and, on his own, implies the harmonious blending of all aspects of the truth. He protested, fruitlessly enough, against the nickname, because it seemed to imply that his version of the character subordinated the highest to the lowest elements. It suggested that he had used Christian phraseology to consecrate a blind admiration for physical prowess and excess of animal vigor. His indignation—expressed in an imprudently angry letter to one of his critics—was intelligible enough. The imputation was cruel, because it was at once false and plausible. It was false, for Kingsley's ideal heroes—whether properly to be called Christians or not—are certainly not mere animals. They have their faults, but they are not sensual or cynical, though in some of their literary descendants the animal side of their nature seems to have developed itself with suspicious facility. Amyas Leigh would probably have hung his Guy Livingstone from a yard-arm before the voyage was over. To readers, however, looking at Amyas from a different point of view, the likeness might be deceptive; and in asserting the value of certain qualities too much depreciated by his judges, he naturally seemed to give them an excessive value.

This is not the place to estimate the worth of Kingsley's teaching on such high matters. It may, however, be taken for granted that it would be useless to look to him for any very coherent or profound statement of his doctrine. He was, as I have said, no thinker, but a man of keen, vigorous feelings, which, like other such men, he was apt to take for intuitions and to express in confident dogmas. It is the general attitude of mind, not the specific conclusions at which he had arrived, which must be appreciated in order to do justice to his writings. Without dwelling upon his philosophy, it is enough to observe that this impetuosity of temperament, which is the very antithesis of the

quality most requisite in a philosopher, is prejudicial to his artistic work. Its most obvious fault is a want of repose and harmony. He can never be quiet for a moment. Every sentence must be emphatic and intense. He seizes the first aspect of a subject; dashes out a picture—sometimes of perfectly admirable vigor—in half-a-dozen lines; but cannot dwell upon a particular strain of thought or tone down the brilliant hues of fragmentary passages by the diffused atmosphere of calm reflection. He could hardly sit quiet for a moment, as one of his admirers tells us; and his strong-minded heroes, who ought to be self-sustained and tranquil, are always in as great a fever as himself. The result of this tendency is too plainly written upon his life as upon his books. He was always, in a sanitary sense, living upon his capital, and taking more out of his strength than his powers justified. He knocked himself up completely by writing "Yeast" before he was thirty, and every subsequent work seems to have involved an effort which told heavily upon his constitution. The natural consequence of such a process is to be seen in the fact already noticed that his literary productivity rapidly declined; and that in his later works we have the emphasis which has become habitual without the force which saved it from affectation. It must, however, be said to his credit that he had the merit—a tolerably rare one—of abandoning the attempt to rival his own earlier performances when the vein no longer flowed spontaneously.

The strength and the weakness of such a temperament are illustrated by his poetry, of which some fragments will probably survive (and few, indeed, are the poets who survive by more than fragments), though we may doubt the truth of his own opinion that they would supply his most lasting claim upon posterity. He explains, however, very frankly why he can never be a great poet. He is wanting, he says,* in the great poetic faculty—the "power of metaphor and analogue—the instinctive vision of connections between all things in heaven and earth." His mind, in other words, was deficient in the direction of philosophic imagination. He could not, like Milton, converse habitually with

Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation.

* Life, vol. ii., p. 55.

He was too restless and impetuous to be at ease on those heights from which alone the widest truths become perceptible, and excite the emotions which are at once deepest and calmest. His songs represent jets and gushes of vivid but rather feverish emotion. A pathetic or heroic story, or the beauty of some natural scene, moves him deeply, and he utters his emotion in an energetic burst of vivid language. But he is too short-winged for a long flight, or for soaring into the loftiest regions of the intellectual atmosphere.

Every short lyric is the record, one must suppose, of some such mood of intense excitement. But it makes all the difference whether the excitement takes place in a mind already stored with thought, and ready to pierce instantaneously to the deepest meaning of a particular scene or incident, or in a mind incapable of sustained reflection, and accustomed to see things by brilliant flashes which reveal only their partial and superficial aspects. When, however, we do not blame Kingsley for not being somebody else, we must admit him to be excellent within his limits. The "Andromeda" is in every way admirable. It is probably the most successful attempt in the language to grapple with the technical difficulties of English hexameters; and he also seems to find in the pagan mythology a more appropriate symbol for his characteristic tone of sentiment and an imagery which fits in better with his nature-worship than in regions more familiar to him. He can abandon himself unreservedly to his delight in the beautiful without bothering himself with the direct denunciation of the Manichees or showing the controversial theologian under the artistic dress. The shorter poems have generally a power for stamping themselves upon the memory, due, no doubt, to their straight-forward, nervous style. They have the cardinal merit of vigor which belongs to all genuine utterance of real emotion, and are delightfully free from the flabby affectations of many modern rivals. The mark may not be the most elevated, but he goes at it as straight as he would ride at a fence. His "North-Easter" does not blow from such ethereal regions as Shelley's "South-West Wind." It verges upon the absurd, and is perhaps not quite free from that taint of vulgarity which vitiates all artistic reference to field sports. But given that such a sentiment was worth expressing, the tones in which it is couched are as ringing and vigorous as could be wished. He can rise much higher when he is pathetic and indignant.

It would not be easy to find a better warranty for the denouncer of social wrongs than the ballad of the poacher's widow. And to pass over the two songs by which he is best known, such poems as "Poor Lorraine" — first published in the biography — or the beautiful lines in "The Saint's Tragedy," beginning "Oh, that we two were maying!" are intense enough in their utterance to make us wonder why he fell short of the highest class of song-writing. Perhaps the defect is indicated by a certain desire to be picturesque which prevents him from obtaining complete success in the simple expression of pathos. The poems have a taint of prettiness — and prettiness is a deadly vice in poetry. There is about them a faint flavor of drawing-room music. But, when we do not want to be hypercritical, we may be thankful for poetry which, if not of the highest class, has the rarest of merits at the present day — genuine fervor and originality.

The fullest expression of Kingsley's mind must be found in the works which appeared from 1848 to 1855. Those seven years, one may say, saw his literary rise, culmination, and decline. "The Saint's Tragedy" represents the period of mental agitation. It will not live longer than many other modern attempts by men of equal genius to compose dramas not intended for the stage. The form in such cases is generally felt to be an incumbrance rather than a help, and one cannot help thinking in this instance that Kingsley might have done better if he had written a picturesque history instead of forcing his story into an uncongenial framework. Nobody is now likely to share Bunsen's belief that the author had proved himself capable of continuing Shakespeare's great series of historic dramas. But one is also rather surprised that a performance which, with all its crudities and awkwardness, showed such unmistakable symptoms of power, did not make a greater impression. Perhaps the most vital fault is the want of unity, not merely in plot but in the leading thought, which was the natural result of the mode of composition. He began it in 1842 — that is, at the age of twenty-three — and it was not published till 1848. As this includes the period during which Kingsley passed through his acutest struggle, it is not wonderful that the book should show signs of confusion. It has, indeed, a purpose, and a very distinct one. It is the first exposition of that doctrine which, as I have said, Kingsley preached in season and out of season. He wishes to exhibit the beauty of his own ideal of

feminine meekness as compared with the monastic and ascetic ideal. And whatever may be said against books "with a purpose," it cannot, I think, be denied that this central idea was capable of artistic treatment. A dramatist might surely find an impressive motive in the conflict set up in a mind of purity and elevation by the acceptance of a distorted code of morality. There is a genuine tragic element in this interpretation of poor Elizabeth's sufferings. Nature tells her that her domestic affections are holy and of divine origin; the priests tell her that they are to be crushed and mortified. She is gradually tortured to death by the distraction of attempting to obey the two voices, each of them appealing to the loftiest and most unselfish motives. The history is probably false, but the conception is not the less powerful. The execution remains unsatisfactory, chiefly for the obvious reason that Kingsley was not quite a Shakespeare nor even a Schiller, and that his work is therefore rather a series of vigorous sketches than an effective whole; but partly also because his own sentiment seems to be vacillating and indistinct. A thorough hater or a thorough adherent of the theories impugned would have made a work more artistically telling because more coherently conceived. Kingsley is really feeling his way to a theory, and therefore undecided in his artistic attitude. The whole becomes patchy and indistinct. He is feverishly excited rather than deeply moved, and inconsistent when he ought to be compassionate. Briefly, he wants firmness of hand and definiteness of purpose, though there is no want of spasmodic vigor.

The two novels "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," are far more effective; and indeed "Alton Locke" may be fairly regarded as his best piece of work. It is not creditable to the discernment of the intelligent public that Kingsley should have been taken for a subversive revolutionist on the strength of these performances. The intelligent public indeed is much given to the grossest stupidity; and as Kingsley more or less deceived himself, it is not wonderful that he should have been misunderstood. He announced himself at a public meeting to be a Chartist; and when a man voluntarily adopts a nickname he must not be surprised if he is credited with all the qualities generally associated with it. In fact, however, he was not more of a genuine radical than when in later years he declared that he would, if he could, "restore the feudal system, the highest form of civiliza-

tion—in ideal, not in practice—which Europe has yet seen."* There is much virtue in the phrase "not in practice;" and perhaps Kingsley was no more of a genuine feudalist than he was of a genuine Chartist. In his earlier phase he was simply playing a part which has often enough been attempted by very honest men. Missionaries of a new faith see the advantage of sapping the old creed instead of attacking it in front. Adopting its language and such of its tenets as are congenial to their own, they can gradually introduce a friendly garrison into the hostile fort. The conscious adoption of such a method might have been called Jesuitical by Kingsley, and in his mouth such an epithet would have been damnatory. But it was in all sincerity that he and his friends considered themselves to be the "true demagogues"—to quote the title of the chapter in which the moral of "Alton Locke" is embodied. They had not the slightest sympathy, indeed, with the tenets of the thorough-going radical. Kingsley believed in the social as much as in the ecclesiastical hierarchy; and with an intensity which almost amounted to bigotry. He would no more put down the squires than the parson; and himself a most energetic parson, he certainly did not undervalue the social importance of the function discharged by his order. In "Alton Locke" the bitterest satire is directed, not against self-indulgent nobles or pedantic prelates, but against the accepted leaders of the artisans. The "true demagogue," as is perfectly natural, holds the false demagogue in especial horror. Kingsley is the friend, not Cuffey. He hates the "Manchester school" as the commonplace version of radicalism and the analogue of the materialist school in politics. From these, he says,† in 1852, "heaven defend us; for of all narrow, conceited, hypocritical, and anarchic and atheistic schemes of the universe, the Manchester one is precisely the worst. I have no words to express my contempt for it." Briefly, Kingsley's remedy for speculative error was not the rejection, but the more spiritual interpretation of the old creed; and his remedy for bad squires and parsons was not disendowment and division of the land, but the raising up a better generation of parsons and squires.

There is a superficial resemblance between this theory and that of the Young England school, who, like Kingsley, would

* Life, vol. ii., p. 357.

† Life, vol. i., p. 314.

have restored the feudal system in a purified state. Some of his writing runs parallel to Mr. Disraeli's exposition of that doctrine. The difference was, of course, vital. He hated mediæval revivalism as heartily as he hated the demagogues; and his prejudices against the whole order of ideas represented by the "Tracts for the Times" were perhaps the strongest of his antipathies. He looked back to the sixteenth, not to the twelfth century; and his ideal parson was to be no ascetic, but a married man, with a taste for field sports and fully sympathizing with the common sense of the laity. The Young England party seemed to him to desire the conversion of the modern laborer into a picturesque peasant, ready to receive doles at the castle-gate, and bow before the priest with bland subservience. Kingsley wanted to make a man of him; to give him self-respect and independence, not in a sense which would imply the levelling all social superiorities, but in the sense of assigning to him an honorable position in the social organization. He was no more to be petted or pauperized than to be set on a level with his social superiors or set loose without guidance from his intellectual teachers.

Some such doctrines would be verbally accepted by most men; and I cannot here ask whether they really require the teaching with which Kingsley associated them. The demagogues and the obstructives were both, according to him, on a wrong tack; and he could point out the one true method of reuniting development with order. Whatever the value of his theories, the sentiment associated with them was substantially healthy, vigorous, and elevated. That part of his fictions in which it is embodied is probably his most valuable work. Nobody can read the descriptions of the agricultural laborers or of the London artisan in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" without recognizing both the strength of his sympathies and the vigor of his perceptive faculties. He was drawing from the life, and expressing his deepest emotions. "What is the use of preaching to hungry paupers about heaven?" he asks. "Sir, as my clerk said to me yesterday, there is a weight on their hearts, and they call for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are." The phrase explains what was the curse which rested upon Kingsley's parishioners, and in what sense he had to "redeem it from barbarism." He did his work like a man. He was daily with his people "in their cottages,

and made a point of talking to the men and boys at their field work till he was personally intimate with every soul, from the women at their wash-tubs to the babies in the cradle, for whom he had always a loving word and look." Whatever we may think of his "socialism" or "democracy," there was at least no want of depth or sincerity in his sympathy for the poor, and therefore there is no false ring in his description of their condition. He writes with his heart — not to serve any political purpose or to gain credit for a cheap display of charitable feeling.

These books, in fact, show, both by their defects and their merits, in what sense a novel may properly be subservient to a purpose. To draw a vivid picture of the life which he sees around him, or to draw it in such a way as to indicate a true appreciation of the most deeply-seated causes of the evil, is clearly as legitimate in an artistic as in a moral sense. No books can show more forcibly the dark side of the English society of the time. The side from which Kingsley views the evil is characteristic. The root of all that is good in man lies in the purity and vigor of the domestic affections. A condition of things in which the stability and health of the family becomes impossible is one in which the very foundations of society are being sapped. Nobody could be more alive to the countless mischiefs implied in the statement that the poor man has nothing deserving the name of home. The verses given to Tregarva in "Yeast" sum up his diagnosis of the social disease with admirable vigor. Many scenes in that rather chaotic story are equally vivid in their presentation of the facts. The description of the village feast is a bit of startlingly impressive realism. The poor sodden, hopeless, spiritless peasantry consoling themselves with strong drink and brutal songs, open to no impressions of beauty, with no sense of the romantic except in lawless passion, and too beaten down to have even a thought of rebellion except in the shape of agrarian outrage, are described with singular force. Poor Crawy, the poacher, scarcely elevated above the beasts, looking to the gaol and workhouse for his only refuge, so degraded that pity is almost lost in disgust, is the significant product of the general decay. The race is deteriorating. It has fallen vastly below the standard of the last generation. All the lads are "smaller, clumsier, lower-brained and weaker-jawed than their elders." Such higher feeling as remains takes the form of the dog-like

fidelity of Harry Verney, the gamekeeper. Kingsley never wrote a better scene than the death of the old man from a wound received in a poaching affray; when he suddenly springs upright in bed, holds out "his withered paw with a kind of wild majesty," and shouts, "There ain't such a head of hares on any manor in the county. And them's the last words of Harry Verney!"

"Alton Locke" is a more ambitious and coherent effort; and the descriptions of the London population, and of the futile attempt at a rising in the country, are in the same vigorous vein. Perhaps a more remarkable success is the old Scotchman, Mackaye, who seems to be the best of Kingsley's characters. He has some real humor, a quality in which Kingsley was for the most part curiously deficient; but one must expect that in this case he was drawing from an original. It is interesting to read Mr. Carlyle's criticism of this part of the book. "Saunders Mackaye," he says,* "my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him. His very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura." Perhaps an explanation of the wonder might be suggested; but, at any rate, Mackaye is a very felicitous centre for the various groups who play their parts in the story; and not the less efficient as a chorus because he is chiefly critical and confines himself to shrewd demonstrations of the folly of everybody concerned.

Mr. Carlyle gives as his final verdict that his impression is of "a fervid creation still left half chaotic." In fact, with all the genuine force of "Alton Locke"—and no living novelist has excelled the vividness of certain passages—there is an unsatisfactory side to the whole performance. It is marred by the feverishness which inspires most of his work. There is an attempt to crowd too much into the space, and the emphasis sometimes remains when the power is flagging. Greater reserve of power and more attention to unity of effect would have been required to make it a really great book. But the most unsatisfactory part is where the author forgets to be a novelist and becomes a preacher and a pamphleteer. The admirable heroine is forced to deliver what is to all purposes a commonplace tract of two or three chapters at the end of the

story, when her thoughts, to be effective, should really have been embedded in the structure of the story. Anybody can preach a sermon when no contradiction is allowed; but the novelist ought to show the thought translated into action, and not given in a raw shape of downright comment. As it is, Lady Ellerton is a mere lay-figure who can talk very edifying phrases, but is really tacked on to the outside of the narrative. The moral should have been evolved by the natural course of events; for when it is presented in this point-blank fashion we begin to cavil, and wish that the Chartist or Mackaye might be allowed to show cause against the sentence pronounced. As they can't, we do it for ourselves.

The historical novels which followed indicate a remarkable change. When he published "Two Years Ago," Kingsley had become reconciled to the world. There is an apparent inconsistency between the denouncer of social wrongs and the novelist who sings the praises of squires, patrons, and guardsmen, with a placid conviction that they sufficiently represent his ideal. The explanation is partly that, as I have said, Kingsley never accepted the revolutionary remedy for the grievances which he described. He was quite consistent in regarding the old creed as expressing the true mode of cure. But one must still ask whether the facts had changed. Was the world regenerated between 1848 and 1855? Were English laborers all properly fed, housed, and taught? Had the sanctity of domestic life acquired a new charm in the interval, and was the old quarrel between rich and poor definitively settled or in the way to settlement? That appears to have been Kingsley's own view, if we may judge from the prefaces prefixed to later editions of his book; and the great agency to which he assigns the strange improvement was the outbreak of the Crimean war. That crisis, it seems, had taught the higher classes a deeper sense of their responsibility and roused us from the dangerous slumber of peace and growing wealth. Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately expounded a very different theory as to the results of an increased intensity of the military spirit. Without discussing so wide a question, it may, I fancy, be pretty safely assumed that the future historian will not take quite this view of recent affairs, and will attribute any improvement that may have taken place to some deeper cause than that assigned. When a whole social order is rotting, as the author of "Yeast" sup-

* Life, vol. i., p. 244.

posed ours to have been, it is not often cured by a little sputter of fighting; nor does the belief in the efficacy of such a remedy seem to fit in very well with a spiritual Christianity. Perhaps we may further assume, therefore, that the change was partly in Kingsley himself. If so, he was not the first man to account for an alteration in his personal outlook by a movement of the rest of the universe. His parish had been got into better order; his combative instinct had grown weaker; and, like other men who grow in years and domestic comfort, he had become more content with things in general. Fathers of families are capable, we know, of everything, and amongst other things, of softening the fervor of their early enthusiasms. There is nothing at all strange in the process; but it must be taken to illustrate the fact that, if Kingsley's sympathies were keen, his intellectual insight was not very deep. A man who holds that a social disease is so easily suppressed has not measured very accurately the constitutional disorder which it revealed.

"Two Years Ago," the book in which this conclusion is plainly announced, is in some respects a painful performance. It contains, indeed, some admirable descriptions of scenery; but the sentiment is poor and fretful. Tom Thurnall, intended to be an embodiment of masculine vigor, has no real stuff in him. He is a bragging, excitable, and at bottom sentimental person. All his swagger fails to convince us that he is a true man. Put beside a really simple and masculine nature like Dandie Dinmont, or even beside Kingsley's own Amyas Leigh, one sees his hollowness. The whole story leads up to a distribution of poetical justice in Kingsley's worst manner. He has a lamentable weakness for taking upon himself the part of Providence. "After all," he once wrote in "Yeast," "your 'Rake's Progress' and 'Atheist's Deathbed' do no more good than noble George Cruikshank's 'Bottle' will, because every one knows that they are the exception and not the rule; that the atheist generally dies with a conscience as comfortably callous as a rhinoceros-hide: and the rake, when age stops his power of sinning, becomes generally rather more respectable than his neighbors." It is a pity that Kingsley could not remember this true saying in later years. He seems to have grown too impatient to leave room for the natural evolution of events. He gives the machinery a jerk and is fidgety because the

wheels grind so slowly, though they "grind exceeding small."

Between "Alton Locke" and "Two Years Ago" there luckily intervened "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" They are brilliant and almost solitary exceptions to the general dreariness of the historical novel. To criticise them either from the historical or the artistic point of view would indeed be easy enough; but they have a vivacity which defies criticism. I have no doubt that "Hypatia" is fundamentally and hopelessly inaccurate, and that a sound historian would shudder at innumerable anachronisms and pick holes in every paragraph. I don't believe that men like the Goths ever existed in this world, and am prepared to give up the whole tribe of monks, pagans, Jews, and fathers of the Church. If "Westward Ho!" is (as I presume) less inaccurate because dealing with less distant ages, it is still too much of a party pamphlet to be taken for history. The Jesuits are probably caricatures, and Miss Ayacanora is a bit of rather silly melodrama. But it is difficult to say too much in favor of the singular animation and movement of both books. There is a want of repose, if you insist upon applying the highest canons of art; but the brilliance of description, the energy and rapidity of the action, simply disarms the reader. I rejoice in the Amal and Wulf and Raphael Aben Ezra, as I love Ivanhoe, and Front de Bœuf, and Wamba the Witless. The fight between "English mastiffs and Spanish bloodhounds" is almost as stirring as the skirmish of Drumclog in "Old Mortality." "Hypatia," according to Kingsley himself, was written with his heart's blood. Like other phrases of his, that requires a little dilution. But, at any rate, both books stand out for vividness, for a happy audacity and quickness of perception, above all modern attempts in the same direction.

The problems discussed in these historical novels and the solutions suggested are of course substantially the same as in his earlier books. The period of "Hypatia" bears a striking analogy to the present. In the heroes described in "Westward Ho!" he supposed himself to recognize the fullest realization of the fundamental doctrines of his own creed. Much might be said, were it worth saying, as to the accuracy of these assumptions. Kingsley's method is in any case too much tainted by the obvious tendency to see facts by the light of preconceived theories.

In the earlier writings he may be one-sided and exaggerated; but his imagination is at least guided by reference to actual observation. It seems as if in this later period he had instinctively turned away to distant periods where men and events might be more easily moulded into conformity with his prejudices. However skilful a man may be in accommodating fact to fancy, he is apt to find difficulties when he paints from the life around him. But when nobody can contradict you except a few prosaic antiquarians, the outside world becomes delightfully malleable. You do not find any fragments of rigid material in the clay which shapes itself so easily in your fingers. Kingsley has faith enough in his teaching to give a genuine glow to these hybrid beings begotten half of fancy half of the external world. But we feel too plainly that the work will not stand the test of close examination, either by the historian or the literary critic. Such a nemesis naturally overtakes men who admit too easily an appeal from fact to sentiment. They begin to lose the sense of reality, and their artistic work shows signs of flimsiness as their theories of arbitrary assumption. The great writer pierces to the true life of a period because he recognizes the necessity of conforming his beliefs to realities. The inferior writer uses his knowledge only to give coloring to his dreams, and his work tries to represent what he would like to be the truth instead of showing genuine insight into what is actually true.

Whatever else in Kingsley may have been affected or half-hearted, his appreciation of nature remained true and healthy to the end. If anything it became more intense as he seemed to grow weary of abstract discussions and turned for relief to natural scenes. Nobody has ever shown a greater power of investing with a romantic charm the descriptions of bird, beast, and insect. There are no more delightful books than those which express the naturalist's delight in country sights, from the days of Izaak Walton to White of Selborne, or Waterton, or our most recent discovery, the Scotch naturalist Edward. Amongst such writers, Kingsley is in the front rank; and his taste is combined with a power of catching wider aspects of scenery, such as few of our professional describers can unravel. It would be interesting to lay bare the secret of his power. He has done for Devon and Cornwall, for the heaths and chalk-streams of the southern counties, and even for the much depreciated fens, what Scott did for the High-

lands. One secret is of course the terseness and directness of his descriptions. He never lays himself out for a bit of deliberate bombast, and deals always with first-hand impressions. The writing is all alive. There is no dead matter of conventional phrases and imitative ecstasies. And again, his descriptions are always dramatic. There is a human being in the foreground with whom we sympathize. We do not lose ourselves in mystic meditations, we surrender ourselves to mere sensuous dreaming. We are in active, strenuous enjoyment; beguiling the trout of his favorite chalk-streams, sailing under the storm-beaten cliffs of Lundy, and drinking in the rich sea-breeze that sweeps over Dartmoor, or galloping with clenched teeth through the fir-woods of Eversley. One characteristic picture — to take one at random from a thousand — is the homeward ride of Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen as he rides slowly homeward after Naseby fight along one of the fen-droves. One could swear that one had been with him, as Kingsley no doubt was merely embodying the vivid recollection of some old Cambridge expedition into the Bedford Level, a scenery which has a singular and mysterious charm, though few besides Kingsley have succeeded in putting it on paper.

Some wonder has been wasted on Kingsley's descriptions of the tropical scenery which he had never seen. Even men of genius do not work miracles; and so far as I know, they always blunder in such attempts. Johnson showed his usual sense in regard to a similar criticism upon the blind poet, Blacklock. If, he said, you found that a paralytic man had left his room, you would explain the wonder by supposing that he had been carried. Similarly, the explanation of Kingsley and of Blacklock is that they described not what they had seen but what they had read. The description in "Westward Ho!" may easily be traced to Humboldt and other sources where they are not explicable by a visit to Kew Gardens. A minute criticism would show that they are little more than catalogues of gorgeous plants and strange beasts; and show none of those vivid touches, so striking from their fidelity, which give animation to his descriptions of English scenery. In his pictures of Devonshire we can tell the time of the day and night and the state of the weather as clearly as if he were a meteorologist. In South America he leaves us to generalities. The true secret of his success is different. He describes vividly not the outward fact,

but the inward enjoyment. One need not go to the tropics to imagine the charm of luxurious indolence. Perhaps we enjoy it the more because we have not really been exposed to its inconveniences. The dazzling of the eye by blazing sunlight and brilliant colors, the relief given by the cool deep streams under luxuriant foliage, the vague consciousness of wondrous forms of life lurking in the forest depths, can be realized without any special accuracy of portraiture. The contagion to which we are really exposed is that of the enthusiasm with which Kingsley had read his favorite books of travel. But of downright description there is little, and that little not very remarkable. If anybody doubts it he may read the passage of river scenery which concludes with a quotation from Humboldt, and observe how vividly the fragment of actual observation stands out from the mere catalogue of curiosities, or, again, with any of Kingsley's own Devonshire scenes, where every touch shows loving familiarity with details and a consequent power of selecting just the most speaking incidents.

We may put two passages beside each other which will illustrate the difference. Describing, after Humboldt, the mid-day calm of the forest, he says, "The birds' notes died out one by one; the very butterflies ceased their flitting over the tree-tops, and slept with outspread wings upon the glassy leaves, undistinguishable from the flowers around them. Now and then a colibri whirled downward towards the water, hummed for a moment round some pendent flower, and then the living gem was lost in the deep darkness of the inner wood, among tree-trunks as huge and dark as the pillars of some Hindoo shrine; or a parrot swung and screamed at them from an overhanging bough; or a thirsty monkey slid lazily down a liana to the surface of the stream, dipped up the water in his tiny hand, and started chattering back, as his eyes met those of some foul alligator peering upward through the clear depths below." This and more is good enough, but there is nothing which would not suggest itself to a visitor to the British Museum or the Zoological Gardens. It is a catalogue, and rather too full a catalogue, of curiosities, without one of those vivid touches which reveals actual observation. At the end of the same volume, we have a real sketch from nature. Amyas and his friends walk to the cliffs of Lundy: "As they approached, a raven, who sat upon the topmost stone, black against the bright blue sky, flapped lazily away, and

sank down the abysses of the cliff, as if he had scented the corpses beneath the surge. Below them, from the gull-rock rose a thousand birds, and filled the air with sound; the choughs cackled, the hacklets wailed, the great black-backs laughed querulous defiance at the intruders, and a single falcon, with an angry bark, darted out from beneath their feet, and hung poised high aloft, watching the sea-fowl which swung slowly round and round below." That gives the atmospheric effect, and what we may call the dramatic character. Every phrase suggests a picture, and the whole description, of which I have quoted a bit, has real unity of effect, instead of being a simple enumeration of details.

When one reads some passages inspired by this hearty and simple-minded love of nature, one is sometimes half tempted to wish that Kingsley could have put aside his preachings, social, theological, and philosophical, and have been content with a function for which he was so admirably adapted. The men who can feel and make others feel the charms of beautiful scenery and stimulate the love for natural history do us a service which, if not the highest, is perhaps the most unalloyed by any mixture of evil. Kingsley would have avoided many errors and the utterance of much unsatisfactory dogmatism if he could have limited himself to such a duty. But to do so he must have been a man of narrower sympathies, less generous temper, and less hearty hatred of all evil influences. We could hardly wish him to have been other than he was, though we may wish that he had developed under more favorable circumstances. The weaknesses which marred his work and led to the exhaustion of his faculties were to be regretted, but were not such as to diminish the affection deserved by so cordial a nature. He is more or less responsible for those rather offensive persons, the viking and the muscular Christian. The viking, I suppose, must have been a humbug like other products of graphic history, and too much has been made of his supposed share in our ancestry. Kingsley had a feminine tenderness and an impatient excitability indicative of a different ancestry. He admires the huge, full-blooded barbarians, but only belongs to them on one side. He is as near to his delicate as to his muscular heroes, to Francis as to Amyas Leigh, and to the morbid poet, Vavasour, as to the more vigorous Tom Thurnall. In these days, when the viking or Berserker

element seems to be dying out of our literature, even this qualified and external worship of muscular vigor is valuable. There is something hectic and spasmodic about it, though it implies a homage to more healthy ideals. Kingsley, at any rate, hated the namby-pamby, and he tried, with too obvious an effort, to be simple and unaffected. His aims were thoroughly noble, though marred by his want of reserve and of intellectual stamina. He was too timid or too impatient to work out consistent theories or acquire much depth of conviction. But with all his shortcomings he succeeded in giving forcible utterance to truths of vital importance, though possibly requiring more embodiment, and brought vividly before our minds problems which most urgently press for a solution more satisfactory than he was able to reach.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

OF course they did not quarrel. We live in the nineteenth century. Tolerance of opinion exists in the domestic circle as well as elsewhere; and no reasonable man would like his wife to be that vague and colorless reproduction of her husband which Lady Sylvia, all unknown to Balfour, had striven to be. She ought to have her own convictions; she ought to know how to govern her own conduct; nay, more, he would allow her to do as she pleased. There was but one condition attached. "You shall have your own way in everything," said the man in the story to his wife; "but you can't expect to have my way too." Lady Sylvia was welcome to act as she pleased; but then he reserved the same liberty for himself.

This decision he came to without any bitterness of feeling. He was quite anxious to make all possible excuses for her. Doubtless she preferred Surrey to Piccadilly. It is true he had looked forward to her being a valuable helpmeet to him in his political life; but it was perhaps expecting too much of her that she should at once interest herself in the commonplace incidents of an election. He would

be well content if this beautiful, tender-eyed creature, whose excessive sensitiveness of conscience was, after all, only the result of her ignorance of the world, were to wait for him in that sylvan retreat, ready to receive him and cheer him with the sweet solicitude of her loving ways. And in the mean time, he would try to make their companionship as pleasant as possible; he would try to make this journey one to be remembered with pride and gratitude. If there were one or two subjects which they avoided in conversation, what of that?

And as soon as Lady Sylvia heard that the Chorleys and Mr. Bolitho had left Mainz, she became more tender and affectionate than ever towards her husband, and would do anything to meet his wishes. Learning that certain of his political friends were at the moment at Luzern, she offered to go thither at once, so that he might have something to interest him apart from the monotony of a wedding-trip; and, although, of course, he did not accept the offer, he recognized her intention, and was grateful to her. Was it not enough occupation for him to watch the effect on this ingenuous mind of the new wonders that she saw — as they went on to Schaffhausen, and the Tyrol, and Verona, and Venice?

In their hotel at Venice, Balfour ran against a certain Captain Courtenay, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. They had a chat in the evening, in the smoking-room.

"Seen Major Blythe, lately?" said Balfour, among other things.

"No," answered the other, somewhat coldly.

"You don't know, I suppose," asked Balfour, quite unconcernedly, "how that business at the C—— Club came off?"

The young man with the fair moustache eyed him narrowly. It is not a safe thing to tell a man evil things of his relatives, unless you know how they stand with regard to each other.

"Yes, I do know — eh — an unfortunate business — very. Fact is, Blythe wouldn't explain. I suppose there was some delay about the posting of that letter; and — and — I have no doubt that he would have paid the money next day if he had not been bullied about it. You see, a man does not like to be challenged in that way, supposing he has made a trifling mistake —"

"Yes," said Balfour, nodding his head in acquiescence; "but how was it settled?"

"Well," said the other, with some embarrassment, "the fact is — well, the committee — don't you know? — had to enforce the rules — and he wouldn't explain — and, in fact, he got a hint to resign —"

"Which he took, of course."

"I believe so."

Balfour said nothing further; but in his mind he coupled a remark or two with the name of Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe which that gentleman would have been startled to hear.

Then he went up-stairs to the sitting-room, and found Lady Sylvia at the open casement, looking out on the clear, blue-green, lambent twilight.

"Well, good wife," said he, gaily, "are you beginning to think of trudging home now? We ought to see a little of the Lilacs before all the leaves are gone. And there won't be much to keep me in London now, I fancy; they are getting more and more certain that the government won't bring on the dissolution before the new year."

She rose, and put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looked up into his face with grateful and loving eyes.

"That is so kind of you, Hugh. It will be so pleasant for us to get to know what home really is — after all these hotels! And you will be in time for the pheasants; I know several people will be so glad to have you."

Of course the merest stranger would be delighted to have so distinguished a person as Mr. Balfour come and shoot his pheasants for him; failing that, would she not herself, like a loyal and dutiful wife, go to her few acquaintances down there and represent to them the great honor they might have of entertaining her husband?

"I see there is to be a demonstration on the part of the agricultural laborers," said he, "down in Somersetshire. I should like to see that — I should like to have a talk with some of their leaders. But I am afraid we could not get back in time."

"My darling," she protested, seriously, "I can start at five minutes' notice. We can go to-night, if you wish!"

"Oh no, it isn't worth while," said he, absently. And then he continued: "I'm afraid your friends, the clergymen, are making a mistake as regards that question. I don't know who these leaders are; I should like to know more precisely their character and aims; but it will do no good to call them agitators, and suggest that they should be ducked in horse-ponds —"

"It is infamous!" said Lady Sylvia.

She knew nothing whatever about it. But she would have believed her husband if he had told her that St. Mark's was made of green cheese.

"I mean that it is unwise," said he without any enthusiasm. "Christ meant his Church to be the Church of the poor. The rich man has a bad time of it in the gospels. And you may depend on it that if you produce among the poorer classes the feeling that the Church of England is on the side of the rich — is the natural ally of the squires, landlords, and other employers — you are driving them into the hands of the Dissenters, and hastening on disestablishment."

"And serve them right, too," said she, boldly, "if they betray their trust. When the Church ceases to be of the nation, let it cease to be the national Church!"

This was a pretty speech. How many weeks before was it that Lady Sylvia was vowing to uphold her beloved Church against all comers, but more especially against a certain malignant iconoclast of the name of Mrs. Chorley? And now she was not only ready to assume that one or two random and incautious speeches represented the opinion of the whole of the clergymen of England, but she was also ready to have the connection between Church and State severed in order to punish those recusants.

"I am not sure," said Balfour, apparently taking no notice of this sudden recantation, "that something of that feeling has not been produced already. The working-man of the towns jeers at the parson. The agricultural laborer distrusts him; and will grow to hate him if he takes the landlord's side in this matter. Now, why does not the Archbishop of Canterbury seize the occasion? Why does he not come forward and say: 'Hold a bit, my friends. Your claims may be just; or they may be exorbitant: that is a matter for careful inquiry; and you must let your landlords be heard on the other side. But, whatever happens, don't run away with the notion that the Church has no sympathy with you; that the Church is the ally of your landlord; that it is the interest of your parson to keep you poor, ill-fed, ill-lodged, and ignorant. On the contrary, who knows so much about your circumstances? Who more fitting to become the mediator between you and your landlord? You may prefer to have leaders from your own ranks to fight your battles for you; but don't imagine that the parson looks on unconcerned, and above all don't expect to find him in league with your

opponents.' Some mischief could be avoided that way, I think."

"Hugh," said she, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I will go down to Somersetshire with you."

"And get up on a chair and address a crowd," said he, with a smile. "I don't think they would understand your speech, many of them."

"Well," said she, "perhaps I shall be better employed in making the Lilacs look very pretty for your return. And I shall have those slippers made up for you by that time. And, oh, Hugh—I wanted to ask you—don't you think we should have those cane rocking-chairs taken away from the smoking-room, now the colder evenings are coming in, and morocco easy-chairs put in their stead?"

"I am sure whatever you do will be right," said he.

"And papa will be back from Scotland then," said she. "And he writes me that my uncle and his family are going down for a few days; and it will be so pleasant to have a little party to meet us at the station——"

The expression of his face changed suddenly.

"Did you say your uncle?" said he, with a cold stare.

"Yes," said she, with innocent cheerfulness; "it will be quite pleasant to have some friends to welcome us, after our long stay among strangers. And I know papa will want us to go straight to the Hall, and dine there; and it will be so nice to see the dear old place—will it not?"

"No doubt," said he; and then he added, "Sylvia, if any invitation of that sort reaches you, you may accept for yourself, if you wish, but please leave me out of it."

She looked up, and perceived the singular alteration in his look; he had become cold, reserved, firm.

"What do you mean, Hugh?" she cried.

"Only this," said he, speaking distinctly. "I prefer not to dine at Willowby Hall, if your uncle is there. I do not wish to meet him."

"Why?" she said in amazement.

"I am not a talebearer," he answered. "It is enough for me that he is not the sort of person with whom I wish to sit down at table. More than that—but I am only expressing an opinion, mind; I don't wish to control your conduct—I think it might be better if you were to allow your acquaintance with your uncle's family quietly to drop."

"Do you mean," said she with the pale face becoming slightly flushed, "that I am to resolve not to see those relatives of mine any more—without having a word of reason for it?"

"I wished to spare you needless pain," said he in quite a gentle way. "If you want to know, I will tell you. To begin with, I don't think your uncle's dealings in regard to money matters are characterized by that precision—that—that scrupulous accuracy——"

"I understand," she said quickly, and the color in her face deepened. "But I did not expect you, of all men in the world, to reproach any one for his poverty. I did not expect that. My uncle is poor, I know——"

"Pardon me, Sylvia, I never made your uncle's lack of money a charge against him! I referred to a sort of carelessness—forgetfulness, let us say—as regards other people's money. However, let that pass. The next thing is more serious. As I understand, your uncle has been involved in some awkward business—arising from whist-playing—at the C——Club; and I hear this evening that he has resigned in consequence."

"Who told you that?"

"Captain Courtenay."

"The gentleman who is staying in this hotel?"

"Yes."

"Have you anything else to say against my uncle?" she demanded.

"I think I have said enough; I would rather have said nothing at all."

"And you ask me," she said, with some indignation in her voice, "to cut myself adrift from my relatives because you have listened to some story told by a stranger in a coffee-room. What do I know about Captain Courtenay? How can he tell what explanation my uncle may have of his having resigned that club? I must say, Hugh, your request is a most extraordinary one."

"Now, now, Sylvia," he said, good-naturedly, "you know I made no request; I do not wish to interfere in the slightest way with your liberty of action. It is true that I don't think your uncle and his family are fit people for you to associate with; but you must act as you think best. I, for one, don't choose to be thrown into their society."

Now Lady Sylvia had never had any great affection for her aunt, and she was not likely to hold her cousin Honoria in dear remembrance; but after all her rel-

atives were her relatives, and she became indignant that they should be spoken of in this way.

"Why did you make no objection before? Why did you go and dine at their house?"

He laughed.

"It suited my purpose to go," said he, "for I expected to spend a pleasant evening with you."

"You saw nothing wrong in my visiting them then."

"Then I had no right to offer you advice."

"And now that you have," said she, with a proud and hurt manner, "what advice do I get? I am not to see my own relations. They are not proper persons. But I suppose the Chorleys are: is that the sort of society you wish me to cultivate? At all events," she added, bitterly, "my relatives happen to have an $\frac{1}{2}$ or two in their possession."

"Sylvia," said he, going over and patting her on the shoulder, "you are offended — without cause. You can see as much of your uncle's family as you please. I had no idea you were so passionately attached to them."

That ended the affair for the moment; but during the next few days, as they travelled by easy stages homewards, an ominous silence prevailed as to their plans and movements subsequent to their reaching England. At Dover she found a telegram awaiting her at the hotel; without a word she put it before her husband. It was from Lord Willowby, asking his daughter by what train she and her husband would arrive, so that the carriage might be waiting for them.

"What shall I say?" she asked at length.

"Well," said he, slowly, "if you are anxious to see your relatives, and to spend some time with them, telegraph that you will be by the train that leaves Victoria at 5.15. I will take you down to the Lilacs; but I must leave you there. It will suit me better to spend a few days in town at present."

Her face grew very pale.

"I don't think," she said, "I need trouble you to go down with me. I can get to Victoria by myself. 5.15 I think you said?"

She rang for a blank telegraph-form.

"What are you going to do?" said Bal-four, struck by something peculiar in her manner.

"I am going to telegraph to papa to meet me at the station, as I shall be alone."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said he, gently but firmly. "You may associate with what people you please — and welcome; only there must be no public scandal as regards the relations between you and me. Either you will go on with me to Piccadilly, and remain there; or I go down with you to the Lilacs, and leave you to go over to the Hall if you wish to do so."

She telegraphed to her father that they had postponed their return to the Lilacs, and would remain in town for the present. She bought a shilling novel at the station, and silently and assiduously cried behind it the greater part of the journey up to town. Arrived in London, the poor martyr suffered herself to be dragged away to that lonely house in Piccadilly. It was a sorrowful home-coming.

Then the cup of her sorrows was not yet full. With an inhuman cruelty her husband (having had his own ends served) sought to make light of the whole matter. All that evening he tried to tease her into a smile of reconciliation; but her wrongs lay too heavily upon her. He had even the brutality to ask her whether she could invite the Chorleys to dine with them on the following Friday; and whether they had not better get a new dessert-service for the occasion. He did well, she thought, to mention the Chorleys. These were the people he considered it fit that she should meet: her own relatives he would debar.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

A COMING CLOSE APPROACH OF MARS.

IN August 1719 a ruddy star, far brighter than any of that color which persons then living remembered to have seen, was observed shining towards the south at midnight. Astronomers knew it to be the planet Mars, but Mars had not shone so resplendently for seventy-nine years, nor was the planet again to shine so brightly for seventy-nine years to come. Persons who were ignorant or who knew but little of astronomy supposed that some new star had made its appearance. Baron de Zach, in his "*Correspondance Astronomique*," states that considerable alarm was experienced on this account. In 1798 the idea was again entertained by many that a new star was shining in the heavens, though men do not appear to have been much alarmed in consequence. In the autumn of the present year the planet

Mars will present a similar appearance of unusual splendor, and as he will not be seen under such favorable conditions again during the present century, or indeed during the lifetime of any of the astronomers now living, considerable interest is attached to the circumstance, and preparations are being made in all observatories for the careful study of the planet's position and appearance.

It may be interesting, before proceeding to describe the features of interest which this planet presents, and especially the circumstances which render astronomers anxious to observe Mars with exceptional care during his approaching visit, to explain why the planet is much more favorably placed for observation on some occasions than on others. It is singular how little is generally known, even by many who read books of astronomy, respecting either the real or the apparent motions of the planets. Indeed, one may go a little further and say that few are aware even how the stars are carried by the diurnal motion round the vault of the heavens, though the motion is going on unchangingly, hour by hour, day by day, year by year. The astronomer royal once told me that he was satisfied many well-educated persons had never noticed the fact that the stars rise and set (many of them) and are carried over from east to west like the sun and the moon. How easily such matters may escape attention is shown also by the fact that in a little primer of astronomy, prepared by one who has observed the celestial bodies with the telescope, the strange mistake is made of describing the stars which pass overhead in London as rising and setting on a slant, whereas in point of fact *those* stars never rise and set at all, or come within two dozen moon-breadths of the horizon. But it is less surprising that the motions of the planets should be unfamiliar to many, for these motions, though really simple enough, are, in appearance, very complicated. Nor can they be recognized or thoroughly understood in a few nights, or even in many years, from actual unassisted observation of the heavens. If the planet Mars, for example, were simply watched as he traversed the star sphere, and his place mapped down night after night when he could be seen (the parts of his track where he could not be seen being filled in by inference), he would be found to move in the following strange way. After travelling awhile as the sun does in his yearly course (forwards let us call this motion) he stops, goes a goodly distance

back, and then advances again, his track thus making an irregular loop. Then he advances again, going more than round the star sphere again, and makes another backward loop, about a seventh of a circuit in advance of his former loop. Again he goes more than once round advancingly, and then makes another backward loop; and so on continually, each loop lying rather less than a seventh of a circuit of the heavens in front of the preceding loop. Thus rather more than seven of these advances, each with its corresponding backward loop, carry the loops once round the heavens; so that if the track, for instance, had been marked down on a globe, there would be a crown of loops, so to speak, round the globe, besides seven circlings. Or, to use a strange, but, I think, effective illustration — suppose a person's head to represent the star sphere; imagine a cord passed once round the head, passing from right ear over forehead to left ear, and a loop made on the forehead, the cord carried again round the head and a loop made over the left temple, the cord carried again round and a loop made a little back of the left ear, and so on until a set of seven loops had been made, the cord making rather more than a complete circuit between each. Then, roughly, the set of circuits and loops would represent the apparent circuits and loopings of the track of Mars during an interval comprising seven of his returns to our night skies.

Now it is when in the middle of one of his downward loops that Mars is at his nearest for that visit, and most favorably placed for observation, because shining highest above the horizon at midnight. The average interval between these occasions amounts to about two years and fifty days; so that one may say that Mars is well placed for observation at intervals of about this length. But although this is in a general sense true, there is a great difference between the circumstances under which he is seen at different returns of this kind. His path, and the earth's path round the sun may be compared to the track followed by the extremities of the minute hand and hour hand of an ordinary clock, the earth having the inside (or hour-hand) track. The rates of motion, however, are not like those of the clock hands. The earth on the inside track goes round once in a year; Mars on the outside track once in six hundred and eighty-seven days, or about six weeks short of two years. The two hands of the mighty clock come together — that is,

the earth and Mars come to be placed like the ends of the hour hand and minute hand of a clock at noon, or at any other time when the hands are together — once in about two years and fifty days. Then the earth is at its nearest to Mars; Mars also, being on the side of the earth remote from the sun — the centre of our imagined clock-face — is highest above the horizon when the sun is lowest below the horizon, or at midnight. Moreover, Mars turning the same face towards both the earth and the sun, we see him fully and fairly illuminated. If my dial illustration were perfect, all these occasions would be alike each equally favorable for the study of the planet. But Mars does not travel in a circle round the sun as centre in the same way that the end of a minute hand travels in a circle round the common axis of hour and minute hand. To make the illustration exact, or rather more exact, the hour hand alone must be supposed to turn round an axis at the centre of the clock-face, while the minute hand turns round an axis somewhat eccentrically placed. Say the minute hand and hour hand are respectively about ten inches and six and a half inches long, then the minute hand must turn round an axis very nearly an inch from the centre. It is easily seen that when the two hands come together, the distance between their ends will vary considerably according to the place where the conjunction happens. If it is on the side where the eccentric axis lies, the distance will be nearly an inch more than the mean distance; or, this last being three and a half inches, the distance between the ends of the hands will be nearly four and a half inches. On the opposite side the distance will be correspondingly reduced, and will be little more than two and a half inches. Thus the distances between the two hands will vary between these very different values — four and a half inches, and two and a half inches.

Such is the case with the orbit of Mars. He has a mean distance from the sun of about one hundred and forty millions of miles, the earth's mean distance being about ninety-two millions, according to the results obtained from the recent transit of Venus. Thus, the average distance separating the two planets when Mars is at one of his near approaches already described, or in opposition, as it is called, amounts to about forty-eight millions of miles. But the centre of his path, which in *shape* is very nearly circular, is separated by more than thirteen millions of

miles from the sun; so that his distance from us on these occasions, instead of being always about forty-eight millions of miles, ranges from about sixty-one millions to about thirty-five millions. Here I have taken no account of the fact that the earth's path also has its centre displaced from the sun; but the displacement, being only about one and one-half millions of miles, is much less important than the other. It so chances, however, that it increases the variation in the distance of Mars from us when he is in opposition, so that the actual range is from nearly sixty-two millions of miles to little more than thirty-four millions.

Now, it will be very obvious to the reader that we study Mars under much more favorable conditions when he is but thirty-four or thirty-five millions of miles from us than when his distance amounts to sixty-one or sixty-two millions of miles. The difference will be appreciated if we compare the appearance of the same object at thirty-four and sixty-one feet or yards, or at three hundred and forty and six hundred and ten yards, if more convenient. The apparent size of his disc is greater at the less than at the greater distance in the proportion of about three to one, and the apparent area of any part of his surface increased in the same degree. But this is not all. Not only is he nearer to us, but he is nearer also to the sun by twenty-six millions of miles; and although not nearer in the same degree (for amount and degree are different things), yet still there is a quite appreciable difference in the illumination of his surface. Thirteen millions of miles is a less important part of his mean distance from the sun — one hundred and forty millions — than of his mean opposition distance — forty-eight millions of miles — yet it tells; for illumination diminishes as the square of the distance from the illuminating body. Making the calculation for this case, we find that Mars when at his nearest to the sun is more brightly illuminated than when at his farthest, in the proportion of about sixteen to eleven. Combining this with the increase of the apparent size of his disc, we find that he would be brighter when absolutely at his nearest, than when making one of his opposition approaches under least favorable conditions, in the proportion of forty-eight to eleven, or much more than four to one. It is because of this wide range of opposition splendor that Mars sometimes surprises those unacquainted with astronomy by his unusual brightness. Next autumn he

will look like a new star to those who have never seen him under such favorable conditions, for he will then come to opposition when very near his place of nearest approach to the sun.* In direction, he will not be farther from that place than the minute hand of a clock is from the noon point one and two-thirds minutes after passing it.

I may pause here for a moment to consider a difficulty which has probably occurred to the thoughtful reader. If, after making about seven of his nearest approaches, Mars has carried them (so to speak) once round the celestial sphere, the interval between each and the next averaging only two years and fifty days, it would seem that once in about seven times this interval, or in about fifteen years, he should make his near approach in the most favorable part of his orbit, whereas at the beginning of this essay I spoke of an interval of seventy-nine years as separating the great splendors of the planet of war. The fact really is, that Mars's variation of distance is sufficient to cause a moderate displacement from his place of nearest approach to tell considerably on his brightness. Now, if we take seven times two years and fifty days, we get, not fifteen years exactly, but fifteen years less fifteen days. If we had taken the former period rightly, for it is really somewhat less than two years and fifty days, we get fifteen years less nineteen and one-half days. And these nineteen and one-half days make a great difference. As the reader knows, the heaven of the fixed stars is carried once round in a year, so that in nineteen and one-half days it is carried round by about one-nineteenth part, and it is this portion of a circuit which will separate Mars's place of nearest approach in the year 1892 (fifteen years, that is, hence) from the place among the stars where we shall see him at his brightest this year. Seventeen years later, or in 1909, he will be about ten days' journey on the other side of this last-named spot; but he will not make a near approach to it for seventy-nine years from now. It does so chance that in 1892 he will not be much less bright than this year, for the place of his return at seventy-nine yearly intervals to the part of the sky where he

was so very bright in 1719 is slowly passing away from the actual point of nearest approach. He was less than three degrees from it in 1719, some six degrees from it in 1798, and he will be about ten degrees from it next September. At the return in 1956 he will be thirteen degrees from it, and thereafter these seventy-nine yearly returns will not be notable. Fifteen years later, or in August 1971, the planet will be more favorably seen (about as favorably as this year), and at seventy-nine-yearly intervals from that later date Mars will be more and more splendid at each return (after the interval named), during three or four centuries. But it will be better for us to observe him well next autumn than to consider how he will look in August and September, A.D. 2188.

The interest of his approaching visit does not reside chiefly in the fact that his physical appearance may then be studied under most favorable conditions. His approach interests astronomers for the same reason that the recent transit of Venus interested them, viz., as supplying a means whereby the sun's distance may be re-measured. Let us consider why this is.

When we speak of determining the sun's distance, we mean, in reality, determining the dimensions of the solar system. We know the proportions of that system perfectly, but we wish to know also its scale. And precisely as the measurement of any part whatever of a building of known proportions would give the size of the whole or of any other part, so the measurement of any part of the solar system (outside the orbit of our own special companion orb, the moon) will give the dimensions of the entire system. Astronomers naturally select parts of the solar system as near the earth as possible, as for instance, that part of the orbit of our next neighbor Venus where she comes nearest to the earth, or that part of the orbit of our next neighbor on the other side, the ruddy Mars, where he comes nearest to the earth. Venus, lying on a track inside the earth's, is unfortunately placed when nearest to us; for when we look towards her at that time we look towards the sun — it is broad day, and Venus only to be detected with powerful telescopes, if at all. When, at that time, she chances to come so exactly between the earth and sun as to cross the sun's face, the case is altered; then her position can be correctly observed from parts of the earth far apart (giving, as it were, a base line), and her distance thus determined, whence we infer the distance of the sun.

* As a rule I object strongly to the use of technical terms in descriptions intended for popular use. But there are occasions when they are necessary to avoid verbosity. I have explained above what is meant by the opposition of Mars, comparing it to the proximity of the end of the minute hand to the end of the hour hand of a clock when the two hands come together.

Mars, when at his nearest, is not quite so near, and so is less suited for the purpose of astronomers than the planet of love in that respect. She at her nearest lies some twenty-five million miles from us, he some thirty-four million miles. But in all other respects he is, at such a time, a far more suitable object of observation than Venus when at her nearest, and even — there is reason to believe — than Venus in transit. To begin with, he shows a bright disk on a dark sky. Then he remains well placed for observation for a fortnight or so, and fairly placed for a month or two. The dark sky has stars upon it, not only those visible to the naked eye, but the tens of thousands of stars brought into view with the telescope; and the stars nearest to the planet serve to enable astronomers to determine very exactly the planet's position. Now, what the astronomer wants is to determine to what degree the planet's position is affected by the position of the observer on the earth. If two observers at the end of a long terrestrial base-line, say a line five or six thousand miles in length, see the planet at points on the star vault measurably distant from each other, the planet's distance is determinable. The planet lies at the apex, in fact, of a very long triangle of which that terrestrial base-line of five or six thousand miles is the very short base; and the observed very small displacement measures the very small apex angle. Base and apex angle of a triangle having equal long sides being known, the length of these sides is known — that is, in this case, the planet's distance. That known, the sun's distance, or any other dimension of the solar system, can at once be determined.

That is one way in which the near approach of the planet Mars can be utilized for the purpose we are considering. But it is not the only way or the best way. It is in one sense the simplest, and the most easily understood, for the process is, in essentials, the very same which a land-surveyor applies to determine the distance of a remote object — church, or castle, or rock, as the case may be. He observes it from either end of a measured base-line, and, noting the difference of direction, determines by a simple calculation the distance of the object. The method was naturally the first to suggest itself to astronomers. It was also employed successfully, not indeed before the other methods presently to be described, but before any of the other methods which have been used by astronomers. Even in

the old rough observing days of Tycho Brahe and Kepler something was obtained from observations of Mars, though not by this method, for Kepler, from observations made by Tycho, was able to assert that the sun's distance was certainly not less than thirteen millions of miles — but might be many times greater. The fact was, as Kepler saw, that as yet observation was not exact enough to show any measurable displacement of the planet. Cassini, towards the end of the seventeenth century, comparing observations of Mars by himself and other astronomers in France with others made by Richer at Cayenne, deduced for the sun's distance eighty-five million five hundred thousand miles — a very fair approach to the truth for those days.

The other method may be thus described. Imagine an observer on Mars at the time when observations by the first method are being made. The dark side of the earth would be turned towards him, but suppose he could see it, and see also the two stations whence he was being observed, one in the northern hemisphere, the other in the southern. The angle between the two lines of sight from our Martial observer to these two stations would be just the angle which the two terrestrial astronomers would want to determine. It would, of course, be very small, for the earth seen from Mars is not so large as Venus seen from the earth, and we know what a mere bright point of light she looks like. Now our observer on Mars would recognize not only a distance, though small, between the two stations north and south of our equator, but also a similar distance between two stations on the east and west of the small disc of the earth. It might occur to him that two observers placed at such stations would have quite as good a chance of determining his distance as the two placed north and south of the equator; only, he would reason, that distant earth is rotating from west to east, and observers stationed far apart on an east and west line would have their position seriously affected by such rotation, and so not be able to make satisfactory observations, unless absolutely sure about the time, and therefore about their position as affected by rotation. He would, therefore, reject that method as unsuitable; for two observers, thousands of miles apart east and west, would not be able to compare their time with the necessary exactitude. But, he might go on to reason, by that earth's rotation one and the same observer is carried from

the east to the west of the disc in about twelve hours of our Martial day, which is not very different from the day of those terrestrial folk. Why should not a terrestrial make observations when on the western side (soon after evening twilight the time would be for terrestrials), and, after waiting nearly twelve hours, make observations from the eastern side (shortly before morning twilight)? The two lines of sight would be inclined to each other quite as much as two lines from the north and south; the same observer would do the work with the same instruments; and if terrestrial astronomers generally could not calculate the effects due to the rotation and to the planet's motion in the interval, then (would the Martialist say) they are not the men I take them to be, or worthy to live on a globe so much better suited for the work of measuring the solar system than is this small orb on which we Martialists live.

The method of observation suggested to our imagined Martialist occurred early to our English astronomer, Flamsteed. It depends on noting Mars from the same station in early evening, when the station is as far as possible to the west, and in the morning, when the same station is as far as possible to the east, of an imaginary line joining the centre of the earth and Mars. Rotation accomplishes, in the course of some ten hours or so, the work of shifting the astronomer's position as effectually as, by the other method, a month or so of travelling would do it. And whereas by the other method two different astronomers are at work with different instruments, by this method the same observer and the same telescope are employed throughout. Flamsteed was not very successful in applying the method, his estimate of the sun's distance amounting to only eighty-two million miles, some ten millions short of the true distance. But recently it has been very successfully applied, as, for instance, in 1862, when it gave for the sun's distance some ninety-two million three hundred thousand miles, according to Professor Newcomb's calculation, which is within half a million miles of the true distance. We may fairly expect that this year it will be still more successfully employed.

I wish to call some attention in passing to the fact that an expedition to the Mauritius has been proposed for the observation of Mars by this method. Mars will be better seen from places south of the equator than from northern stations. The reason is simply that, when most favorably

placed, at the beginning of September, he will be close to that part of the heavens where the sun is, half a year from that time, or in the beginning of March, when, as we know, the sun is somewhat south of the equator. Thus he is seen low down from our northerly latitudes. In the southern hemisphere, for the same reason, he will be seen above the equator, for in that hemisphere, as we know, the celestial equator lies above the northern horizon, instead of above the southern as with us, so that a part of the sky south of it is above instead of below that circle. At the Mauritius Mars at midnight will be nearly overhead. But it is not at midnight that he is to be chiefly observed, but five hours or so before and after midnight. Now at a station north of the equator he would be either very close to the horizon at these hours or actually below the horizon. At stations somewhat south of the equator he will be as well placed as he can be at those hours. The station must not be too far south, for, of course, the farther a place is from the terrestrial equator the smaller the effects of rotation. A person at the equator is carried round nearly twenty-five thousand miles in the twenty-four hours, whereas one in sixty degrees north or south latitude is carried round only half that distance.

It is proposed to apply to government for the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the proposed expedition. These would not be very heavy; in fact, the estimate made by Mr. David Gill, the astronomer who has proffered his services on this occasion, amounts only to £500—a mere nothing compared with the thousands voted for the expeditions to view the late transit of Venus. Lord Lindsay has lent his fine heliometer, already used by Mr. Gill at the Mauritius during the transit, and before and after that event in work well suited to prepare him for observing Mars by the method proposed and with this instrument. Whether government will accede to the request addressed to it remains to be seen. (Possibly the result may be known before this paper appears.) In any case, however, the money is almost certain to be provided, seeing that not only the Astronomical Society as a body, but individual members of it independently, would willingly subscribe the sum, should governmental economy prevent so much being granted for the proposed expedition.

And now let us briefly consider some of the questions of interest, other than the determination of the sun's distance, which

astronomers will deal with during the approaching visit of Mars. In passing I may remark, that we can readily understand why the observations for measuring the sun's distance should be regarded as of chief importance, for all our ideas respecting not merely the dimensions but the physical condition of the planets depend on this fundamental problem of measurement. The greater the scale of the solar system, the larger are all the various portions of planets or their systems brought into view by the telescope, the grander are the processes taking place upon the planets, the vaster the funds of energy possessed by each planet, and by the sun, which vivifies the whole system of planets. It is, however, as an element of the physics of astronomy, not as belonging to practical astronomy, that the problem of the sun's distance has been attacked by astronomers. There is absolutely no practical value whatever in the exactest knowledge of the sun's size and distance.

Mars presents many features of interest. He is, in fact, the planet which we study under most favorable conditions, though in the telescope he does not present so noble an aspect as Jupiter or such remarkable phenomena as Saturn. At the distance of either of those orbs Mars would be utterly insignificant in appearance; indeed, at the greater distance he would be scarce visible without telescopic aid. But we see his small surface on a far greater scale than that of Jupiter or Saturn. It is only the vastness of the cloud masses surrounding those larger planets which enables us to recognize their belts and other atmospheric phenomena. In the case of Mars the features are all much smaller, resembling much more nearly those which exist on our earth. We must remember, therefore, in considering them, that they are not comparable directly with those perceived in the remoter but larger members of the solar system. It is too common a mistake in our books of astronomy to describe the disc of one planet, and afterwards, in similar terms, the disc of another, with pictures similar in size, in such sort as to suggest that a close resemblance exists, when in reality a brief inquiry into the real dimensions would show that features not very dissimilar in appearance must be utterly unlike in real character.

In the first place, as to the dimensions and mass of Mars.

The diameter of Mars has been very variously estimated, some measurements making it less than four thousand miles,

while according to others it exceeds five thousand miles. Probably the true diameter is about forty-four hundred miles, so that his volume is about a sixth part of the earth's. His mass is less in proportion to hers, not amounting to one-eighth of the earth's. On this point we have not such satisfactory evidence as in the case of those planets which have moons. The astronomer can weigh a planet which has moons, or (like Neptune) a single moon, very satisfactorily. We only have to notice how the planet treats its moon, with what energy the planet deflects the moon from the straight path which otherwise the moon would follow, and to compare that action with our earth's action upon her moon, to learn how much more massive or less massive that planet is than our earth. When a planet has no moon we must trust to less satisfactory methods of weighing — methods less satisfactory, at least, in the case of small planets, like Mercury or Mars, for Jupiter's weight has been as satisfactorily determined from the influence he exerts on other planets as from his pull on his own moons. However, Leverrier has so thoroughly worked out the theory of the motions of the planets, that the mass of Mars inferred from these motions may fairly be accepted as not very far from the truth.

Mars is, then, but a miniature of our earth. His density is less than hers, as we might expect from the relative smallness of his mass, and consequently of his power to gather in and condense the material of his globe.

Under telescopic scrutiny Mars presents appearances which seem to indicate some resemblance to our own earth. He is certainly of all the planets the one which has given the most positive direct evidence of resemblance, though Venus, I apprehend, is really more like our earth than he is.

The globe of Mars shows certain dark regions of a faintly greenish or bluish grey tint, which have been long known as the seas of Mars, though it has been but recently that they have been shown by unmistakable evidence to be aqueous. The other parts of his disc are, in the main, of a faintly ruddy hue. Near the edge both the greenish and the ruddy portions are lost to view in a diffused whiteness. At two opposite parts of the globe exceedingly bright white patches are seen. These are found to occupy the regions around the planet's poles. For the dark and ruddy markings are seen to be carried round by a rotational movement, the careful study of which has indicated the posi-

tion of the polar axis. Maraldi, early in the last century, found that the bright white spots or patches changed in shape. As he noted that one of them was diminishing, he inferred that it would eventually disappear. But Sir W. Herschel, later, observed that the two white spots alternate in size, now diminishing and anon increasing. The idea naturally suggested itself to him to compare them to the arctic and antarctic snows of our own earth; and as his observations showed that each increases and diminishes alternately at periods corresponding to the winter and summer of its own hemisphere of Mars (just as our arctic snows increase and diminish in the winter and summer of the northern hemisphere, while the antarctic snows increase and diminish in the winter and summer of the southern hemisphere), he was strengthened in the belief that the spots really are snow-caps. Still, however, not a particle of direct evidence had been obtained to show that they consist of snow, or that the dark markings are oceans. For aught that was then known, as Whewell subsequently pointed out, elements entirely different from those we are familiar with might exist in that distant planet. Similarly with certain whitish cloudlike objects which gathered at times over the dark or ruddy markings, clearing off sometimes in a few hours. These might be ordinary rain-clouds, or they might be caused by temporary snow-falls, or by hoar-frost, or by mist or other phenomena, such as owe their occurrence to the presence of water. But also they might, so far as was certainly known, be due to other elements altogether, and to processes of which we have no terrestrial experience.

It was not until the year 1864 that the existence of water on Mars was demonstrated. There is nothing, to my mind, more remarkable in the history of spectroscopic analysis than this discovery. That it should be possible to assert as confidently that water exists on the planet Mars as though we had been able to procure portions of the Martial seas for analysis in our laboratories is one of the veritable marvels of science. Yet, as with many other marvellous results, the method of discovery is simple. The light of the sun passing through the planet's air falls on the surface of the lands and seas, and is thence reflected, passing once again through the Martial air. Thus the beams of that reflected light which reach our earth have twice passed through the atmosphere of the planet, and may bring as certain information respecting the con-

stitution of that atmosphere as a beam of light which the chemist had caused to pass through some solution might bring to him respecting the nature of that solution. The mere distance which the light has travelled in bringing the message is of no moment, so long as it does not too greatly reduce the intensity of the light. Enough light remaining to form a clearly visible spectrum, this spectrum will indicate, or may indicate, by its nature, the quality of the atmosphere through which it has passed on its way to us. True, it has first to come through our own air, and the news it brings about the Martial air may be more or less intermixed with information about our own air. But if the time of observation be so chosen that the planet is high above our horizon, our air, we know, will very little affect the result; for when the sun is high we see none of those lines in his spectrum which are produced by our own air when he is low down.

Proceeding on this principle, Mr. Huggins, during the opposition of Mars in October 1864, received from the planet's light the following information: "The same vapor exists in the air of Mars which produces what are called the atmospheric lines in the sun's spectrum when the sun is low down." Now these lines are known to be chiefly due to the vapor of water. This has been proved in a variety of ways. Prof. Cooke, for instance, of Cambridge, Mass., demonstrated the fact (I believe he was the first to do so) by ascertaining that these lines are stronger or fainter according as our air is moister or drier. Janssen demonstrated it thus: Having a telescope armed with spectroscope on the Faulhorn in Switzerland, he caused pine fires to be lighted at Geneva, thirteen miles from the Faulhorn, and, observing the spectrum of the flame, found in it the dark lines seen in the spectrum of the setting sun. This, of course, only proved that the dark lines really are caused by our air, though the circumstances were such as to suggest that the aqueous vapor of the air, not the oxygen and hydrogen, produced the lines. To test this point, Janssen made use of an iron cylinder one hundred and eighteen feet long, placed at his disposal by the Paris Gas Company. He forced steam through it until all the air had been driven out, then filled it with steam, and closed both ends by pieces of strong glass. A bright flame (produced by sixteen gas-burners) was then placed at one end, and analyzed by means of a spectroscope placed at the other. The light, after thus travelling through one hundred

and eighteen feet of aqueous vapor, gave a spectrum crossed by groups of dark lines corresponding to those seen in the spectrum of the horizontal sun.

Since, then, these lines are seen in the spectrum of Mars under conditions which show that they are not caused by our own air, it follows certainly that they belong to the air of Mars, and indicate the presence of the same vapor there which in our own air produces these lines—the vapor of water.

But the demonstration of the presence of the vapor of water in the atmosphere of Mars brings with it many interesting conclusions. We need now no longer hesitate to regard the greenish regions as seas, the reddish regions as lands. The bright spots at the poles must now be regarded as veritable snow-caps. (And, in passing, the strange thought is suggested that man, who has thus far proved utterly unable to reach a spot whence his eye can rest on either pole of our earth, has been able to contemplate, though certainly from a remote distance, the ice-bound poles of the planet Mars.) The whitish patches which at times hide the features of the planet may fairly be regarded as due to rain-clouds, though it is not altogether certain that in some cases snow-fall, or hoar-frost, or low-lying mists may not cause these transient peculiarities. The whitish appearance round the edge of the planet has been explained in three different ways: as due to morning and evening mists, as indicating the presence of rounded clouds in the planet's atmosphere (for such clouds would seem to thicken towards the edge in the same way that the scattered summer clouds of our own air seem to aggregate near the horizon), and as due to light snows falling towards eventide and melting in the forenoon. Whatever interpretation we regard as more probable, we must, in any case, admit that the phenomenon belongs to the meteorology of Mars.

In considering the condition of the planet's atmosphere, account must be taken of the fact that even if the quantity of air over each square mile of his surface equals the quantity over each square mile of the earth's, the air of Mars would be much less dense than ours. The attraction of gravity at his surface is little more than a third of terrestrial gravity, and the pressure and density of his air must be correspondingly less. It is, however, a necessary, though somewhat strange consequence of this relation, that the atmosphere of Mars must be much

deeper than ours, at least on the assumption just made as to its quantity. The attraction of our earth doubles atmospheric pressure in every three and a half miles of descent from considerable heights towards the surface of the earth. So that at a height of three and a half miles the pressure is but one-half that at the sea-level; at seven miles, a fourth; at ten and a half, an eighth; at fourteen, a sixteenth; and so on. Now, in the case of Mars, about nine miles of descent are required to double, or nine miles of ascent to halve, the atmospheric pressure. Thus, assuming the same quantity of air above each square mile of surface as in the case of our own earth, whence the atmospheric pressure at the sea-level of Mars would be equal to about seven-eighths that at our sea-level, we find that this pressure would be reduced to one-half at a height of nine miles, to one-fourth at a height of eighteen miles. But a fourth of seven-eighths is nearly a tenth—so that thus, at a height of eighteen miles from the surface of Mars, the atmospheric pressure is still nearly a tenth that at our sea-level, whereas at a height of only fourteen miles from the earth's surface the pressure is reduced to one-sixteenth only of the sea-level pressure. And we obtain a similar result even if we assume (which, by the way, is far more probable than the assumption made above) that the quantity of Martial air is proportioned to his mass, in which case the quantity above each square mile of his surface would be less than a third the quantity above each square mile of the earth's surface, and the pressure reduced to about a ninth. For, proceeding as before, we easily find that at a height of twenty-eight miles our air is reduced in density to 1-256th of its sea-level density, whereas at a height of twenty-seven miles above the surface of Mars, the density on this our second assumption would be an eighth of a ninth part, or 1-72nd of the sea-level density of our atmosphere. It is strange to reflect that *cæteris paribus* the smaller planets have the most widely extending air, while it would be to Jupiter and Saturn that we should have to look for shallow but very dense atmospheric envelopes, did not the intense heat of their globes expand the air enormously, and prevent the compression which otherwise it must experience.

The same reasons which render it probable that the atmosphere of Mars is proportioned to the planet's mass suggest that the same holds with the water on the

planet's surface. In this case, assuming (which, however, is extremely improbable) that the planet is in the same stage of development as the earth, the oceans and seas would be much smaller in relative extent than those of our own earth. For the mass of the planet is but about the eighth of our earth's, whereas the surface is nearer a third than a quarter of the earth's. With one-eighth the quantity of water distributed over even only a quarter of the surface, there would be only half as much water per square mile, and consequently the surface of Mars would show seas and oceans smaller in proportion to the planet's size than the seas and oceans of our earth. We must add to this the probability that the planet is relatively much older than the earth; for, being smaller, all the stages of its development would last a shorter time, and therefore it would have passed through more of them by this time. There are reasons for believing that as a planet grows old it dries up; not that the quantity of water actually diminishes, but that it is gradually withdrawn into the planet's interior. We see the final, or at least a very late stage of this process, in the case of our moon, which, being much smaller even than Mars, is a yet older world. Venus, our earth's sister world, seems to be in much the same condition that she is, if one may judge from the evidence obtained as to the condition of her atmosphere, which certainly is not less extensive or less humid in general than our earth's. Mars, intermediate to the moon and earth in age, seems intermediate in condition also, having seas and oceans, whereas the moon has none, but seas and oceans much less extensive than those of our earth.

Considerable interest will attach to the observations to be made next August and September on the lands and seas of Mars. These have been charted, first by Sir W. Herschel, then by Mädler, next by Kaiser, and lastly by myself. My chart, based chiefly on observations made by the late Mr. Dawes, sometimes called the "eagle-eyed Dawes," contains more detail than the others, and is, I believe, the first which has been successfully employed to determine beforehand the appearance of the planet. In the spring of 1873 I published a series of views of Mars as she would appear if the chart were correctly laid down, during the summer of that year. Several of these views agreed so closely with the truth, that telescopists stated that the pictures, drawn months before, might have been made at the telescope, so closely

did they accord with the aspect of the planet. Other views showed less exact agreement, and, in particular, certain features showed themselves in one part of the planet which indicated that Mr. Dawes's study of that region must have been conducted when Martian clouds concealed some of its more marked features. Dr. Terby, of Louvain, has carefully examined a great number of views of the planet, noting features which differ from some of those in my chart, and raising certain questions as to the conformation of the Martian lands and seas. Some of these, we may well believe, will be resolved by astronomers during the approaching opposition. I may remark, that I altogether agree with Dr. Terby in thinking that some at least of the parts of my chart to which we refer will have to undergo alteration when more complete surveys have been made. In fact, most of these parts are only drawn in on my chart with dotted lines, because of my own recognition of the doubtful nature of the evidence. In passing, I may note, that M. Flammarion has summarily settled the whole matter by effecting all the alterations which Dr. Terby thought might *perhaps* have to be made, and publishing the chart so altered as his own (after also altering most of the names): a proceeding which roused Dr. Terby to make a somewhat lively reclamation, justified, I think, by the facts of the case.

Lastly, it is probable that observations will be made during the planet's approaching visit by which the period of rotation of Mars may be freshly tested, though I may be permitted to doubt whether any correction will be made either next autumn or for many years yet to come in my determination of the length of the Martian day as twenty-four hours thirty-seven minutes twenty-two seconds and seven-tenths of a second; for the timing of a planet's rotation is not to be effected by the observations of a few months, however accurate they may be, but by combining together observations ranging over a great number of years. Sir W. Herschel made an error of two full minutes in his estimate based on observations covering two years. Mädler, taking observations ranging over the oppositions between the years 1830 and 1837, deduced for the Martian day twenty-four hours thirty-seven minutes twenty-three seconds eight-tenths, which was a very close approach for so limited a range of observation. I was not aware, when in 1867 I attacked the problem and brought together the entire series of observations

between 1666 and 1867, that Kaiser, of Leyden, had a year or two before undertaken the same task. My result differed from his by one-tenth of a second, which was a serious matter! For when, as in this case, nearly ninety thousand rotations of the planet were taken into account, one-tenth of a second for each gave nearly nine thousand seconds, or two and a half hours, for the actual difference in the two centuries. It appeared, however, that Kaiser had counted two days too many in the interval, having probably counted the years 1700 and 1800 as leap years, and the consequent correction (the difference between two of our days and two Martian days) brought our calculations nearly into agreement. I had called the rotation period twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, twenty-two seconds and seventy-

three hundredths, whereas his value gave sixty-two hundredths, and when corrected sixty-nine hundredths. After the re-examination to which I had had to subject the entire question, I felt satisfied that the hundredths could not yet be trusted. But the value twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, twenty-two seconds and seven-tenths is not, I venture to assert, in error by so much as one-twentieth part of a second. Thus one planet at least has been timed and rated; and should our earth, as astronomers opine, be slowly losing its rotation-spin owing to the retarding action of the tidal wave, or from whatever cause, we have in the tideless Mars a celestial timepiece, which a few hundreds of years hence may afford direct external evidence of that process of change.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

SOME interesting observations on the habits of the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands by Surgeon-Major Hodder appear in the appendix to the report of the Army Medical Department for 1875, just issued. The account given of these people, though not on the whole unfavorable, does not leave the impression that they form a pleasant society, or that the islands are a desirable place of residence. With the exception of a considerable variety of birds, there is a great deficiency of animal life — wild pigs and cats are nearly all that are known or believed to exist. Insects, lizards, and snakes are, however, common. The aborigines are not cannibals, as reported, and indignantly deny the imputation, nor are they, as has been stated, deformed and hideous, though not exactly prepossessing in appearance. In height they vary from 4 ft. 9 in. to 5 ft. 1 in.; they are extremely black, more so than the African negro, and some of them have "a dull, leaden hue like that of a black-leaded stove." They are fond of dancing, have a strong sense of the ridiculous, are exceedingly passionate, and easily aroused by trifles, when their appearance becomes diabolical. The men wear no clothing, and the women very little. They cover their bodies with red earth, and as ornaments wear strings of their ancestors' bones round their necks, or a skull slung in a basket over their shoulders. They are tattooed all over their bodies, their heads are shaven, with the exception of a narrow streak from the crown to the nape of the neck. They rarely have eyebrows, beard, moustache, whiskers, or eyelashes, and are very fond of liquor and smoking. They are short-lived and not healthy, not many passing forty years of age. Their language consists

of few words, and these sound harsh and explosive, and are principally monosyllables. Their chief amusement, and indeed nearly their only one, is dancing, a monotonous song, and the music of a rough skin drum, which they play by stamping on it with their feet. Their method of courtship and marriage has the merit of simplicity. The youth who is a candidate eats a certain kind of ray-fish, which gives him the appellation of *goo-mo*, or "bachelor desirous of marrying." The girls who are marriageable wear a certain kind of flower. The ceremony consists in the pair about to be married sitting down apart from the others and staring at one another in silence. Towards evening the girl's father or guardian joins the hands of the pair; they then retire and live alone in the jungle for some days. The islanders make nothing but canoes, bows, arrows, spears, and nets, and these are necessary to supply them with their daily food. On the first establishment of the penal settlement in the Andamans their favorite occupation was murdering the convicts and taking their irons for arrow-heads; but they gradually gave up this objectionable practice, and now within a radius of ten or fifteen miles from the settlement stragglers are as a rule safe from attack, though beyond this radius Europeans, except in sufficient numbers and with arms for protection, would probably be roughly handled. Of late years "homes" have been established for the Andamanese consisting of large bamboo sheds, in which those who come in from the jungle put up, coming and going at will. They seem, however, to prefer the jungle, and the attempts made to cultivate their acquaintance do not appear to have been crowned with success.

Pall Mall Budget.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
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A MAY DAY HYMN.

I.

MAY comes again, bright, sunny May!
 To light the earth with purer ray,
 To chase the mists that linger still
 Adown the stream, or on the hill.
 The woods with happy voices ring,
 The fragrant breath of bursting spring
 Pours gladness through the morning air,
 And fields are green, and skies are fair.
 Away cold winter, and dark night!
 The world awakes to life and light.

II.

Dearer to us than sunny skies,
 And waving woods to weary eyes,
 Or song of birds in leafy dell
 To jaded hearts from street and cell;
 More fragrant than the breath of spring,
 The grace that comes on angel-wing—
 A gleam of Heaven, a glance of love
 God sends us from his world above,
 Down through the parted skies to-day,
 To bless the opening month of May.

III.

Full well we know thy watchful care
 Is with thy children everywhere,
 By day and night that thou art near,
 Dear Mother! all the circling year.
 Yet nearer now some little space
 We see the glories of thy face,
 And in the sunshine of thy smile
 Forget the cares of earth awhile.
 Oh, when the clouds of passion lour,
 And spirits of the deep have power,
 Thy glance of love, like heaven's pure ray,
 Shall turn November into May.

Month.

MATTHIAS.

"And the lot fell upon Matthias." — ACTS I. 26.

CALLED out to fill the traitor's place,
 To bear the news of saving grace,
 Shed forth upon our fallen race;

Called forth, the wanderer home to lead,
 Called forth, the flock of Christ to feed,
 To sow on earth the heavenly seed!

O blessed lot, and yet below,
 Scarce aught beside his name we know
 On whom God did this grace bestow.

We know not where for God he fought,
 What wondrous works by him he wrought,
 What nations of Christ's love he taught.

Then never deem it cause of shame,
 If none on earth inscribe thy name
 Within the book of worldly fame.

If of God's chosen holy saint
 We only see the outlines faint,
 What right have we to make complaint?

If he who doth in secret see
 Approve our work, small need have we
 Of earthly fame or eulogy.

Grant only, Lord, that in thy sight
 We walk as children of the light,
 And 'neath thy banner bravely fight.
 Sunday Magazine. E. D.

A LINNET'S SONG.

A WIND-BLOWN, sun-kissed, dew-wet flower of
 sound,

A sweet, imprisoned note from Kentish
 woods;

A note that holds the talk of forest buds
 When spring makes all sweet things that be
 abound;

A note which listening to just now I found
 Myself in the old paths where twilight
 broods.

It changed to liberal noon, whose sunlight
 floods

The aisles of trees, and billows on the ground:
 I seemed again to walk in memory

With one held dearest for another's sake—
 That fairest one whom now love may not see,
 For whom the heart of all the world should
 break.

Ah, trivial singer, that thy jubilee
 Sad memories of love and death should wake!
 Good Words. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

MAY MEMORIES.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

SWIFTLY wound the silver river
 Where the grass grew deep,
 Through the mystic shade and silence
 That the woodlands keep;
 Underneath the chestnuts straying,
 (Trembling fans o'erhead,)
 With the creamy blossoms playing,
 How my bright hours sped!

As a dream when one awaketh
 Seems to me that day,
 Chestnut blossoms, sliding river,
 Fairyland of May!
 City walls close in behind me,
 Summer joys are o'er;
 Where the sunshine used to find me
 I shall stray no more.

Other hands will pull the blossoms,
 Cones of pink and white;
 Mine are worn with daily labor,
 Tired from morn till night;
 Still I muse, but not in sadness,
 On those bygone days;
 Here my autumn hath its gladness
 Worth a thousand Mays!

Leisure Hour.

From The Quarterly Review.

MR. WALLACE'S "RUSSIA."*

MR. WALLACE'S book deserves a cordial welcome, as much for the opportuneness of its publication as for its intrinsic excellence; and its fitness to the time transforms what we might have thought a defect into a merit. After living nearly six years not merely *in* Russia, where sojourners of another stamp might spend sixty to less purpose, but in the closest converse with men of all classes, and with the peasantry in particular, he has judged well in selecting for his present work, from the large mass of materials concerning the past history and present condition of the country which have accumulated in his hands, those merely which seemed most likely to interest the general public. This first instalment of information and entertainment — for Mr. Wallace has the happy art of blending both without letting either spoil the other — furnishes ample food for thought and much light which is greatly needed at the present crisis; while we wait for the "special investigations regarding the rural commune, various systems of agriculture, the history of the emancipation, the present economic condition of the peasantry, the financial system, public instruction, recent intellectual movements, and similar topics," which are reserved for a future volume.

Indeed, the wealth of matter already poured out before us in the present work, and its admirable opportuneness for the enlightenment of that "invincible ignorance," which seems to be no disqualification for the most confident judgments, forms real embarrassment to the reviewer. We must, therefore, leave to the reader of Mr.

Wallace's book the pleasure, unanticipated by any samples, of reading the personal adventures and experiences of travel and life in Russia, which he relates with a commendable freedom from the various forms of affectation that are the besetting sin of the prosy or magniloquent or boastful or facetious traveller. Nor assuredly can he be charged with that worst form of affectation — "*veni, vidi, scripsi*" — which has made some writers, whom we will not name, but whose proceedings we have ourselves witnessed in Russia, a laughing-stock and a byword.

The contrast to such book-making visitors cannot be better marked than by Mr. Wallace's own simple account of how he passed his time in Russia: —

In March 1870 I arrived for the first time in St. Petersburg. My intention was to spend merely a few months in Russia, but I unexpectedly found so many interesting subjects of study that I remained for nearly six years — till December 1875. During that period my winters were spent for the most part in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Yaroslaff, whilst the summer months were generally devoted to wandering about the country and collecting information from the local authorities, landed proprietors, merchants, priests, and peasantry. Since my return to England I have kept up a constant correspondence with numerous Russian friends, so that I have been able to follow closely what has taken place in the short interval.

It may be worth while to show the value of such a residence to such an observer, by a comparison with the last great work on Russia of an importance at all comparable to Mr. Wallace's. The baron August von Haxthausen, in his special quest of information for the study of the Slavonic races, spent only the months from the spring to November of 1843 in a tour from Moscow to the Volga, over the steppe to Kertch and the Caucasus, thence returning to the Crimea and Odessa, and through southern and Little Russia back to Moscow.*

* 1. *Russia*. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. London. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Reports on Land Tenure in Russia*, by T. Michell, H.B.M. Consul at St. Petersburg; in the *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives respecting the Tenure of Land in the several Countries of Europe*. c. 75. Parliamentary Papers, 1869-1870.

3. *Early Russian History. Four Lectures delivered at Oxford*. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., etc., etc. London, 1875.

4. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Russia, Poland, and Finland*. Third edition, revised. London, 1875.

* The French edition of Von Haxthausen's work is entitled "*Etudes sur la Situation, etc., etc., de la Russie*." 3 vols. Hanovre, 1847-53. There is a translation by Mr. Robert Farie, entitled "*The Russian Empire: its People, Institutions, and Resources*." 2 vols. London, 1856. The special work of Von Haxthausen on the Caucasus and Transcaucasia has also been translated into English.

The great value of the work which Von Haxthausen produced by adding years of study to the observations of little more than six months may furnish some measure of the superstructure which Mr. Wallace may be expected to raise on the foundations laid in as many years.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Wallace's merits to add that the observations made by one who is a traveller and visitor, even for a very considerable time, need criticism and correction from the kind of knowledge acquired by habitual residents. His frank statement, just cited, shows how "unexpectedly" large and novel he found the field of enquiry. The sojourner for the sake of study must lay himself out to acquire information from various sources, among which his discernment has to be ever striking a balance; but the foreigner whose occupations have led him to make Russia his home acquires his knowledge of the country and the people almost insensibly from a vast number of influences converging to one set of judgments, which may be often wrong, but are at least a natural growth.* Of no country is this more true than Russia, where, as Von Haxthausen truly says, "Whoever would earnestly study the condition of the country, and observe its national life with unprejudiced eyes, must first of all forget everything he has read in other countries upon the subject." To any one who has this kind of acquaintance with Russia there is something amusing in the way in which Mr. Wallace's book has been welcomed as a sort of revelation. That very much of what he has told us was not only known, but had been told before, does not in the least detract from the service he has done by telling it so well again, but proves how much the public

ignorance needed that service to be repeated, and in the same proportion claims our thanks to him for rendering it at a moment so opportune.

How many are the Englishmen who have any other conception of Russia than of a region, people, and power, misty in proportion to its vastness, ever growing by some inscrutable law of strange fate or insatiable ambition, whose vague and threatening aspect is magnified or distorted or denied by the prejudices which owe their strength to the ignorance which calm and laborious enquiry would dissipate? Amidst an almost absolute ignorance of the real state and feelings of the *people*, how few are the figures of their rulers and great men who stand forth with any distinctness! The upward limit of our general knowledge may be marked at only two centuries ago by Voltaire's flattering phrase, "Peter was born and Russia was formed:" and its outline may be traced by the able and stern despotism of Catherine, as insatiable in ambition as in lust; the mad tyranny of Paul; the dreamy enthusiasm of Alexander I., now succumbing to the fascination of Napoleon at Tilsit, now defying the power which found its fatal term at Moscow, now fondly seeking a millennium of despotic order in the Holy Alliance; the towering form and iron will of Nicholas, whom no subject ever durst contradict, meeting his Nemesis in the Crimean War; and the far nobler spirit of Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs, whose good intentions none distrust, whatever foundation they may be destined to lay for the future. These conspicuous actors in the stirring scenes of the recent history of Russia and Europe fill the stage and intercept the view of that long vista of eight preceding centuries, in which the people and government were gradually acquiring the character that has been fully formed during the last two hundred years. The very peculiar historical development of Russia is the key to that present social and political organization, in which she differs so widely from western Europe. This truth is fully recognized by Mr. Wallace, and is illustrated by the historical episodes and allusions scattered through his volumes. He, in

* In this point of view, as well as from the contrast of the epochs of Catherine II. and Alexander II., it is most interesting and instructive to compare Mr. Wallace's work with the "View of the Russian Empire," written at the end of the last century by the Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S., an accomplished scholar, who was for eighteen years chaplain of the Russia Company at St. Petersburg. Mr. Tooke also wrote a "History of Russia from the Foundation of the Monarchy by Rurik to the Accession of Catherine the Second," and a "Life of Catherine II.," which may still be read with advantage, not the less for the graceful style which was cultivated in that age.

the natural course of a traveller, plunges into the country as it is, and traces back the state of things which he witnesses to their historic source. We, in order fully to understand and reap the fruit of his observations, enter the field of enquiry by a different avenue. To obtain a clear notion of what Russia and the Russians really are, we must trace back the stream of their national life to its historic source, enquiring how they *became* what they are; and from the light which the past reflects upon the present, we may at least prepare our minds to make some forecast of the future, by learning how their present tendencies are working, whether towards improvement or deterioration. To the clearer light gained from this point of view is added the interest derived from "*la charme des origines*."

None can undertake to write of Russia without being at once struck and almost dazzled with the mere material vastness of the empire, whose northern shore stretches in an unbroken arc over little less than half the circle that surrounds the pole.* About a century ago this physical grandeur formed the boast of the empress Catherine II., in her "Letter of Grace" (1785) to the Russian nobility: "The Russian empire is distinguished on the globe by the extent of its territory, which reaches from the eastern borders of Kamtchatka to beyond the river Drina, which falls into the Baltic at Riga; comprising within its limits a hundred and sixty-five degrees of longitude; extending from the mouths of the rivers Volga, Kuban, Don, and Dnieper, which fall into the Caspian, the Palus Mæotis, and the Euxine, as far as the Frozen Ocean, over two-and-thirty degrees of latitude."† The surface of European Russia alone is about equal to that which Gibbon estimates for the whole Roman Empire, namely one million, six hundred thousand square miles. Taking a comparison more interesting to us, we find that, with all the acquisitions made since the time of Cathe-

rine, the Russian empire is still second in magnitude to the British; ours being estimated to cover 8,871,135 square miles of the earth's surface, theirs 8,325,393 square miles: but while the "emperor of all the Russias"* rules by his autocratic will nearly eighty-six millions of subjects, no less than about two hundred and eighty-six millions yield allegiance to Queen Victoria. We need but suggest the fuller comparison in resources and wealth, industry and civilization.

Speaking now of European Russia only, it is a common misconception that the territory of her people has gradually extended from a small nucleus by a long series of successive acquisitions. At the epoch at which the modern history of Russia starts, she had lost a large portion of what she began from that time to regain; a fact which must not be overlooked in estimating the impulses that have prompted her aggressive tendencies. The growth of the *Russian monarchy*, it is true, may be traced from its first small germs (at least if we are to trust the native annals); but the early history of the *Russian people* is mingled inseparably with that of the great Slavonic race, which supplanted the Scythians, who are made famous by the description of Herodotus, in the great region of steppes and plains extending northward from the Euxine and the Mæotis (Sea of Azov) between the Don on the east and the Pruth and Vistula on the west, the European Sarmatia of ancient geography.† This name vanishes from

* This title does not refer to the various divisions which make up the empire,—such as *Great, Little, and New Russia*,—*Red, White, and Black Russia*; but it was assumed by the Muscovite tsars to signify the union of all the former principalities into a monarchy under one ruler. In the title of Catherine II. she is described as "Empress and Autocratrix of all the Russias—of Moscow, Kief, Vladimir, Novgorod;" and then follow the other royal titles—"Tsaritza of Kazan," etc. *The Russias* are the regions and states occupied by *Russians* from the earliest known history.

† The arguments of ethnologists for the Slavonian character of the Sarmatians are confirmed by the evident probability that the roots *S-rm* and *S-rb* are connected, so that *Sarm*-atians and *Serb*s would be equivalent names; and again the simplest euphonic laws admit the identity of *S-lv* with *S-rb*, that is, of the *Sarmatian, Slavonian, and Servian* names. Moreover, the Latin *sermo* is almost identical in meaning with the Slavonian *slava*, both signifying articulate and intelligible speech.

* Before the sale of Russian America (Alaska) to the United States, the full semicircle of 180° of longitude was more than completed.

† Tooke's "View of the Russian Empire," vol. i., pp. 4, 5.

history in the fifth century after Christ, and is replaced by that of the *Slavs* and *Slavia*, including various tribes with their specific names, in the central and western part of modern Russia, with Poland and Lithuania. The north and east of that vast region was still peopled by the aboriginal Fins; while on the south, still for a long time to come, the Slavonians were cut off from their natural maritime outlet at the Euxine by the tribes which the ancients called Scythian, belonging probably to the Turkish family.

The name which is now the watchword of so many complaints and aspirations is one of those—forming rather the rule than the exception in the historical nomenclature of nations—which a race has chosen for itself, not one applied to them by neighbors. The resemblances between *Slav* and *slave*, *Serb* and *serf* are examples of the fantastic tricks of coincidence.* The word *slava* is still used in Russian and other Slavonian dialects in the common sense of *speech* or *tongue*, and hence of *glory*.† For an illustration most characteristic of its author, we may cite the despatch of Savarov to Catherine II., in four lines of Russian poetry, announcing his capture of Tutukay in Bulgaria:—

<i>Slava Bôgu!</i>	Praise to God!
<i>Slava Vam!</i>	Praise to You!
<i>Tutukai vzyat,</i>	Tutukay is taken,
<i>I ya tam.</i>	And I am there.‡

The Slavonians then, in their native appellation, are *people of the tongue*, that is, those whose language is intelligible, while, they call Germans, the first foreigners with whom they had to do, and hence all western Europeans, *Nicmtsy*, "dumb people;" just as the Teutonic race call their Celtic neighbors *Welsh*, alike in Britain and in Italy.

In the traditions preserved by old native chroniclers, whose dim outlines are brought out—like the almost obliterated

* It may be well to point out, once for all, that the form *Slav* is one of the Germanisms which we strangely allow to corrupt our orthography of Slavonian names. The arbitrary distinction of orthography between *slave* and *slave* is not needed by those who have knowledge, and only misleads those who wish to acquire it. Another corruption to be noted once for all is the transformation of the final *v* into the *w*, which in German represents the *v*, but not in English. Nor, on the other hand, is the sound so sharp as our *f*, which of late years has grown into *ff*. The proper forms in writing are *Kiev*, *Ignatiev*, etc., etc., not *Kief* or *Ignatief* (or *ff*).

† Like the Greek and Latin *φῆμη*, *fama*, from *φῆμι*, *fari*, "to speak."

‡ In the Russian navy under Catherine II. we find such names of ships as *Vuishe Slav*, the "Higher Glory," and *Mstislav*, the "Avenging Glory;" and the same element appears in many proper names, as *Yaro-slav*, *Bole-slav*, *Yekaterinoslav*.

characters of a "palimpsest" manuscript—by the study of the original state of the whole Aryan family,* we can trace in the social state of these old Slavonians some of the most interesting elements surviving in Russian peasant life, and now first clearly displayed to English readers by Mr. Wallace. They were a peaceful but brave agricultural people—for the Slavs are never mentioned as in the nomad state—living in villages of wooden huts. Their social unit was the patriarchal family, composed of the descendants of one ancestor, living under the rule of that common father or his oldest surviving kinsman, tilling their own land, and administering justice and other matters of common interest within their own circle. A group of such family communities formed a district (like the Teutonic *hundred*) around the town (*grad*, the later *gorod*)† which was its religious and political centre. The townships combined for trade and mutual defence; and there is reason to believe that such a Slavonic confederation already existed before the dawn of Russian history in the district about Lake Ilmen, on the highway of overland commerce between the seas of north-western Europe and the Euxine, Constantinople, and all the eastern world.

At that turning-point in history, when the tribes that had overthrown the Western Empire of Rome, were assuming the permanent forms of the kingdoms of Europe, when the Frank kings were about to set up the new Roman Empire, and the peoples of the north were yielding to the influence of Christian civilization, the Slavonian tribes east of the Baltic were distracted by internal anarchy and mutual wars. For as yet the great discovery had not been made, that an affinity of race and language (in many cases reserved for modern ethnologists to discern) is a social bond stronger than the severing forces of interest, ambition, and quarrels—a doctrine curiously illustrated by the ancient and lasting animosity between the two chief members of the Panslavic family, the Russians and the Poles, alternately the oppressor and the oppressed. This is the strongest of the many examples which history offers of how practical relations prevail over the bond of kindred nationality, causing an enmity the greater as that bond is closer; and the dream of Panslavism is only to be realized on the con-

† It is now almost superfluous to refer to Sir Henry Sumner Maine's great work on "Village Communities."

‡ As in *Nov-gorod*, etc.

dition that at least one branch of the family shall enter the sacred brotherhood in the character of helots.

Into this social chaos there bursts one of those sudden beams of light, which are tantalizing from their very clearness, because we can only walk in the light with the fear that criticism may conjure it back to darkness. The first and best of the early Russian chroniclers—Nestor, a monk of Kiev, who died at the beginning of the twelfth century—tells a tale curiously resembling the account given in our own venerable Chronicle of the first settlement of the Angles in Britain. The scene is laid at Novgorod, the oldest city of Russia, whose name, however, the "New Fort or City," argues it the new capital of an older state.* This cradle of Russian history, where the millennial festival of the nation's birth was commemorated by the erection of a monument in 1862, stands about eighty miles southward of the newest capital, whose *German* † name symbolizes the great change which has since passed upon the ruling powers of Russia. Novgorod is on the river Volkhov, a little below the point where it flows out of Lake Ilmen towards Lake Ladoga. The waterway up this river—continued, after the interruption of a narrow watershed, by the downward stream of the Dnieper (the mighty Borysthenes of the Greeks)—furnished a passage from the Baltic to the Euxine, whether for peaceful commerce or piratical excursions. The ninth century, as was but too well known beyond the Baltic as well as on its shores, marked the very climax of the daring adventures of the Scandinavian seakings, known to the English as vikings and to the Slavonians as *Variags* or *Varangians*.‡

At that time [says the Russian chronicler], as the southern Slavonians paid tribute to the Kazars,§ so the Novgorodian Slavonians suffered from the attacks of the Variags. For some time the Variags extracted tribute from the Novgorodian Slavonians and the neighboring Finns; then the conquered tribes, by uniting their forces, drove out the foreigners. But among the Slavonians arose strong inter-

nal dissensions; the clans rose against each other. Then, for the creation of order and safety, they resolved to call in princes from a foreign land. In the year 862 Slavonic legates went away beyond the sea to the Variag tribe called Rūs, and said, "Our land is great and fruitful, but there is no order in it; come and reign and rule over us." Three brothers accepted this invitation, and appeared with their armed followers. The eldest of these, Rurik, settled in Novgorod; the second, Sineus, at Byelo-ozero; and the third, Truvor, in Isborsk. From them our land is called Rūs. After two years the brothers of Rurik died. He alone began to rule over the Novgorod district, and confided to his men the administration of the principal towns. (Wallace, vol. i., pp. 280-1.)

The reigning families in all the Russian principalities claimed a descent from Rurik during the seven centuries which elapsed till the final extinction of his line in the sixteenth century.

Like the most recent English historians in the parallel case, Mr. Wallace, after a thorough study of the subject, is inclined to reverse the judgment of the sceptical critics, and to accept the tradition in its essential point, the establishment of a Scandinavian principality over the Slavonians in the valley of the Volkhov, with its capital at Novgorod. The patriotic chronicler may have disguised a conquest under the fiction of a voluntary invitation. While the incidents of the story resemble the Teutonic invasion of Britain, the nature of the conquest bears a still greater likeness to that which was about the same time preparing for England by the settlement of Rolf the Ganger in Neustria.* The conquest was achieved, in both cases, not by a migrating nation but by a band of warriors—the chief and his companions, who became the nobles, called in Russian *boyars*—who were gradually absorbed among the conquered people, adopting their language and, in a great measure, their national sentiments and character; but Russia, unlike England, received the name of the conquering Rūs.† The new state also, like England under the Normans, acquired something of the adventurous spirit of the conquerors; and as an agricultural people, seeking possession of new lands, their growth was henceforth in great measure a process of colonization.

* Tradition places this older city, or *gardorik*, in Old Ladoga.

† St. Peters-burg contracted with Nov-gorod.

‡ The origin of this name is sought in the Slavonic *warjazi*, "allies" or "confederates," from *wara*, "a compact" or "alliance." Custom prescribes keeping the more euphonious form with the *ng*. It is still a subject of debate whether the Varangians were Scandinavian "Northmen," or adventurers of various nations; but there seems little doubt that their chiefs were Scandinavians.

§ One of the Scythian tribes mentioned above, on the northern shores of the Euxine.

* The date assigned to the conquest of Rurik is 862; that of the landing of Rolf in Neustria is 876.

† Various attempts have been made, though with little success, to find the original of the Russians among the ancient names of tribes inhabiting Sarmatia. It is hardly safe, however, to assume, on the authority of the legend, that the name Rūs belonged to the Varangian conquerors, and not to the conquered Slavonians.

Launching their light "keels" upon the Dnieper, the Varangian chieftains soon established their power at Kiev, a city of unknown antiquity, and well fitted by its strong position on the right bank of the river* to become their new capital, and the "Mother of Russian Towns." That title is said to have been given by Oleg, the kinsman of Rurik, and guardian of that chief's young son Igor, who in 882 transferred the seat of power from Novgorod to Kiev, putting to death the first Varangian conquerors of the city. Kiev held the supremacy for some generations, but Novgorod maintained the commercial consequence due to its site; and both capitals became centres of the trading ventures which the Scandinavians, when once settled in a country, pushed forward with the same energy that they threw into their piratical excursions. We need but refer to the passage in which Gibbon describes the Russians of Novgorod descending the streams that fall into the Borysthenes; their canoes laden with the slaves procured by conquest, piracy, or purchase, with the furs obtained from the rude hunters, the spoils of their beehives, and the hides of their cattle; discharging the produce of the north into the magazines of Kiev. Thence a summer fleet of more substantial galleys dropped down the Borysthenes into the Euxine, communicating with the heart of Europe by the mouths of the Danube, crossing the shores of Asia Minor, and paying their annual visit to the capital of the East. They brought back to their northern homes a rich return of corn, wine, and oil, the manufactures of Greece, and the spices of India.

And here already our first glimpse of the Russians as a nation shows them, in the ninth century as in the nineteenth, threatening the tottering empire that had its seat at Constantinople. But there is this mighty difference: the Christian empire soon attracted the northern adventurers to friendship by a religious bond; the Moslem power challenges their perpetual enmity, not only by religious antagonism, but by its actual usurpation of the centre whence their Christian faith was learned. In both cases there was, and still is, the seductive attraction of the most favored seat of natural advantages, wealth, and empire, on the surface of the earth. The Varangian chiefs no sooner beheld

the magnificence and tasted the luxury of the city of the Greek Cæsars, than they came down upon it again and again in their character of pirates. Quarrels would easily spring out of the dealings between the northern traders and the Greek merchants; but the best pretext for attack was the prospect of success against the empire, decaying through its internal weakness and distracted by the Saracens and other foes. As early as the third year after the foundation of Rurik's power (according to the chronicles) the prince of Kiev despatched a fleet of two hundred canoes, (called by the Greeks *monoxyla*, as they were hollowed out of a single stem of beech and willow), which surprised Constantinople in the absence of the emperor Michael, whose intercession with the mother of God procured the repulse of the barbarians by a seasonable storm. The enterprise was repeated, with more numerous fleets of boats, by Oleg (904), by Igor, the son of Rurik (941), and a century later by his great-grandson, Yaroslav (1043); but generally repelled by the terrors of the Greek fire. These reiterated alarms, however, left on the superstitious Byzantines that impression of an end decreed by fate, which found utterance in the prophecy secretly inscribed on a statue of Bellerophon in the square of Taurus, that *the Russians in the last days should become masters of Constantinople*. Little could the Byzantine Cassandra have foreseen that the threat would still be suspended over the city four hundred years after the Greek Empire had succumbed to another power, then almost unknown; and as little, perhaps, could the historian have expected that his anticipation of the instant catastrophe would still read, a century later, as if written for to-day. "Perhaps," says Gibbon, "the present generation may yet behold the accomplishment of the prediction, of which the style is ambiguous, and the date unquestionable."

Before the last of these four assaults from Kiev, the Greek Empire and Church had formed a connection with the Russian principality by the powerful bond of religious union and ascendancy, when the able and victorious Vladimir accepted Christianity, as the condition on which alone the joint emperors Basil II. and Constantine IX. granted his suit for the hand of their sister, or cousin, Anna (985). This reception of Christianity from the eastern capital, and not from Rome, was one of the most efficient causes in determining the whole course of Russia's subsequent progress and her relations to the old and

* Good authorities derive the name from the height (*kivi* in Slavonian) on which the city was built. There is little doubt that this part of the Dnieper valley was the original seat of the Russian nation.

new powers of Europe. It made her a sort of reversionary heir to the expiring Christian empire enthroned on the Bosphorus and enshrined at St. Sophia, and it linked her to the civilization of the East instead of the West. The perpetuation of this idea of her national life is the leading sentiment of the old Russian party, which ascribes her whole departure from the right course to the western influences first brought in by Peter the Great. As the city founded by that first "emperor," on a German model, and with a German name, is the centre and type of the modern system, so the ancient capital of the Muscovite tsars is still the home and heart of the old ideas of national life. The contrast is admirably drawn by Mr. Wallace in his two chapters on "St. Petersburg and European Influence," and on "Moscow and the Slavophiles."

The small party of literary enthusiasts, whose name of "Slavophiles" signifies their intense attachment to the native Slavonic elements of Russian life, must not be confounded with the political advocates of "Panslavism" as the aim and means of Russian aggrandizement. It is true that their sympathy with the whole Slavonic race assumes a form "violently patriotic and bellicose" when excited by political complications in which that race is concerned, as they have shown by their active assistance to the Servians; and "they seem to favor the idea of a grand Slavonic confederation, in which the hegemony would, of course, belong to Russia." But the Eastern question is with them quite subordinate to that of the internal state of Russia. "By their theory they were constrained to pay attention to the Slav race as a whole, but they were more Russian than Slav, and more Muscovite than Russian. The Panslavistic element has consequently always occupied a secondary place in Slavophil doctrine." It is of importance at the present time to understand that doctrine, as it was set forth to Mr. Wallace by the leading Slavophiles.

The European world was represented as being composed of two hemispheres—the Eastern, or Græco-Slavonic, on the one hand, and the Western, or Roman Catholic and Protestant, on the other. These two hemispheres, it was said, are distinguished from each other by many fundamental characteristics. In both of them Christianity formed originally the basis of civilization, but in the West it became distorted and gave a false direction to the intellectual development. By placing the logical reason of the learned above

the conscience of the whole Church, Roman Catholicism produced Protestantism, which proclaimed the right of private judgment and consequently produced innumerable sects. The dry logical spirit which was thus fostered created a purely intellectual one-sided philosophy, which inevitably leads to utter scepticism, by blinding men to those great truths which lie above the sphere of reasoning and logic. The Græco-Slavonic world, on the contrary, having accepted Christianity not from Rome but from Byzantium, received pure Orthodoxy and true enlightenment, and was thus saved alike from papal tyranny and from Protestant freethinking. Hence the Eastern Christians have preserved faithfully not only the ancient dogmas, but also the ancient spirit of Christianity—that spirit of pious humility, resignation, and brotherly love, which Christ taught by precept and example. If they have not yet a philosophy, they will create one, and it will far surpass all previous systems, for in the writings of the Greek fathers are to be found the germs of a broader, a deeper, and a truer philosophy than the dry, meagre rationalism of the West—a philosophy founded not on the logical faculty alone, but on the broader basis of human nature as a whole.

The fundamental characteristics of the Græco-Slavonic world—so runs the Slavophil theory—have been displayed in the history of Russia. Whilst throughout Western Christendom the principle of individual judgment and reckless individual egotism have exhausted the social forces and brought society to the verge of incurable anarchy and inevitable dissolution, the social and political history of Russia has been harmonious and peaceful. It presents no struggles between the different social classes, and no conflicts between Church and State. All the factors have worked in unison, and the development has been guided by the spirit of pure Orthodoxy. But in this harmonious picture there is one big, ugly, black spot—Peter, falsely styled "the Great," and his so-called reforms. Instead of following the wise policy of his ancestors, Peter rejected the national traditions and principles, and applied to his country, which belonged to the Eastern world, the principles of Western civilization. His reforms, conceived in a foreign spirit, and elaborated by men who did not possess the national instincts, were forced upon the nation against its will, and the result was precisely what might have been expected. The "broad Slavonic nature" could not be controlled by institutions which had been invented by narrow-minded, pedantic, German bureaucrats, and like another Samson, it pulled down the building in which foreign legislators sought to confine it. The attempt to introduce foreign culture had a still worse effect. The upper classes, charmed and dazzled by the glare and glitter of Western science, threw themselves impulsively on the newly-found treasures, and thereby condemned themselves to moral slavery and intel-

lectual sterility. Fortunately, however — and herein lay one of the fundamental principles of Slavophil doctrine — the common people had not been infected by the imported civilization. Through all the changes which the administration and the *noblesse* underwent, the peasantry preserved religiously in their hearts "the living legacy of antiquity," the essence of Russian nationality, "a clear spring welling up living waters, hidden and unknown, but powerful."* To recover this lost legacy by studying the character, customs, and institutions of the peasantry, to lead the educated classes back to the path from which they had strayed, and to re-establish that intellectual and moral unity which had been disturbed by the foreign importations — such was the task which the Slavophiles proposed to themselves. (Vol. ii., pp. 167-169.)

When Vladimir I., whom Russia honors among her chief saints, died in 1015, he left the nascent monarchy already reaching from the Gulf of Finland nearly to the Carpathian Mountains, and from the borders of Poland and Lithuania to the banks of the Oka and the Volga, in which eastern region he had founded the new princely city that bears his name. During the half-legendary period which ends with his reign, not one feeble ruler appears in the Russian annals. But the clear historic light into which we now emerge reveals the sources of confusion inherent in the constitution of the federal principality which had its seat at Kiev. By what is known as the system of the "appanages," every descendant of Rurik was held to have a right to a separate principality, independent of all the other princes except the eldest, who ruled at Kiev, and bore the title of *Veliky Kniaz*,† or grand prince. The established order of succession being, not from father to son, but to the next brother or the eldest representative of the race, there was a constant shifting of rulers from principality to principality, involving rival claims to the supreme dignity, and tending to perpetual disorder and frequent civil wars.

These evils were partly suspended under such wise and powerful rulers as Yaroslav I. (1019-1054), who worthily continued the work of his father St. Vladimir, and gave Russia her first code, the *Russkaya Pravda*; and again under his grandson, Vladimir II. (1113-1125), surnamed Monomachus, after his marriage with the daughter of Constantine Monomachus. Besides

this matrimonial alliance, the name of Vladimir is connected with Constantinople by a cherished legend, which tells how he had carried his victorious arms into Thrace, when Alexis Comnenus, the son of Constantine, stayed his progress by a present of the regalia with which the metropolitan of Ephesus crowned Vladimir at Kiev as tsar of Russia.* These regalia are still preserved in the treasury at Moscow, and are brought to view at the coronation of each new tsar; and at least one sovereign of Russia, Catherine II., hoped and labored to see them used at the enthronement of her grandson Constantine beneath the dome of St. Sophia.

It was a natural result of the system of appanages, that the supremacy of Kiev, and the dignity of grand prince, should be envied and challenged by the rest; and, indeed, there must have been great strength in that federal sentiment which acquiesced in the headship of one city for nearly three centuries. The chief bond of union is to be sought in the Church; not so much in the harmonizing influence and civilizing gentleness of the gospel of peace — for that, alas! in eastern as in western Europe, had become a dubious survival — but especially in the unity and organization which the Church maintained, while the nation was rent in pieces. Amidst the divisions and strife of rival principalities, which shook the prince's throne at Kiev, there was always but one metropolitan, seated beside him on the priest's throne,† and enjoying the undivided allegiance of the clergy. And here, again, is another parallel between the development of the Russian state in this age of divided principalities and that of England during the "Heptarchy." Each country received a fully formed ecclesiastical constitution from the centres of eastern and western Christianity respectively, which, besides the harmonizing and mediating influence of the Church among the contending princes, held out to them a pattern of national unity, which was at last accomplished in the State.

Meanwhile, however, the dissensions came to a climax fatal to the power of Kiev, which city was stormed and pillaged

* "This was one of the favorite themes of Khomiakóv, the Slavophil poet and theologian."

† This is the title which those writers who look at Russia through German spectacles have turned into "grand duke," and the principalities into "duchies."

* This, not czar, is the true form of the title, which was used by the Russians before the Tartar conquest, and was applied to the Greek emperor, whose city (Constantinople) was called Tsargrad. It was also used by the Tartars. We incline to trace its origin to the widespread fame of the title "Cæsar."

† In the Russian, as in the Anglo-Saxon seats of dignity, there is that identity in the name for both (*stohl*, i.e., "stool," or "chair"), which we have lost in the modern English *throne* and *see*.

in 1169 by Andrew, prince of Vladimir, who assumed the dignity of grand prince. Henceforward the supremacy was held by Vladimir, or Souzdal (as Russian annalists call the principality from its older capital), till the whole system of severed principalities was overwhelmed in the common catastrophe of the Tartar conquest, out of which the Russian State emerged in a new form of union under the tsars of Muscovy.

The achievements, contests, and disasters of the princes during the period thus sketched throw into the shade those elements of popular life which may be traced from a time even earlier than the age of Rurik, and which form the most profitable study for all who wish to understand what Russia is, and to forecast her future part in the history of the world. It is in the treatment of this part of the subject that Mr. Wallace has rendered a service which, most valuable at any time, is inestimable at the present juncture. In conversing with Russians of all classes on the questions raised by the present crisis, we are always met by the remonstrance, "Your people and statesmen in England think only of the Russian government, its policy, traditions, and designs, real or imaginary, but they do not know the Russian people;" and that knowledge, we repeat, can only be intelligently gained from their history. The huge fabric of despotic government, and the imposing part which it has empowered Russia to play in the drama of European politics during the last two centuries have concealed, almost to obliteration, the two primitive elements of communal life among the peasantry and municipal liberties in the towns. The former is best discovered by plunging, as Mr. Wallace has done, into the life of the country districts; the latter by recurring to the annals which reveal a political condition that, to our present conceptions of Russia, may well appear a dream. During the whole period of divided principalities, the towns preserved, in various degrees, a free constitution under the government of their *Vetché*, or common council, and of the general assembly of the citizens, summoned by the ringing of those famous bells, the transference of which to Moscow formed a collection of trophies of the extinguished liberties of Tver, Pskov, Novgorod, and the rest.

The record of those lost liberties is best traced in the annals of Novgorod, where they reached the height of almost republican independence. Sheltered by its marshes from conquest either by rival

princes or by foreign invaders, and enriched by the increasing commerce which poured through it as the Russian states grew in power and civilization, the city of Rurik confessed little more than a nominal fealty to the distant grand prince at Kiev. Its virtual independence was proclaimed by the title, "Lord Novgorod the Great;" and its prosperity exulted in the proverb, "Who can resist God and the great Novgorod?" The people chose their own prince, though always from the line of Rurik, and exacted from him an oath to respect their privileges. They associated with him civil and military chiefs, whom he was bound to consult; the real government was in the hands of the council, with their *posadnik* (that is, first or chief person); and every matter of interest might at any moment be submitted to the popular assembly at the summons of any one citizen who chose to ring the great bell. If the prince displeased the people, he was called to account with the greatest plainness of speech, and his resistance was the signal for his dismissal. Of this we have a famous example, doubly interesting from its occurrence in the time of the Tartar domination. In 1270 Yaroslav, having obtained from the Tartar khan the title of grand prince, was emboldened to attempt despotic rule. The great bell called the people together in the cathedral of St. Sophia to depose their prince. His favorites were put to death, and an accusation was drawn against himself, in which, after being called to account for his special misdeeds in a series of pointed questions, he was told, "Let thy oppression now cease; get away from us in God's name! We will find us another prince." If the grand prince attempted to stretch his supreme authority over these haughty citizens, they could raise no despicable force from their own territory, which included Ingria and Karelia, besides mercenaries; and there was always a danger of their allying themselves with Sweden and Lithuania. One grand prince who offended them was fain to use the mediation of the metropolitan, who gave the Novgorodians a guarantee, in terms which would hardly be written in the name of a modern tsar, say to the Poles: "The grand prince has acted wrong towards you; but he is sorry for it all; he desires you to forgive him, and will behave better for the future. I will be bound for him, and beseech you to receive him with honor and dignity."

Owing to its remote and defensible posi-

tion, and the combination of high spirit in its citizens with the prudent policy of its most eminent princes, Novgorod preserved its independence when the other Russian states succumbed, in the thirteenth century, to what is called the Tartar conquest.* That catastrophe is a most critical turning-point in Russian history, though the best authorities differ as to the question with which alone we are now concerned, namely, what has been its permanent influence on the character and destiny of Russia? Some readers may perhaps even need to have their minds disabused of the idea that the purely Slavonic Russian inherits much of the blood and character of the Tartar; a notion perpetuated in the literally *superficial* saying of Napoleon, "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare*;" and improved upon by Captain Burnaby in the comment, that it is a gross injustice to the Tartar.† On the other hand, we cannot accept the novel view of some Russian writers, headed by the historian Soloviev,‡ that the influence of the Tartars was no greater than that of the minor nomad tribes which occupied the south and east of Russia during the whole period of her early history. The opinion prevalent in Russia, and almost universal among foreign enquirers, regards this "factor" as one of deep and lasting influence, extending to the present time. Mr. Wallace — who, in the candid prosecution of researches novel to him, is somewhat too much inclined to "halt between two opinions" — keeps quite on the safe side when he says: "It must be admitted that the Tartar domination, though it had little influence on the life and habits of the people, had a very deep and lasting influence on the political development of the nation."§

We need only refer to the glowing pages of Gibbon for the rise of the Mongol Em-

pire under Genghis Khan and his meteor-like conquests from China to the banks of the Volga. Of the many tribes brought under his dominion and serving under his banner, the Turks* of western central Asia would naturally form a large portion of the hordes that invaded Europe; and hence, though the conquering empire was Mongol, the actual conquerors were probably for the most part of the Turkish race. It was in 1223 that the vanguard of the Tartar hosts, pouring round the southern shores of the Caspian, turned the Caucasus by the pass of Derbend, and fell upon the Polovsti in what is now southern Russia. These hitherto inveterate enemies applied to the Russian princes for help against the common danger; but when their prayer was granted, they deserted their new allies in the fatal battle on the river Kalka, which flows into the Sea of Azov at Mariupol. The conquering horsemen, like the locusts which some suppose to be their prophetic symbol, laid waste the land as far as the Dnieper, and then suddenly wheeled round and retraced their steps to Asia. Fourteen years later they returned, a host of half a million cavalry, under Batu, the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after one brief respite, completed in 1240 the conquest which reduced all the Russian states, except Novgorod, to tributary servitude. The great cities, Riazan, Moscow, Vladimir, Tchernigov, and princely Kiev itself, were sacked and burnt, with all the horrors that have been repeated and retaliated by both the rival races; and the town and villages and fields of the industrious cultivators, who had been slaughtered or made slaves while but a few had found refuge with their kindred Slavonians, were reduced almost to a fire-scarred desert.

After overrunning Hungary, Poland, and Moravia, and threatening western Europe like another Attila, Batu received a check and led back his hosts to the region of the lower Volga. There he founded the city of *Sarai*, the "palace" of the Golden Horde, whence the Tartar khans ruled the conquered principalities of Russia for two hundred years.

At Sarray in the land of Tartarye
There dwelt a king that werryed Russye.†

* This term is of course used here in its wide generic sense.

† The opening of Chaucer's squire's tale of "Cambruscan bold." The word *sarai* means "mansion," or "palace," and *seraglio* is its derivative. After the liberation of Russia from the Tartars, Sarai was sacked and burnt by a rival horde, its ruins were covered by the soil of the steppe and its very site was forgotten, till its remains were discovered by a Russian engineer

* It is useless to attempt to restore the more correct orthography *Tatar* (or rather *Tah-tan*), in place of the form which has prevailed ever since St. Louis characterized the invaders as fiends from *Tartarus*. Not only the nomenclature of *Tartar*, *Turk*, and *Mongol*, but their precise ethnology, is involved in a degree of confusion which this is not the place to discuss. In the present connection the name Tartar may be the more readily adopted, as the Russian annalists call the Turkish subjects of the Mongol Empire *Tataru*.

† Perhaps the gallant and able, but rather prejudiced traveller, had in his mind one of Baron Dupin's *bons mots*. When a member of the Left protested against the mention of the Red Republicans in connection with Robespierre, the president asked, "Does the honorable deputy wish to defend the character of Robespierre?"

‡ Mr. Wallace (vol. i., p. 109) characterizes the "gigantic work of Solovyoff, or Soloviev," as "simply a vast collection of valuable but undigested material."

§ Vol. ii., p. 69, in the chapter on "The Tartar domination."

But the nature of their domination was widely different from the fury of the first conquest. The cruelties, which had served their purpose in crushing all military resistance and cowing the spirit of the people, were not wantonly continued over the land from which the Tartar rulers desired to draw a revenue, though they were ruthlessly renewed on the first effort of the reanimated nation to cast off their yoke. For no less than one hundred and fifty years the land had such rest as its exhaustion allowed it to enjoy, and a breathing-space for the revival of a new phase of existence. The catastrophe had cut short the old path of progress at the very point from which western Europe began to enter on its constitutional life; and the form that at last emerged was altogether different from the rest and peculiar to Russia.

Mr. Wallace gives a very clear description of the conduct of the Tartar conquerors to their Russian subjects, and the process by which their relations to the subject princes prepared the way for that new phase of Russian history — the Muscovite tsardom: —

In conquering Russia the Tartars had no wish to take possession of the soil, or to take into their own hands the local administration. What they wanted was not land, of which they had enough and to spare, but movable property which they might enjoy without giving up their pastoral nomadic life. They applied, therefore, to Russia the same method of extracting supplies as they had used in other countries. As soon as their authority had been formally acknowledged they sent officials into the country to number the inhabitants and to collect an amount of tribute proportionate to the population. This was a severe burden for the people, not only on account of the sum demanded, but also on account of the manner in which it was raised. The exactions and cruelty of the tax-gatherers led to local insurrections, and the insurrections were of course always severely punished. But there was never any general military occupation of the country or any wholesale confiscations of land, and the existing political organization was left undisturbed. The modern method of dealing with annexed provinces was totally unknown to the Tartars. The khans never for a moment dreamed of attempting to Tartarize their Russian subjects. They demanded simply an oath of allegiance from the princes, and a certain sum of tribute from the people. The vanquished were allowed to retain their land, their religion, their language, their courts of justice, and all their other institutions.

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in 1840. Full accounts of the excavations are given in the Russian "Journal of the Minister of the Interior" for 1845, 1847, etc. (Ralston, pp. 114, 115.)

Had the khans of the Golden Horde been prudent, far-seeing statesmen, they might have long retained their supremacy over Russia. In reality they showed themselves miserably deficient in political talent. Seeking merely to extract from the country as much tribute as possible, they overlooked all higher considerations, and by this culpable shortsightedness brought about their own political ruin. Instead of keeping all the Russian princes on the same level and thereby rendering them all equally feeble, they were constantly bribed or cajoled into giving to one or more of their vassals a pre-eminence over the others. At first this pre-eminence seems to have consisted in little more than the empty title of grand prince; but the vassals thus favored soon transformed the barren distinction into a genuine power, by arrogating to themselves the exclusive right of holding direct communications with the Horde, and compelling the minor princes to deliver to them the Tartar tribute. If any of the lower princes refused to acknowledge this intermediate authority, the grand prince could easily crush them by representing them at the Horde as rebels who did not pay their tribute. Such an accusation would cause the accused to be summoned before the supreme tribunal, where the procedure was extremely summary and the grand prince had always the means of obtaining a decision in his own favor.

Of all the princes who strove in this way to increase their influence, the most successful were the princes of Moscow. They were not a chivalrous race, or one with which the severe moralist can sympathize, but they were largely endowed with cunning, tact, and perseverance, and were little hampered by conscientious scruples. Having early discovered that the liberal distribution of money at the Tartar court was the surest means of gaining favor, they lived parsimoniously at home, and spent their savings at the Horde. To secure the continuance of the favor thus acquired, they were ready to form matrimonial alliances with the khan's family, and to act zealously as his lieutenants. When Novgorod, the haughty, turbulent republic, refused to pay the yearly tribute, they quelled the insurrection and punished the leaders; and when the inhabitants of Tver rose against the Tartars and compelled their prince to make common cause with them, the wily Muscovite hastened to the Tartar court and received from the khan the revolted principality, with fifty thousand Tartars to support his authority.

Thus those cunning Moscow princes "loved the Tartars beyond measure" so long as the khan was irresistibly powerful, but as his power waned they stood forth as his rivals. When the Golden Horde, like the great empire of which it had once formed a part, fell to pieces, these ambitious princes read the signs of the times, and put themselves at the head of the liberation movement which was at first unsuccessful, but ultimately freed the country from the hated Tartar yoke.

From this brief sketch of the Tartar domination the reader will readily perceive that it did not by any means Tartarize the country. The Tartars never settled in Russia proper, and never amalgamated with the people. So long as they retained their semi-pagan, semi-Buddhistic religion, a certain number of their notables became Christians, and were absorbed by the Russian *noblesse*; but as soon as the Horde adopted Islam, this movement was arrested. There was no blending of the two races such as has taken place—and is still taking place—between the Russian peasantry and the Finnish tribes of the north. The Russians remained Christians, and the Tartars remained Mahometans; and this difference of religion raised an impassable barrier between the two nationalities. (Vol. ii., pp. 64-69.)

The prince of Moscow,* who is regarded as the founder of the Muscovite power, was Ivan I.† (1328-1340). Most of the other cities were subjected to his rule, and even Novgorod was made to pay the Tartar taxes, by farming which he enriched himself. His friendship with the Tartars secured his subjects from the harrying of their homes and the captivity of their children. The growing power of Ivan was cemented by the favor of the clergy, to whom the Russian people—always deeply devout according to their own somewhat formal standard of religion—looked for their chief solace under the woes of the Tartar servitude. The clergy were sensible of the strength the Church would gain by connection with one strong principality; and Moscow now became the see of the metropolitan, a dignity first held by Kiev, and afterwards by Vladimir.

The opportunity for casting off the barbarian yoke was prepared by the conquests of Timour and the wars among the Tartar tribes, which gave a death-blow to the power of the Golden Horde. When Ivan III. succeeded to the Muscovite principality, in 1462, there were three Tartar hordes settled on the eastern and southern borders; those of Kazan on the middle Volga, which even now retains strong Tartar characteristics; the Golden Horde at Sarai; and those of Krim Tartary on the Azov and Euxine, whose name survives in the Crimea. Having formed an alliance with the last, and made successful war upon the first, Ivan is said to have been encouraged by his wife Sophia,

* As with many other old-fashioned English forms of foreign names, the name *Muscovy* is nearer to the truth than the first Germanized and then mispronounced *Moscow*. It is properly *Moskva*, from the river on which it stands, whose name, like *Oka*, *Kama*, and others, bears witness to the long survival of the Finnish element in central Russia.

† The Russian form of "John."

niece of the last Greek emperor, who reigned at the now fallen Constantinople,* to refuse the humiliating ceremony with which the grand princes were wont to receive the Tartar ambassadors at Moscow. The details have a legendary aspect; but the certain issue is as strange as any legend. The vast force led by Ahmed Khan to avenge the insult remained the whole summer and autumn encamped idly on the river Ugra, even after the Russian army had retreated from the opposite bank; and the withdrawal of Ahmed to Sarai, where he was soon after slain by a rival khan, marked the virtual dissolution of the Tartar dominion over Russia (1480).

Like the mighty waters whose deposits have built up the crust of our globe, the flood of Tartar domination has left a well-defined stratum in the formation of the Russian State. It formed the first of the two epochs, at which the constitutional development of Russia took a fatal turn towards absolutism. Having cut short the hope that the early germs of freedom would bear the same fruit as in western Europe, it prepared and enabled the Muscovite tsars to found the Asiatic despotism, on which the Petersburg emperors engrafted an autocracy and bureaucracy of German origin. The despotism, which is the one o'ermastering evil of Russia, was not—as some admirers of paternal government seem to think—a natural development of the old Slavonian patriarchal life, in which, as Mr. Wallace clearly shows, the power of the head of the family and of the village commune is never able to prevail over the general wish. There, as in every country and age of the world, despotism has been an usurpation, actually subversive of well-regulated order, not a natural growth of high authority. The former princes of Russia had learned part of the evil lesson from the Byzantine Cæsars;† but the Tartar rule left the fatal legacy to the Muscovite tsars. As Mr. Ralston truly says (p. 202), "the princes, being forced to be servile to the Tartars at Sarai or the Mongol khans in central Asia, compelled their subjects to be servile to them; and so the spirit of manly independence which appears to have once prevailed throughout Russia, and which continued to manifest itself in

* Constantine XIII. Palæologus was killed in the storming of Constantinople by the Turks, May 29th, 1453.

† We may trace back to the Byzantine empire and the ecclesiastical discipline the frequent and cruel corporal punishments, which some regard as an inheritance left to Russia by the Tartars.

Novgorod and Pskov long after it had expired in the rest of the country, became transmitted into a somewhat abject mood of loyalty." This political servility is the more conspicuous from its contrast with the air of personal independence, verging on churlishness, in all the common relations of life with their superiors, which is familiar to all who know the Russian peasants.

Such was the price paid for that elimination of the weaker elements in the State which the Tartar conquest effected by overthrowing the "appanage" principalities, and for the consolidation of Russia into a strong monarchy under Ivan III. By skilful policy, rather than by force, he absorbed the remnants of the old federal system, reducing the princes to officers of state; and the coincidence in time of this change with the collapse of the feudal system in western Europe deserves notice the more as an occasion for observing that the feudal system never prevailed in Russia in any form. The one remaining hindrance to his absolute power lay in the freedom still preserved and cherished by Novgorod and her colony and sister Pskov. Ivan's dealing with these seats of commerce, which enriched his people and himself, is a striking example of the short-sighted selfishness of despotism, which never hesitates to sacrifice its own real advantage, besides the welfare of its subjects, to the one supreme object of maintaining its power. A brief war forced Novgorod to accept Ivan as its ruler on condition of governing the city according to its ancient laws (1471). But within seven years a pretext was found for a second attack; and on the 15th of January, 1478, the men of Novgorod yielded up their independence to Ivan as their despotic sovereign (*gosudar*). But its old spirit was not utterly crushed, even when Ivan removed thousands of boyars and merchants, with their families, to other provinces, replacing them by Muscovites; till, on a fresh charge of conspiracy with Lithuania, Ivan the Terrible sacked the city, and, amidst a general massacre, gave in the waters of the Volkhov a despotic precedent for the republican *noyades* of Nantes (1570).*

* This one among many examples of the parallel excesses of despotism and self-styled liberty is noticed by an historian contemporary with the Reign of Terror. Mr. Tooke ("History of Russia," vol. ii., p. 295, n.), in describing Ivan IV.'s new bodyguard of the *Opritchniki*, or "elect," who were also spies, *delators*, and executioners adds, "These *Opritchniki* were precisely what the company of Marat was some years ago in France, who drowned the royalists at Nantes. Ivan

Meanwhile, Pskov, which in jealous rivalry had joined Ivan III. against Novgorod, had accepted the sovereignty of his son, Vassily III.,* and the last remnant of Russia's old municipal liberties was extinguished on the 13th of January, 1510.

There remain two indirect but lasting results of the Tartar domination. First, it gave the opportunity for that great development of the power of Lithuania, now united to Poland by the marriage of its grand prince Yagellon with the heiress of the Polish crown, which raised the old rivalry between Russia and her western Slavonic neighbors into a deadly feud aggravated by the difference of religion.† But the loss which Russia thus suffered on the west was in great measure compensated by the consolidation of her power under the Muscovite tsars.

The other feud with the Turkish race (in the wide generic sense) assumed a new and lasting shape from the taking of Constantinople by the Ottomans just before the liberation of Russia from the Tartar yoke. As Mr. Wallace says in his thoughtful chapter on the "Eastern Question:"—

All through the long Tartar domination, when nomadic hordes held the valley of the Dnieper and formed a barrier between Russia and southern Europe, the capital of the Greek-Orthodox world was remembered and venerated by the Russian people, and in the fifteenth century it acquired in their eyes a new significance. At that time the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, while Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars—the northern representatives of the Turkish race. The grand prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek-Orthodox Church, and in some sort the successor of the Byzantine tsars. To strengthen his claim he married a member of the old imperial family, and his successors went further in the same direction, by assuming the title of tsar, and inventing a fable about their great ancestor Rurik being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus. (Vol. ii., pp. 443-4.)

All the animosity engendered by two cen-

likewise caused a number of people to be brought on a frozen river, then had the ice cut round them, on which the poor wretches fell in and perished in the water."

* The Russian form of the Greek name *Basil*.

† The Poles, who received Christianity from Rome, and were for some time included in the "Holy Roman Empire," were—as the remnant of the nation still are—as devoted to the Roman Catholic Church as the Russians to the Orthodox Greek faith. Yagellon passed over from the Greek to the Latin Church as a condition of his marriage with Jadwiga in 1386, and his people, who had till now remained heathen, adopted the same faith.

turies of servitude was combined with the indignation roused by the intrusion of the followers of the false prophet into the seat of the Greek empire and religion. Policy may waver, the counsels of ambition and of prudence may oscillate in the scales; but the undying feud of the Russian *people* against the Turk has no end that political wisdom can forecast.

Under Vassily III. despotism advances to the stage in which the tsar is looked up to as God's vicegerent upon earth, and the people have learnt to say of all perplexing questions, "God and the gosudar will see to that." His younger brother, Ivan IV., well named the "Terrible," is a striking example of the madness which forms the self-bred Nemesis of despotism, just as Paul afterwards followed Peter the Great.

The usurper Boris Godunov, who murdered one son of Ivan IV. to ensure his succeeding the other, placed the topstone on the despotic edifice raised by the Muscovite tsars, by the institution of serfdom. Former tsars had fettered the free communal life of the peasantry by many restrictions, and they had been reduced to the position of laborers on the land which they once owned in common; but Boris enacted a law forbidding them to leave the land on which they then lived, except by the consent of the proprietor (Nov. 24th, 1597). Thus, at the great epoch formed by the transition from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century, when western Europe had thrown off feudal serfdom, and entered on a new career of civilization founded on the common interests of all classes, that very peasantry who had preserved most of the free communal life of their Aryan forefathers were reduced to slavery as *adscripti glebæ*, and were placed by a semi-Tartar usurper "under that system of serfdom which, after his time, becoming wider and more intense as years go by, will, for two centuries and a half, do its worst to crush the life out of the common people of Russia." * Our present purpose does not require us to trace the scenes of confusion at home and invasion by the armies of Poland and Lithuania, amidst which the long line of Rurik ended on the 11th of July, 1610.

The victorious Polish army now forced on the boyars of Moscow the humiliation of accepting a tsar from their heretic rivals, in the person of Ladislas, son of King Sigismund, without even the show of consulting the nation; and a Polish

army entered Moscow (Sept. 19th). But orthodox Russia, encouraged by the zeal and guided by the prudent councils of the patriarch Hermogenes and the archimandrite Dionysius, rose against this climax of insult. A General Assembly was held at Nijny Novgorod (Oct. 1611) to organize a revolt; and an army marched on Moscow, which surrendered, after suffering the worst extremities of famine, before the end of 1612. An Assembly of the Estates met on the 21st of February, 1613, to elect a tsar; and, after full discussion of many claims, Michael Románov, a youth of sixteen, (son of Fedor Nikitich Románov, a noble of Prussian extraction, and metropolitan of Rostif,) was crowned tsar of Russia, on the 11th of July, 1613. The house of Románov is said still to reign in Russia; but it is in a sense so modified as to be really a fiction, and probably a falsehood. To those who imagine that despotism conduces to an orderly succession, we commend the study of the complicated pedigree of the descendants of Peter the Great and his brother Ivan, with its repeated infusions of German blood and its successions by female usurpation, irregular election, and murder; the two Alexanders being the only tsars since Peter who have succeeded their fathers. Nay, more; if the general belief be true, both of them, together with all the tsars from Paul inclusive, are utter strangers to the blood of Románov.*

The manner and conditions of Michael Románov's election might seem at first sight to have given a hope of Russia's entering anew on the path of constitutional freedom. He was not invested with the title of autocrat,† which had been borne by all the tsars from Ivan III., and in the act of his election many important rights were stipulated for the people. But those rights were no longer in the safeguard of an independent order of nobles, nor of a middle class, such as had founded and extended the liberties of England. Nor was it a time for constitutional reforms when Russia was still struggling with her Polish rivals, shorn of her Baltic provinces by the might of Gustavus Adolphus, and

* The general belief referred to is that Paul, who succeeded Catherine II., as her son by her murdered husband, Peter III., was in reality the son of neither, but a supposititious child of a peasant family.

† The Russian word, *Samoderjetz* literally means *self-holder*, and is expressed in the ukases issued in German by *Selbsthalter*; being derived from *sam* "self," and *derju* "I keep or hold." In the full title, *Samoderjetz vserossyiskie* (or, for a tsaritzza, *Samoderitza vserossyiskaia*), the second word is an adjective, which is fairly, rather than exactly, represented by the phrase "of all the Russias."

cut off from the Euxine and the Danube by the Turks and Tartars. Well-meant efforts at legal reform earned the title of "Father of his Country" for Alexei, the son of Michael, who has scarcely received due credit for sketching some of the better parts of the work achieved by his son, Peter the Great. And when the marvelous energy and indomitable will of Peter secured for Russia the extension and consolidation which gave her a place among the great states of Europe, the opportunity of resuming constitutional progress was sacrificed to the desire for naval and military strength as the means of imperial power. Neglecting, or more probably unfitted by his rude nature to receive, the great civil lessons which he might have learnt while living in England and Holland, Peter took for his model the imperial and bureaucratic despotism of Germany, and proclaimed this choice, as well as his wide-reaching ambition, by assuming the title of emperor* in addition to tsar and autocrat. The combination was but too significant of "the terrorism which was largely used by the Muscovite tsars, and brought to a climax by Peter the Great equally in both Church and State."†

The better knowledge generally possessed of the history of Russia during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries renders it needless to illustrate the working and growth of this new despotism of military drill and German bureaucracy under the successors of Peter. Their foreign conquests and aggressive designs form too large a subject, and are at this moment too much mingled with exciting disputes, to be mixed up with the constitutional and social elements of the life of Russia.

Among those elements, we have thus far traced the historic course of that one which gradually absorbed and overpowered the patriarchal freedom of the peasantry, the municipal liberties of the great cities, and the independent privileges of the nobles; subjecting all to the will of one autocrat, and administered by a host of officials, whose caprice and corruption were only held in check by the stern account to which their master often called

them. That despotism reached a grandeur at once imposing and repulsive under Catherine, and found in some sense its term in the inflexible, but narrow-minded self-will of Nicholas. No sovereign had ever a freer course to prove the unbounded power of doing good, which it was once the fashion to ascribe to a "benevolent despotism;" and we need not relate the failure of the system which collapsed under the test of the Crimean war, and brought himself to a despairing end.

It was that catastrophe which revealed the necessity of a change, and brought to the front the social elements, hitherto overshadowed but not extinguished, in which those who saw beneath the surface of the Russian State hoped to find the elements of regeneration. Impelled by his own generous wisdom, and taught by his father's failure, the present emperor began the work of reformation, and immortalized his name — whatever other burdens it may have to bear — by the emancipation of the serfs. And now, in the working of that most necessary measure but vast experiment, in the reforms of the judicial system and local administration, and in the upheaving of the social forces which have been long kept down, Russia under Alexander II. presents a spectacle at home which would be far more interesting than its foreign aspect, were it not that the latter affects the interest and safety of other nations. Nor, indeed, can the two be separated; for the internal state of Russia explains much that seems strange and wild in her foreign policy; and the direction of that policy is a chief determining element in her past career and her future fate.

Her greatness as a European and Asiatic power has been purchased at the incalculable cost of withdrawing from agricultural industry so large a part of a population already small in proportion to the soil,* that the military force which will be on foot, when the new organization of the army is completed in imitation of the German military system, is reckoned at *nearly two millions of men*. While the vastness of a force manifestly unnecessary for defence, and therefore a standing menace of aggression, inspires a distrust in other nations, which makes it vain to talk of "concert" where confidence is

* In this title of the Russian sovereigns the word is used in the Latin form, *Imperator* and *Imperatrix*, not as an equivalent to, but in conjunction with that of autocrat (*Samoderjetz*). The stress laid on both in all the documents of the Románovs is very significant. Its merely formal retention in the proclamation of the empress Anne was taken advantage of as being a sufficient discharge of that sovereign from the constitutional obligations accepted by her when she was invited to the throne.

† Wallace, vol. ii., p. 186.

* Mr. Wallace reckons the population of all European Russia at about fourteen to the square verst (the *verst*, linear, is approximately two-thirds of a mile), and that of the most fertile and densely inhabited part, forty to the square verst; the average population of Great Britain for a similar area being one hundred and fourteen.

wanting; and while the evil feeds itself and wastes the social system with every new expedition and annexation; her protectionist system severs the closest bond of union with the rest of Europe, deprives her of the wealth which old Russia had begun to reap a thousand years ago from the constant stream of commerce flowing between the needy North and the exuberant East, and prevents the formation of that middle class which has proved, in the rest of Europe, at once the instrument of material prosperity and the centre of political stability, harmonizing freedom and order. Industry and the true foundations of civilization have been sacrificed to a military greatness which has broken down under the first decisive test; and there was not wanting an ironical contrast in the erection by the present government of Russia of a monument at *Novgorod* to celebrate the millenary festival of the nation (1862).

The statesman who chose for the model of the Russian autocracy a pyramid in the midst of a desert, failed to take into account the treacherous foundation of the solitary edifice, and the teeming life scattered over the desert, though invisible from the height assumed by the politician. Neither the old nobility, long since reduced to a class of courtiers or living apart upon their lands, nor the new official nobility who have eclipsed them, have any weight in the country or influence over public opinion, which can bring real strength and support to the sovereign power; but it is very possible that, as chiefs of the military force, they may yet strike the blow destined to subvert the fabric of autocracy. That fabric is in no danger—at present or in any future yet foreseen—from the peasantry, whose devotion to the tsar, as the temporal and spiritual head of the whole Russian race, is a feeling of the most sacred obligation; though there is a constant menace to the world in the power of the sovereign whose slightest sign can evoke a fanatical response from eighty millions of men. "I am not drawn for the conscription"—said our peasant driver at the time of the Moscow speech—"but it would be a shame to keep at home when my *father* is going to war." The great problem is, whether the social life, which has survived among the peasantry, supplies the elements for that reconstruction of the whole Russian State, the necessity of which is confessed by the reforms already instituted.

The materials which Mr. Wallace has contributed towards the solution of this

problem can only be appreciated by the study of his work as a whole. The reader will be amply repaid by the masterly sketch of the ancient patriarchal society which has been maintained in the village communes; the story of how they have been preserved from perishing beneath the deluge of despotism and the crushing yoke of serfdom; their relations, both under the the old and new system, to the proprietors, various types of whom, both of the old and new school, are sketched with graphic skill; the story of the emancipation of the serfs by the present emperor in 1861; and the consequences of that bold and generous act—the one good use to which the despotic power of the tsars has been put—both for the landed proprietors and for the peasantry themselves. How mingled are the results of good and evil, and how serious a proportion is borne by the latter, is still more fully set forth in Mr. Michell's able Consular Reports.

These reports, however, have been to a great extent superseded by the very strength of the confirmation added by official authority to the statements in them which gave most offence to the Russian government. In consequence partly of Mr. Michell's reports, an imperial commission was appointed in 1872 to inquire into the condition of agriculture in Russia; and the report which it presented in 1873 gave the following picture of the industrial, moral, and religious condition of the peasantry:—

All the information and evidence obtained by the commission points to a considerable development in the observance by the peasantry of holidays which are not established by the Church, and which reduce, to the prejudice of the productiveness of the country and the moral interests of the people, the sum-total of working-days available for agriculture. It is supposed that the clergy not only fail to hinder an increase in the number of holidays, but that they even promote that increase. In addition to the waste of time that would otherwise be available for labor, those holidays are accompanied by another evil—namely, by an augmentation of the frequency of cases in which the use of alcoholic drinks is abused. As regards the statements made to the commission on the subject of the development of a baneful passion for drink among the agricultural classes, and with respect to the injurious influence of idleness and drunkenness on peasant life and generally on the peasant economy, the commission must first of all direct attention to the fact that the complaints on the subject of drunkenness refer principally to the provinces of Great Russia, considerably less to those of Little Russia, and scarcely at all to

the western and Baltic provinces. In the provinces of Great Russia drunkenness prevails not only in an individual but also in a public form. The incentive to such drunkenness is to be found not only in the numerous family and church holidays, but also in the forms of rural self-government. Few village (communal)-meetings terminate without scenes of drunkenness. Business is settled at those meetings under the influence of treating with *vodka* (corn brandy). Fines are imposed in the form of vodka. Such facts, even if desultory in their occurrence, prove that the passion for drink has taken deep root in the national character, and that the people look upon drunkenness from a peculiar point of view, without in the least recognizing its moral indecency.

This account is confirmed by an overwhelming mass of evidence from various provinces of European Russia, testifying to the increase of immorality, drunkenness, and dishonesty among the peasants, the degraded and despised condition of the clergy, the general want of education, and the little improvement as yet made through the better schools established by the *Zemstvo*, or local administrative boards. We can afford space only for a few samples of this mass of evidence. In one district of Moscow it is reported that "the people have given themselves up entirely to drink, and are morally corrupted, so that no confidence can be placed in them. There is no respect for the rights of property; robbery is daily on the increase; horse-stealing has assumed frightful proportions." The sources of this demoralization are sought in the decline of religion and the increase of drunkenness; and the laziness encouraged by the holidays of the Greek Church, which absorb more than one-third of the whole year.

Thus in Moscow, "the churches are empty, the drinking-shops are full;" in another province "holidays and drunkenness have caused a decline in morality. Robbery is so developed that a wife robs her husband, the children their parents, and the stolen goods are carried to the dram-shop. . . . The peasants have become poorer, owing to excessive drunkenness. The population may be divided into those who sell drink and those who consume it. Entire anarchy reigns. Everything is done for vodka and by vodka."

There is special interest in the evidence of Mr. Aksakoff, who has attracted so much attention lately as a chief organ of the Slavophiles:—

A decline in morality and a falling off in the

performance of religious duties are very apparent among the peasantry. The principal causes are first, the very small moral influence which the clergy exercise over the rural population, owing both to their material dependence upon the peasantry, and also very frequently to an insufficient appreciation of their own dignity and of the sacredness of their office; secondly, the absence of schools, and consequently the absence of all civil and religious instruction; thirdly, the absence of the influence of the church and the school, and its replacement by the influence of the dram-shop. Drunkenness is immeasurably on the increase, and is destroying the Russian people, physically and morally.

If we ask what is done to counteract these evils by local authorities and the influence of clergy, we have such answers as the following. In the provinces of Voronej and Tambov—

The village mayors are entirely in the hands of the populace, which has no confidence in them. The mayor stands uncovered before the village assembly, and is sometimes forced to retire to a dram-shop together with the rest of the villagers. As a police-officer, the mayor of a village is only the instigator or the agent through whom all police regulations are systematically evaded. Such a state of things may be called an entire absence of government. It keeps the peasantry in their present path of "self-will" (lawlessness), leads to the absence of all public order and decorum, to depravity, robbery, drunkenness, etc. Moral dissolution, utter impoverishment and bankruptcy of the tax-payer—these are the final results of the present state of affairs. The rights of property were never very strictly observed by the peasantry, and it is the same now. Crimes against those rights are not only daily but hourly on the increase. Their number cannot be estimated from the cases that are tried, because an immense proportion of crimes go unpunished, owing to the difficulties that surround the obtaining of legal evidence.

In the province of Moscow the commune is described as "a great despot, which prevents the peasant from working when a popular saint, or an image of St. Nicholas, the miracle-worker, is expected in the village." The religion of the Russian peasantry is proverbial; but Mr. Wallace's caution as to its character is confirmed by the report from Vladimir:—

It is known that the lower classes only observe the outward forms of religion. After listening to the liturgy they entirely forget what they have heard in church. In this respect, it is important to observe that the servants of the Church confine themselves to the performance of religious rites, and, not rising above the people in intellectual development, they give way to exactly the same acts which form so painful a feature in peasant life; so

that the rural population, with no example to guide them in the path of morality, are not able to withstand temptation. A reduction in the number of dram-shops and a strict supervision over those whose duty it is to propagate morality appear to be indispensable measures.

The effect of holidays is described in the evidence from Novgorod :—

Holidays [said the witness] are increasing beyond measure ; any circumstance that may have had a beneficial effect in one commune is a holiday for all ; the peasants go to the church, ask the priest to perform mass, take up the church banners, go to a neighboring village, where they remain roystering and giving way to debauchery, and ending each day in obliviousness and indecency. Sometimes, in consequence of such holidays, the peasants leave their new-cut hay for a week, allow the most favorable time for stacking it to pass, and the result is that when autumn comes they have no food for their cattle ; whereas if they had properly attended to their hay they would have had abundance of fodder. These holidays are the ruin of villages ; the peasants throw themselves in masses into a village and eat up everything they find, and the villages thus visited proceed in their turn to a neighboring commune and also consume everything.

From Tchernigov, one of the oldest seats of Christianity in Russia, we have the following exhaustive account of the condition of the clergy, and the slight esteem in which they are held :—

A great difference of the peasantry towards the Church is observable. The archbishop appealed personally for the formation of a Church fund, but the peasants refused to contribute, and said they were quite agreeable to their church being closed. Having inquired into this subject in several localities, I have arrived at the conviction that an indifference towards religion exists among the peasantry to such an extent that it is extremely desirable that attention should be bestowed upon it, for in the absence of religion a man mentally undeveloped can scarcely be a trustworthy citizen. However, I do not say this as a reproach to the peasantry, who are now developing themselves in a civil respect. I have only stated a fact taken from real life, and have made a direct deduction from it. As regards the influence of the clergy over the people, the former are certainly interested in counteracting such an indifference towards the Church ; but the strength of the clergy is unequal to the task. They owe their material welfare to the peasantry, receiving from them payment for every rite which they perform. Although the parishioners are allowed to elect their own priests, yet the conditions laid down with that object are somewhat onerous for a rural commune ; namely, the salary of a priest is fixed at a very considerable figure in relation to the means of the greater number of the rural

communes, and over and above this an obligatory rate of payment is fixed for the performance of certain rites which the peasantry do not wish to have celebrated, such as prayers before fasts, etc. I was an eye-witness when a certain large commune was invited to elect a priest. The peasants said outright that, as they had been granted the right of making such an election, they should also have the right of making an agreement with the priest in respect to his salary ; but that "if the law required the commune to pass a resolution electing the priest and binding the commune to pay for the performance of rites which we do not require, we are in a difficulty as to such election."

As to the state of education, there is sad testimony to the indifference of the clergy ; and the improved schools of the Zemstvo have a hard struggle with the apathy of the peasants. Thus at Minsk "the schools have no influence whatever on the population. The young men who are sent to teach reading and writing are mostly unmarried and of frail morality. In winter they have a few boys to instruct, but in summer they do nothing but debauch, and thus demoralize the people by deed and by example. The teachers belong principally to the priesthood ; they are at a low level of civilization and education, without families ; and as their lives would otherwise be dull, they give way to drunkenness and dissipation." At Smolensk "the schools are in a melancholy condition. The rural clergy, who are not distinguished for their knowledge of reading and writing, for their culture or their morality, are bad instructors. The peasants, therefore, engage old soldiers, who teach for the sake of a piece of bread." At Kazan, "there are many schools. The parochial schools conducted by the clergy are very bad ; those of the Zemstvo are good." At Grodno, "the schools are not very well frequented, although numerous (forty). The peasants are averse from sending their children to school, for fear of their wishing to become writers or gentry. Unless under compulsion, children are not sent to school, so that the latter are occupied only by teachers in receipt of salaries." At St Petersburg, "although the Zemstvo and the government assist in the establishment of schools, yet the influence of the latter is still very slight. There are no good teachers, only drunken students from ecclesiastical seminaries." At Tchernigov, "the schools have hitherto not been used by the peasantry, but since the last two or three years there has been a strong desire to acquire knowledge. This is probably owing to the expected reform of the law of

military conscription, rumors of which are propagated by old soldiers. Drunkenness, however, has begun to increase."

The experiment of emancipation is hampered by hindrances arising from the character of all the parties whose co-operation is needed for its good working. The good-natured, but stolid and lazy peasant, is only willing to work so much as is absolutely needful to supply the few wants of his hard and frugal life, and to pay his taxes. The proprietor, disgusted and exasperated at the indolence from which he suffers, is offended at the air of churlish independence, always natural to the Russian peasant, and now aggravated by the new pride of freedom. The result has been a wider division of classes, than even under that servitude which at least defined their social relations plainly, and often bore the redeeming fruit of kindly condescension in the master, and devoted attachment in the serf. This social severance makes it almost impossible for the proprietor and the emancipated peasant to meet on any common ground, at the very time when their co-operation is most needed to make their new relations the foundation of a better social order. The faults of both parties may be illustrated by a conversation which we lately heard in a Russian railway carriage between a proprietor and an English resident. "These *mujiks*" — said the Russian — "were invented to be our curse!" "Perhaps," rejoined the Englishman, who knows them well, "they think you born to be their prey." There is a widespread feeling among the peasantry that the work of emancipation is but half done; to restore them to their natural right of personal liberty is but a partial boon, without the *land* which they claim as having belonged to them from the time when Russia was Russia.

It remains to be seen how this divergence and antagonism can be overcome, or rather what natural forces will come into play to correct it. All that the government has hitherto attempted, by the establishment of provincial and district boards — though restoring the model of a free local government in which proprietors and peasants are equally represented, and by which good local work is done — has nevertheless failed to create between the two classes any real community of feeling. The proprietor looks on the peasant as an instrument necessary for obtaining any profit from his land: the peasant regards the proprietor as a reserve whence he may hire land or draw wages as necessity may force him: but beyond this exchange of

necessary uses, there is a mutual antipathy in all their ideas, personal, social, and religious — for the modern proprietor, besides being an aristocrat in his feelings and a gentleman in his habits, is wont to scorn the devotion of the Russian peasant.

The harmonizing influence of religion, so powerful in other lands, is here a force failing when most needed. The parish clergy, depending on the peasants for nearly all their subsistence, and scarcely above them in social rank, habits, and opinions, have lost all respect and consideration. For further evidence on this large topic we must be content to refer to Mr. Wallace's discussion of the position of the clergy, but not without guarding our readers against the exaggerated influence which he ascribes to the tyranny of the superior ecclesiastics, who are of the "Black Clergy," or monastic orders. At all events some strong ecclesiastical discipline seems necessary to control the propensities of the common clergy. We have ourselves been obliged to lock up in his own cellar a parish priest so drunk at his own daughter's marriage as to be a scandal even to a Russian village; and a friend of ours has seen a drunken priest belaboring his congregation with the branch he had just dipped in holy water to asperse them. There is at present then little hope for the reunion of classes from the government or the clergy.

One of the few certainties in the immediate future is the extinction of the present class of proprietors, who are still imbued with the traditions of serfdom. This is being rapidly effected by the improvident habits which such a system always engenders, and accelerated by the reckless action of the government in the institution of land banks all over the country, which have offered the proprietors fatal facilities for incurring hopeless embarrassment. As in other countries, these means of ruin have been furnished by English capital. Into what hands the land thus encumbered will ultimately pass, is one of the problems of the future. At all events, as the combined result of emancipation and the survival of the village communal life, Russia seems to be working back towards her old social relations before the Tartar conquest, though as yet without the visible prospect of recovering her old political liberties; and till the latter is effected, the former can hardly be accomplished. In this critical position it would seem to a looker-on from the outside that peace was her first need; but those who see more closely find a wide-

spread feeling that the only hope of breaking the fetters of her despotism is by war: not a war of conquest, which should annex new provinces and carry her banners to Constantinople, but rather a war of humiliation, such as that which caused the military system of Nicholas to collapse, and prepared the way, by revealing the indispensable necessity, for the reforms of Alexander.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PAULINE. — PART I.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

Sound itself was silent,
Save when the Atlantic swell — offspring of some dead
storm —
Heaved up a billow to its memory.

CHAPTER I.

A GAELIC CONGREGATION.

*"Seinnidh sinn chum cliù agus glòire
Dhé —"*

Such were the words which, startling in their effect and portentous in their signification, broke upon the ear of Pauline as she entered the parish church, after a walk of three miles in length, under the noon-day rays of an August sun.

Enigmatical as was the sentence, its immediate effect was only too apparent.

Every collie present cocked his eye, leered at his master, and straightway composed himself to sleep.

The master's face was ministerwards; it was serious, and devoutly attentive. In his hand lay the family Psalm-book, and the unaccustomed thumb was being prepared — how, we need not specify — for its weekly duty of turning over the leaves. The service had begun.

What was Pauline to do?

The door had groaned and closed behind her, the atmosphere was that of the innermost recess of a range of hothouses, and there was two hours' endurance of it in prospect.

Well might her spirit sink.

The collies could understand Gaelic, though they might not follow a sermon — *she* could not interpret a word! The dusty rays of a burning sun were grateful to their panting frames — *she* was suffocating! Each of *them* had his own appointed place — *she* was a stranger! In every way she was worse off than a dog!

How tired the poor girl felt! How hot, how disappointed, how cross!

The bare contemplation of that two hours' martyrdom made her shudder, and prompted the desperate suggestion that she might, even at this pass, escape. The object of her journey was lost, the expedition had proved a failure; but her heart rebelled against so great a punishment.

Could she by any means avert it? Dare she draw on herself the eyes of all those bowed heads, with the chance, too, of a snap at her heels from some canine bigot set to guard the door? or, more terrible still, a sudden cessation of those dissonant sounds in the pulpit?

Courage said "Yes;" Fear said "No;" and Fear had it.

She must endure to the end, put on perforce the outward garb of decent attention, patiently await — ah! with a wild, weird, rasping cry, the sweet Psalm of David uprose.

Pauline shuddered from head to foot.

Mentally, as at that hour, she listened to the peal of cathedral chimes, and the mellow chant of white-robed choristers, and — measured the distanced between her seat and the door.

A pause, another rapid jangle of incomprehensible phrases, a distraction of the worshippers, and the stranger had flown; she stood once more in the sweet, fresh, fragrant air outside.

With a long-drawn breath of relief, Pauline stopped for a minute to gaze on the scene around her.

A broad stretch of blue water lay at her feet, calm as glass, and to all appearance motionless, yet every minute laying bare more and more of the rocky tangle which overspread the beach, interspersed with shallow bays of smooth and glistening sand.

Thin fringes of birch and alder trees skirted the shore, and overhung the broad white road which encircled the island. Sloping backwards from these, and with gradually increasing monotony, dreary wastes of moor, bog, and ravine carried the eye up to the ptarmigan-haunted peaks above.

Towards this prospect Pauline cared not to look. Her eyes were fixed on the pale, dimly-defined horizon; on the tiny islets which seemed to disdain and shrink from the water on which they rested, so carefully did they draw back their pointed headlands from contact with it; and on a large cutter yacht, which had cast anchor in the bay the night before, and which as it lay broadside, showing every spar and rope reflected, might have offered a prominent object for a painter's pencil.

She had watched the white sail of the vessel as it passed Gourloch on the evening before, and mourned its loss in the panorama which the sun, setting, spread nightly before their eyes. The white wing had been folded just as the heavens were lighting up, and it was folded still.

Not a sound came from the sea, and the strange discordant music within the little building alone broke the silence over the land.

Now must Pauline gather up her courage, and take to the road again.

There it lay, glaring in the fierce noon-day heat, sheltered only here and there by the birches, and displaying itself in the distance in a barefaced extent of more than a mile in length, over a hillside, empty even of the shadow of a rock.

Pauline sighed. This was, in plain terms, more than she had bargained for.

When, against the persuasions of her relations at Gourloch, she had made her way to the little Highland church, she had been supported by a feeling of satisfaction, complacency, self-approval if you will, and her aunt had plead in vain.

"My dear, be persuaded. It rarely happens that our own service is put off, and for once we can read our Bibles at home. Such a long walk in this weather, and it is not our own church either!" murmured the lady, feeling a little ashamed of using such an argument.

"I suppose it is much the same, auntie; I never can distinguish between them."

"You have not studied the subject, my dear. But, however, that is not my real reason for wishing you to give it up. It is not fit for you to walk so far. Elsie has gone down to the shore, and taken her books with her. Come, let me find you something to read out of the library."

"Thanks, dear auntie, but I should like to go."

"You know, my love, how gladly I would send you if I could, although it is not our way to have the horses out on Sundays; but really the grey is too lame to be used to-day."

"I always walk, thank you; we never think of driving at home."

Quietly and decidedly the stronger will had put aside the weaker, and, if she rued it, the blame was her own.

That "*Seinnidh sinn chum cliù agus glòire Dhé*" (Let us sing to the praise and glory of God), fell upon her ear like a knell. Nor was she, on reflection, better satisfied with the hasty and precipitate withdrawal, which must have seemed to scorn the simple gathering. How could

she do it? She had been dazed, bewildered. She was almost, in her confusion, ready to re-enter.

But no! It was too late.

And then above and beyond the obvious causes for discontent previously narrated, it was no easy matter for Pauline to own that she had been in the wrong.

She would have to own it now, easy or difficult — both wrong in going, and wrong in coming away; she would have to walk in, dusty and dishevelled, two hours before she was expected, and make her humiliating confession. Her aunt would commiserate, and Elsie would rally her; of the two, she preferred the idea of being laughed at, and decided that if her cousin had not quitted the shore on her return, she would seek her out, and they could make their *entrée* together.

With this there flashed a bright idea into Pauline's head.

The tide was still on the ebb, the short cut across the rocks would be passable. The prospect of this, with the sudden reaction of surprise and pleasure it inspired, gave a fillip to her spirits, under which she set off. More than a mile could be saved by crossing the bay, and the long ridges of rock, matted with tangle, and thickly strewn with mussels, limpets, and other shellfish, afforded a tolerably secure footing.

Soon she quitted the road, and with light and active steps began to thread the mazes of the rocky territory.

All went well for a time.

True, she had frequently to retrace her path, and more than once narrowly escaped immersion in a hidden pool. Occasionally, too, she found herself perched upon an apparently inaccessible height from which the descent was fraught with peril.

Still, with bare hands clinging to each projecting point, and dainty toes feeling tremulously for security under treacherous seaweed — too often but the veil of a pitfall — the advance continued.

It grew worse and worse. Her limbs began to ache, her face was burning shelterless under the sun, for, alas! that last spring had snapped the parasol in two, when she came to a full stop. "What shall I do?"

The poor wayfarer was tasting the experience common to explorers of short cuts.

It would seem as if short cuts are haunted by false-hearted sprites, who delight in tormenting such as venture unwarily within their bourne. Try one across

fields, and you find half-a-dozen hedges in your way, each backed by a ditch and threaded by a wire. Follow an innocent-looking footpath, as did Christian and Hopeful in the allegory of allegories, and if you are not lodged in the castle of Giant Despair, you are straightway landed in a farmyard deep in mire, from which you look in vain for exit. View all the plain before you, and prepare to tramp it comfortably over a close-shaven, heather-burnt moor, and behold! an artful swamp lurks concealed, with moss and bog-myrtle and cotton-rush flowering on its surface!

Pauline, too far gone to retreat, came to the woful conclusion that another mistake had been committed.

The rocks, which at first had been mere ridges easily traversed, now seemed actually to tower above her; the pools expanded into miniature lakes, and intercepted her path at every turn; while both feet and hands were smarting from contact with the rough and jagged surface.

Suddenly she became aware that she was not alone.

Leaning over a narrow strip of water which ran up between two ledges, was the figure of a man, so intent upon gazing into the crystal pool, that he was apparently as unconscious of her presence as she had hitherto been of his.

His hat was thrown off, and a suit of grey rendered his person so little distinguishable from the smooth surface of stone on which he lay, that had he not changed his attitude on Pauline's approach, she might have been still nearer than she was, without detecting anything unusual.

She turned to escape, her foot slipped, and down she went.

The stranger started, drew himself up, and stared at the apparition. How had she come? What did she want? What was she doing now?

An answer to the last interrogation was self-evident. She was helplessly trying to steady herself on a stone which vibrated to every inclination, her parasol protruded from a crevice many feet below, and her long dress placidly floated on a neighboring pool. Clearly she was in need of assistance.

"Wait a moment; allow me to help you."

Sooth to say, Pauline had no choice but to wait. She was careless as to the fate of her parasol, and ignorant of the misdeemeanors of her robe, but to quit that tottering pedestal, when one false step would

precipitate her into a briny gulf, was more than she cared to attempt.

Both hands clutched the rugged wall in front, he advanced, and one was unwillingly loosened and put in his.

"Take care! Not that one! This side! Ah!"

She was in! That last exclamation was called forth by a stumble, a moment's floundering on the slippery surface, and a splash.

The next instant he had seized her other hand, and, by main force, pulled her up beside him.

"Thank you," said poor Pauline, ruefully.

Short of a desert island there could hardly have been a more extraordinary and secluded spot for two well-dressed, well-bred, and well-looking young people to be standing hand in hand, whose acquaintance barely extended over a previous forty seconds or so.

The man saw the joke; the woman did not.

The hand which he held responded to his clasp, with a fervor born of insecurity and fright; the other held on by his arm.

"Grips me like a vice," thought he. Aloud, "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Oh no — not much — thank you. The water is quite warm."

"Your parasol is in the hollow down there; I had better fetch it."

"Pray don't. Don't mind. It is of no consequence whatever."

"You will lose it; you will never find it again if I do not bring it now. If you can just stand still for one moment, I will jump down."

Now the malice of this suggestion consisted in the fact that to stand still was one of the last feats the unlucky fair one was likely to accomplish. The rock on which they stood was so cut up into detached and knife-like edges, that, even as she spoke, she swayed backwards and forwards, pinching his arm spasmodically with each oscillation, while every movement threatened another plunge.

"I shall take the opportunity to collar my hat," reflected the young man, "if she is ever going to let go, that is to say. Suppose you sit down for a moment?" to his companion.

As this proposal was accompanied by some assistance, it was feasible, and he was free.

And now, for the first time, it occurred to Pauline to look at the person with whom she was fraternizing.

As his back was towards her, she naturally contemplated it first. A good back, broad-shouldered, straight, and supple, well set off by the odd sailor-like blouse of grey.

Now he was poking his head down the chasm from which, but nearly out of reach, the parasol poked up its head appealingly to him. Yes, a good head, too; a nice round head, covered with dark, smooth, soft-looking hair. Last of all she obtained a view of the face.

"Ah! what a pity!" cried the girl, inwardly; and with furtive glances she continued to scan it till he came back to her side, successful in both his quests.

For the face was — bad.

"May I ask which way you are going?"

Pauline could hardly tell. The idea of retracing her steps was scarcely to be borne — to push on seemed hopeless; she faltered and balanced the *pros* and *cons* in her mind.

At last her tale was told.

"I was nearly let in for that Gaelic service myself," said her companion; "my men found it out, however, and warned me at the church door. So you are on your way to Gourloch?"

"Yes; I was told one could cross here when the tide was out."

"I should doubt it."

"You think it would not be safe to try?"

"Hardly."

"Considering," reflected the young man, "that you were staggering about like a new-born calf a few minutes ago, and are only happy now because you are sitting down."

"Then I must go back the way I came. Thank you," said Pauline, with dignity. She could be quite dignified as she sat on the rock.

He hesitated, and looked towards the sea. "The men are here. Will you let them put you home? Of course I shall accompany the boat," he added, hastily.

Pauline (aside). "And pray, who are *you*?" Outwardly, she only followed the direction of his eye with hers, and saw what she might have seen long before if she had looked — a large, beautifully appointed gig, manned by four tidy British tars. "You are very good."

"Not at all. I shall be delighted to be of any use."

"It is barely half a mile beyond that headland; you can see the tower from here."

"What a tremendous round it must be

by the road! Five or six miles, I should say."

"Not quite so far, but still —"

"Long enough. You would not do it under an hour and a half."

"I am wet, besides," considered Pauline, who was wetter than she could well confide to a stranger; "and I am tired. And if I refuse and turn back, I must accept his escort over the rocks, for I could not possibly go crawling and falling about as I did when there was nobody near. What a disastrous expedition it has been from beginning to end! Shall I accept? I wish I knew. The boat does look charming, and sailors are always nice; but I don't altogether like him. Still, if I return, he will come too; and if I go in the boat, there will be all the others. I wonder which would be best or worst!" A pause. "The boat is best." "Thank you very much, if you are quite sure I am not taking you out of your way —"

"Married," decided the man — "married, and a woman of the world, or she would not be so cool upon it. I never said it was not taking me out of my way. However —" "Not in the least. Let me help you down."

"I cannot imagine," said the young lady, as they stood waiting for the boat, "how you did not hear me before I was so close to you; I made enough noise."

"I heard sounds, but thought my men had come ashore. It was not likely to be any one else, you must acknowledge."

"I did not hear any sound; you took me altogether by surprise."

"And had I not been there, should you have struggled on?"

"Yes, I think so. I don't like giving up what I have once begun."

"You might, if you had had good luck, have been a dozen steps further on by this time. I am sorry I retarded your progress."

"I am very much obliged to you." (Gravely, as with this protest, "So far as you have done me a service, I am bound to acknowledge it; otherwise, as yet we are strangers. Don't make jokes.")

The boat's crew now pulled alongside, and she was handed in.

"Delightful!" exclaimed the weary pedestrian to herself, as they sped over the water with a swift noiseless rush that in a few seconds left the promontory from which they had embarked far behind. "I cannot help being glad I came. It could not be avoided; I had no choice. The men look respectable, and he is a gentle-

man, whatever else he may be. What an odd adventure! Poor little Elsie! how she would have enjoyed it! I wonder if she will be down at the shore when we come in. No one else will, it is to be hoped. Ah! how pleasant—how very, very pleasant it is! Now we are going over sand and shells; there scuttles off a little green crab under the weed. It is quite shallow too. Are those oysters, or only their shells? How beautiful are these great trees rising to the surface, and spreading themselves like feathery palms or giant ferns! Far, far down they go, into that deep, dark, invisible pit. If we were to upset here, I should be drowned. I should go straight to the bottom, and never rise again. Ah! I am glad we are off that hollow; the sand is rising again." Thus dreamily her thoughts wandered on, as she hung in silence over the side.

("Might say a civil word or two," inwardly commented the steersman, when some time had elapsed. "I thought all Scotch girls could talk.")

"Is not this beautiful?" said Pauline, turning round.

"Very."

"Nothing can surpass the scenery of the west of Scotland."

"Nothing."

"Especially on a day like this."

"Certainly."

She had made her attempts, it was his turn next.

"I hope you are comfortable?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

"You must be tired?"

"A little."

Discreet, if neither edifying nor original. The lady's turn came again.

"When I come to Scotland I never want to go away; and yet when I am away, I hardly care to seek it out again."

"Just what I have felt. But is not this your country?"

"No."

A pause.

"My home is in the south of England," said Pauline, feeling herself ungracious, "it is—different there."

He acknowledged a difference, observed that he too was a stranger, and another spasmodic silence ensued. Then with a gasp of relief they simultaneously rushed into the old, old topic of the weather.

Weather past, weather to come, weather at sea, weather among mountains; English, Scotch, and Irish weather; the climates of all countries,—were discussed with an animation that left nothing to be desired.

Meantime the mental commentaries so ran:—

"A fine creature. A nice womanly woman. A good daughter, good sister, good wife—oh! indeed! no wife at all," as his eye fell on the ringless left hand clasped round the parasol—"no wife at all; wrong for once. Be that as it may, you are a wifely, motherly, daughterly girl, and I like you!"

"And you are an odd kind of man, I don't know whether to like you or not."

"Hollo! hollo! hey!"

"Tom!" ejaculated Pauline.

"Tommy!" cried her companion.

With that they turned and faced each other, the meaning of which was, "Pray what do *you* know about Tom?" and, "Pray what do *you* know about Tommy?"

"That is my brother," said Pauline, smiling.

CHAPTER II.

ONE OF THE WILD BLUNDELLS.

"WELL, you are a nice girl to go out for a *pleasure-trip* on the *Sabbath-day*!"

Astonishment and exclamations having been exchanged, the new-comer thus began.

"I did not, Tom. I went to church, and came back by the shore."

"Went by land, and came back by water."

"There is no crossing after all, or else I tried it too far down. I don't know where I should have been now, if I had not been most kindly rescued."

"By him? many thanks," said the boy. He could not have been much over twenty, and was a smart, hearty, merry-go-round sort of a creature, with a loud voice and a laughing eye.

("What! You don't know him? Oh!" in answer to an aside.)

"I say, Blundell, you must come up and have Sunday dinner. That is the house among the trees; no distance, you see. I only turned up myself an hour ago; got a boat, and ferried across at the Ross; and now my aunt says I should have stayed where I was, and not have travelled upon a Sunday. After my going to church too, on purpose to say that I had been!"

"You have been at church? Where in the world did you find one?"

"Close to the ferry on the other side."

"And how did you manage to arrive here an hour ago?"

"Well, I did not stay the *whole* time, you know; I slipped out after the first

fifty-five verses of the 119th *Psalm*! Eh, Polly?"

Pauline did not laugh.

"Your sister would have been glad to have been in your place, I daresay. There is nothing but Gaelic at Gourloch Point to-day."

"Is there not? I wish I had been there. I like to hear them screech and squall; it sounds as if you were sitting down upon a bagpipe. But you will come up, won't you?"

"Thanks very much, but I must get back—the men are waiting. You will excuse me, I know."

"I have not yet thanked you —" began Pauline. He smiled, lifted his hat, and was gone.

"I knew he would not come," said Tom, hospitably, "or I should not have been so keen to ask him. I knew that would send him off. What a queer old cracky fellow he is!"

"Old! Cracky!"

"He is half cracked, you know. Where is Elsie?"

"How is he cracked?"

"Aunt Ella said she was down at the shore."

"What do you mean by saying he is cracked?"

"I didn't, — I said he was *half* cracked; and so he is."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. The fellows say he is."

"Why should he not come to dinner when you asked him?"

"Because he never does; and we didn't want him either."

Pauline pondered.

"He would just have been a bore," continued Tom, as they bent their steps inland; "and Aunt Ella would not have liked it, besides. Queer,—isn't it? They ought to suit each other, those two."

She had no idea what he meant.

"How did you know him, Tom?"

"I have known him a long time. The question is, how did *you* know him? I shall tell Aunt Ella of your gallivanting about with one of the wild Blundells, and see how she'll look."

"It was unavoidable," said his sister, steadily. "I was in the very middle of the bay, and had come to a place where I could neither go back nor forward. You may imagine what a start it gave me to find a man close at hand, when I thought —"

"Oh, well," cried Tom, impatiently, "where is Elsie all this time?"

"Perhaps she has gone indoors again."

"She went out when I left. I came down here on purpose to find her."

"Here she is, then!" A laughing voice from behind a rock. "I heard you all the time, and saw you too. What have you been about? Really, you two scandalous people —"

"Speak to Polly, if you like" exclaimed Tom, seizing her hands. "If you don't look better after my sister another time, Miss Elsie, I shall think twice before I allow her to come and stay with you again. But I am innocent."

"Were you not with her?"

"Not I. She managed this nice little escapade all by herself. I have been here for ever so long, as you might have known, if you had been anywhere but in this crazy, out-of-the-way place down here."

"How did you come?"

"I came by the Ross, got ferried across, and walked over the hill. Mind, I had been to church first, which apparently none of you have. And such a house as I find! Only Aunt Ella in it; you gone, no one can say where; and Pauline sitting cheek-by-jowl with a fellow whose name she does not even know, but with whom she seems vastly taken."

A brother's impertinence, ignored by the stately victim.

"Paulie, I wonder you let him treat an elder sister so!"

"Why, what did you say to her yourself, only a minute ago?"

"Never mind, tell me all about it," said Elsie, impatiently. "Did you find the church, Pauline?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I had to come away, Elsie: it was all in Gaelic."

"Oh! oh! oh!" with a scream of delight. "Oh, that is charming! Oh, you poor Pauline, you dear Pauline! and so you had your walk for nothing, and your parasol is broken, and your gown is ruined, and, last of all, you got carried off by a pirate, and were only rescued by Tom and me."

"Come, I like that," said Tom. "What had you to do with it, may I ask? Sneaking behind that rock until you saw whether the pirate was going to demolish us or not."

"You would make a valiant ally in time of need, Miss Elsie; like old Blucher, you would come galloping up with a great dust, when all the fighting was over, and do the shouting part."

Tuheira-sa-sa-sa, und die Deutschen sind da. Die Deutschen sind lustig, sie rufen, Hurra!
How long have you been hiding here?"

"It was some one else's shouting that made me look out. 'Hollo! hollo! hey!' and the echo cried after it, 'Ollo! ollo! ey!' What makes an echo drop its h's? They always do, you know."

"And you had seen none of us before?"

"No; the first I saw of anybody was when you were all down at the boat. I had heard the dip of the oars before, but it had not come in sight round the point. I concluded that you had come with Pauline."

"And I concluded that you had; or rather that it was you sitting beside Blundell."

"Is that the pirate's name? What is he doing here?"

"Ask Polly. She knows all about him."

"I suppose that is his yacht, Elsie. He found me in difficulties among the rocks. I was trying to cross the bay as the tide was out; and just when I had got to a place where I could get neither back nor forward —"

"I have heard this so often that I am perfectly sick of it," interrupted Tom, rudely. "There was nothing so very wonderful in this great deliverance; you women always make mountains out of mole-hills. Blundell was fishing in his boat, Elsie, and picked her off, that was all."

"He was doing nothing of the kind," said his sister, warmly. "He was not fishing at all."

"Wasn't he? Well, then, he ought to have been. I mean to draw him about his Sunday amusements, and you shall see how he rises to it. It was Chaworth who gave me the hint. Elsie, are the gooseberries over yet?"

"No, indeed, they are but just begun. You forget how much later we are here than you in the south."

"Then let us have a turn at them before dinner."

To humor him she complied, but Pauline, pleading fatigue, escaped into the house.

"We are best by ourselves," said Tom, confidentially. "Pauline always nags me to go indoors before I have had half enough. What have you got there? Green ones. Are they good? I like these yellow boys."

"You don't know what is good, then. The green ones have far more flavor. Those are called the honey-globes, but no

one cares for them after the others are ripe. These little ironmongers are the best of any."

"Are they?" said Tom, with all kinds in his mouth at once. "Oh, I say, look here! My best *visiting* trousers!"

He had been kneeling unconsciously on a juicy red ironmonger, and the result was a deeply imbedded stain.

"Something always happens to this pair, whenever I wear them," said he, ruefully. "They came from Smallpage, and are the only ones I have that don't bag at the knee. I put them on to-day, because it was Sunday, to please my aunt."

"It was thoughtful of you, Tom."

"Well, what am I to do? My things won't be here till to-morrow, and — it's getting worse, I do believe — there is not a soul to lend me a pair. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. Why do you not ask Mr. Blundell?"

"His? They would trail behind me like the spurs of a fighting-cock. I shall go on board his yacht, though. I say, Elsie, if he is here to-morrow, why shouldn't we have a run in it?"

"Delightful!"

"You would like it, I can tell you."

"But how could it be managed?"

"Oh, there is nothing easier. He is such a queer creature, you can make him do whatever you like, if you take him the right way. That's what Chaworth says. You have only to take him the right way, and you can twist him round your little finger."

"And how, if you take him the wrong way?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"I should like to go," said his cousin, "very much."

"You wouldn't be sick?"

"No, indeed! At least I think not."

"What do you mean by you 'think not'? Have you ever been in a yacht?"

"No."

"You know nothing about it, then. They are the sickest things you can go in. There is nothing I like better than a little spanking fifteen-tonner, with a good sou'-wester to fill the sheets."

"How large is this one?"

"This? Oh, it's far away too big," contemptuously. "It is as safe as anything. Aunt Ella would go in this one herself, I daresay. It was a little wee thing that Guy was lost out of."

"Who was Guy?"

"Guy? He was the other one. They

were the wild Blundells, you know. Such a splendid-looking pair of fellows! Chaworth said ——”

“You have had enough, Tom. Come to the greenhouses.”

“Chaworth said ——”

“Look at this piece of heliotrope, peeping through the hinges. How can it have crept in there?”

“Chaworth said ——”

“Shut the door after you.”

“You are not listening to me a bit,” said Tom, crossly.

Neither she was.

Meantime Pauline sat by her open casement looking on the sea.

It was an old-fashioned lattice window, set in a frame of ivy, and both sides were caught back to let in as much of the outer air as possible. The chamber was round, being approached only by a narrow winding stair, which opened out of the gallery below; and the turret-room, as it was called, was appropriated to Miss La Sarte's use, whenever she stayed, as she usually did every autumn, at Gourloch.

Here she sat now, a tall, straight, dark-haired maid, with a thoughtful countenance, and calm, bright eyes.

Unlike Tom, unlike Elsie, unlike any one else in the world was Pauline.

It was this which made Tom rampant at the idea of his sister's adventure, and gave zest to Elsie's enjoyment of her defeat.

Pauline, the good, the grave, the handsome, the decorous, the everywhere admired and approved Pauline, to be caught tripping thus!

Elsie might have been wilful, and daring, and baffled, and made to look foolish as her cousin had been, and no one would have thought twice about it, whilst the whole house was now gaping at Pauline. Elsie would have been petted and pitied like a lost child; she would have come in bemoaning her fate; showing her hands and her face, her gown and her parasol; and all of a sudden she would have burst out a-laughing in the face of her comforters.

Pauline sits by her window, and her hands lie idly in her lap.

Through the balmy air come ever and anon the calls of sea-birds on the shore; the wild quivering cry of the curlew, or the lapwing diverting wayfarers from her young.

A slight breeze has sprung up with the return of the tide, wavelets lap the rocks, and ripple along the little bays and creeks of sand.

A long hour glides unbroken by, and the dreamer heeds it not.

A sudden attack upon the door; a double attack — one hand used for the rap, the other simultaneously turning the handle.

“Look here! why *don't* you come down? The gong is broken, Aunt Ella says, and you might have known. We have been waiting nearly half an hour.”

“I am coming, dear.”

“You might just as well read your good books after dinner as before,” continued injured Tom.

Pauline, as we know, had not been reading, and there were no traces of books to be seen, but she had forgotten to smooth her hair, and her bonnet still lay upon the table.

Tom looked at her. “Are you tired?” he said, gruffly.

“I am, rather, thank you.”

“What a wild-goose chase it was! Blundell must have had a good laugh at you.”

They were going down-stairs, and she slipped her hand within his arm.

“Isn't he rather a — strange man, Tom?”

“I told you he was half cracked.”

“He never once smiled the whole time, except, yes, when he went away.”

“I don't know about smiling, but you should just hear him laugh. He and Guy were the jolliest fellows in the world. Wherever the Blundells were, there was a row, and every night they kept it up. They had half the county by the ears, and there they used to be roaring and fighting ——”

“Well?”

“Well, what?”

“What were you going to say?”

“I wasn't going to say anything. What do you mean?”

“What were they roaring and fighting about?”

“Oh, for fun. It was Guy who was the great hand; Ralph could be as quiet as a pussy-cat if he liked. Oh! the meekest, mildest creature, without a word to say for himself! So that all the old dowagers used to say, ‘What a nice young man!’ And he was, *very* nice!” said Tom, emphatically. “I say, you needn't tell Aunt Ella all this; we may just as well go in his yacht, and he is all right now. Do you hear? Mind you don't.”

The last injunction gave Pauline food for thought. She waited her opportunity, and thus accosted her brother.

"Tom, if Mr. Blundell is not—not a proper acquaintance for us, I cannot help telling Aunt Ella. He ought not to come here, and Elsie and I should not go in his yacht."

"What rubbish! Of course he is all right now; I told you that."

"I don't know what your 'all right' and your 'all wrong' means," cried she, losing patience. "You say he is wicked, and he is crazy, and seem to glory in it, and yet you wish us to be intimate——"

"Who said anything about being intimate? The intimacy is a fiction of your own. You picked him up for yourself, and were intimate enough with him in all conscience when I came upon you."

"You know how it was——" began his sister.

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't come to the place where you could get neither back nor forward, again! I know the very spot by this time! Spare us the recital, just this once."

"You are very rude," said Pauline, frowning.

"No, no. I'll be ready for it again to-morrow, and promise to listen to every word. Come, Polly-poddy, don't be cross; you know you want to have the sail, and so does Elsie, and so we'll all go, and have a day of it."

"If you are sure," hesitated she.

"Sure? Yes, of course I am. There is really nothing the matter with him, only that he has been queer ever since he and Guy were out that night in the North Sea, and Guy was drowned. Instead of getting away from the water, as you would think he might have done, he is always on it, and goes mooning about by himself, first to one place, and then to another. But he is quite the pattern man, every one says. I believe," he added, lowering his voice, "he thinks he'll go to hell, or something of that sort, if he breaks out again."

"Is that what makes you call him crazy?"

"Yes. That is what the fellows say."

"So now," continued Tom, as if a load were off his mind, "you know the worst of him. And, letting alone that, he is as good a fellow as ever lived. Just the kind of man *you* would take to; he is not Elsie's style at all. I say, what a pretty little creature she has turned out, and what airs the monkey gives herself!"

"I don't think any one ever accused Elsie of that before."

"They will now, then. She shuts you up at every turn, and then comes wheed-

ling after you, to get you to go after her again."

"It is only her way, you silly Tom. She means nothing by it."

"Doesn't she, then?"

"Nothing whatever. She is a mere child."

"A monstrous precocious child. Where on earth did she learn to flirt?"

"*Flirt!*" cried Pauline, angrily.

"Yes, flirt. I suppose it is born in a girl. Even a she-Paul will flirt, if she can do it on a Sunday, my dear sister," added he, slyly.

Pauline — blushed.

CHAPTER III.

"BITE HIM, PUNCH!"

THE next morning, alas! alas!

Rain; soft, patient, persistent rain, not loud nor passionate, yet holding out no false hopes of giving way, set in with the daylight.

Low over the hillsides hung the misty veil; leaden looked the sea; piteous were the faces that surveyed it at Gourloch.

"Elsie, do you ever have anything but rain, here?"

"Never! It poured the whole of yesterday."

"Yes, of course, if it *is* fine, it is sure to be on a Sunday, when one can't do anything."

"I had a presentiment that it would rain to-day."

"Clever of you, that. I have a presentiment that it will rain to-morrow, and the next day, and the next after that." Tom was out of humor, and the mischief found for his idle hands to do was teasing his cousin.

"It is no worse here than elsewhere," affirmed Elsie, smarting like a true Scot under their national disgrace. "We have had very *good* weather, particularly *fine* weather, until quite lately. I am sure I don't know why it should have broken just at this time," continued she, with a troubled look at the sky.

"And what is one to do the livelong day?"

"You might go and see Mr. Blundell," said a quiet voice close by. Pauline was standing with her back to them, looking out of the window.

"Eh? What should I do that for?" demanded her brother.

"You might find out how long he means to stay, and see what is our prospect of a sail."

"Well, I might do that. Perhaps he would take me with him to-day. I don't care for the rain, and it would be better than staying at home." (With a glance at Elsie.) "Men can't be expected to fad about a work-table all day like girls."

"Bring him back with you to entertain us," retorted his cousin.

Tom tossed up his head. "Likely, isn't it? He hates women."

No remark.

"He never goes anywhere when he can help it."

"Oh!"

"And so, as he won't come to me, I must go to him," proceeded young La Sarte with a lordly air, intended to convey that it was impossible two such choice spirits could be long apart. "He will expect me, I daresay."

"Hollo!" Three minutes later, in the avenue. "I was on my way to look you up. What a beast of a day!"

"Well, what have you got for me to do?"

Was he seeking Tom, as Tom was seeking him, from the sheer lack of any other source of entertainment?

They regarded each other earnestly. Should they fish? The streams were too high. The shooting of Gourloch was let to a stranger. Boating would be miserable; walking, stupid. Must they actually be driven indoors? It appeared the only thing to be done.

"I hope," said Blundell, as they walked up to the house, "that Miss La Sarte is none the worse for her wetting yesterday."

"Not a bit. At least, I never asked her. Isn't it a jolly old place? Belongs to my aunt, as far as you can see on either side. She was a Macdougall; you would know what that means if you were a native; and since my uncle's death she lives here for the most part of every year. The pity is about the shooting. She might just as well keep some of it for me, even if she let the rest; it is rather hard on a fellow to come to Scotland in August, and get no grouse. I have given her several pretty broad hints on the subject. I should come down regularly if I could look upon it as a moor."

"I don't doubt it," said his companion, dryly.

"And, of course, I should have it to offer fellows. I can't ask them down, as it is, when there is no shooting. Fellows who have asked me, you know. There was young Beauchamp; and Farey, Lord Farey's son; they would both have

come down fast enough, if there had been anything for them to do. I had to make up a sort of explanation about my aunt being a widow, and not caring to have a lot of people about. I could not tell them slap out there was no shooting, they would have thought it so uncommonly odd."

"Are you the heir?"

"No, another of us, my cousin, has the title and the B—shire estates. That is why my aunt lives here."

"And does he come in for this property too?"

"Oh no, there's Elsie—I mean her daughter. A nice girl," said Tom, carelessly. "Sir Edward was only my mother's brother, but we do pretty much as we like here."

"And that was your sister whom I met yesterday? Do you know, the whole time she was with me she reminded me of some one, and I could not puzzle out who it was. Not that she is the least like you, Tommy."

"Is she not? She is thought like me too." (I suppose he means that she is handsomer, and she's not. I am quite as good-looking.)

"We are rather wet for the drawing-room, eh?" said Blundell, with a glance at his sea-soiled boots. "What do you think?"

"My aunt is awfully good-natured, and"—sinking his voice,— "the carpets are as old as the hills. Nobody minds about them. Aunt Ella," continued Tom, opening the door, "here is Mr. Blundell: what can we do to amuse him?"

"We will do our best," replied his aunt, pleasantly. She was a slight, graceful little thing, to whose opinions her nephew's exceeding deference seemed almost comical. "I am afraid we have nothing here very entertaining, Mr. Blundell," affirmed the lady.

"Perhaps Mr. Blundell will kindly entertain us," said a new voice, the other courtesies having been exchanged.

Turning politely towards the speaker, he beheld a rosy, golden-haired Hebe, in the first flush of her womanhood; a chubby, dimpled, rounded creature, whose mocking eyes were fixed upon him.

"I am dreadfully stupid," said he, with a drawl.

Pauline, on his other side, jerked her netting-needle impatiently. ("He did not speak in that way to me," thought she. "What a disagreeable, affected, artificial voice! I knew I should not like him.")

Lady Calverley. "You were very kind yesterday in bringing my niece out of an

unpleasant predicament. She was a foolish girl to try the crossing, and we may be thankful things were no worse."

"*You* would have laughed at us," said Blundell to Elsie.

"I am sure I should."

"It is never safe to try a crossing by the sea," continued Lady Calverley.

"I should not have tried it unless the tide had been going out," said Pauline.

"I could cross at any time," said Tom.

Then there was a pause. ("I wonder how I could put up with him!" thought Pauline. "I must have been blind and deaf, or else he is altogether changed since yesterday.")

"Are you not a walker?" inquired Blundell, again addressing Miss Calverley.

"I don't care for walking, unless it is to get things. I should not mind it if I might shoot, or fish, or follow the otter-hounds; but walking for walking's sake is like taking medicine,—you wonder how little of it you can get off with, to do you any good."

Elsie, thankful for any diversion, conscious of charms, graceless and idle, sparkled with animation.

"I declare," speculated Tom, "she is trying her hand on Blundell next."

It was not her place. He had told her his friend was bored with women, and if he had by any chance come up to see Pauline, he ought to be talking to *her*. His aunt, too, merely putting in a word now and then; she should be taking the lead—she ought to *make* their visitor converse with her on this their first meeting.

Elsie was too free, too friendly, with a man whom she had never seen before. If this were the winning manner of which he had heard so much, he failed to appreciate it.

"What in all the world are we to do?" he reiterated, dolefully.

No one heeded him.

"Pauline, why are you fidgeting with that stupid work?"

"I did not know I was fidgeting."

"You are; and you have hardly done a stitch besides. Why can't you try to make yourself agreeable? Why don't you talk, like Elsie?" in a low voice. "It all falls upon her. Neither you nor Aunt Ella will say a word."

"I can't talk to a man who turns his back upon me," said Pauline to herself. She was exaggerating, he had not turned his back; but the lady was nettled.

His back was not turned, but his shoul-

der certainly was. He was lounging over the side of the easy-chair, snapping his fingers at the pug in Elsie's lap.

Punch was growling, wincing, and quivering with indignation.

"Look at him, Punch! Bite him, Punch! Hist! Good dog, good dog! Don't be frightened, you little coward!" cried his mistress, full of the sport. "Punch, I am ashamed of you, to let yourself be tormented by a naughty, horrid —"

"Go on," said Blundell.

"Elsie, my dear, will you open the dining-room door, and see what luncheon is about? It is surely one o'clock."

Elsie jumped up with an instantaneous obedience edifying to see.

"One o'clock! It surely cannot be as late as that!" exclaimed their guest.

"It has been one o'clock *by me* for ever so long," said Tom, emphatically.

"A quarter to one," said Pauline, consulting her watch. "I think your clocks are rather fast, Aunt Ella."

"Yes, my dear, we keep them half an hour before the time, as our servants are always late."

"And that pulls them up?" said Blundell, gravely.

"They are obliged to go by the clocks, you know."

"Which they would not do, if you kept them to the correct time?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I wish I knew of any way to make them punctual," said Lady Calverley, herself the most unpunctual woman in existence. "I never can get them to do as I wish in that respect. Well, Elsie, are we to come?"

"No, indeed, mamma, there is no appearance of food; but there is a rush along the passage now that betokens good. There is a sound of abundance of rain. Mr. Blundell —" But Blundell had turned to her cousin.

"Ah," said Tom, cheerfully, "it will be all the better when it comes, Elsie! Here Punch, good old dog! you like me now, don't you, sir? Take my advice and stick to me in the dining-room, and it will advance your best interests. The day is clearing, Aunt Ella, after all."

What had made the day brighten, the dog good, and the late luncheon excusable, all at once, in the young man's eyes? Pauline sedately conversing with his friend, or Elsie sitting by astonished and neglected?

"Elsie, come here; I have something to show you."

She came hastily.

"It is only an old halfpenny; but never mind, let us be looking at it. I say, when are we to bring in about the sail?"

"We can't bring it in at all."

"Oh yes, we can, *you* can. You were chattering away to him just now easily enough. Think of something to put it into his head."

"I won't. He was quite rude to me just now."

"Rude to you! How?"

"I spoke to him, and he turned away, and never answered me."

"He was not thinking of you, that was all."

"Then he ought to have been thinking of me," pouting, and looking angrily at the halfpenny. "He should not be so taken up with any one that he cannot attend for a moment to another."

"Oh, you take no notice, that is the best way," advised he, by no means displeased at the tables being thus turned. "He and Pauline will get on together first-rate, for, between ourselves, they are both as mad as March hares. He is not in your line, my dear, at all."

"He has not a pleasant way of speaking. Sometimes I can't tell whether he is in joke or in earnest."

"What does it matter which he is? He is an old frump, and he is not half so good-looking as he was either."

"He is quite good-looking enough."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't call him so very handsome now. And black hair always turns grey soon."

"How old is he?"

"He is a long way over thirty, I know that. He was thirty when I left those parts, or, if he wasn't, he was precious near it."

"Look here!" continued he, turning her attention to himself, "this mark, it shows wonderfully little after all. You can hardly see it in this light, can you?"

"No, no; it is not worth thinking about for a moment," impatiently. "They seem to have gone to sleep in the house to-day. No luncheon, nor anything."

"We are not starving; and when we have eaten it there will be nothing else to do. I am in no hurry," alleged the lad, defying that internal clock which had anticipated the hour so pertinaciously hitherto.

"For the first time in your life, then. I thought you were always hungry, and greedy, and everything else that a boy ought to be."

"I daresay I was. I was a capital boy in all respects," assented Tom, quietly

consigning his boyhood to the past. "And you were not a bad little girl either, Miss Elsie. Do you remember the turkey's nest day?"

No answer.

"What are you listening to *them* for?" cried he, with a frown.

"Nothing—nothing. It was only to mamma. She—what was it you were saying?"

"Nothing worth attending to. I am only boring you. Mr. Blundell is a great deal more entertaining, no doubt."

"Tom, you silly boy, don't be ridiculous. I heard every word you said, till just at the last. I was thinking of something——"

"Oh, never mind. It does not in the least signify," tossing up and down the tassel of the blind, with a sham yawn, and an air of superb carelessness.

Elsie had no more to say; her excuses were suspected, and apologies would have made matters worse.

Now at last they were at one in their desires; equally anxious for interruption, the announcement of luncheon was welcomed by both.

The day did not clear, according to Tom's prognostications, and the greater part of it had to be passed, even by him and his friend, within doors.

Five o'clock tea, however, was barely over, when, all at once, the sun shone out.

That more rain would fall ere night, and also through the night, was but too probable; but for the present there was a lull.

The pattering of heavy drops might be heard upon the laurel hedges from the trees overhead; blackbirds and thrushes did a brisk business among such hapless worms as had crept forth upon the grassy paths; and the roaring of hidden waterfalls seemed all at once to become distinctly audible.

"Let us go and see the Gour Burn in flood!" suddenly suggested Tom. "What do you say, Elsie?"

A making-up, such as is in fashion among quarrelsome children, had been effected between them; and now, as usual, he appealed to her.

"Shall we, Pauline?" cried Elsie.

"Yes, yes, we will! For," subjoined Pauline, with exceeding demureness, "a whole day in the house is tiresome. One needs fresh air."

"My dear Pauline, what are you proposing?" Lady Calverley looked at her niece with astonishment. "Going out *now*! And it will rain again directly!"

"Now mamma, don't say anything, *please!* It will be so delightful! And do make dinner a little later, so as to give us plenty of time. Come, Pauline! Quick! Before mamma can say a word!"

"Why should you not come too?" urged Tom. "Put on thick boots, and come. I'll carry you home if you fall by the way."

"My dear, I could not walk half-way there! And I cannot say I think you ought to ask the girls to go. Why cannot you and Mr. Blundell go by yourselves?"

Four gloomy faces made answer first.

Then, "It would be such a grand sight," murmured Pauline.

"I really think they ought not to miss it," pleaded Blundell.

Tom. "It will do them all the good in the world!"

Elsie. "We *must* go."

Further remonstrance would have been idle, and it was understood that Blundell was to return with them to the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOUR BURN.

Thy gentlest sweep and boldest leap,
Thy rough rock walls, and plunging falls,
Thy foam-bells ringing free:
Thy pools and thy shallows, thy sun-woven shadows,
Thy startles and sallies, thy fern-glades and valleys,
Were early known to me.

WITH revived spirits and glowing countenances, the little party found themselves out upon the moor, surrounded by dripping heath and fern, brawling streamlets, and glistening sheets of rock.

"Hi!" cried Tom, walking backwards in front of them, up a steep incline. "This is the kind of thing for me! What a pair of cheeks Elsie has got!"

"What a pair you have got yourself!" retorted his cousin, as though it were an accusation. "Do walk properly now: this is not a place to trip in."

"Just what I should say it was," tripping as he spoke, and pretending to lurch over the side. "Why did none of you catch me? That pool down there would drown a haystack!"

"Isn't it a splendid pool?" said Elsie. "And the rock opposite is called 'the Otters' Inn.' The otter, when he travels up to the lake on the other side of the hill, spends the day here, and proceeds on his way the following night."

"I should say he meets with cold comfort," said Tom lightly. "It wad be sma' plesure to me to bide in a hoose where there was neither parritch nor whusky—

eh, Blundell? The Otters' Inn is not quite in the style of the old 'Goat and Compasses.'"

No answer.

"Do you and Chaworth go there still?"

"No."

"Where is Chaworth?"

"I don't know. Miss La Sarte," said Blundell, turning to his companion, "I suppose, by this noise, we are close to the fall now?"

"I knew I should draw him," whispered Tom, triumphantly. "Did you see how angry he was? He hates the very name of Chaworth."

"Then why did you mention him?"

He stared. "Why? Just for that, to be sure! Didn't you see how he turned to Pauline, and would talk no more to me? Oh, it was rich!"

"Elsie," said Pauline, turning round, "we are going down to the ledge: we shall not be away more than a few minutes."

"Is Miss Calverley not coming too?"

No; Miss Calverley declined the invitation decidedly: it made her so giddy, that never once, not even when she was a child, had she seen the fall. She would await their return where she was.

The other three crept down the bank, clinging alternately to branches of trees and points of rock. Pauline mutely declined assistance, for speech was unavailing. The hollow rumbling sound which had been loudly audible on the heights, was now a deafening continuous roar, as the volume of water, which had been considerably augmented by the recent rain, thundered over the cliff, and lashed the black pool below into a seething caldron of yellow foam.

The three adventurers, from their ledge, beheld the spectacle in silence.

Tom, his restless eyes roving up and down, as if to gather in every point of the picture, was still influenced by a certain amount of awe, for this was a sight to which he was unaccustomed; his sister, to whom it was more familiar, gazed thoughtfully into the depths; Blundell surveyed the scene with some degree of emotion, but of a kind so inscrutable, that it was difficult to guess whether it afforded him pleasure or pain.

Suddenly he motioned to the others to remain where they were, and disappeared up the bank.

"Miss Calverley, you really must come down. It is magnificent; and your cousin says you have never seen it yet."

"I should like to come so much," said

Elsie, piteously; "but oh, if Tom were to touch me —"

"He shan't touch you. No one shall. You shall touch me, and that is all you need do. Hold on by my arm, and you can come down as safely as if you were on a highroad."

A few more entreaties, and she was persuaded.

Yes, wonderful to relate, she was persuaded. Shivering, miserable, yet excited and triumphant, she stood upon the ledge.

Pauline nodded her congratulations, and Tom clapped his hands in her face; but Elsie heeded them not.

She was holding on, as Blundell had told her, by his arm; and as wilder and wilder grew the hurry of the torrent, and more and more horrible the yawning depths below, she cowered the closer to him.

Strange cries, and shrieks, and groans sounded for her in the terrible din of the waters. Her eyes began to swim, her brain to reel. Well for her that some one at that moment touched her elbow. It was only Pauline, unaware of the compact made beforehand, and kindly anxious to see if her cousin were uneasy; but it gave the last touch to the girl's nervous terror, and uttering a cry which was lost in the raging of the waters, she shot up the bank like a hunted animal escaping for its life.

The other three followed, grievous to relate, in convulsions of merriment.

Pauline's rare laugh rang out with the hearty, thorough enjoyment of one not often in mirthful mood; Tom see-sawed to and fro with the agonies of his delight; while even Blundell looked diverted, though politeness restrained him from giving way to the same extent as did the others.

Elsie, the first to ridicule herself upon ordinary occasions, reddened with vexation, and drew herself pettishly away from her cousin's protecting arm.

"Little Elsie," began Pauline.

"Oh Elsie, Elsie!" cried Tom. "Oh fie, Elsie!"

"It was my fault," said a kind voice, without a trace of amusement in it. "I ought not to have pressed it," continued Blundell, "but I could not bear to think that you were debarred from sharing our pleasure. Miss La Sarte, standing there, you reminded me of the *Lorelei*. You know the old legend? If you had taken your hat off, and let your hair down, it needed no more."

"Except that it should have been

golden hair," said Tom, who had studied at Bonn, and had often enough sung about the "*goldnes Haar*" with the wild students there; "and that Pauline would never lure any one to destruction. Elsie would make a far better *Lorelei*" he added, thoughtlessly.

"You are — kind," said his cousin.

"You are unfair to us all," said Blundell. "I had forgotten the purport of the lady's wishes, and only thought of her picturesque attitude. I had forgotten the golden hair, too, Tom."

"Oh, don't apologize: we are not offended; are we, Elsie? Quite the reverse. And as for Pauline, she knows you *meant* to be complimentary, whatever you might *say*."

Blundell's look said she might, and Miss La Sarte caught it.

"It is growing late," said she, hurriedly. "Let us come."

"And come you along with me, Elsie!" cried Tom. "You and I will make it up on our way home. And I won't tease you, nor bother you, nor anything," he added, in more manly tones than he had yet spoken.

They set off accordingly.

"A nice-looking pair," said Blundell, looking after them. "If it is a fair question, is she quite grown up?"

"She would say *quite*, if you asked her; but one ought not to be reckoned very deeply accountable at seventeen — ought one?"

"It is to be hoped not," he answered, with a sigh.

"Oh," said Pauline, astonished at his taking it so seriously, "I was only thinking of my little cousin's playful ways. She has such bright spirits that sometimes, now and then, she may be misunderstood. Not, of course, by those who know her."

"Oh, certainly not. The sins of seventeen don't count for much any way."

("Flippant," thought she. "I dislike that way of speaking.")

"You don't agree with me?" said Blundell.

"I think," said Pauline, with an effort, "that you do not mean what you say. You did not mean *sins*."

"Yes, I did. We may wipe out the sins of seventeen with a single stroke, I should say."

"Oh no."

"No?"

"We cannot wipe out one."

"Then may God have mercy upon us!"

The blood rushed to Pauline's cheek, and her heart seemed to stand still. What did he mean by forcing this strange conversation upon her? by this sudden fall from the smooth surface of ordinary topics to those deep themes which may not be touched but with awe and reverence? She did not know how to answer, how to speak at all. Tom's hints and confidences, was she to distinguish them from his ordinary rattle? Had he, for once in his life, kept within the mark?

Her pulses beat fast, as she took the next few steps in silence.

"I suppose you think me dreadfully profane," said Blundell at last, with a sort of smile.

"No, no;" that rendering not having even occurred to her.

"What then?"

What then, indeed! She could not well adopt Tom's phraseology, and state that she had been wondering whether he were indeed "half cracked" or not. But she was greatly at a loss; she could hardly bring herself to speak.

At last, "I know you are right," said she. "It is the very root of our religion. But — you took me rather by surprise."

"You take me by surprise now. I hardly understand what you mean." ("In fact, not at all.")

"Is not our only trust in the mercy of God?" said Pauline, reverently.

"Certainly."

"Well?"

"Well?"

They looked at each other.

"Apparently we are equally at sea," said he, at last. "I had better explain my views. I believe that we *can* wipe out the faults, follies, sins, if you will, of our youth, by a consistent determination to avoid them for the future. If we cannot do that, I say, God have mercy, for there is no hope for us."

He spoke sullenly in the tone of a man resolved to abide by his own judgment, and his gentle companion winced, even while she answered steadily, "That is not the Christian religion."

"How not?"

"If our only trust is in the *mercy* of God, how can we be expected to *justify* ourselves in his sight?"

"We must 'work out our own salvation.'"

"Work it out through faith."

A gesture of impatience. "Is that what you mean? I have seen quite enough of that sort of thing. Faith is a very easy stepping-stone to heaven. If a man does

not lead a consistent life, he is very glad to take hold of faith."

"I should say he would be more glad to take hold of it if he *did*."

"Should you? Ah!"

"You are trying to do what you never can," said Pauline, roused by his slighting tone.

"What is that?"

"Make yourself fit to appear before your Maker."

"I can at least keep myself from being unfit."

She shook her head. Blundell set his lips as if determined to say no more, and an awkward silence ensued.

With vacant eyes fixed upon the ground they marched along in silence, equally anxious to renew the combat, yet each unwilling to take the initiative part. Finally they broke out together.

"Mr. Blundell —"

"Miss La Sarte —"

The voices ceased as simultaneously and as suddenly as they began.

"This is absurd," said he. "We need not quarrel because of a difference in opinions; and considering that our acquaintance only dates from yesterday, it is too much to expect that they should jump together all at once. That," he continued in a softer tone, "we must wait for."

"Oh no; we need not quarrel."

"By the way, we were more in sympathy yesterday, were we not? We both tried the church, and were both driven away by the same cause to the same place. How curious to think of your being Tom's sister!"

"Have you known him long?"

"I used to have the boys over from school, and let them run about the place. Tom was rather a favorite of mine. I have only met him once since he went to Oxford, however."

"You wish to change the subject," thought Pauline. "Very well." But before she had time to say a word he recurred to it.

"Miss La Sarte, I'll tell you what it is. Religion does not come easy to a man. There is no use in saying it does. It does *not*. It goes against the grain. A fellow has to set his teeth hard, and *make* himself keep to the right road, or he will go in the wrong. When a parson — a — a clergyman preaches about faith and conversion, and those sort of things to us, he makes a great mistake. We want to *do* something — to take hold of something — that is, if a man is in earnest at all."

"Then, Mr. Blundell, what benefit do

you suppose we derive from the death of our Saviour?"

"We are to be saved by it, if we lead a worthy life. Surely that is an easy question? Excuse my saying so."

"Can any one lead a worthy life?"

"Certainly. We can lead *unworthy* ones, at all events."

"We can *will* to lead a worthy or unworthy life, Mr. Blundell, but the power is absent, unless a mightier Power be working in us."

"Possibly. I know nothing about that. A man knows which way he is going, and it is of his own free will that he takes one direction or the other. There are the others waiting for us," said he, in a tone of relief.

"Did you get any berries, Pauline?" Elsie confronted them with scarlet bunches of the mountain-ash in her hand. "You shall have some of mine. I knew you would never think of getting any for yourself."

"Where did you find them, Elsie?"

"Where? Right across the path, to be sure. Only fancy, Tom, they never saw the rowan-tree, and we were ten minutes twisting off the sprays!"

"We were deep in metaphysics," said Blundell, lightly. "You ran away from us, besides."

Pacing the deck under the low-hanging heavens, ere night set in, a restless form might have been dimly visible, whose restless spirit thus communed with itself.

"So! I have begun already. It is a curious thing now, this faculty of mine! Go where I will, meet whom I may, it is always the same. What had I to do with the fancies of this brown-haired nun? She is one of those pure, guileless beings, in whose nature goodness is inherent; it signifies nothing to her that her creed is made of gossamer.

"Pah! What a farce it is! Do what you like, take your fill of all that is going, and then — heaven is ready for you.

"I am a dolt to squander sense against nonsense, in other words to argue with a woman — even a pretty one. By Jove! how splendid she looked, with that upward cast of the eye, and that color in her cheek! I must try the effect again; I love to see a brunette burn.

"She shall not move me, though. Fool as I am, and fool of fools as I have been, there is a chance given to me yet, and as I am a man the devil shall have none of me. That sight, that face — will it ever cease to haunt me? 'The one shall be

taken, and the other left.' My God! it was Guy — who was — taken."

"Ha! what have you got there? What book is that? eh? Did I not tell you I would have nothing of that sort where I am master? Eh? Speak out! What do you say?"

In confusion under so sharp and sudden a charge, the delinquent stammered and stuttered.

"What do you say? eh?"

"It ain't a bad book, sir, in — indeed, it ain't. Look for yourself, sir. It was so precious slow lying out here, all day long, sir."

The suspected volume was held up for inspection.

"The Minister's' — what, 'Wooing'!" read his master, with an expression of disgust. "Filling your mind with rubbish like that! Where is the book I gave you yesterday? Why do you not read it?"

"In — in my bunk, sir."

"And there it may remain, I suppose. I might have guessed as much. You will come to no good, I can tell you, Jerry, if you go on like this. There is more mischief done by blackguard books of this sort —"

"Please, sir, have you ever read it?"

"I? No, indeed!"

"It's by a lady," insinuated the culprit, eyeing the book lovingly, and then looking to see what effect the intimation produced.

"What has that to do with it, pray?"

"Might be more delicate, more proper," murmured the lad, with crest-fallen countenance, as feeling that he had expended his last shot, and missed.

"You be hanged!"

The piteous expression, and the pitiful apology were too much; Blundell burst out laughing, and passed below.

"There spoke the true blood! That was wild Ralph back again!" Blake, the captain, had heard the end of the discussion, and witnessed the retreat. "Blest if I don't jump i' my skin to hear them good old words pop up, like the cork out of a sody-water bottle, when it can't be kept down no longer! Ay, it was different in Guy's time. Bless us, it *was* different!"

"It ain't the wooin' itself he objects to, d'ye see?" said Jerry, silyly. "It's only the readin' of it."

(Whistling.)

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo!

Ha! ha! the wooin' o't!

which ancient ditty he had lately picked

up in the Highlands, and relished extremely.

Blake paused. "So that's it, is it?" said he, with slow perception. Then, lifting his thumb, he jerked it over his shoulder at the grey tower, which was by this time barely distinguishable in the shadow of the hill.

Jerry nodded.

"Whew! We are in for it then, Jerry, an' no mistake!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A DUTCH MILTON.

THE critics of the last century, whose idea of æsthetic analysis not unfrequently seems to have been to form a mosaic of such little bits of a poet as could in some degree be held to resemble little bits of earlier poets, found in Milton a wide field for their ingenious labor. With an extraordinary memory and a taste for poetry that far overflowed the conventional banks of English and classical literature, Milton, at the outset of his career, seems to have steeped his imagination in the fine thoughts of almost all the European poets, and to have occasionally combined or reproduced their felicities in his own verse. But when his blindness came upon him, and he was more and more thrown for refreshment back upon the stores of his memory, he was unable, and, perhaps, not anxious, to ascertain whether a noble fancy or a chord of melody that floated in his brain was or was not his own in any sense but that of conquest. Like Goethe, he had the august arrogance of a supreme poet who is conscious that he confers immortality on a thought by stealing it, and that what is stolen leaves his lips so glorified in expression that it has become a new thing. A great deal of foolishness has been said about plagiarism; to plagiarize is the instinct, the characteristic audacity of almost every poet of the highest class. It is only when it is committed by a small poet or poetaster — in other words, when skill is wanted, and the hand of the thief is seen in the pocket of the owner — that the action becomes blamable, because contemptible. To carry out no further an argument that may to some readers seem paradoxical, it is at least certain, for praise or blame, that the later poems of Milton are studded with memories, more or less faint or vivid, of the works of numerous previous writers. The French didactic poet, Du Bartas, whether in the

original or in the translation of Joshua Sylvester, supplied him with ideas; some fine images and a whole train of thought were taken from the richly colored "Christ's Victory and Triumph" of the younger Giles Fletcher; even Cowley's "Davideis" was laid under contribution for "Paradise Lost." These suggestions and reminiscences have been frequently dwelt upon, but not so much attention has been paid to the still bolder appropriations Milton made from various foreign writers. Some notice, but to an inadequate extent, has, indeed, been taken of the influence on the great English epic of the "*Adamo*" of the Italian dramatist, J. B. Andreini, who died shortly before Milton commenced his great task. It is probable that a close study of Italian and Spanish literature would bring to light many more cases of Miltonic adaptation and suggestion. But the most full and, curious of all is one which has, indeed been frequently pointed out in a cursory manner, but never, to the knowledge of the present writer, been carefully investigated. This is the amount to which Milton was indebted in his sketch of the fall of the rebel angels to the choral drama of "Lucifer," by the Dutch poet Vondel.

The Dutch language was not so little studied in the beginning of the seventeenth century as it now is. Elizabeth, being in some sort looked upon as the head of the Reformed party throughout Europe, supplied help to the Netherlands in their revolt against Spain; and when the United Provinces, after their almost single-handed and heroic struggles, succeeded in establishing for themselves, not merely independence, but a foremost place among the states of Europe, there was a good deal of diplomatic coquetting between Holland and England before the ultimate jealousy and hatred set in. The sudden political start made by Holland was almost immediately succeeded by the creation of a brilliant literature. Within twenty years after the proclamation of the Federal Commonwealth of the Seven United Provinces, in 1581, all the greatest names in Dutch literature were born. It was a time of great imaginative revival all over the north of Europe. The same period saw the birth of Arrebo and of Stjernhelm, respectively destined to be the fathers of Danish and of Swedish poetry; and of Martin Opitz, in whom German literature threw out its first modern blossom. In England the great Elizabethan school was at its climax, and light and heat radiated from London through all the Reformed

countries. But in Holland, more than anywhere else, all the elements of imaginative production seemed concentrated and intensified in a brief period of brilliance. A single century sufficed to include the rise and decadence of Dutch literature. The year of revolt, 1568, was the approximate commencement of this period. Philip van Marnix, a sort of Flemish Rabelais, is named as the first artificer of classic Dutch prose, and flourished about this time; but the real imaginative life of the period centres around a species of academy, founded at Amsterdam by the poet Samuel Coster, and fantastically entitled the Chamber of the Eglantine. This association took as its motto *In Liefde Bloeiende* (Blossoming in Love), and in process of time its earlier title was merged in the more familiar appellation of the "Brothers Blossoming in Love." This body made it its duty to collect within itself every young man who showed any tendency to poetic gift, and under its auspices the great Dutch poets one by one emerged into public notice. A taste for the drama had come from Spain, and the brothers took care to represent, in a half-private way, the dramatic productions of their poets. In 1600 a youth of nineteen was admitted among the Brothers whose genius was so far in advance of that of all his predecessors that he has been justly named the father of Dutch poetry. This was Pieter Corneliszoon Hooft, of whom the voluble criticism of the day asserted that he was "more ingenious than Euripides, more stately than Virgil, more sublime than Horace, more wanton than Anacreon, and more tender than Petrarch;" from which it may be gathered that he was a writer of great fluency and versatility. He was more than this; he was a full-blooded poet of the Renaissance, born, like Marlowe, out of his due time, and he strove, in strenuous opposition to the domestic genius of his fatherland, to introduce the rich and sensuous forms of the south. Travelling in his youth in Italy, with the avowed purpose of studying the antique, it was Sannazaro more than Theocritus, Tasso rather than Virgil, whom he followed and delighted in. On his return to Amsterdam he charmed and bewildered the "Brothers Blossoming in Love" with his "*Granida*," the first and almost only Dutch pastoral drama, and shortly afterwards with his tragedies of "*Geraardt van Velzen*" and "*Baeto*." The school of poetry so commenced had a brief period of splendid activity. The unfortunate poetess, Tesselshade Visscher, whose "Lines on the

Nightingale," both in turns of fancy and in measure, recall in a most curious way Shelley's "Shylark," added an element of lyrical passion and melody; Bredero, inspired without doubt by the brilliant successes of the English Elizabethan drama, founded Dutch comedy; Cats, who, although born as early as 1577, belongs to a later period of production than these his juniors, introduced that curious manner of domestic poetry which is identified with his name, and with the paintings of Teniers and De Hooghe; and lastly, the greatest of the writers which Holland has produced, Joost van den Vondel, composed that long series of works in almost every branch of poetic art which has given him a name in European literature. Vondel was born at Cologne on November 17, 1587, and died in his ninety-second year, February 5, 1679. This enormous life, which began before the death of Spenser, and only closed seven years after the birth of Addison, was devoted almost without a pause to the production of works of the imagination. The writings of Vondel form a library in themselves; and few poets, except the inexhaustible Lope de Vega, have exceeded him in the quantity of their writings. Among his thirty-two dramas two have remained universal favorites — his domestic tragedy of "*Gijsbrecht van Aemstel*," and his scriptural drama of "Lucifer."

As early as 1617 the Chamber "Blossoming in Love" gave regular theatrical representations in a properly constituted building, and in 1637 a public theatre was opened, in which, on the first night, "*Gijsbrecht van Aemstel*" was produced. After the death of Hooft in 1647, Vondel continued to supply dramas for this house; and it was for this purpose, when in his sixty-seventh year, that he wrote the "Lucifer," which was brought out with great display of scenic heavens, but after two nights withdrawn on account of the great expense it involved. It was then printed in 1654. Milton was living in the "pretty garden-house opening into the park," and still acting as secretary to the council of state, although his failing sight had led him, some months before, to suggest Marvell as his successor. In April peace had been made between England and the United Provinces, and there was a temporary cessation of hostilities. There can be little doubt that Milton kept himself well versed in the best current Dutch literature. There were frequent interchanges of scholarly civilities. Huyghens had been in London within Milton's man-

hood, burning incense to the English poets, and carrying back to Holland memories, and, alas! imitations of the great John Donne. Such a poet as Hooft, kindred in so many ways to Milton's own youth, divided as it was between Puritanism and the worship of beauty, between pietism and sensuous paganism, cannot but have attracted his learned and curious mind. Hence, one may well believe that immediately on the publication of Vondel's "Lucifer" a copy found its way to Milton; it may have been one of the last books he read with his own laded eyes. Four years afterwards — that is in 1658 — he is supposed to have commenced "Paradise Lost," and in 1667, thirteen years later than the Dutch drama, it saw the light.

We all know that, in the great English epic, the fall of the angels forms a vast episode in the story of the fall of man. In "Lucifer," the angels fill the foreground, and man is secondary and out of sight. The scene of the Dutch drama is laid in heaven itself, and never leaves it. Above, just beyond our vision, God remains apart, ineffable; below, the new-created human couple walk their paradise; but we never trespass on the domain of either. The persons are all angels, and when the curtain rises they are all blessed and serene. This apparent serenity, however, is the mask of a suspicion that has hardly ripened into ill-feeling. Belzebub and Belial are discovered in conversation when the drama opens; and we learn from the first that Apollyon has been sent by Lucifer, the stadholder of the states of Heaven, to make a closer investigation of Adam's bliss, and the condition in which God has placed him. Belial, leaning from the sheer heights, sees Apollyon rising from circle to circle, outspeeding the wind, and leaving a track of splendor behind him. He soars into the blue hyaline of heaven, while the celestial spheres almost pause upon their courses as they lean to gaze upon his countenance; he seems to them no angel, but a flying fire. At last, like a star, he alights on the rim of heaven, and bears in his hand a golden branch. Belzebub praises the blossom and fruit of this branch in very luscious alexandrines; its golden leaves are studded with aerial dew, and between them the jocund fruit glows with crimson and with gold. It would be a pity to rend it with the hands; the very sight of it fascinates the mouth. If such fruits can be eaten in Eden, the bliss of angels must

give way to men. To this light hyperbole Apollyon responds eagerly and seriously, and his listeners are roused to enquire in what this felicity of man consists. He gives a very spirited and poetical account of his journey to the earth, and a vivid but rather rococo description of the wonders and beauties of the earthly paradise, which he praises as far more varied and exquisite than the heavenly. He passes to the subject most interesting to his hearers — the nature and functions of the inhabitants of this garden. It seems that at the moment that he fluttered on wide pinions over Eden, Adam was giving names to all the animals. Griffins and eagles were obedient to this man, and dragons and behemoth, and even leviathan, while the trees and bushes rang with melody. But of all marvels this has amazed him most, that the two inmates of the garden have power subtly to weave together body and soul, and create double angels, out of the same clay-flesh and bones. It is for this purpose, no doubt, that God has just made these two strange creatures, that he may reap from them a rich harvest of souls. Apollyon watches, with an agony of jealousy and longing, their joyous dalliance; and at last, with infinite pain, tears himself away from a scene in which he can have no part. But of all the beauties and wonders, he praises woman most, and grows so ecstatic that he declares, —

Search all our angel bands, in beauty
well arrayed,
They will but monsters seem, by the
dawn-light of a maid.

Belz. It seems you burn in love for this new
womankind!

Apol. My great wing-feather in that amorous
flame, I find

I've singed! 'Twas hard indeed to soar
up from below,

To sweep, and reach the verge of Angel-
borough so;

I parted, but with pain, and three times
looked around;

There shines no seraph form in all the
ætherial bound

Like hers, whose hanging hair, in golden
glory, seems

To rush down from her head in a torrent
of sunbeams,

And flow along her back. So clad in
light and grace,

Stately she treads, and charms the day-
light with her face:

Let pearls and mother o' pearl their
claims before her furl,

Her brightness passes far the beauty of
a pearl!

Belz. But what can profit man this beauty that
must fade,
And wither like a flower, and shortly be
decayed?

The description that closes with the above passage bears many striking points of resemblance to the fourth book of Milton's epic. What follows is contrary to the purpose of the English poet. Apollyon goes on to explain that an eternity is assured to mankind by a tree of immortal life which he has seen in the midst of Eden, by eating the fruit of which man will live forever, and the number and power of his children be eternally on the increase. The key-note of the drama is then struck, for Belzebub, quivering with jealousy, exclaims, —

Man thus has power and scope to wax above
our heads.

At this moment a trumpet is heard, and the hosts of heaven assemble. Gabriel, "chief of the angelic guards," appears, attended with the chorus of cherubim, sent as herald from the throne of God. His message is to this effect: God has created man a little lower than the angels, in order that, in the process of time, he may ascend up the staircase of the world into the summit of uncreated light, the infinite glory. Though the spiritual race now seems to overtop all others, yet God has from eternity concluded to exalt the human race, and to transport them into a splendor which is not different from that of God. The eternal Word clothed in flesh and bone, anointed as Lord and Head and Judge, you shall see give law to all the troops of spirits, angels, and man, from his unshadowed kingdom. Then the clear flame of seraphim shall seem dark beside the godlike splendor of man. This is destiny, and an unrevokable destiny. A burst from the chorus —

Whatever Heaven decrees shall please the
heavenly host —

softens the severity of Gabriel's demeanor, and he passes on to discuss the present state of the angelic orders. Vondel's conceptions in this respect are simply those of St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante: we seem to move in the fourteenth century, as we read of the inmost hierarchy of seraphim, cherubim, and thrones; of the second of dominations, virtues, powers, and the outer hierarchy of principalities, archangels, and angels. We must remember, however, that Milton also was not free from the technical expressions of a celestial cosmology that the researches of

science had already exploded. To return to the earlier part of Gabriel's charge, it will be noted that Vondel, though shadowy in his theology, fully escapes that rock of Arian heresy on which Milton struck in his sixth book; but, once started on the *primum mobile*, he wanders on in a sufficiently tedious prolixity. At length, however, the speech of Gabriel ceases, and the first act closes with a long antiphonal ode from the chorus. As this passage — almost the only one hitherto translated into English — was rendered with some success by the late Sir John Bowring, I will not attempt to give a version of it here. It is a long rhapsody in praise of the divine attributes, expressed in language of exceptional sublimity, and with a mingling of daring theological dogma with organ harmony of music which is not unworthy of those that "sing, and singing in their glory move."

In reviewing this first act, we see that, as in "Paradise Lost," jealousy is the seed out of which the shoot and flower of rebellion bear such rapid fruit of destruction. But whereas in that poem in almost precisely similar terms, God himself commands obedience to the son, "whom this day I have begot," and proclaims his superiority to the angels, which enflames them to sullen revolt, it is here the ignominy of watching the crescent supremacy of the vile rival man, born of the dust, that rouses the jealous anger of the princes of Angelborough. The causes are widely distinct; the consequences are curiously identical. But we must not press on too fast: when the first act closes, all appears docile and quiet in heaven; if complaint there be, it finds no voice in words.

But the second act opens in startling contrast to this universal subjection. Lucifer himself enters, attended by Belzebub and other of his own familiar followers. They draw rein in this quiet place, and the leader opens discourse as follows: —

Swift spirits, let us stay the chariot of the
dawn,

For high enough, in sooth, God's morning
star is drawn,

Yea, driven up high enough! 'tis time for my
great car

To yield before the advent of this double star,
That rises from below, and seeks, in sudden
birth,

To tarnish heaven's gold with splendor from
the earth!

Embroider no more crowns on Lucifer's attire,
And gild his forehead not with eminent dawn-
fire

Of the morning star enraged, that rapt arch-
 angels prize,
 For see another blaze in the light of God
 arise!
 The stars grow faint before the eyes of men
 below;
 'Tis night with angels, and the heavens forget
 to glow.

In this tone of almost petulant indignation the stadtholder of heaven proceeds, and only ceases to call the attention of Belzebub to the sound that reaches them from far away. It is the trumpet of Gabriel, who pronounces the same disastrous message at another of the gates of Angelborough. The melancholy of Lucifer is stirred and roused by the passionate declamations of Belzebub, who cries that an earth-worm has crept out of a clod of earth that he, the lord of heaven, might with downcast eyes and bended knees adore it. Lucifer had best not wait for the order to lay down his sceptre, but leave his throne at once, and take the lyre in hand, ready, at the first sight of man, to smite its chords with a servile plectrum. All this ironical advice is little to the taste of the prince.

Nay, that will I resist, so be it in my power, he cries; and Belzebub takes instant advantage of his defiance to build him up in conceit of his own majesty and power. His ever-crescent light, the first and nearest God's, no captious decree can diminish, no upstart mortal approach. Shall a voice of lower pitch thunder from the throne? To carry out this vain design of promoting man, were to violate the sacred right of the eldest child's inheritance. Such an assumption, actually forced on the angelic orders, might provoke all heaven armed against one. Lucifer replies in a spirit of patriotic devotion, which has nothing of the rebel angel in it, but is rather inspired by the recent memories of the holy struggle of the United Provinces against Spain: "If I am a child of the light, a ruler over the light, I shall preserve my prerogative. I budge before no tyrant, nor arch-tyrant. Let who will budge, I will not yield a foot. Here is my fatherland. Let me perish, so long as I perish with this crown upon my head, this sceptre in my fist, and so many thousands of dear friends around me. That fall will tend to honor and unwithering praise,

En liever d'eerste Vorst in eenigh lager hof,
 Dan in't gezalicht licht de tweede, of noch een
 minder,

and better to be first prince of some lower

court, than in the blessed light to be second, or even less." These two lines are not less famous in Holland than is with us that single line in which Milton intensified the expression of Vondel's idea in half the number of words. But in the midst of these vague desires and unshaped instincts of defiance, the chariot of Gabriel, in whose hands the book of God's mysteries lies folded, is driven their way, and Lucifer determines to question the herald further as to the actual import of this message that so trenches on angelic pride. Belzebub leaves him, and the two great princes meet. Lucifer addresses Gabriel with a frank statement of his doubts and apprehensions. For what purpose has the eternal Grace humiliated its children? Why has the angel nature been thus precipitated into dishonor? Will God unite eternity to a beginning, the highest to the lowest, the Creator to the created? Must innumerable godlike spirits, unweighed by bodies, bow before the gross and vile element of mortal clay? He closes by entreating Gabriel to unlock the sealed book he holds, and explain to his wondering intelligence this terrible paradox. To this eloquent appeal Gabriel has no very intelligible reply to give: he repeats the statement of destiny, he charges the stadholder with obedience; but he fails to give any very salient reasons for a decree that must have startled and perplexed himself. "Obey God's trumpet! you have heard his will!" is the sum of the explanation that he has to give. Lucifer then draws a picture of the misery of those coming days, when he will have to see man sitting beside the Deity upon his throne, and watch the incense-sensers swinging to the sound of thousand thousand unanimous chorales, each bar of which will dull the majesty and diamond rays of the morning star, and echo like wailing in the courts of heaven. Gabriel interposes occasionally with commonplaces about obedience, duty, and contentment, while the lament of Lucifer grows keener and shriller as he mourns beforehand over the ruin of his dignity. Nay, even of God's dignity; for he declares that if the fountain of light is to plunge its splendor into the pit of a morass, the heavens will be struck blind, the stars whirl and fall dizzily into space, and disorder and chaos rule in Paradise. It is to give God his right that he thus presumes to oppose his decree. To which Gabriel pertinently, if rather prosaically, answers: "You are very zealous for the honor of God's name; but without considering that God knows

much better than you do in what his greatness consists." He quells the murmurs of the stadholder with some sharp words about the necessity of cheerful obedience, and bids him see to it that his feet walk in the steps of God's revealed wisdom. Belzebub, being left alone with Lucifer, hastens to point out to him that the obvious effect of this new edict will be to clip the wings of the stadholder's authority, which, indeed, the latter needs no argument to perceive. Lucifer vows to take his honor into his own hands; he will raise his seat into the very centre of heaven, past all the circles with their starry glory. The heaven of heavens shall furnish him with a palace, the rainbow shall be his throne. On a chariot of clouds, borne up on air and light, he will crush and override all opposition, even from the Lord of earth himself. Or, if he falls, the transparent arch of heaven shall burst like a bubble, and all the universe crash in chaos. He summons Apollyon to council. In the dialogue that ensues some dramatic skill is shown, though Vondel's force lies rather in description, in gorgeous expression, and in lyric rhetoric, than in the true field of the drama. Lucifer is flushed and arrogant; Belzebub, an etherial Iago, hounds him on to rebellion; Apollyon is prudential and diffident, a graceful courtier, who hints a weak point and hesitates difficulties. The argument of the latter is that Michael, God's field-marshal, holds the key of the armory; the watch is entrusted to him, and not a star can move without his thorough consciousness. He finely exemplifies the serene strength of the Deity by saying that although the castle of Heaven should set its diamond gates wide open, it would fear not craft, nor ambush, nor attack. Lucifer, however, decides that the attempt must be made; but first of all Apollyon is sent to direct Belial to sound the minds of the angels; the "persuasive accents" of Belial, as in "Paradise Lost," being set great store by for their power of eloquent dissimulation, since

his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

It may be said, in passing, that the figure of Belzebub, though to less marked a degree, resembles the grand figure so named in Milton's poem. Lucifer and Belzebub ascend and disappear: Belial enters with Apollyon, who is now eloquent

in the course he lately shunned, and Belial needs no persuasion. They pass to whisper the project of rebellion far and wide among the orders. While they are busied in this work, the stage is crowded with the chorus of loyal angels, who contemplate, as from the *primum mobile*, the hierarchies circling in the crystalline heaven, illuminated by the uncreated light, as Dante in the "Paradiso" gazed on the snow-white rose of the blessed. They witness with alarm the change that comes over the snowy, starry purity of the orders.

Why seem the courteous angel-faces
So red? Why streams the holy light
So red upon our sight,
Through clouds and mists from mournful
places?
What vapor dares to blear
The pure, unspotted, clear
And luminous sapphire?
The flame, the blaze, the fire
Of the bright Omnipotence?
Why does the splendid light of God
Glow, deepened to the hue of blood,
That late, in flowing hence,
Gladdened all hearts?

What is the cause, they cry? Since, but now, all the balconies and battlements of heaven were thronged by myriads of happy faces, singing the praise of man! The anti-chorus takes up its parable in reply:—

When we, enkindled and uplifted
By Gabriel's trumpet, in new ways
Began to chant God's praise,
The perfume of rose-gardens drifted
Through paths of Paradise,
And such a dew and such a spice
Distilled, that all the flowery grass
Rejoiced. But Envy soon, alas!
From the under-world came sneaking.
A mighty crowd of spirits, pale
And dumb and wan, came, tale on tale,
Displeased, some new thing seeking;
With brows that crushed each scowling eye,
And happy foreheads bent and wrinkled;
The doves of heaven, here on high,
Whose innocent pinions sweetly twinkled,
Are struck with mourning, one and all,
As though the heavens were far too small
For them, now Adam's been elected,
And such a crown for man selected.
This blemish blinds the light of grace,
And dulls the flaming of God's face.

This ode, which is here rendered with scrupulous attachment to the original, is an interesting example of the alternation of exquisite with tawdry and prosaic imagery, and noble with flat and poor expression, which is characteristic of most of Vondel's writings. These choruses at the close of each act are not peculiar to the

"Lucifer," but common to Dutch dramatic poetry generally. We have in English an exactly analogous example in the "Cleopatra" of Samuel Daniel, a tragedy written in rhymed verse, with solemn choral variations.

In the second act the rebellion has been confined to the desires of a few princes; in the third act it has taken fast hold of the multitude. The whole process is precisely that recounted in Book V., lines 616-710, of "Paradise Lost." Belial and Apollyon have passed far and wide among the ranks of the angels, and, while calling them together under the banner of Lucifer, have "cast between ambiguous words and jealousies to sound or taint integrity." The angels are discovered huddling together, with all their beauty tarnished, drowned in grief and deep sunk in their own melancholy thoughts, and, ever and anon, with one voice they cry, —

Alas! alas! alas! where has our bliss departed?

The loyal chorus are properly displeased with this excessive and groundless show of depression. They declare that heaven freezes with the wind of their lamentations. The azure ether is not accustomed to hear a music of affliction go up in vapors through its joyous vault. Triumphs, songs, and symphonies on stringed instruments befit the blessed. They call upon their fellow-choristers to aid them in cheering these sorrowful souls. But the Luciferists, as they are now called, only repeat their monotonous cry, —

Alas! alas! alas! where has our bliss departed?

The chorus reminds them of their being. They were born to be joyous; brought forth, like flowers, upon a beam of the glory of God; created to hover and flash through the unshadowed light of life. At last the Luciferists enquire if the chorus is really in earnest in asking them why they mourn: is it not well enough known that the angels have fallen from their high estate to make room for the dull brood of man? The charter given by God has been repealed; the sun of spirits is suddenly gone down, and, burying their faces in their folded wings, they repeat once more their miserable refrain. The chorus, excellent persons with whom the readers find it a little difficult to have patience, exclaims: "How dare you censure the high ordinance? This seems like a revolt! Oh, my brothers, cease this lamentation and defiance, and bow your-

selves under the inevitable yoke!" This exemplary advice is severely criticised by the Luciferists; and a long discussion ensues, in which each party says a single line, after the occasional manner of most Greek plays. The ball of argument is tossed from hand to hand, and both speak well, the Luciferist, however, with most point and wit. The great seducers, Belial and Apollyon, then come upon the scene, and affect the greatest surprise at the appearance of the ranks of angels plunged in sorrow and wrapped about with desolation. They enquire, with simulated anxiety, into the cause of this; but the Luciferists are sad beyond speech, and the chorus replies: "They mourn that the state of man triumphs, that God will entwine his being with Adam's, and spirits be subject to human authority. There you learn briefly the ground of their sorrow." The chorus further begs that Belial will settle the dispute; but without advantage to itself, for the angel princes take, of course, the rebel standpoint, and argue with more subtlety than the lower Luciferists. The wrangling progresses further, the one side continually preferring their charge of a promise broken, a charter disannulled, and the other repeating in a variety of shapes the formula that

Obedience pleases God, the Ruler of our day,
Far more than incense clouds or godlike music may.

Belial at last sums up in saying, —

Equality of grace would fit the Godhead best;

a rebellious assumption of superior justice, which rouses the chorus to a somewhat long-winded summary of the contrast between the supremacy of the Creator and the subjection of the created. During the closing words of this harangue, the clouds and lurid fiery blaze increase, and out of the sinister gloom appears Belzebub. On his appearance, the miserable Luciferists repeat their uniform cry. The new-comer consoles them, and bids them be of good cheer.

O cease from wailing; rend your badges and
your robes
No longer without cause, but make your faces
bright,
And let your foreheads flash, O children of the
light!
The shrill sweet throats, that thank the Deity
with song,
Behold, and be ashamed that ye have mixed so
long
Discords and bastard tones with music so
divine.

The followers of Lucifer reply. They are now so enraged that they declare themselves ready to smother man in his own blood, rather than permit his usurpation. They entreat Belzebub to lead them on to battle, and they swear to follow his standard. Belzebub, "than whom, Satan except, none higher sits," with dignified indignation admirably displayed, rejects the proposition of the mutineers, and enters into a long argument with them, in which he pretends slowly to be persuaded of their wrongs. He further feigns to be exceedingly moved by the defalcation of Apollyon and Belial, but he steadily refuses their offer of leadership, unless they will permit him to lead them, as suppliants for mercy, to the throne of grace; and there is a peculiar motive for the unctuous zeal of this last offer, for, while the words are in his mouth, the magnificent presence of Michael is before us. The field-marshal addresses Belzebub in a haughty tone, and, in spite of this last *flosculus* which has fallen from his lips, roundly accuses him of stirring up rebellion. Belzebub, nothing abashed, humbly rebuts the charge, and prays Michael to assist him in interfering in favor of peace. Michael thereupon offers, in a sufficiently peremptory tone, to lay their petition before the Deity. The Luciferists boldly insist on their right, and blaze up into the most absolute defiance. Michael thereupon warns them that those who fight against him fight against God; but the rebel host shriek back that the stadholder, Lucifer, is on their side. Michael can hardly believe it; and then, in thunderous rhetoric, he calls down divine vengeance upon them, and, gathering the ranks of the faithful about him, soars upward to lay the matter at God's feet. Belzebub raises the courage of the Luciferists by announcing the advent of Lucifer, who approaches on his chariot, and greets them with great dignity of speech. The Luciferists pour out their anguish to him thus:—

Forbid it, Lucifer, nor suffer that our ranks
Be mortified so low and sink without a crime,
While man, above us raised, may flash and
beam sublime

In the very core of light, from which we seraphim

Pass quivering, full of pain, and fade like
shadows dim.

We swear, by force, beneath thy glorious flag
combined,

To set *thee* on the throne for Adam late de-
signed!

We swear, with one accord, to stay thine arm
forever;
Lift high thy battle-axe! our wounded rights
deliver!

Lucifer, however, still deems it politic to feign a loyal and pious mind; but at length he gives way, especially to the arguments of Belzebub. To his own superior intelligence the contest seems hopeless, the battle lost before it is fought. But at last he cries,—

I will content me, then, force to resist by
force!

But he stops the shouts of delight with which this concession is greeted, to bid the princes take witness that he is forced into this step by the need to protect God's realm against usurpation. Belzebub, then, like some arch-heretic or anti-pope, busies himself to prepare divine honors for the new deity. The crowd take up the idea, and shout,—

Crown, crown with triumph great god Lucifer.

At the command of Belzebub, they bring perfumes and burn them before him, and in choral antiphonies they sing his praise.

Follow the chief, whose trumpet and whose
drum

Protect the crown of Angeldom!
Behold, behold, how the morning star out-
flashes!

They pass away in triumph, and the heavenly chorus descends, filling the vacant scene, and trilling a mournful epode to this dithyrambic passion, full of pain and anxious wonder.

The fourth act opens with a most Miltonic blare of martial melody. All heaven is in a blaze, and Gabriel speeds to bid Michael prepare to defend God's name. The third part of heaven has sworn fealty to the traitorous Morning Star, and lead him on with shouts and singing. Melancholy and depression have now seized the loyal angels, and the unfaded seraphim sit brooding on their woe. To Michael, who demands to learn what effect the news produced at the throne of God himself, Gabriel replies:—

I saw God's very gladness with a cloud of woe
O'ershadowed, and there burst a flame out of
the gloom

That pierced the eye of light, and hung, a
brand of doom,

Ready to fall in rage. I heard the mighty
cause

Where Mercy pleaded long with God's all-
righteous laws,

Grace, soothly wise and meek, with Justice
 arguing well.
 I saw the cherubim, who on their faces fell,
 And cried out, "Mercy, mercy! God, let Jus-
 tice rest!"
 But even as that shrill sound to his great foot-
 stool pressed,
 And God seemed almost moved to pardon and
 to smile,
 Up curled the odious smoke of incense harsh
 and vile
 Burned down below in praise of Lucifer, who
 rode
 With censers and bassoons and many a choral
 ode;
 Then Heaven withdrew its face from such im-
 pieties,
 Cursèd of God and spirits and all the hie-
 rarchies.

Michael, thereupon, in a speech of great poetic vigor, calls the battalions of heaven to arms. They all pass out, and the scene is filled by the Luciferists, who enter, accompanying Lucifer and Belzebub. They cry to be instantly led to storm the ranks of Michael; but Lucifer first enquires into the condition of his own army, and then proceeds to take their oaths of allegiance. He bids them remember that it is now too late to recede, but they have taken a step at once fatal and fortunate which now forces them with violence to tear from their necks the yoke of slavery to Adam's sons. But whilst they shout in answer, and rapturously pledge themselves to follow the Morning Star, a herald is seen winging his way towards them from the height of heaven. This is Raphael, sent on a last embassy of peace and reconciliation. The position of Raphael in this act closely resembles that of Abdiel, "faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he," in the end of the fifth book of "Paradise Lost." In each case a single seraph opposes Lucifer at the moment of his violent action, alone, in his own palace, and undaunted by the hostile scorn of myriads. There is, however, the important distinction that Raphael is an ambassador, while the beautiful figure of Abdiel distinguishes itself by standing out in unshaken loyalty from the very ranks of the insurgents themselves. The resemblance is least marked in the opening words of Raphael's address. Instead of adopting the lofty arrogance of Michael or the cold impartiality of Gabriel, Raphael flings himself, overwhelmed with grief, on the neck of the stadholder. He says that he brings balsam from the lap of God; all will still be forgiven, if the rebel angels be disarmed, and if Lucifer return to his loyalty. He weeps in picturing to the assembly, in florid and

impassioned language, how in the old happier days Lucifer bloomed in Paradise, in the presence of the sun of Godhead, blossoming out of a cloud of dew and fresh roses. He reminds Lucifer that his festal robes stood out stiff with pearls and turquoises, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and bright gold. He describes him, exactly as Memling or Van der Goes would have painted him two centuries earlier, standing behind the throne of some gorgeous Madonna, with his gold hair streaming against the clear green and blue of a distant strip of landscape, or glancing among his jewellery, as he crushes an enemy under his mailed foot. It would have well suited a painter of that effluent period to paint the stadholder, as Raphael describes him, with the heaviest sceptre of heaven in his hand, and blazing like a sun among the circling stars. The arguments of Raphael are more worldly than those of Abdiel. He is afraid that Lucifer's beauty will be changed into the semblance of a griffin or dragon or other monstrous thing, and stimulates his vanity in the hope of changing his purpose. At last he interposes force, or a courteous semblance of force, and strives to wrest the battle-axe out of one of the stadholder's hands, and his buckler out of the other. The arch-rebel replies with dignity to these familiarities, and utterly rejects his overtures of peace. Raphael argues, but in vain; for Lucifer declares that Adam's honor is the whetstone of his battle-axe, and that he has but to reflect on the indignity which has been threatened to the angels, to grasp more tightly the weapon that must wipe out the memory of that insolence. Raphael takes it absolutely for granted that the rebellion will instantly and utterly fail; and, finding Lucifer deaf to his loving and sentimental entreaties, he threatens him with the punishment prepared for him. He declares that a pool of sulphur, bottomless, horrible, has in this very hour gaped to receive him. To all this Lucifer cannot listen with patience; he repels him with indignation and defiance. Raphael continues, however, calling him the perjured leader of a blind conspiracy, and declaring that the chains are actually being forged for his limbs. In a brilliant passage Lucifer wavers and sickens, wonders if he dare return to his duty, seeks vainly for counsel and confidence, but is constantly held up by his pride and rage. At the moment that he wavers most, the trumpet of God sounds through the circles of heaven, and it is too late. The battle breaks upon his

despair, but Apollyon is full of hope and daring. Raphael, in an agony of regret, and with a breaking heart, remains on the scene, while the Luciferists rush to battle. To him the chorus of good angels enters, and they with him join in a hymn of passionate entreaty to God even now, if it be not too late, to exercise the glorious privilege of pardon.

So closes the fourth act; and when the fifth opens, Raphael is discovered at some distance from the field of battle, giving rapturous thanks for its victorious issue. He has not fought in it himself, but he has been watching from far off, and now he sees the shields of good angels returning, and glittering like suns, each shield-sun streaming triumphant day. Uriel comes to him out of the ranks, and as he crosses the plain of heaven he swings his flaming sword till its rays are flashed back from the facets of his diamond helmet. Called upon by Raphael to describe the fight, Uriel tells how God commanded Michael, the prince of his army, and faithful Gabriel, next to him in command, to lead forth the invincible ranks of the angels against the rebellious godless army, and to sweep them from the pure azure of heaven into the gulf

which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.

Straightway the heavenly army flew to victory like an arrow from the bow. Unnumbered multitudes of celestial warriors, well marshalled, they progressed in a three-cornered phalanx, a triangle of advance, a unity in a three-pointed light. Michael, with the lightning in his hand, led the van. Meanwhile the rebel host was speeding to meet them with no less velocity.

Their army waxed apace, and like a crescent moon
Threw out two points like horns that gained upon us soon,
Or like the star that fronts the Bull i' the Zodiack,
And the other monsters quaint that wheel around his track
With golden horns bedight.

One horn is led by Belial and one by Belzebub, while Lucifer brings on the van. The description of the apostate, though with *barocco* details omitted by the purer taste of Milton, is closely parallel to the celebrated analogous passage in the sixth book of "Paradise Lost." Encircled by his staff-bearers and green liveries, in golden harness, on which his coat of arms shone in glowing purple, he sat in his sun-

bright chariot, the wheels of which were thickly inlaid with rubies. Like a lion or fell dragon he raged for the fight, and his soul flamed athirst for destruction; nor, as he flashed through the field, could any foe see his back, sown all over with stars. With his battle-axe in his hand, and on his left arm a buckler engraved with the morning star, he rushed into the fray. Raphael interrupts again to mourn over the beauty of this phoenix, now doomed to endless flame, but bids Uriel proceed. The latter describes how the battle burst in a hail of burning darts, and the whole air was thunder. After this artillery had expended its force the armies met on closer terms, and, lighting down from their chariots, met hand to hand with club and halbert, sabre, spear, and dagger. The plumes of the angels were singed with lightning, and all their gorgeous panoplies were mingled in undistinguishable confusion, so that one saw turquoise-blue and gold, diamond and pearl, mixed and jarred together, nor knew which splendor belonged to which angel. Again and again repulsed, still Lucifer brought back his shattered army, still only to break like a wave on the iron ranks of the blessed. At last from a height he poured his forces on them; and Vondel, in describing the charge, adds a figure of speech which may have been inspired by one of the landscapes which Jacob Ruysdael was just beginning to exhibit at Amsterdam, but which can hardly be drawn from the home-staying poet's own experience, —

Like some great inland lake or northland waterfall
That breaks upon the rocks and raves with rushing brawl;
A terror to wild beasts in deep sequestered valleys,
Through stones and down from heights in mighty jets it sallies.

Then the battle raged more than ever; the vaults of heaven were deafened with "the roar of an angel onset;" but the point of Michael's array pierced the half-moon of Lucifer's with a lurid blaze of red and blue sulphurous flame, and with blow on blow, like thunder-clap on thunder-clap, in spite of all Lucifer's fierce endeavor, struck it apart and divided it. Then, soaring high above the fight in his bright steel array, Lucifer gloomed like a blue dragon, poisoning the whole air with his split tongue and blowing odious vapors through his nostrils. At last Michael and he were face to face, and around them half the battle paused to watch the encoun-

ter of two such magnificent princes. First Lucifer swung high his battle-axe with intent to fell God's banner, on which the mystic name of the Creator stood blazoned in crystalline splendor. But Michael shouted to him to beware and to yield—to lead off his godless rout, or else prepare to suffer the worst pangs of punishment. But the maddened archangel strove all the more to cleave the diamonds that formed the sacred name, but the moment he touched them the blade of his battle-axe sprang to atoms. Then Michael grasped his lightning sword, and cleft the arch-enemy of the blessed through helmet and head. He fell heavily out of his chariot. Then Apollyon felt the flaming sword of Uriel. Belzebub still raged, Belial still defied the hosts of God; but the fall of the stadholder had fully broken the half-moon of the rebel onset, although the giant Orion attempted to lead a return charge. Uriel compares the appearance of the fallen archangel to that of an ass, a rhinoceros, and an ape, such an uncouth monster did he seem lying prone on the battle-field. Apollyon fled; and soon he and all the rest were driven thunderstruck before the sword of Michael till they came to the abyss that gaped to receive them, and were hurried down, roaring and yelping, into the jaws of hell itself, while Michael, returning, was greeted with cymbals, shawms, and tambours.

The remarkable points of resemblance between this long and spirited description of the fall of the rebel angels and that given in the sixth book of "Paradise Lost" are, of course, far too close and too numerous to be mere coincidences. There can be no doubt whatever that the deep impression made on Milton's imagination by the battle in the "Lucifer" remained vividly before him when he came to deal with the same branch of his subject. In some respects the earlier poet has distinctly the advantage. He gives but one fight; while Milton, for no intelligible reason, divides the action between three days. The addition of the gunpowder and the ridiculous tossing about of mountains torn up from their bases are certainly no improvements upon the simpler, more human description of Vondel. In volume of melody and in the beauty of individual passages the English poet, of course, far exceeds the Dutch.

Uriel ceases his discourse as Michael and the victorious chorus enter. They sing this ode, curious for its variations of metre and the eccentric distribution of its rhymes:—

Blest be the hero's hour,
Who smote the godless power,
And his might, and his light, and his standard,
Down toppling like a tower;
His crown was near God's own,
But from his lofty throne,
With his might, into night he hath vanished;
God's name must shine alone.
Outblazed the uproar fell,
When valorous Michaël
With the brand in his hand quenched the passion
Of spirits that dared rebel.
He holds God's banner now;
With laurels crown his brow!
Peace shall reign here again, and her forehead
Shall vanquished Discord bow.
Amid the conquering throng
Praises to God belong;
Honor bring to the King of all kingdoms!
He gives us stuff for song.

Michael, in a triumphal harangue, proclaims the victory of the loyal cause, and points to the hosts of the fallen angels, ever sinking dizzily downwards, writhing, accursed, misshapen. It is at this minute that Gabriel hastily enters, bearing most startling tidings.

Gabriel. Alas! alas! alas! to adverse fortune
bow!
What do ye here? In vain are songs
of triumph now;
In vain of spoil of arms and gonfalons
ye boast!

Michael. What hear I, Gabriel?

Gabriel. O! Adam is fallen and lost!
The father and the stock of all the
human race
Most grievously hath erred and lies
in piteous case.

Lucifer has gathered together the remnants of his army in the bowels of hell, and, to hide them from God's eye, has concealed them in a cloud, a dark cavern of murder. Seated in the midst of them, in hellish council, he addresses them, precisely as in Milton, and proposes to them to attack man by force or subtlety; the seduction of the human race is agreed upon. Lucifer gloats over the future misery of man, fallen like themselves, and rejoices to imagine that this will complete their revenge on God, and ensure the defeat of his purposes. Belial is then deputed to make his way up from hell to the terrene paradise, and, having accomplished the journey, he tempts Eve exactly as recounted in Genesis, and she falling is the cause of the fall of Adam. How Eve gives her husband the apple, and how they awake in dolorous plight from their state of happy innocence, is pathetically told. God thunders among the trees of the gar-

den; and Michael bids Uriel undertake the duty, that in "Paradise Lost" he undertakes himself, of driving the guilty pair out of Eden with the two-edged flaming sword. Michael then charges other archangels with the final punishment of the rebel and now intriguing angels, and with this doom of endless pain the drama closes.

Ozias, to whose fist the very Godhead gave
The heavy hammer framed of diamond beaten
out,
And chains of ruby, clamps and teeth of metal
stout,
Go hence, and take and bind the hellish host
that rage,
Lion and Dragon fell, whose banners dared to
wage
War with us thus. Speed swift on their ac-
cursèd flight,
And bind them neck and claw, and fetter them
with might.
The key which to the gates of their foul pit
was fitted
Is, Azarias, now into thy care committed;
Go hence, and thrust therein all that our
power defied.
Maceda, take this torch I to your zeal confide,
And flame the sulphur-pool in the centre of
the world;
There torture Lucifer, and leave his body
curled
In everlasting fire, with many a prince ac-
cursèd,
Where Sorrow, wretched Pain, numb Horror,
Hunger, Thirst,
Despair without a hope, and Conscience with
her sting
May measure out their meed of endless suffer-
ing.

When we consider to how great an extent an English writer was about to borrow from this poem, it is singular to find its Dutch author acknowledging a debt to a now forgotten English writer. In the learned and interesting preface to his play, Vondel notes, while citing earlier writers on the same subject, "among English Protestants, too, the learned pen of Richard Baker has discussed very broadly in prose the fate of Lucifer and all the matter of the rebellious spirits." This was Sir Richard Baker whose "Chronicle" Sir Roger de Coverley was so fond of; a wealthy but imprudent gentleman, who ended his days in the Fleet Prison. No doubt the passage referred to by the Dutch poet is to be found in Baker's "Meditations and Disquisitions," a somewhat uncommon theological work, to which the present writer has had no opportunity of referring.

The "Lucifer" was not received very favorably in Holland. It was true that the violent and internecine strife of the two

great religious parties, the burning and parching zeal to which the noble Barneveld had fallen a victim thirty years before, had in a great measure cooled down. But still fanatic rage ran very high in the United Provinces, and one attack after another was made upon "the false imaginations," "hellish fancies," and "irregular and unscriptural devices" of Vondel's beautiful drama. An effort was made in February 1654 to prevent the representation of "the tragedy made by Joost van den Vondel, named '*Lutsevar*,' treating in a fleshly manner the high theme of God's mysteries." When this fell through, and the piece had been acted, a still more strenuous effort was made to prevent the printing and to prohibit the sale; but at last, through a perfect sea of invective and obloquy, the poem sailed safe in the haven of recognized literature. Its political significance, real or imagined, gave it no doubt an interest that counterbalanced its supposed sins against theology. It was considered — and the idea has received the support of most modern Dutch critics — that in "Lucifer" Vondel desired to give an allegorical account of the rising of the Netherlands against Philip II. According to this theory, God was represented by the king of Spain, Michael by the Duke of Alva, Adam by the cardinal Granvella, and Lucifer by the first stadholder, William the Silent, who was murdered in 1584. There are several difficulties in the way of consenting to this belief: in the first place, the incidents occurred more than seventy years before the writing of the poem; and secondly, the event of the one rebellion was diametrically opposed to that of the other. William of Orange, indeed, was murdered by a hired assassin, but not until he had secured the independent existence of the new State; and there would be a curious inappropriateness in describing the popular hero as a fallen and defeated angel thrust into hell. There is, however, another theory of the political signification of the "Lucifer," which seems to me much more plausible. It is that which sees in the figure of the rebel archangel the still dominant prince of the English Commonwealth, Cromwell, the enemy of Holland, and in the God and the Michael of Vondel's drama, Charles I. and Laud still surviving in their respective successors. Considered as a prophecy of the approaching downfall of the still flourishing English republic, the allegory has a force and a spirited coherence that are entirely lacking in the generally received version.

If Milton had preserved his original design, it is probable that the resemblance of his poem to Vondel's tragedy would have been still greater than it is. In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, are, or were, two draughts of Milton's first scheme for "Paradise Lost," and they show that his earliest intention was to treat the theme in a dramatic form. It is strange that in this day of incessant reproduction and republication these most interesting documents have never been presented to the public. It would be exceedingly interesting to note in what form the essentially epic story of the fall of man originally impressed the imagination of Milton before his unerring instinct for art led him on the better way.

To return to Vondel and the Dutch drama, we find that the veteran poet survived the production of his "Lucifer" by a quarter of a century, dying five years after Milton, though more than twenty years his senior. Almost till the day of his death he labored at the improvement of the literature of his country. But he had the mortification, whilst outliving every one of his great contemporaries, whether in poetry or philosophy—for even Spinoza, the last great Dutchman, died before him—of seeing the romantic and lyric practice of his youth entirely set aside in favor of the rhetorical and artificial manner of the French, which, spreading over Europe like a plague, did not spare the literature of Holland, and this in spite of the Forty Years' War and all the personal hatred for France. In the year 1672, the poet Antonides, the last friend of Vondel, and lover of the old school, lamented that the whole literature of his country had become the ape of the French; and by the time of Vondel's death this sterile rhetoric had deformed every branch of letters and learning. A history of the lifetime of Joost van den Vondel is a chronicle of the whole rise and decline of the literature of Holland.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOLITUDES OF SURREY.

PARLIAMENT was not dissolved that autumn, and there was no need that En-

glebury and its twin electors, Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, should interfere with the happiness of Mr. and Lady Sylvia Balfour. Both the young people, indeed, would have scouted the notion that any fifteen dozen of Chorleys could have possessed that power. Surely it was possible for them to construct a sufficiently pleasant *modus vivendi*, even if they held somewhat different views about political matters.

But long before the crisis of a general election occurred, Hugh Balfour had managed to think out very seriously several questions regarding the relations between himself and his young wife. He was determined that he would be largely generous and considerate to her. When he saw how tenderly devoted to him she was, when he got to know more of those clear perceptions of duty, and obedience, and unhesitating unselfishness that governed her conduct, when he saw how that sweetness and strange sincerity of manner of hers charmed every one who was introduced to her, surely he had every reason to be generously considerate. It is true that he had dreamed some sentimental dream of a helpmeet who would be constantly at his side in the rough work of the world; but was not that his own folly? It was a pretty notion, doubtless, but look at the actual facts? Was it desirable that this tenderly-nurtured, sensitive girl should plunge into the animosities and anxieties of political life? Her first slight acquaintance, for example, with the ways of a borough election had only shocked and pained her; nay, more, it had very nearly produced a quarrel between him and her. This kind of risk was quite unnecessary. He laughed at the notion of her being an enthusiast for or against the Birmingham League. How could she be deeply interested in the removal of Shrewsbury School, or in Lord Kimberley's relations with the Pacific Railway, or in the expedition of the Dutch against Acheen? Would he gain any more knowledge of the working of the London vestries, supposing he dragged her dainty little feet through the hideous slums of the great city? At this moment he was going off for a riding excursion, after the manner of Cobbett, through Somersetshire. He wanted to find out for himself—for this man was no great enthusiast in politics, but had, on the other hand, a patient desire to satisfy himself as to facts—what were the actual conditions and aspirations of agricultural life there, and he wanted to find out, too, what would be the chances

of a scheme of sanitary reform for the rural districts. Now of what possible good could Lady Sylvia be in inspecting piggeries? The thing was absurd. No, no. Her place was in the roomy phaeton he had brought down from town for her, behind the two beautiful black horses which she drove with admirable nerve and skill. She formed part of a pretty picture as we used to see her in these moist and blustering November days. Black clouds behind the yellow elms; the gusty south wind whirling the ruddy leaves from the branches; a wild glare of light shining along the wet road until it gleamed like a canal of brilliant silver; and in the midst of this dazzling radiance the small figure perched high on the phaeton, clad all in furs, a scarlet feather in her hat, and the sweetest of smiles for known passers-by on the fresh young face. Was it any wonder that he left her to her familiar Surrey lanes, and to the amusement of ordering her small household of the Lilacs, and to the snugness of her father's library in the evening, he going off by himself to that humdrum business of prying about Somersetshire villages?

He was away for about ten days in Somersetshire. Then he wrote to her that he would return to London by way of Englebury; and she was not to expect him very soon, for he might be detained in London by a lot of business. It would not be worth her while to come up. His time would be fully occupied; and she was much better down in Surrey, enjoying the fresh air and exercise of the country.

He had not the slightest doubt that she was enjoying herself. Since her marriage she had not at all lived the secluded life she had led at the Hall. Many a night there were more carriages rolling along the dark and muddy lanes towards the Lilacs than had driven up to the Hall in the previous month. Balfour was the most hospitable of men, now that he had some one to take direction of his dinner-parties; and as these parties were necessarily and delightfully small, there was nothing for it but to have plenty of them. The neighbors were convinced there never had been a more fortunate match. Happiness shone on the face of the young house-mistress as she sat at the top of the table which had been florally decorated with her own hands. Her husband was quite openly proud of her—he took not the slightest pains to conceal the fact, as most young husbands laboriously and ineffectually do. And then the wonderful way in which he professed to be interested

about those local matters which form—alas!—the staple of talk at rural dinner-parties. You would have thought he had no care for anything beyond horses, dogs, and pheasants. He was grieved to hear that the parson's wife would not countenance the next charity concert; but he was quite sure that Lady Sylvia would win her over. He hoped it was not true that old Somebody or other was to be sold out of Something Farm, after having occupied it for forty years; but feared it was too true that he had taken to drink. And one night, when he heard that a neighboring master of harriers had intimated that he would cease to hunt if he were not guaranteed a sum of 2,000*l.* a year, Balfour declared that he would make up whatever deficit the subscription might show. He became popular in our neighborhood. He never talked about politics; but gave good dinners instead.

Indeed, there were one or two of us who could not quite reconcile Mr. Balfour's previous history with his present conduct. You would have thought, to hear him speak, that his highest notion of human happiness was shooting rabbits on Willowby Heath, although, as every one knew, he was a very indifferent shot. Then the fashion in which he drove round with his wife, paying afternoon calls! Gentlemen who pay afternoon calls are ordinarily more amiable than busy; and how this man, with all his eager ambitions and activities, could dawdle away the afternoon in a few dull drawing-rooms in the country, was a strange thing to some of us. Was he so proud of this young wife of his that he was never tired of showing her off? Or was it—seeing that by-and-by he would be away in the hurry and worry of an election, and perhaps locked up for six months in the close atmosphere of the House of Commons—was it that he wished Lady Sylvia to have as many friends as possible down in these rural solitudes, so as to lighten the time for her?

At all events, she seemed to enjoy her married life sufficiently well. This neighborhood had always been her home. She was within easy driving or riding distance of the Hall and could see that things were going straight there. She had many friends. When her husband left her for a week or two to her own devices, he had no doubt at all but that her time would be fully occupied, and that her life was passing as pleasantly as could be desired.

When Lady Sylvia got that letter, saying he would return from Somersetshire

by way of Englebury, and would remain a few days in London, she was sitting at one of the French windows of the Lilacs, looking out on a dismal December afternoon, the rain slowly drizzling down on the laurels and the wet gravel paths. She took it from the servant, and opened it with much composure. She had been schooling herself for some time back.

She read the letter through with great calmness, and folded it again, and put it in her pocket. Then she thought she would go and get some needle-work, for it was a melancholy business this staring out at the rain. But as she rose to pass through the room, the sensitive lips began to tremble strangely; and suddenly, with a passionate abandonment of despair and grief, she threw herself on a couch, and hid her face in the cushion, and burst into a long and bitter fit of crying. The proud, hurt soul could no longer contain itself. It was in vain that she had been training herself to play the part which he had seemingly allotted her. She saw her husband being removed further and further from her; his interests and occupations and hopes were becoming more and more a matter personal to himself; their lives were divided, and the barrier was daily growing more hopelessly obvious and impassable. Was this, then, the end of those beautiful dreams of what marriage was to make their future life together? Was she already a widow, and forsaken?

Then this wild fit of despair and grief took another turn, and her heart grew hot with anger against those things that had come between her husband and herself. Once or twice, in her courtship days, she had entertained a passing feeling of resentment against the House of Commons, for that it took away from her so much of her husband's thoughts; but now a more vehement jealousy possessed her, and she regarded the whole business of public life as a conspiracy against domestic happiness. The Chorleys? No, not the Chorleys. These people were too contemptible to come between her husband and herself. But they were a part, and an ugly representative part, of that vulgarizing, distracting, hateful political life, which was nevertheless capable of drawing a man away from his wife and home, and filling his mind with gross cares and mean ambitions. The poor, spoilt, hurt child felt in her burning heart that the British Constitution had cruelly wronged her. She regarded with a bitter anger and jealousy the whole scheme of representative government. Was it not those electioneering

people, and the stupid laborers of Somersetshire, and the wretched newspapers that were writing about dozens of subjects they did not understand, who had robbed her of her husband?

A servant tapped at the door. She jumped up, and stood there calm and dignified, her back to the window, so that her face was scarcely visible in the shadow. The man only wanted to put some coals on the fire. After he was gone, Lady Sylvia dried her eyes, sat down once more at the window and began to consider — her lips a trifle more firmly put together than usual.

After all, there was a good deal of womanly judgment and decision about this girl in spite of all the fanciful notions and excess of sensitiveness that had sprung from her solitary musings. Was it seemly that she should fret like a child over her own unhappiness? Her first duty was her duty as a wife. If her husband believed it to be better that he should fight his public life alone, she would do her best in the sphere to which she had been relegated, and make his home as pleasant for him as she could. Crying, because her husband went off by himself to Englebury? She grew ashamed of herself. She began to accuse herself, with some indignation. She was ready to say to herself that she was not fit to be anybody's wife.

Full of a new and eager virtue, she hastily rang the bell. The man did not fall down in a fit when she said she wanted the phaeton sent round as soon as possible, but he gently reminded her ladyship that it was raining, and perhaps the brougham — But no; her ladyship would have the phaeton; and at once. Then she went up-stairs to get dressed; and her maid produced all sorts of waterproofs.

Why so much haste? Why the eager delight of her face? As she drove briskly along the wet lanes the raindrops were running down her cheeks, but she looked as happy and comfortable as if it had been a breezy day in June. The horses splashed the mud about; the wheels swished through the pools; in the noise how could the man behind her hear his young mistress gaily humming to herself

Should he upbraid
I'll own that he'll prevail?

He thought she had gone mad to go out on a day like this; and no doubt made some remarks to himself when he had to jump down into the mud to open a certain iron gate.

Now there was in this neighborhood a lady who had for many a day been on more or less friendly terms with Lady Sylvia, but who seemed to become even more intimate with her after her marriage. The fact is, Mr. Balfour appeared to take a great liking to this person; and was continually having his wife and her brought together. Those who know her well are familiar with her tricks of manner and thinking—her worship of bishops, her scorn of husbands in general, and her demeanor of awful dignity, which has gained for her the style and title of Our Most Sovereign Lady Five-foot-three; but there is no denying the fact that there is about her eyes a certain pathetic, affectedly innocent look that has an odd power over those who do not know her well, and that invites those people to an instant friendliness and confidence. Well, this was the person whom Lady Sylvia now wished to see; and after she had taken off her wet waterproofs in the hall, and dried her face, she went straight into the drawing-room, and in a minute or two was joined by her friend.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," cried her Most Gracious Majesty, kissing the young thing with maternal fondness; "what could have brought you out on such a day? and in the phaeton, too?"

Lady Sylvia's cheeks were quite rosy after the rain. Her eyes were bright and glad. She said blithely,—

"I came out for the fun of it. And to beg you to give me a cup of tea. And to have a long chat with you."

Surely these were sufficient reasons. At least they satisfied the elder woman; who rang for the tea, and got it, and then assumed a wise and confidential air, in order to hear the confessions of this gushing young creature. Had she formed some awful project of going up to London on a shopping excursion in the absence of her husband; or had the incorrigible Blake been grumbling as usual, and threatening to leave?

Nothing of the kind. It was the elder woman who was to be lectured and admonished—on the duty of wives, on the right of husbands to great consideration, and so forth, and so forth. Of course the lecture was introduced by a few playful and preliminary bits of gossip, so as to remove from the mind of the listener the notion that it had been premeditated; nevertheless, Lady Sylvia seemed to be very earnest on this matter. After all, said she, it was the lot of women to suffer. Those who seemed to be most fortunately placed

in the world had doubtless their secret cares; there was nothing for it but to bear them with a brave heart. A wife could not lessen the anxieties of her husband by sharing them; she would more probably increase them by her womanly fear and exaggeration. It was not to be expected that a woman should be constantly intermeddling in affairs of which she could not possibly be a fair judge. A great many wives thought they were neglected, when it was only their excessive vanity that was wounded: that was foolish on the part of those wives. *U.s.w.* Lady Sylvia talked bravely and gladly. She was preaching a new gospel; she had the eagerness of a convert.

Her listener, who, notwithstanding that sham dignity of hers, has a great deal of womanly tact and tenderness, merely listened and smilingly agreed. But when Lady Sylvia, after refusing repeated entreaties that she should stay to dinner, drove-away in the dusk and the rain to her solitary home, it was observed that her friend was unusually thoughtful. She scarcely said anything at all during dinner; although once, after an interval of profound silence, she startled us all by asking abruptly,—

"Why does not Mr. Balfour take Lady Sylvia up to his house in Piccadilly?"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN TONGUE.

"I'm dikk'd to death! The khansamah has got chhutti, and the whole bangla is ulta-pulta. The khidmatghars loot everything, and the masalchi is breaking all the surwa-basans; and when I give a hukhm to cut their tallabs they get magra, and ask their jawabs. And then the maistries are putting up jill-mills, and making such a gol-mol, that I say darwaza band to everybody. But when all is tik, I hope you will tiff with us."

To those whose lives have been passed upon this side of Suez, a speech like the above will seem somewhat puzzling; but it would be perfectly intelligible in a Calcutta drawing-room. To gratify the curious, to relieve Exeter Hall from a possible apprehension that the "cutting of tallabs" may be some brutal species of mutilation practised by our arrogant countrymen upon their hapless native domestics, and to show the difference between "Queen's" and "Company's English," we shall venture upon a translation. We have supposed a

fair hostess saying to some morning caller : "I'm bothered to death ! The butler has got leave, and the whole house is turned upside down. The table-servants steal everything, and the scullion is breaking all the soup-plates ; and when I order their wages to be cut, they all grow sulky and give warning. And then the carpenters are putting up venetians, and making such an uproar, that I am obliged to say 'not at home' to everybody. But when all is put to rights, I hope you will lunch with us." What right, says some one, can our unnatural countrymen in India have to desecrate their mother tongue in this fashion ? Surely the English language, pure and undefiled, will suffice to express the ideas of an Englishman in any quarter of the globe. Why, then, should the Anglo-Indians, who justly pride themselves upon being a refined and highly educated community, indulge in a slang compared with which the latest linguistic "notions" of our transatlantic cousins fall softly upon the ear ? But Anglo-Indianisms cannot be called slang, for they are constantly employed by men who would shrink from a Cockney vulgarism or a "fast" phrase, as from a false note in music. The mixture of English and native words, which we call Anglo-Indianisms, constitutes an idiom in the speech of the governing class, and really forms a bond of union between them and the governed. Besides, so different is East from West that the elasticity of the English language would have been put to a severe test in India, had not a large number of native terms been grafted upon it. Those who have had much occasion to write upon Indian subjects well know how often they are obliged to substitute a clumsy phrase for the single vernacular word which comes to their lips ; and that they fail to convey their full meaning after all. In the same way there are many Indian notions which are but very imperfectly expressed by English equivalents. Who can ever bring himself to allow that the greasy half-caste menial in cotton jacket a fortnight removed from cleanness, whom Bombay housekeepers designate "butler," has anything in common with the dignified domestic in black coat and spotless neckcloth who superintends our family meals in England ? Is it not more appropriate to call him "khansamah," like his Bengal representative ? And without a free use of native terms, the business of the administration would be almost brought to a standstill ; for no species of torture to which the English language could be subjected, would compel it to discharge the

functions of the native technical terms which play so important a part in all official statements. In short, unless an Anglo-Indian accommodates himself in a great measure to the language of the country, the course of his life will by no means run smoothly ; and the result would in most cases be best summed up in Mrs. Quickly's somewhat irreverent phrase, as "an old abusing of God's patience and the Queen's English."

It cannot, however, be denied, that the temper of the British public is often sorely tried by Anglo-Indian writing and speaking. Old officials generally talk and write as if Forbes's "Manual," and Wilson's "Glossary of Revenue and Judicial Terms," were substantive parts of a common English education. It is this abuse which Thackeray has so happily travestied in the "Terrible Adventures of Major Gahgan," into the wild humor of which only an Anglo-Indian can thoroughly enter. But it is almost impossible for men to divest themselves of the language which they have used for the greater part of their active life ; and besides, Anglo-Indians never give the English public sufficient credit for its ignorance of Eastern matters. It seems absolutely lamentable to an old Anglo-Indian that there should be people so uninformed as not to know that Jones was commissioner of Saugor and the Lower Sunderbunds at the time when Smith was chief of the Revenue Board, or that Colonel Holster succeeded Brigadier Fetlock in the command at Pultunpore. But though such ignorance in the case of an untravelled Englishman may excite pity, it is absolutely criminal in an Anglo-Indian. A story in point has been handed down of a former governor-general. A chief secretary who had just left his Excellency, was seen standing one morning in the lobby of Government House, with consternation and despair stamped upon every feature. On being asked whether the Russians had advanced upon Herat, or if a rising was apprehended in the Punjab, he threw his arms wildly above his head and exclaimed, "Great heavens ! he's been eighteen months in India, and asks what a jama-wasil-baki is ! What *will* become of the country ?" — the "jama-wasil-baki," of which his Excellency was so culpably ignorant, being the periodical balance-sheet of a Bengal estate. No man can ever expect to be appreciated in Anglo-Indian society until he has caught up its shibboleth, no matter how great his other accomplishments may be. The person who does not know that "diggorydar" means

a decree-holder, or that "kabuliyut" is the counterpart of a lease, will still be accounted a "griffin," though he may have passed years enough in India to qualify him for a pension. Generally speaking, this feeling prevails all over the Indian continent, but it is carried much more *à la rigueur* in Bengal than in the other presidencies. In Madras the native domestics speak English of a purity and idiom which rival in eccentricity the famous "pidgin" English of the treaty ports in China; and the masters mechanically adopt the language of their servants. Thus an Englishman wishing to assure himself that an order has been duly executed, asks, "Is that done gone finished, Appoo?" and Appoo replies, in the same elegant phraseology, "Yes, sare, all done gone finished whole." The Bombay servants are generally half-caste Portuguese, who speak a dialect of English more or less broken; but in the Bengal presidency the English address their servants in Hindustani or Bengalee; and the domestic who "eshpeaks Englis," is justly held at a discount in the hiring market.

It is somewhat interesting to investigate the origin and growth of the language used by Anglo-Indians. Strange to say, it must be held to have been initiated rather by natives than Englishmen. The Anglo-Indians, early in the last century, did not trouble themselves much about the oriental tongues. They might acquire a knowledge of Persian because it was the diplomatic language of the country, and intelligible to all educated Muhammadans; but the vernaculars spoken by the people among whom they lived and traded were altogether neglected. To obviate the consequent inconvenience, *dubashes* or "two-tongued men" arose — native interpreters who had picked up as much English as enabled them to become the medium of communication between the strangers and their countrymen. The stamp which these men left upon official writing and communication is by no means wholly effaced at the present day. It was by their agency that the bulk of the untranslated native expressions which give a character to the speech of Anglo-Indians was introduced into the English language. Although succeeding generations of Anglo-Indians became better orientalists, and the profession of interpreter fell into desuetude, men still adhered to the old phraseology of the *dubashes*, and went on adding to their vocabulary whenever they fell in with a word of more than ordinary aptness. Each branch of the public service has

contributed its quota to the development of the Anglo-Indian tongue: the law and the courts are especially well represented; the army has introduced a large stock of phrases, which, however, are not so generally used outside military circles; but, above all, intercourse with native servants has produced the most expressive and remarkable terms in the glossary. In fact, those who read language after the fashion of Max Müller and the other great philologists of the day, might shape a very interesting story of the history, the habits, and the feelings of the British in India, from the native additions which they have made to their own language.

One of the words that are oftenest in the mouths of Anglo-Indians, is the adjective "pakka," of which the primitive meaning seems to be the antithesis to raw. The application of this word in Anglo-Indian parlance is practically unlimited, ranging from the ripeness of a plantain or mango to the possession of all the virtues possible to humanity. The use of "cutcha," or its opposite, is nearly as wide. Thus, a "pakka" house is a building of baked bricks and mortar, while a "cutcha" one is built only of mud, or at the best of bricks and mud. A "pakka" road is the macadamized turnpike, while "cutcha" embraces all the varieties of way down to the grassy footpath that runs through the jungle. So many officials are always absent on furlough to Europe, or are withdrawn from their own proper post by the exigencies of government, that a very large proportion of offices in the Indian administration are held by temporary occupants, the height of whose ambition is to be made "pakka," or permanent. While an Englishman would vent his enthusiasm over a work of art by exhausting the synonyms which Roget groups together under the head of "beauty," the Anglo-Indian pithily sums them all up in the single word "pakka." The highest praise that can be bestowed upon any one is to call him a "pakka" fellow; while a "very cutcha character" is the sort of person who would be described in English phraseology by the epithets "loose" and "fishy." It is significant that while "pakka," as a personal attribute, implies all moral excellence, it has a special reference to accuracy and exactness, as if these qualities were rated in the highest degree among Anglo-Indians. "Cutcha," on the other hand, can be made to express a very crushing condemnation. When one says that the last frontier expedition, or the most recent official memorandum issued

from the Duftury Office, is a "cutcha concern," worse cannot well be said of it.

The Anglo-Indian household suggests many curious expressions. Bells have never been an institution in India, and the lordly sahib summons his domestics by a loud shout of "Qui hye?" "Who's there? who waits?" From this the Englishman in Bengal derives the familiar *sobriquet* by which he is distinguished from the "mulls" of benighted Madras and the "ducks" of the Bombay presidency. The Madrassese are said to have received their appellation from mulligatawny, which has attained a greater perfection in that hospitable province than in any other part of India. The derivation of "ducks" is uncertain, unless it comes from the article of clothing so called. The Calcutta citizens, however, are distinguished from the other "qui hyes" by the special denomination of "ditchers," from the "fosse" which was dug round the confines of the city in 1742 as a defence against the Mah-ratta marauders. "Salaam" is the regular response to "qui hye," which in that sense may be understood as signifying "peace be with you," or "I greet you." "Salaam" plays many parts in Anglo-Indian speech. When a man is paying a morning visit, he sends up his card and waits until the answer "salaam" is returned, which is there equivalent to an "at home." It also means the act of salutation, and thanks sent back for a message or present; and "to make one's salaams" is a favorite Anglo-Indianism for waiting upon an official superior. A native visitor will never take leave of himself until the sahib thinks fit to dismiss him, such a liberty being the height of rudeness in oriental etiquette. When the formal inquiries for each other's health have been traversed in three or four different forms, an awkward pause ensues, and each begins to wish that the interview were well over. The sahib wishes that his visitor would take himself away, but his English notions of propriety revolt from the idea of bidding him begone. The native, on the other hand, is devoutly praying that the sahib would send him off and save him from the incivility of terminating the visit. At length, after each has again been assured of the other's welfare, the Englishman in sheer despair pronounces the word "rukhsat," which grants the other permission to take his leave, and the native joyfully "salaams" and goes his way. "Rukhsat" implies a courteous dismissal; when a servant misbehaves, he gets "jawabed," or turned away in disgrace.

"Jawab" literally means an answer, as to a letter or a message; but in social usage it has come to signify the dismissal or rejection of a lover. If Green's face is seen to wear an air of gloom at morning parade, which not even the "brandipani" of the previous evening and his chronic bad luck with the "bones" can sufficiently account for, it gets to be whispered that that "pakka flirt," Miss Cockett, has given the poor "chokhra" (lad) his "jawab," and that he has gone all "phat" (to smash) with madness about it. We would tremble to put a construction *à la* Max Müller upon the fact that the word "answer" in Anglo-Indian speech should have come to signify the refusal of a suitor. When a servant is discarded, his future career greatly depends upon his getting a "chit" or character from his late employer. The word "chitti" means a letter, but it is even more extensively used in the former sense. "Chits" are preserved with the utmost care by the natives, and they are not unfrequently treated as family heirlooms. It is asserted that even in the present day a beardless candidate for the office of a "khidmatghar" or of a "bearer" will present himself with a certificate of character signed by some magnate of the days of Hastings or Wellesley; but this is not improbably one of those "bannows" or "make-ups" which enliven the talk of every Anglo-Indian dinner-table. The following story, however, is authentic. When Khuda Buksh's long-suffering master's temper was at last worn out by his domestic's lying and stealing, by the perpetual leakage of wine and spirit bottles, by the steady diminution of plates and glasses, and by Khuda Buksh's own laziness and uncleanly habits, he sent for his servant and gave him his "jawab." Khuda Buksh boldly demanded a "chit," which his master at first peremptorily refused; but after a minute's consideration he sat down at his desk, and the man began to bless his stars that his master had given him a good character to get rid of him. The "chit" was of course in English, which Khuda Buksh did not understand; but off he started with it to the judge's "mem," who was at the time in want of a "khansamah," doubting nothing that his late master's testimonial would secure the situation for him. But it will not be surprising that his application was unsuccessful when it is stated that the tenor of the certificate was as follows: "The bearer, Khuda Buksh, has been in my service for the last four years. During that period he was trusted with the keys

of the wine-cellar, with the task of providing for the table, and with the general regulation of the whole household, and these duties he discharged with much satisfaction to—himself. For a teetotal family, to whom cleanliness and punctuality are no objects, who use no stoneware or other breakable dishes, and who can view with Christian charity the loose ideas upon the subject of property of an untaught heathen brother, I can conscientiously say that he is admirably adapted. It is purely out of personal regard for him that I am compelled to dispense with his services, for my substance has so diminished since he came into the household that I grieve to see his great acquisitive talents wasted upon such a barren field. I shall be glad to hear that the earth contains another fool so confiding as to take him into service."

Familiar usage has sometimes taken strange liberties with native words. Thus the "bawarchi" or "confidant of the kitchen," a person of some consideration in the Moghal days, when poison was a favorite means of removing an enemy, has now become the humble "bobbachy" or cook; and learned old Duncan Forbes tells us of his disgust at hearing the Cockneys pervert the kitchen or "bawarchikhana" into "bobbachy-conner." The same authority remarks that in his time, "Bahir ka sahib aya khabir dijo"—that is, "A stranger has come, please give the news"—by which a visitor desires his arrival to be announced to the family, was popularly transmuted into "Barker sawb aya, cover the Jew."

The "dasturi," or commission given to servants by the tradesmen from whom they purchase the necessities for their master's household, and answering to the "puckizzites" of English flunkeydom, is another word that is put to an important use. The "dasturi," however, is not an illegal gratification. Masters are well enough aware that their servants secure a percentage off every rupee which they pay away; and not unfrequently the latter will complain to the former if the shop-keepers seek to evade the customary payment. Now and then, in some of the public departments, when people are surprised to see that a tender of the most inferior quality has been accepted at the highest offer, a whisper will arise that "dasturi" has had something to do with it. Like all orientals, the natives of India worship "dastur," or custom, with a slavish regard; and in all domestic controversies the assertion of "dastur" is an argument that

admits of no answer. "Zabiteh" or old usage was wont to have a similar weight in the civil courts; but the magistrates of the present day are generally inclined to follow the Mofussil Daniel in the last generation, who said, "Zabiteh be d—d! ayeen dekhao" (look up the regulations).

A great many of the English names of viands and liquors have become Indianized. Champagne is still recognizable as "simkin," sherry keeps its own name, claret has been literally translated into "lall shrab" or red wine; but who would believe that so familiar a beverage as a bowl of punch could be disguised under the mystic words "bole ponjis"? Beer, with Saxon stubbornness refuses to be interpreted, and "brandi-pani" threatens to naturalize itself in this country. Soda-water or "Belatte-pani," European water, as it is termed, was long a great enigma to the natives. The writer once overheard two khidmatghars very sagely discussing its properties. Peeroo asserted that all the water in Belatt (Europe) was like soda-water, even that in rivers and tanks, and the water that was sold in skins upon the streets of London. Abdul ridiculed this notion, and wondered that any one could be so ignorant as not to know that soda-water was the result of enchantment (*jadugari*); that all sahibs were taught magic, and had to pass an examination by competition in magic before they were sent out to Hindustan. How else could such wonders be done as they did? But Peeroo persisted in his own opinion, because, as he said, an old sahib of his had told him so; and the controversy terminated, as such controversies usually do, in an interchange of abuse and bad names. The natives themselves, however, are now taking to the manufacture of soda-water, and its mysterious character is rapidly melting away. Mutton and beef generally retain their Anglo-Saxon designations, or are compounded with "ghosht" flesh. In small country stations where there is no consumption for beef, mutton and "murghi" (fowl) relieve guard upon the table with a painful regularity. "Efeel" can with some reflection be identified with veal, the soft "v" being one of those letters that are most perplexing to native lips. The English sibilant presents a similar difficulty, and much merriment used to be caused in the Calcutta theatre by an imitation of Young Bengal's "Eshweet eshpirit, hear my prayer." "Katlets," "kurkets" (croquet), "irony-eshtew," are all the Indianized names of English *entrées*; but it

would not take us long to exhaust the very limited vocabulary of Anglo-Indian cookery. Our countrymen in the East generally eat four meals a day, which in Bengal are all called by their native names. "Chota hazri," or the little breakfast—early tea, as it is called in Madras—is eaten in *déshabillé* in one's own room soon after rising. "Hazri" or breakfast proper follows about nine or ten o'clock; tiffin about two; and "khana" or dinner, called the "food," because it is *par excellence* the meal of the day, takes place any time after sunset. Planters and others whose work is chiefly done out of doors in the morning before the heat becomes intense, amplify their "chota hazri," into a tiffin, and breakfast in the middle of the day, eschewing luncheon altogether; and this practice in Calcutta goes by the name of "mofussil," or country, breakfast. A dinner-party is expressively called a "barra khana," or big dinner.

The word "girja," a church, is a good example of how European words become transformed in native mouths. It comes straight from the Latin *ecclesia* through the Portuguese *igreja*; but if their connection were not historically established, there would be little probability of philologists being able to identify the two words. Connected with "girja," it is curious to notice the phrases by which the natives express the assembly and dismissal of the congregation; "girja bhaita gya," the church has sitten down, being equivalent to the one—and "girja toota gya," the church is broken, to the other. The Portuguese word *padre* has been adopted by the natives to signify all clergymen indiscriminately. We have some examples of a word being currently used in its Indianized form long after it has been forgotten in Europe. "Almari," a wardrobe or chest of drawers, is just the old English *almarie* or *aumbry*, a word which is still current in Scotland as "awmrie;" but it was in its Portuguese form *almario*, said to be from the Latin *armorium*, that the word was transplanted to the East. "Chabbi," a key, is said with some probability to be from the Latin *clavis*, through the Portuguese. But beyond "topi," a hat, from *topo*; "kamara," a chamber; "fita," a ribbon; and a few other words,—the Portuguese ascendancy in India has left few linguistic traces. The natives round about Goa, and many of the half-castes in Bombay city, speak a broken dialect of Portuguese; but no other foreign language has taken the same hold as English. In Chandernagore, al-

though French is the official language of the town, scarcely any French words or phrases have found their way into the speech of the natives; and in truth, not a few of those within the French confines live in blissful ignorance of the fact that they are not British subjects. While Napoleon III.'s last *fête* was being celebrated at Chandernagore, the writer asked a smartly-dressed native what the rejoicings were all about; and the Baboo, indignant at being suspected of such ignorance, sharply answered, that it was "the queen's birthday, of course." The dusky De Silvas and De Souzas of Calcutta are generally ignorant of the language of their haughty progenitors. They speak English or Bengalee indifferently well, but the former with an offensive accent, which could only be intelligibly indicated by the epithets "oily" and "rancid." Both Portuguese and East Indians are contemptuously spoken of as "feringhees" by the natives, who would not, however, dare to apply such a designation to an Englishman; and the still more scornful appellation of "chee-chees" is not unfrequently bestowed upon them by Anglo-Indians—"chee-chee" being a native expression of disgust. But however justly we may talk about a "chee-chee" accent, the application of such an epithet to a harmless race, whose worst fault is its insignificance, is quite indefensible.

Most of our English names of titles and offices have suffered somewhat in their Indian naturalization. The governor-general is popularly known as the "lat sahib," a word for which we cannot account, unless it be a native corruption of "lord," like "my lud," and "your ludship," in the jargon of the bar. But in official and complimentary language a loftier strain is adopted. Moulvie Ikram Ali dedicates his Urdu translation of the "Ikhwanus-Safa," to the "noblest of ennobled nobles, the cream of mighty princes, the Hatim of the day, the Plato of the age, the chief of chiefs, and the hero of heroes, Nawab Governor-General Lord Minto Bahadur." In Calcutta, where the governor-general and the lieutenant-governor of Bengal reign like the two kings of Brentford, the latter is known as the "chota" or little lat sahib. The district officials are generally called by their English titles with "sahib" affixed, as "kumshuner sahib," "jaj sahib," "shistunt magistrate sahib." The old dignities of the Moghal *régime* are now sadly degraded. The "darogha," whose

functions, generally speaking, corresponded with those of a provincial chief justice, is now the poor corporal of a police station; the "foujdar," who used to be at the head of the local militia, where the title has been retained, fills an equally humble post; the "kotwal," who, as the mayor of a city or town, used to be an officer of high authority and influence, is only practically a police inspector. These are not the only instances of high-sounding titles in very lowly stations. The sweeper, the lowest menial in an Indian household, is called "mihtar," which in the Persian denotes a prince or chieftain; and the water-carrier or "bihishti" (*vulgo* "beastie"), derives his name from paradise itself (*bihisht*). The former of these titles was probably at first applied in derision by the Muhammadans; but any one who has performed a hot, dusty journey in the plains of India, will easily understand with what propriety the supplier of water is saluted as "the heavenly man." In one instance, the Hindoos have ventured upon a retort for the "mihtar" insult. Among Hindoo-speaking people the inferior Muhammadan menials are jocularly spoken of as the "khulafa" or princes, successors of the Prophet, a name sacred among the faithful.

When we turn to the law courts, the enormous number of Anglo-Indianisms which have originated in their operations will serve to suggest how important a part the administration of justice occupies in the economy of the country. Until Lord William Bentinck's time, Persian was the language of the law and of the courts, even in Bengalee-speaking provinces; and though all cases are now tried in the local vernacular, most technicalities have still retained their Persian form. When a young civilian of two or three and twenty years of age, who has never heard any language spoken but his own, is put upon the bench to decide a case which is stated to him by a glib-tongued "muktyar" (law-agent), it is not surprising that he should be sometimes perplexed, or that ludicrous blunders should be perpetrated. An ordinary-sized jest-book might be compiled out of the stories current in official society of magisterial bulls and of "mofussil justice;" but we would hardly venture to attempt putting the points of these jokes before an English reader, unless they were to be accepted as such upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Stories are told of the "faryadi" (plaintiff) having been taken for the "assami" (defendant); of the prosecutor having

been convicted instead of the accused; and of the gravest legal doubts having been settled in the mind of a young civilian, not by a reference to the code, but by the toss of a rupee. There is an old anecdote of a witness who, in giving evidence, spoke of himself not in the first person, which would have been presumptuous and familiar, but as "daulat-khwah" (the wisher of your felicity), and of the accused as "taksirwar," a word which the magistrate had probably never met with in his reading. The young judge then very sagely ruled that he could not accept evidence at second hand; that the policemen were greatly to blame for not having produced so important a witness as this Daulat Khwah; that a summons should forthwith be served upon him; that the person named "Taksirwar" was undoubtedly the guilty party, and should be at once apprehended; and that the charge against the prisoner at the bar was dismissed. Some of the native assistants doubtless interfered to save his superior the painful task of revising such a judgment. Similarity of words often gives rise to ludicrous blunders. A young assistant magistrate was riding into a village of his subdivision when five or six litigants came rushing forward and threw themselves down before him, calling out, "Dohai (justice) sahib! dohai sahib!" "What the d—l have I to do with 'douai' (medicine)?" cried the assistant, insulted at being taken for a mere doctor — "go to the dispensary or to jehannum (the Hebrew gehenna) if you want 'douai.' I'm the magistrate sahib." Whether the people understood the mistake, or puzzled themselves over the transfer of justice to the medical profession, report saith not. But considering the difficulty of dealing with cases stated in a foreign language, the miscarriages of justice are far fewer than any one could reasonably expect. In the high courts, where the procedure of the English law is followed, amusing instances sometimes occur of the inapplicability of English forms to native cases. A legal writer in an old number of the *Calcutta Review* gives the following dialogue which took place at the trial of a native prisoner before the old supreme court:—

Interpreter. — "Prisoner at the bar, how will you be tried?"

Prisoner. — "*Ap ma bap.*"

Judge. — "What does he say?"

Interpreter. — "He says, my lord, he will be tried by God and his country."*

* The Presidency High Courts are not the only

"*Ap ma bap*," adds the narrator, "literally means, 'You are my father and mother;' and implies 'just as you please,' 'whatever you think fit.'"

In court language, to "*chalan*" is to forward a case from one authority to another, and the word has come into popular use among Anglo-Indians in the sense of sending on or transmitting anything. A "*mufsid*" is a troublesome fellow who annoys the court with complaints of his own, and does his best to foster disputes among his neighbors; and it is socially used of a person who "*dikks*" or pesters one with petitions, or with his company — the bore of English society. To "*dakhil duftur*" is to enter upon the record an order passed when a plea has been admitted, or a decree given; or it means the reference of a case to the proper quarter; but somehow or other the phrase has been selected to typify official routine. "*Dakhil duftur*" to an Anglo-Indian suggests all those ideas which are connected with the red-tape of English officialdom. Next to "*dakhil duftur*," "*zidd*" is generally looked upon as the greatest abuse of office in India. When a magistrate finds that his decrees are constantly reversed, and his law "*wigged*" by the high court, it is, of course, to the "*zidd*" of the revising judges that he attributes his reprimands. It is also, of course, the lieutenant-governor's "*zidd*" against Robinson for writing that article in the *Bengal Peon* which "*showed up*" the Revenue Board so famously, which has caused that injured officer to be so often passed over in promotion, and which has kept him all these years in the Lallkor district. "*Zidd*" is revenge as well as spite, manifesting itself in opposing or thwarting one's views. When an official's shortcomings are overlooked, and he is again taken into the favor of government, he is said to be "*saffa karroed*" or made clean. In the districts, a magistrate's "*mizaj*" (disposition) is a great thing to be studied. If he be a "*zalim*" (tyrant) or "*zabbardast*" (high-handed), care is taken that nothing should be done to call forth his irascibility. His "*shouk*" or predilections are carefully ascertained; and whether they be for "*pakka*" roads or female schools, for sculptured stones or old coins and medals, they are sedulously gratified so far as lies

tribunals where interpreters enjoy a similar license. In the Supreme Court of the Strait Settlements at Singapore, the translator, it is alleged, tells the witness to attend to what that "*red-haired barbarian*" (the judge) is saying, and to turn his face in the direction of these "*twelve foreign devils*" (the jury).

in people's powers. All the prosperity of the district is attributed — in his presence — to his "*ikbal*" or good fortune. When the late Mr. Thomason, the lieutenant-governor of the north-west, was examining a vernacular school, he asked a class in geography what made the world go round? This was a poser, but at last one sleeky little courtier made a low salaam, and blandly answered, "*Huzur ka ikbal se*" (It goes round by your good fortune).

It is said that the first Hindustani word which an Englishman picks up is "*juldi*," quickly; and its frequent use is significant of both English impatience and native laziness. "*Juldi*," and "*chhalao*," get on, will go farther than any other two words in the language. In the old days of the road, before railways came into use, when travelling had to be accomplished in palanquins, or in rickety hackney carriages, drawn by *tats* fit only for the knackers, a venturesome lady set out from Calcutta to join her husband at Cawnpore; and though "*juldi chhalao*" was all the Hindustani she had learned, the journey was performed in perfect safety. The new-comer soon picks up as much Hindustani as enables him to make himself intelligible to his servants; but there is a danger of his oriental acquirements stopping there, unless he begin the systematic study of the language. English-speaking servants should be cautiously avoided, as they are all impostors and plunderers by profession. They hang about the steamers, and foist themselves upon the timorous "*griffin*" who has grave doubts how he is to get along without Hindustani, and who, without giving himself the trouble to inquire about his domestic's antecedents, congratulates himself upon getting hold of a servant who can understand him. But the "*eshpeak-ing-Englis*" servant is the most costly tutor that any man can employ; and by the time that the freshman is able to make himself understood, he has been plundered and cheated until his confidence in the whole race of Eastern servants is utterly destroyed. It is to the unfavorable specimens into whose hands most Anglo-Indians fall at the outset that the bad character generally given to Indian servants is due. The fact is that, taking them as a whole, they are just about as honest as English menials, and a great deal more attentive and obliging.

Our brief sketch of characteristic Anglo-Indianisms would not be complete if we forebore to notice "*galee*," or abusive epithets. The native languages present the Englishman with an extensive assort-

ment of oburgations which, to do him justice, he has not been slow to turn to account. "Soor," or pig, is one of the commonest expressions of abuse, and it is one that is most offensive to Mussulmans. Sometimes it is forcibly expanded into "Bengala soor ka butcha," or whelp of a Bengal pig. "Nimak-haram," or faithless to the salt, has special reference to ingratitude. "Haramzada," or base-born, is the exact equivalent of a strong, if not elegant, phrase chiefly used in the present day by members of the maritime community. "Badmash" or blackguard, "dullal" or broker, "badzat" or low-bred, "kutta" or dog, "pagul" or fool, are some of the flowers of Anglo-Indian speech; but there is a mine of Billingsgate in the language as yet happily untouched by Anglo-Saxon lips. No people will permit themselves to use fouler language when they wish to be abusive than the Bengalees, especially the women of the lower orders, upon whose tongues delicacy never seems to place the slightest restraint. Curiously enough, two languages so remote as the Hindustani and the Lowland Scotch, contain the same term of abuse, used in an exactly identical sense. In India, as well as in Scotland, "randi" is applied to an ill-behaved, loud-tongued virago — a wanton; but the similarity cannot have occurred but by the merest accident. Not only do these Anglo-Indianisms entwine themselves into men's habits and modes of thinking, but they take a hold upon the sentimental feelings, and draw people together as if by a sort of freemasonry. A word casually dropped is quite sufficient to introduce two Anglo-Indians to each other, and to establish an intimacy between them. Lunching once in the "Keller" restaurant, beneath the new Exchange, at Berlin, the writer had for his *vis-à-vis* a bronzed Indian officer, whose nationality was more than half-suspected before his "khidmat" — corrected into "kellner" — put the matter beyond dispute. He was ill at ease; there was evidently something wanting to complete his comfort; but he would have expressed himself with more facility in Urdu than in German. He pettishly turned over his "Kapp's Berlin," as if he expected to find the missing word suggested there; but in vain. He then taxed his memory; but nothing came of it beyond "alu do," which any Indian domestic would have answered by helping him to potatoes. Strange to say, the active German waiter instantly produced the desired *Kartoffeln*; and the Indian went on with his meal as if

there were nothing surprising in a German waiter's understanding Hindustani, until we fell into conversation, and his attention was called to the fact. The mystery was cleared up at the cost of a few silber groschen; and it turned out that the waiter had made several voyages to Calcutta, as the steward of a Hamburg trader, and had picked up a few native phrases. It is almost touching to see how two old Anglo-Indians are drawn together by the familiar talk, and to hear what wonderful stories, couched in how unintelligible language, they have got to tell. It is getting the fashion nowadays for purists to sneer at Anglo-Indianisms; but no one who is really acquainted with Anglo-Indian society will have any fault to find with a dialect that so admirably serves to express its wants and ideas.

From The Whitehall Review.
SOCIAL POSITION.

WHEN George the Third was king, and when English gentlemen wore full-bottomed wigs, colored velvet coats, shorts, silk stockings, and swords, a man's position in society was easily determined. But times and manners have both changed, until now, thanks to the sartorial ingenuity of Smalpage and Kerslake, *et hoc genus omne*, he would be a clever man who, by outward appearance, could discriminate between the Duke of Bareacres and Mr. Moneybags of Mincing Lane.

There is nothing which an average Englishman strives so much to attain unto as a higher social position than that in which he was born. It is only in the very highest ranks of society that this ambition does not exist. When a man is a peer, or even a commoner of good family, it is impossible for him to rise socially higher, and he is therefore obliged to be content with what he has, without running after what he has not. But in every class below the peerage there betrays itself a more or less feverish anxiety to rise a step higher than that to which one has a just claim. Among women this craving for social advancement is even more general than among men. Nor was the desire for "position" ever more general than it is at the present day. The reason is obvious. Money is made much more quickly than it used to be. For one *nouveau riche* that could be pointed out forty years ago, there are now at least two score. And when a man has "made his pile" how can he

expect to enjoy the days that he has yet to live unless he advances his social position by at least a step or two? Hence it is that daily and almost hourly we are amused at the sight of *parvenus*, who are ever attempting to rise in society but rarely attain the desired end. It is true that there are back doors which can be opened with golden keys, and through which the ascent to the much-desired position is both surer and safer than by ordinary means. Thus, when the daughter of the wealthy contractor, or fortunate financier, has attained the proper age, there is always a push made to have the girl and her mother presented at court. That the younger women, who have, in all probability, never known what poverty or struggling means, should desire this undeniable advantage is only natural. Education, a good governess, and the most expensive professors have done a great deal for them; and they may, as far as ordinary appearance or conversation goes, hold their own with the highest in the land. But it is not so with their parents. A man has so many opportunities of mixing with others of his sex who are better born and better educated than himself, that it is often comparatively easy for him to assume a social standing which he does not properly possess. With his wife it is far different. As a rule no woman changes after she has passed twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. If she be vulgar then, she is vulgar always; if ignorant then, she is ignorant always; if she drops her "h's" then, she will continue to do so until doomsday. Why does such a woman thirst to be presented to the queen? Be that as it may, desire it she does, partly for the sake of her daughters, but chiefly because she believes it will advance her own social position. How the scheme is to be carried out greatly troubles her for a time. But, as the old song says, "the man that has money may do as he pleases;" and, for the matter of that, the woman too. There are always to be found in London certain elderly ladies of good blood, but, alas! poorer than their own maids. They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed; and so, having the *entrée* at court, they make a business of presenting to royalty such of their own sex as require their good offices, and are willing to pay handsomely for what, in other businesses, would be stigmatized as "dirty work." A cheque for fifty guineas as a retainer when the subject is first mooted, and another of equal value when the business is over, is not much to pay for an introduction to royalty. Paterfa-

miliars — much against his own sense of propriety, it must be admitted — manages somehow or other to go to the *levée*. There is always some male friend who is under some obligation to him, who has a certain social standing, and who is ever ready to "present" any one, provided the transaction "leaves a margin for profit." Unlike the needy lady of good family under whose auspices the mother and daughter appear at the palace, the man who presents the *nouveau riche* to royalty does not receive a piece of colored paper addressed to Coutts's or Drummond's, but expects another kind of remuneration. He looks forward to be — or perhaps he already has been — put up to a "good thing," by which he can safely increase his too scanty income for the year. And when all this has been gone through — when father, mother, and daughter have all made their bow to her Majesty or the Prince of Wales — what a triumph it is for the family! How they can lord it over their more humble friends who have not been, and are never likely to be, presented! And yet, as Mr. Toole says, they "are not happy." What with court-dresses, jewels, trains, and feathers for his women; new liveries for his coachman and footman; new harness for his carriage horses; the honorarium to the lady presenter, the "good thing" he has put his male presenter up to; and his own court-dress, the father of the family must be at least £1,000 or £1,500 the poorer after the business is over. And all this for what! Merely that his wife and daughter may be able to boast that they have been to court. Does the fact in any way enhance their social position? Are they a single step nearer the happy hunting-grounds where those of genuine high birth and standing disport themselves? Not at all. They may, indeed, get an invitation to a royal garden-party at Chiswick; or, if they are in great luck, be asked to one of the royal balls at Buckingham Palace; but their social position is exactly what it was, and beyond the supreme happiness of telling every one they have been to court, they are exactly what and where they were before.

From The Leisure Hour.

LIGHT-EMITTING FLOWERS.

THE power of emitting light has been found to be possessed by several flowers. The daughter of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, was wont to amuse her-

self in the summer twilight by setting fire to the inflammable atmosphere which surrounds the essential-oil glands of the *Fraxinella*. One sultry summer evening, when sitting in the garden, she was very much surprised to notice the flowers of a group of nasturtiums emitting luminous radiations, and she observed the same thing occur on several subsequent evenings in June and July, 1762. The same phenomenon has also been observed by several naturalists, but almost exclusively in connection with yellow or orange-colored flowers, such as the sunflower, the marigold, poppies, and the orange lily. The following account of interesting observations of some of these luminous flowers is given by Dr. Phipson. "The Swedish naturalist, Professor Haggern, perceived one evening a faint flash of light dart repeatedly from a marigold. Surprised at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention, and, to be assured that it was no deception, he placed a man near him, with orders to make a signal when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment. The light was most brilliant upon marigolds of an orange or flame color, but scarcely visible upon pale ones. The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick succession, but more commonly at intervals of several minutes. When several flowers, in the same place, emitted this light together, it could be seen at a considerable distance. This phenomenon was remarked in July and August at sunset, and for half an hour when the sky was clear; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapors, nothing of it was to be seen. On the 18th of June, 1857, about ten o'clock in the evening, M. Fries, the well-known Swedish botanist, whilst walking along in the Botanic Garden at Upsal, remarked a group of poppies (*Papaver orientale*), in which three or four flowers emitted little flashes of light. Forewarned as he was by a knowledge that such things had been observed by others, he could not help believing that he was suffering from an optical illusion. However, the flashes continued showing themselves, from time to time, during three quarters of an hour. M. Fries was thus forced to believe that what he saw was real. The next day observing the same phenomenon to recur at about the same hour, he conducted to the place a person entirely ignorant that such a manifestation of light had ever been witnessed in the vegetable world, and,

without relating anything concerning it, he brought his companion before the group of poppies. The latter observer was soon in raptures of astonishment and admiration. Many other persons were then led to the same spot, some of whom immediately remarked that the 'flowers were throwing out flames.' It is chiefly in the summer months that the emission of light from flowers is seen, and generally during twilight. It is said, however, that flashes have also been noticed in the morning, just before sunrise. The light emitted is always most brilliant before a thunder-storm."

From The Fireside.

THE CELTS.

THE complexions of the Celts were fair and succulent, apparently from their northern climate, but attributed to their being always clothed except in battle, and to their long indulgence in bed during peace. From whatever cause, their bodies were remarkably white, compared with other nations. Their eyes were blue and large, but when enraged they darted fury, and having naturally a stern look, it is said to have then been awful. Their aspect must have been remarkable. Ammianus Marcellinus, himself a veteran soldier, who had often fought with these fierce nations, confesses that in the cast of their eyes there was something terrible. The women were very beautiful, and were as tall and courageous as the men. The beauty of Claudia Rufina, a British lady, is celebrated by Martial. Ammianus seems to represent the females as stronger than their husbands; but he probably means in domestic warfare only. They paid much attention to their persons, especially in Aquitain, where you could not see a woman, however poor, in foul and ragged clothes, as in other places. Small eyebrows were considered very beautiful among the ancient Caledonians, and some females received their names from this handsome feature. The teeth of the Celtæ were sound, and of a beautiful whiteness. This is observable in all their interments, where they are found to retain the enamel when every other part has gone to decay. The voice of the Celts was loud and terrible; and although they spoke little, even their ordinary words were dreadful. They had a terrible aspect, an awful and loud voice; their stern looks were sufficient to intimidate most people,

and their bare appearance, when irritated, struck the beholder with terror and dismay. The "loud and sonorous voice" of the ancient Celts was inherited by the Caledonians, and was esteemed a qualification of some importance. When Fingal raised his voice, "Cromla answered around, the sons of the desert stood still, and the fishes of the troubled sea moved to the depths." Columba, when performing service in his church of Iona, is said to have been heard at the distance of a mile and a half. The Celtic nations spoke very little, and their language was dark and figurative: their manner of talking

was solemn and mysterious, the ordinary words of most of them, as well when they were at peace as when they were irritated, being dreadful and full of menace. They were hyperbolical in their own praise, and spoke contemptuously of all others. "My pointed spear, my sharp sword, my glittering shield," said an old Celtic hero, "are my wealth and riches; with them I plough, with them I sow, and with them I make my wine: whoever dare not resist my pointed spear, my sharp sword, and my glittering shield, prostrates himself before, and adores me as his lord and his king."

A NEW METAL.—M. Prat, of Bordeaux, has communicated to the Société des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles de Bordeaux, a research on the characters and chemical properties of a metal to which he has given the name of Lavcesium, in memory of Lavoisier. This metal is silver-white, malleable, and fusible; it forms crystallizable and colorless salts, and gives the following reactions:—Potassa: a hydrated white precipitate, insoluble in an excess of the precipitant. Ammonia: the same precipitate, very soluble in an excess. Alkaline carbonates: a white precipitate of hydrated oxide, followed by the disengagement of carbonic acid. Ferrocyanide of potassium: a dirty yellow precipitate. Hydrosulphuric acid: a brown color at first, then a tawny yellow precipitate. Alkaline sulphurets: a tawny yellow precipitate. Tannin: a dark greenish yellow precipitate. Iron and zinc: a metallic black precipitate, ash grey, or under the form of extremely thin leaflets, having a metallic aspect, and spontaneously detaching itself from the zinc. This metal colors flame of a slightly purple blue. In the spectroscope it gives a spectrum: 1, in the indigo blue, two groups of characteristic bands; 2, in the pure green, two other more simple groups of bands, equally characteristic; 3, finally, some blue, violet, and green bands; in all, twenty-three bands. The characteristic bands correspond with those of copper, which might indicate, M. Prat thinks, that copper perhaps contains this metal. The spectrum, the white silvery aspect, the solubility of its oxide in ammonia, the color of the ferrocyanide and its hydrated sulphuret, constitute a group of properties which distinguish it from all the known metals. According to M. Prat, this body is much more common than might be thought, for he has met with it in many minerals, and notably in iron pyrites. Its therapeutic action (says

the *London Medical Record*) yet remains for study.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—An ingenious little electric-light apparatus (says the *Mining Journal*) has been invented by Mr. Facio, of Paris, and is applicable to watches, walking-sticks, and such like. The watch, for instance, to which it is applied, is united by a chain to a link-bar, which may be placed in a button-hole, another chain communicates with a pile which may be carried in the waistcoat pocket; to the link-bar another chain is attached in communication with a receptacle or box containing wick, and a "Geissler" tube, which will transmit the spark produced by the electricity. Thus the time can be easily seen in the dark. The apparatus is composed of other conducting chains coming from the pile, and of a receiver which may be perfectly independent, the receiver being provided with a wick or bobbin, and the receiver may be made like a locket or other article, if desired; communication between pile and locket or other article may be produced by means of a button or other suitable appliance placed in any convenient position. The chains may be formed or composed of two wires and surrounded by insulating material, which latter may be covered with some precious metal or other material, as fancy or taste may dictate. The lighting material may be carried by the watch itself, or the light-generating apparatus may be provided with a case to hold the watch, or other object to be lighted up, in such manner that the glass which covers the aforesaid case will receive the action of the lighting tube containing the "Geissler" tube, and the case itself will be independent of the object to be lighted.

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A LITTLE WHILE.

SUCH a little while, such a little while !
 At our own inconstancy should we sigh or
 smile ?

Blind and deaf the tyrant, Love, who rules our
 inner life ;
 He neither heeds nor hears the toss and tu-
 mult of the strife.

Raising one to sure calm height, to dash an-
 other down ;
 Gathering flowers from new-made graves, to
 wreathe the bridal crown.

Blessing here with perfect faith, tender, strong
 and true ;
 Blighting there some radiant bloom, fresh
 blossoms to renew.

Wrenching purest ties in twain, wounding,
 searing, healing —
 All the weakness of our hearts day by day re-
 vealing.

Helpless human life goes on, as the wheel
 revolves,
 Passing our poor struggles o'er, crushing our
 resolves.

What avails to strive or wail ? better to be-
 guile
 Each swift hour, with all it gives — for a little
 while.

Gather roses while they blow, catch the sun-
 beams passing ;
 Every moment, shine or shade, the great
 stream is glassing.

Such a little while ago, such a little while !
 And I dreamt that life was lit but by your
 joyous smile.

Such a little while ago, and you thought or
 swore —
 Given a loving look of mine, and hope would
 ask no more.

Now, can you quite remember your glory in
 your choice ?
 Can I recall the old sweet thrill that answered
 to your voice ?

In sooth, we scarcely can, dear ; all passed
 like April's smile ;
 Such a little while ago, such a little while !

We'll owe it kindly memories, that happy
 dream we dreamt ;
 It had no inner claim to be from Love's
 strange laws exempt.

Yet recollect it tenderly, for in its brief bright
 reign
 Was many a joy whose subtle charm we shall
 not find again.

The spell was woven deftly, it was potent to
 beguile ;
 Such a little while ago, such a little while !

Victoria Magazine.

TOGETHER.

BABES that on a morn of May,
 Laughing, in the sunshine play ;
 Babes to whom the longest day
 Seems to fly !
 Babes to whom all things are toys,
 Life a sweet that never cloy,
 Home a fount of simple joys,
 Never dry.

Babes so bright, so blest, so fair,
 With dimpled cheeks and golden hair ;
 Can they be — that happy pair ! —
 You and I ?

Babes no longer, now they stray,
 Girl and boy, beside the bay
 On a sunshine holiday —
 Fond, but shy.

Smiles are many, words are few,
 Hearts are light, when life is new
 And eyes are bluer than the blue
 Of the sky.

Laughing schoolboy brave and free,
 Little maiden fair to see
 Gath'ring seaweed — can they be
 You and I ?

Boy and girl are man and wife ;
 Hand in hand they walk for life ;
 Peace and joy be theirs, and strife
 Come not nigh !

Wand'ers by the eternal deep
 Whose shores are time, so may they keep
 Together, and together sleep
 By-and-by !

Sleep in death when day is done,
 Wake to life beyond the sun ;
 One on earth, in Heaven one —
 You and I !

All The Year Round.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
 They kept their faith, their freedom, on the
 height,
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and
 night
 Against the Turk ; whose inroad nowhere
 scales
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
 And red with blood the Crescent reels from
 fight
 Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone
 flight
 By thousands down the crags and thro' the
 vales.

O smallest among peoples ! rough rock-throne
 Of freedom ! warriors beating back the
 swarm
 Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
 Great Tsernagora ! never since thine own
 Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the
 storm
 Has breathed a race of mightier moun-
 taineers.

Nineteenth Century. ALFRED TENNYSON.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

RELATION OF MIND AND BODY.*

THE increasing circulation of works such as those named at the head of this article is of itself sufficient evidence that the influence of the bodily organization on the play of thought has now come to be a question of pressing interest and importance. The time has gone by when the study of the nature of thought and feeling was held to be as completely dissociated from that of changes undergone by matter, as, in the judgment of the ancient astronomers, the causes of movement in the heavenly bodies were from the laws of motion prevailing in this lower world, and when the idea was scouted that any light could be thrown on such a metaphysical subject as the philosophy of mind by the practical observations of the anatomist and physiologist, which dealt only with the tangible fabric of the body. That the mind controlled the body was, of course, always admitted — this governing power, indeed, was held to be one of its chief functions; but that the bodily organization determined the play of mental action, if allowed at all, was recognized only in extreme, or what we might call aberrant cases — that is to say, while its *morbid* influence in deranging the normal state of mind pressed itself ever and anon on the conviction of men, with a force that could not be resisted, this did not lead them to acknowledge its ordinary and regular play as a factor in the development of mental action.

To those occupied with introspective investigations into the laws of thought and feeling, the direct observation of the phenomena of consciousness generally indeed proved so exclusively absorbing, that the part taken by the bodily organs in the process was overlooked; and though it might be admitted in a general way that the brain is the organ or instrument of the mind, the attempt to carry out in detail an inquiry into the nature and extent of their

association met with anything but a cordial reception from the majority of psychologists. Their conviction, perhaps, of the unity of the mind prepossessed them against the supposition that its operations could be effected by the conjoint play of the various parts which go to make up the complex structure of the human brain.

Add to this that the progress of physiology is confessedly far less advanced here than it is in regard to any other part of the body, and that, too, not only as regards the functions of particular organs, but also as to the molecular changes associated with nervous action generally. Such molecular changes as occur in nerve tissue are of far too subtle a nature to be made cognizable to our senses by any appliances as yet at our command. Their actual occurrence, though not to be doubted, is entirely a matter of inference, and as no connection of a definite nature can be demonstrated between them and the concomitant mental action, this has indisposed many thinkers, whose attention has not in other ways been turned in the direction of physiology, from observing that intimate relation between the two classes of phenomena, which is so clearly indicated by scientific research. Hence, till a very recent period the specific action of the brain was lightly passed over by the approved writers on physiology; while the very idea, when it did crop up, that a gross bodily structure could have any share in the play of thought, was regarded by many not only as irrational, but, one may almost say, as impious and heretical. Such sentiments, there is reason to believe, still linger pretty extensively among the literary classes, and present the greatest obstacle to that impartial consideration of the question which is necessary for an intelligent comprehension of the real nature of mental action — such as will enable us to see either the true force of the physiological arguments, or the points where, by their perversion, they militate against sound views in philosophy, religion, and morality. It is not, therefore, going out of our way to bring under review a short summary of the grounds on which physiologists contend that the brain is the organ of thought, in the sense that the mental action of ordi-

* 1. *Mind and Body*. By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D. London, 1876.

2. *Mental Physiology*. By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1876.

3. *The Physiology of Mind*. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. London, 1876.

nary life in all its phases is associated with certain molecular changes in the cerebral substance.

The peculiar feelings referable to the interior of the head which accompany intense thought, afford, perhaps, of themselves a certain presumption in favor of the brain being concerned in the process, but can hardly be held to go farther than this in the way of evidence, as the peculiar bodily state of which we are conscious may possibly be nothing more than a collateral accompaniment of the mental work — both depending on some other agency. Of this we have an illustration in the excitement of the heart's action by states of mental feeling, where the connection is so marked as to have given rise to the universal belief, in the early ages of thought, that this organ was the direct seat of emotion — a belief which, though without any physiological basis, has left an indelible mark on the popular phraseology of all races of men. Passing over this, therefore, we may briefly refer to the following as more tangible grounds for inferring the dependence of mental action on the play of the cerebral organs.

It is admitted on all hands that any capital injury to the brain arrests all manifestation of thought; but this would not of itself settle the point, as in most cases it also puts an end to life, for the brain plays an important part in most vital processes as well as in those of thought and feeling. Thus it is the seat, directly or indirectly, of the springs of the heart's movements, and of those of respiration, the arrest of either of which is presently fatal. The loss of blood resulting from decapitation would of itself indeed be the cause of immediate death in any warm-blooded animal.

Now, though the play of the functions of life is necessary for the manifestation of thought, yet, as universal experience shows that thought and feeling are not constantly in an active state during life, but are regularly suspended for a time in its ordinary course during the intervals of sleep, it might fairly be argued that the converse may hold good — that thought, though no longer capable of being evidenced by the inert body, may yet go on after death all the same as before, so far

as its own mode of internal development is concerned. And in a certain sense, indeed, this is a point which physiologists are nowise concerned to dispute. Their line of research being limited to the actions of the material body during the present life, it is quite out of their way either to affirm or deny anything about the action of the disembodied spirit in another state of existence.

In the present constitution, however, of human nature there is pretty conclusive evidence to show that the course of thought may be stopped by injury to the brain, even when this is followed up by such treatment as staves off for a time the fatal issue; for as the persistence of vitality depends on the complex association of various actions, and death ensues from the arrest of some throwing the others into disorder, it is quite possible to keep life going for a time, even after severe injuries to the brain, by carrying on artificially those processes which would otherwise come to a stop. Thus, by the alternate inflation and compression of the chest, as in what is termed *artificial respiration*, the circulation of the blood and other functions of organic life may be kept up long after consciousness is gone.

Then, again, it is well known that the different parts of the brain have not all the same office, and that those in particular which are implicated in the most necessary vital actions are quite distinct from those concerned in the processes of thought, which last function seems to be confined to the surface of the cerebral hemispheres — that large expanse of convoluted nervous matter, overlying the ganglionic bodies at the base of the skull, which is so prominent a feature in the human brain, though more or less deficient in those of the lower animals. Now, apart from the difficulty and danger of the operation required to expose this surface, injuries inflicted on it, while they have a remarkable effect in abolishing consciousness, produce little or no impression on the lower functions of life, of which the underlying masses of a ganglionic nature — so little conspicuous in our own species — are the real cerebral centres; one of them in particular, near the root of the spinal cord, being so all-

important in this respect, that it was designated by its discoverer, Flourens, the knot of life (*nœud vital*), as its division or compression causes instant death, though all the other parts of the brain are left intact.

Experiments of this kind, though unpleasant to contemplate, are certainly instructive on the point in question; but it does not really require any such appalling process of vivisection to show that thought and consciousness, as they occur in the present constitution of our nature, are absolutely dependent on the integrity of this part of the substance of the brain. Natural malformations of the head, accidental injuries, and morbid seizures conclusively prove that consciousness and the power of thought are never present when this part of the brain is wanting or disabled, though the other functions of life may be comparatively little affected.

A case mentioned by the late Sir Astley Cooper as "one of the most extraordinary which ever occurred," affords an extreme but perfectly credible illustration of such an abolition of consciousness for an unusually prolonged time, reminding one of the tale of Rip Van Winkle.* A man of the name of Jones, who had been found on board his ship in the Mediterranean in a state of insensibility in June 1799, was admitted on May 9, 1800, into St. Thomas's Hospital, in a state of unconsciousness. Being operated on by Mr. Cline, he gradually recovered, and when questioned as to the last thing which he remembered, it was taking a prize in the Mediterranean the year before; so that he had lived a year unconscious of his existence. It was observed, during his continuance in this state, that when in want of food or drink he would grind his teeth or suck his lips; and this is quite in accordance with what is now fully admitted by physiologists, that many actions commonly regarded as expressive of sensation are really of an automatic kind, and follow directly on certain co-related impressions on the body, even when proper sensation and consciousness are wholly absent. Such reflex actions,

indeed, are often displayed more palpably in cases where the peculiar functions of the brain are in abeyance, from the removal, as it would seem, of that control which in the normal state of the system we exercise over them through that organ.

But the dependence of thought on cerebral action may be more closely brought home to us by our personal experience, inasmuch as we are all daily subject to a regular intermission of consciousness in the form of sleep. Now sleep has been clearly shown by physiological evidence to be attended by a marked diminution in the quantity of blood traversing the minute vessels of the brain, which is more urgently dependent than any other organ on a constant fresh supply of this fluid, to keep in action those molecular changes necessary for the discharge of its special functions. This is so essential that in some animals, as the rabbit — where the anatomical structure affords special facilities — a state of stupor may be induced at once by pressure on the upper part of the neck, so as to arrest simultaneously the flow of blood in all the vessels going to the brain. If this be long continued it passes on into death, but if speedily intermitted consciousness returns, and the animal resumes its former activity.

This dependence of the brain — like other organs of the body — on the state of the circulation, is shown also by the effect of changes in the condition or quality, as well as by fluctuations in the quantity of blood sent through the vessels, so that we have a ready method of influencing its operation, by the introduction into the system of various medicinal substances, some of which have an exciting or stimulant effect, while others act as depressors or narcotics, and others still, such as vinous liquors, induce these two apparently opposite effects in succession, by reason, it would seem, of their disturbing the nice balance, which exists in the healthy state between the play of different parts of the complex nervous system. The narcotic influence of some drugs admits of such management that their administration may be pushed far enough to induce a state of utter unconsciousness, without arresting

* The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., F.R.S., on the Principles and Practice of Surgery. By Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. (London, 1824), vol. i., p. 312.

the processes of the organic life of the body, or preventing the return of full mental activity as soon as these processes have eliminated the poison from the system.

The effect of these agents in abolishing mental power for the time is absolutely irresistible, when once the system is brought fully under their action; but almost as much may be said of the subduing influence of mere nervous exhaustion, when it becomes excessive, from long-continued exertion. The strongest efforts of the will are incapable of resisting the drowsiness which then creeps over us. This every student must have learned from his own experience during the progress of a course of hard reading. And it is curious to observe that it is the higher powers of the mind that seem to be the first to fail. One can read a light book with comfort, after he can no longer follow out a train of argument. One may even go on reading mechanically when the words taken in by the eye no longer give rise to any connected sequence of thought; he may force his eyes to follow the lines of print, and even pronounce the words aloud, to ensure his eyes doing their part, when he can no longer force his mind into an attitude of attention, so that he utterly fails to form any rational conception of the ideas they ought to suggest. By-and-by even this power over his actions fails him, and his auditor, if he has one, looking up to see what has caused the sudden stop in the middle of an inarticulate word, finds his companion sunk in profound sleep.

Nature has moreover provided for us, ready to hand, in the organization of the lower animals, a series of comparative illustrations quite as instructive as any which could be derived from physiological experiment, in proof of the position now contended for, of the dependence of mental action on bodily structure, in the present constitution of our being. Throughout the whole range of vertebrated animals, from the lowest fishes to those higher species which come nearest human kind, is to be observed a regular series of increasing complexity of structure and larger proportional size of the brain, which bear a very obvious relation to the capacities of the animal for sensation and determinate action. The physical powers of the species at the bottom of the scale can be compared only with those concerned with such automatic actions in ourselves as breathing or winking, while in the higher forms they take a character which

can hardly be denied to present some of the features of true mental action.

We have further this important physiological argument for ranking mental action as one of the proper functions of our bodily organism, that every marked exercise of thought, every powerful effort of the will, and every marked excitement of feeling, can be shown to be followed by a waste of brain substance, as indicated by the appearance in the excretions of the products of its decomposition. This is quite as observable as that attending on the active discharge of other functions, such as muscular exertion. The latter gives rise to an increase in the discharge of carbonic acid in the breath, which, according to Dr. Edward Smith, affords a very exact measure of the amount of energy put forth; but the mental work may be gauged with equal distinctness by the increased excretion of phosphates, the phosphoric acid of which is undoubtedly derived from the brain, whose substance is much richer in phosphorus than any other tissue of the body. Indeed as concerns the physiological relations of thought in the present constitution of our nature, no reasonable exception can be taken to the famous dictum of the German School, "*Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke*," for whatever be the objections to which some of their ulterior conclusions may be open, in so far at least it is merely the expression of the results of actual observation.

But of all the grounds for associating mental work with the play of the cerebral organs, the most telling perhaps is that afforded by the study of insanity—the morbid action of the brain, as shown in mental aberration, affording, as might be anticipated, the strongest corroborative evidence of the dependence of the healthy play of thought on its normal working. The physiology of insanity, indeed, is a subject which will, no doubt, before long receive its due share of attention in the pages of this review, for its importance, both in a social and a legal point of view, is every day being pressed more forcibly on the public mind; and its claims to consideration can hardly be deemed of inferior weight in the religious and theological aspects of the question. The subject is one in which there is a very marked discrepancy between the growing convictions of medical men and the established dicta of the legal profession, from which public opinion naturally takes its cue—more from a sort of conservative inertia than from any intelligent examination of the question. To go into it at present, how-

ever, would carry us beyond our limits and lead us away from our proper object; we must therefore refer our readers to the work of Dr. Maudsley on responsibility in mental disease,* as giving an able abstract of the opinions held by those members of the medical profession who are credited with adopting the most "advanced views" in this respect, only guarding ourselves against being understood to endorse all his statements even as to matters of fact, while we dissent entirely from some of his theories.

Without accumulating further evidence on the subject, we think it may fairly be concluded from what has been already advanced, that, in the present constitution of our nature, mental action is always accompanied by changes in the substance of the brain. And that this applies, not only to the external manifestation of mind, but even to some at least of the conditions of its inner working, is shown by the failure as well of the power as of the consciousness of present thought, and by the loss of memory of the past, which ensue on certain injuries to the nervous substance, or on arrest of its functions from other causes.

Some of the facts recorded by medical writers, bearing on the partial loss of memory from cerebral affections are particularly instructive in this respect, as they go to prove that local injuries are frequently followed by a total failure in the ability to recall certain particular words or classes of ideas, while in all other details the memorial power may remain as perfect as ever. The subject is far too extensive to enter on at large here, but one cannot help the remark in passing, that these cases strongly suggest the notion that one office at least of the brain is to serve as a register of past impressions, from which by some complex system of lines of intercommunication, comparable to our telegraph wires, we can call up at pleasure anything once inscribed there — just as by a well-arranged index we can refer to any particular jotting in a note-book or memorandum. The instances of partial failure just mentioned remind us of cases in which some leaves of the book have been defaced, while a general haziness of memory — a much more common defect — is suggestive rather of an imperfect state of the index than of anything amiss with the jottings themselves — the memorial record exists in the mind, but it cannot be recalled with sufficient readiness.

* International Scientific Series, vol. viii. (H. S. King and Co.)

Without venturing to assert that cerebral action runs parallel with the *whole* course of thought, this at least will probably be contended for by all physiologists, that in cogitation, so much mixed up with material imagery as that of our daily life, we could no more think without a brain than we could see without eyes — we could no more occupy our minds in reflecting on our experiences past or present, than we could communicate our sentiments about them to our fellows without a mouth for speech, or some other bodily organ as a substitute, to set them forth in form of language. As to the future, it is obviously bound up in this with the present and the past, as it is only in contrast with these we can form any conception of it.

All this may be asserted without risk of error. The danger is when we go on to push or apply our conclusions beyond that phase of human nature of which we have actual experience. Anatomical and physiological investigations, it may be conceded, afford us no ground for concluding the existence of spirit save as embodied in a material framework; but *neither do they prove anything against it*. They merely bring us to this confession of our ignorance — that if in other natures spiritual beings exist apart from matter, or if after the death and decay of our bodies, the spirit still remains in an active and conscious, though disembodied state, we know nothing of the *mode* of their existence and action, and that our reasons for believing in either the one or the other are not based on any evidence of a *sensible* nature. There is nothing here to conflict with the teachings of theologians, who are well agreed that our belief in the existence and activity of angelic spirits or of the souls of the departed, is based solely on grounds of revelation, and that beyond the comparatively few particulars actually revealed to us on the subject, we have nothing but vague conjectures which are not always even consistent in themselves.

And here we should be very careful not to mislead ourselves by our employment of language which is confessedly metaphorical. Seeing and hearing when applied to disembodied spirits — as when used of the Deity himself — can only be held to mean modes of cognition, suggested to us by the part played by our own organs of sense as inlets of knowledge; and in fact theologians, when pressed to explain how the angels or the saints departed can become aware of our

state, have no resource but to fall back on the position that they, as it were, see this reflected "*in speculo Trinitatis*" — that is to say, that in some way incomprehensible to us, it is made known to them by God.

So far our argument has been that mental action, in our ordinary life, always implies concomitant changes in the material substance of the brain, but as this conclusion, once admitted, opens up a large class of questions of deep interest, it is hardly fair to broach the subject without giving these some consideration, though in regard to many of the points, we are not yet in a position to make very definite statements.

There are two aspects in which we may regard the views opened up to us by an admission of the dependence of the play of thought on the action of the brain. We have first the scientific question, whether we can follow up the general assertion of the part which the brain, as a whole, takes in mental work, by assigning proper organs in its complex structure to the several faculties of the mind, or at least by indicating what functions may be performed by the different parts of the brain in developing the phenomena of thought and feeling. This question is the more important as the answer to it cannot but modify in some degree our whole system of mental philosophy, even if it does not revolutionize it so far as does the popular system which goes under the name of phrenology. But the moral question opened up will naturally have more interest to the readers of this review, as it brings under consideration what bearing the doctrine of cerebral action in thought has on our freedom of will and powers of self-control, our ideas on all which points must necessarily hinge very much on the view taken of the true relation of mind and body. We will, therefore, touch as briefly on the physiological aspect of the question as is consistent with such a statement of the case as will make intelligible any reference to its leading features involved in our subsequent remarks.

In favor of the idea that the different mental powers have each appropriate parts of the cerebral mass as their special organs, may be adduced the analogy of the several physiological actions of various parts of the lower division of the nervous system, now more or less definitively ascertained. For instance, it is now admitted that the movements of the chest in respiration, of the heart in the propulsion of the blood, of the eyes in vision,

etc., have not only their special nerves as channels of excitation, but also certain parts of the brain necessarily involved in their play. There is, therefore, an *a priori* probability that to the mental functions also certain parts of the brain are specially assigned. Assiduous attempts have been made to determine this point, in the way both of direct experimentation in the lower animals, and of observation of the peculiarities of disposition and character of individuals, in connection with the varied configuration of the brain, as inferred from the external form of the skull — the latter being the basis of the popular system of phrenology. But little light, however, has been thrown on the subject by either of these methods.

The latest experiments, those of Dr. Ferrier — though their value is still disputed — go to extend to the greater part of the brain proper, what had previously been generally admitted as to the lower masses of nervous matter within the skull, namely, that it also is the seat of peculiar reactions whereby impressions made on its substance excite corresponding external movements, only with this difference, that the molecular changes in the cerebral convolutions are attended with that state of distinct consciousness which is known as sensations. That is to say, the brain is not so much the organ of thought proper as of the excitement of the sensations which provide the material of thought, and of the consecutive production of the bodily actions which accompany and promote thought, and avail for its utterance or manifestation. The posterior lobes of the brain and its extreme frontal portion, whose excitation Dr. Ferrier found was not followed by movements, are comparatively small in the lower animals, even in those of advanced development, such as the cat, dog, and monkey, but they attain much larger dimensions in man, and are, in fact, what give the peculiar human character to his head. The convolutions of the frontal region are regarded by Dr. Ferrier as organs for the inhibition or control of the responsive movements referred to, his idea being that for thought and reflection it is necessary that the sensations should not be allowed to discharge themselves at once, as it were, in external expression.* If this view be admitted in regard to the non-excitable region in front, it would seem reasonable to extend it to the posterior lobes also, which Dr. Ferrier is inclined, though with some dubiety, to

* The Functions of the Brain, p. 282.

regard rather as the organ through which our appetites and internal sensations make themselves felt.* It is with some diffidence that we venture to differ from such an authority, yet we cannot but think that Dr. Ferrier's opinion of the function of the posterior lobes is open to the same objection as the view of the phrenologists presently to be noticed.

The aim of this school, in their exposition of brain action, is much more ambitious than that of any physiologist. They claim to set forth a complete philosophy of mind, associating all its endowments with the masses of brain substance on whose operation they are dependent. But it must be admitted that their conclusions meet with no general favor from physiologists. Various causes have probably contributed to bring on the disfavor with which the system is now regarded in scientific circles. A good deal may be due to the extent to which it has been made by some of its professors to pander to a wretched empiricism and to the shallow conceits of many who have come forward as its advocates, but the main cause of the collapse seems to be that the conclusions of its best writers are largely vitiated by the crudity of their ideas on the subject of the philosophy of mind. As Todd and Bowman, remark, "many of the so-called faculties of the phrenologists are but phases of other and larger powers of the mind, and the psychologist must determine what are and what are not fundamental faculties of the mind, before the physiologist can venture to assign to each its local habitation."†

To this we must add that the exponents of the system in the present day are by no means up to our actual knowledge of the structure and functions of the brain itself, having rested too exclusively on the examination merely of the skull, its external case. Allowing that the discrepancies have been exaggerated between this and the cerebral surface immediately underlying it, it is clear that the form of the skull gives no clue to the proportional development of the parts situated more internally, some of which belong to the same sheet of convoluted nervous matter. The want, too, of sufficient knowledge of the comparative anatomy of the brain has led them at least into one serious error — sufficient of itself to upset their conclusions. We refer to their localizing the animal propensities in the posterior lobes, for

these constitute just that part of the brain which a more accurate acquaintance with the conformation of the organ in the lower animals shows to be deficient in them, and present characteristically in our own species. If this part then has any connection with such propensities, its office must be not to develop but to control their play, as Dr. Carpenter remarks in his criticism of the system.* These and such like discrepancies between the *dicta* of phrenological writers and the results of later investigations into the functions of the brain have led not a few physiologists of note, who once entertained such views, subsequently to give them up. On the other hand, it must be allowed that Dr. Ferrier's observations give some support to the phrenologists in locating the reflective faculties in the frontal region.†

The only conclusions positively warranted as yet in regard to the functions of particular parts of the brain seem to be their ministration to the reception and elaboration of sensory impressions, and the manifestation of mental states by appropriate bodily actions. The instrumentality of the brain in proper thought, or in memory, can as yet be predicated only of the convoluted surface of the hemispheres at large, and is based on the general facts mentioned before — such as the increase of mental power concomitantly with the larger development of brain substance, the loss of consciousness and memory from injury to that organ or interruption of its functions, and the waste of nerve tissue proportionate to the amount of mental work performed.

For the dependence of memory on the integrity of the material substance of the brain there is abundant evidence, though but little success has yet attended the efforts either of physiologists or physicians to connect it with particular parts of the cerebral mass. The probability in fact must be admitted to be wholly against the existence of any local centre for memory, and in favor of its depending on the residuary traces of previous impressions of sensation and feeling, and of the motor efforts consequent thereon, in any part of the brain where these have occurred, and to whatever cause, objective or subjective, they were due.

Admitting, however, that mental phenomena, as they occur in our present state of existence, are associated with, and have their character determined by concomitant

* Ibid., p. 194.

† Physiological Anatomy, vol. i., p. 367.

* *British and Foreign Medical Review*, October 1846.

† *Functions of the Brain*, p. 288.

changes in the substance of the brain, different views may still be taken of the nature of this association. On the one hand, we may regard our being as complex, consisting of a conscious and active principle intimately conjoined with the material organism, which it uses not only for the manifestation but probably also for the elaboration of its own processes—the brain in the course of thought taking the part somewhat of the pen of the writer, or the instrument of the player. Mechanical though they be, these appliances furnish no small help in the process of composition itself and are something more than the necessary media of its outward expression. Few, if any, of our most fluent authors or speakers could carry on their continuous current of argument, were it not constantly associated with the concomitant embodiment, as it were, of their conceptions either by the pen or by the organs of voice; and we believe the private history of some of the most celebrated composers shows a like dependence on the accompanying execution of their ideal efforts for the full perfection of their flights of harmony. As the bright idea once enunciated, or the happy musical combination once uttered, seems to afford a fixed basis for farther advance on the part of the composer, so we may fairly imagine that the result of one operation on the part of the active and conscious element of our nature, by being imprinted in the way of a memorial impression on the substance of the brain, acquires a fixity and permanence which enables it to serve as a secure basis in the further progress of thought.

But, on the other hand, we see that a very different view of the relations of mind and body is now put forward and claims to meet with a favorable reception from some of those who have the repute of occupying the most "advanced" position as leaders of the public opinion of our day. This view, so far as we can understand the language of its exponents, involves the denial, or at least is opposed to the admission, of any distinctive spiritual element or principle in our nature. Admitting, as all must, who do not wilfully shut their eyes to what passes without us and to what passes within us, two classes of facts or phenomena—those made known to us by our external senses, and those of which we become aware by our inner consciousness—it would yet allow but one *substance* to which both classes of phenomena belong, a substance which we call material when we have to do with its sensible properties, but which has also the capacity

of manifesting those other properties spoken of as spiritual or immaterial.

Not that this materialistic, or "single-substance doctrine"—as Dr. Bain calls it—is new in itself. It has been revived indeed with fresh energy in our own day, having received a new impulse from the prevalent views as to the so-called "co-relation of forces," but even in last century it had a powerful advocate in Priestley. Of the line taken by this writer Dr. Bain gives us, in the work before us, a general summary, of which we have room to quote but a part:—

He shows that matter is essentially gifted with active properties, with powers of attraction and repulsion; even its impenetrability involves repulsive forces. Indeed he is disposed to adopt the theory of Boscovik, which makes matter nothing else than an aggregate of centres of force, of points of attraction and repulsion, one towards the other. The inherent activity of matter being thus vindicated, why should it not be able to sustain the special activity of thought, seeing that sensation and perception have never been found but in an organized system of matter? It being a rigid canon of the Newtonian logic, not to multiply causes without necessity, we should adhere to a single substance, until it be shown, which at present it can not, that the properties of mind are incompatible with the properties of matter (p. 183).

The more recent movement in favor of materialism has arisen in Germany, principally among the professors of the natural sciences; but their views evidently find favor also with some men of mark in our own country, among whom we may fairly reckon the author before us, to judge from the way in which he states their case in the concluding chapter of his work:—

Their handling of it turns partly on the accumulated proofs, physiological and other, of the dependence of mind on body, and partly upon the more recent doctrines as to matter and force, summed up in the grand generality known as the Co-relation, Conservation, or Persistence of Force. This principle enables them to surpass Priestley in the cogency of their arguments for the essential and inherent activity of matter; all known force being in fact embodied in matter. Their favorite text is, "No matter without force, and no force without matter." The notion of a quiescent, impassive block, called matter, coming under the influence of forces *ab extra*, or superimposed, is, they hold, less tenable now than ever. Are not the motions of the planets maintained by the inherent power of matter? And besides the two great properties called Inertia and Gravity, every portion of matter has a certain temperature, consisting, it is believed, of intestine motions of the

atoms, and able to exert force upon any adjoining matter that happens to be of a lower temperature (p. 195).

And again:—

The rapid sketch thus given seems to tell its own tale as to the future. The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity; they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—a *double-faced unity*—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case (p. 196).

The work done, as Mr. Lewes expresses it, when “viewed from the physical or objective side, is a neural [nervous] process; viewed from the psychical or subjective side, it is a sentient process.”*

In an earlier part of his work Dr. Bain, if not so explicit as at the conclusion, in telling us what theory he does adopt in regard to the connection of mind and body, is at least quite decided in repudiating the doctrine of the co-existence in our nature of two substances, a material and an immaterial, “which has prevailed from the time of Thomas Aquinas to the present day,” but which “is now in course of being modified at the instance of modern physiology.” The view “that the mind and the body react upon each other; that there is constant interference, a mutual influence between the two,” is rejected on the grounds that we have no experience of mind apart from body, and that there is in company with all our mental processes an unbroken material succession (p. 130).

Were this view of the nature of mental phenomena restricted to such as are characteristic of the lower animals, it goes in no respect beyond what is strongly maintained by an author of very different proclivities, Professor Mivart. He anticipates the query—

Is it conceivable that the arrangement of matter, in whatsoever conditions, should be the occasion of evoking from potentiality to act a power not only of living and reproducing, but of feeling and sensibly cognizing, of forming associations of sensible images, of connecting therewith various emotions, a power capable of exhibiting the complex instincts of the ant, the fidelity of the dog, and the simulation of reason of the elephant?

He then goes on to say:—

To such objectors I would reply, How can you show that your conception of matter as it exists is adequate? . . . New combinations

and collocations of matter are continually evoking new forms, and presenting to us other powers before unknown to us. What right has any one then to deny the existence in matter of latent potentialities, which experience and reason combine to show are actually now there, and in all probability have been latent antecedently?*

Des Cartes too, as is well known, held animals to be merely sentient automata. But by the author before us and others of his school it is obviously meant to explain in the same way the whole range of the activities of the human mind also.

Now it is undoubtedly the opinion of many able physiologists, in regard at least to the human mind, that we have no satisfactory ground for concluding that cerebral action covers the whole domain of thought, and other conditions commonly referred to the soul; but even granting such a position to be tenable, and allowing that there may be “no rupture of nervous continuity,” as Dr. Bain puts it—how this interferes with the concomitant action of soul and body in the present state of our being, we entirely fail to see.

It is true that if thought, as thought, requires, in the present constitution of our nature, the association of corporeal action for its own activity, this activity must cease after the dissolution of our bodily fabric by death, unless in the divine economy some substitute be provided for the bodily organization. But seeing that our main reasons, as believers, for holding the doctrine of the immortality of the soul are the intimations of it in God’s revelation, the proportion of faith requires us also to hold that he will supply whatever is needful to carry out his designs in this respect, however impossible it may be for us to form any conception of his method of doing so, save in so far as he has expressly revealed it to us. The faith that gained Abraham so high a blessing, was that when the sacrifice came to be offered, God would provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering; and if our own immortality has to be realized by a like act of faith, doubtless it will also meet with a like recompense of reward. In so far, he has, indeed, given us a revelation of his design towards us, in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body—a doctrine harmonizing, at least to this extent, with the most advanced views of modern physiology, that it represents the united action both of soul and body, as necessary for the full perfection of man’s powers, as well mental as corporeal.

* Lessons from Nature, p. 239.

* Problems of Life, vol. ii., p. 459.

All, therefore, that can be said on this subject from the natural point of view is that the tenet of the consciousness of the disembodied spirit cannot be established from the conclusions of science; but, if adopted as an article of faith, must stand on evidence derived from the proper source of faith.

The other materialistic ground of objection, if solid, is more fundamental. It amounts to this, that, as we have no direct experience of mind apart from body — as “we are not allowed to perceive a mind acting apart from its material companion,” we have therefore absolutely no knowledge of its existence.

Matter [as Professor Ferrier makes the materialist say] is already in the field as an acknowledged entity — this both parties admit. Mind, considered as an independent entity, is not so unmistakably in the field. Therefore, as entities are not to be multiplied without necessity, we are not entitled to postulate a new cause, so long as it is *possible* to account for the phenomena by a cause already in existence: which possibility has never yet been disproved.*

This is the stock argument with all materialists, but it seems, not the less, to involve a double fallacy: firstly, in that it assumes sensible demonstration as the only source of knowledge; and, secondly, in an abuse of the Newtonian canon, not to multiply causes without necessity. There may be some reason in maintaining that we are not entitled to postulate a new cause, so long as it is possible to account for the phenomena by a cause already in existence; but some positive evidence is surely first called for in favor of such possibility — it does not meet the case to say that it has not been *disproved*. The difficulty of proving a negation is so proverbial, that in such a matter it may be put out of the question.

It is not merely that the phenomena of thought are different from those of a physical nature, in the sense that the phenomena of chemical action differ from those of mechanics, or of vital growth, though much more widely; but that the kind of difference is such that it revolts our understanding to ascribe them to an essence of a like nature. “Materialism annihilates itself,” as Feuchtersleben remarks, “when it subtilizes so far as to exalt body into mind, and this is the only way to make it think and will.”†

Of course it is possible to regard nature

in such a way as to overlook the difference, but this is not to account for it. If the limit of our philosophy or power of explanation be — as Dr. Bain would seem to put it — to generalize or discern agreement among facts remotely placed, it may be quite true that, though the phenomena of mind and body “have very little in common — though they participate only in the most general attributes, namely, quantity, co-existence, and succession, and even as regards these, their participation is limited” — yet they have this one point of agreement, that they are both subject to our cognition while we are still in the body; but if the admission of this self-evident proposition is to be the furthest limit of our philosophy, it certainly does not carry us much above the level of the simplest child of nature, and hardly bears out the author’s eulogy of the result, that

there is nothing further to be done; nothing further to be desired. Nor have we here any reason to be dissatisfied with the position, or to complain of baulked satisfaction, or of being on a lower platform than we might possibly occupy. Our intelligence is fully honored, fully implemented by the possession of a principle as wide in its sweep as the phenomenon itself (p. 122).

May we, then, have no aspirations after that which is beyond our full vision — no apprehension of truths which defy full comprehension? Must we not only acquiesce in the limited nature of our powers, but absolutely hug the chains which tram-mel us?

Such a philosophy would repudiate all consideration of efficient causes, as lying beyond the bounds of human knowledge, and therefore beyond the province of legitimate inquiry — a position which is compatible, perhaps, with the prosecution of physical, but hardly with that of mental science. In matter, *as matter*, we look only for phenomena, we do not look for an efficient cause. For the mere purposes of physical science it is *needless* to go at all into the question of an efficient cause, the object of such science being simply to learn the established relations of succession and resemblance among phenomena. It may even be *expedient* at times to limit our investigation to this, confining ourselves for a particular purpose to a particular field of thought, and excluding what lies beyond; for the same subject may be viewed in different aspects, and, for the purpose of obtaining a clear view of one of these aspects, it may be best for the time to exclude others.

* Institutes of Metaphysics, p. 229.

† Medical Psychology, p. 17.

But such a view, though clear, must be limited. We can never build up a *complete* system of philosophy — as the positivists think to do — while we ignore the question of the efficient cause, even of physical phenomena.

With mental phenomena the consideration of causation is still more intimately bound up. As a recent writer observes, —

While we are conscious of the operation of faculties within us, we at the same time feel that they are *our* faculties, that there is a Being, whom we call Self, to whom these faculties belong. We do not merely say, "A thought is taking place," nor even, "Something within me is thinking," but "I think." Every one who reflects for a moment will be aware that when he is conscious of thoughts or acts, he is conscious of them as the thoughts and acts of the Being whom he calls Self. If he has any knowledge of them at all, he knows them as his own thoughts and acts. In other words, he knows himself as thus thinking and acting. . . . The operations of the mind may in some degree be spoken of as phenomena manifesting themselves to our internal sense as consciousness, but they never present themselves as a mere bundle of phenomena, but always in reference to that self, which is the ground and origin of them. They are to me not merely an internal phantasmagoria, but they belong to my mind, of which they are the operations, and by which they are caused. . . . Observe, then, we have arrived at something much more than a mere phenomenon, viz., at a being, the *ground* of the phenomena, and we have also reached something more than the mere relations of succession and resemblance of phenomena, viz., a cause of phenomena, for we are irresistibly led to consider the acts and operations of our mind as phenomena in respect to which we ourselves are agents.*

In the case of all phenomena — both physical phenomena and mental phenomena — if we push the inquiry to the uttermost, we are led on to something beyond the material substance in connection with which the phenomena are manifested, for their true efficient cause; but there is this difference to be observed, namely, that in the latter case, that of the mental phenomena, the cause is in some sense a personal spontaneity of our own. If, then, in the former case a religious philosophy leads us up to the Divine Spirit as the *primum movens* of the physical universe, we are surely but following a sound analogy, when in the case of the latter we conclude that the human self which is interposed, as it were, between the phenomena and the First Great Cause, has so much affinity to

his nature as to take it out of the category of mere material substance.

The positive arguments for materialism are mainly founded on the association of mental with corporeal action, not in some few isolated instances, but in all cases which come under observation, whether we apply this to the animal kingdom at large, or to human nature in particular. Wherever, and in what degree, there are indications of mind, there also we find the co-existence of a proportionally distinct nervous organization, and have evidence of its activity. Particularly striking is this coincidence in the maturation of mental power *pari passu* with the advance of the bodily growth of the child, and, on the other hand, the recurrence of childishness and imbecility in the decline of life, even where there is no absolute perversion of the mental faculties, such as would indicate a misdirection of power really present, by the inappropriate play of the disordered machinery with which it has to work. Does this (says the materialist) look as if the body — necessary as it may be in our present state of existence to the manifestation of the mind — is, after all, merely its instrument, and even, in some respects, more of the nature of a drag on its action?

Even more telling, perhaps, is the argument founded on the failure of our consciousness on the access of sleep. As long as any of the special actions necessary for the performance of the functions of the brain go on, so long some degree of mental capacity remains: but on their cessation utter unconsciousness comes on — to be succeeded, however, by a return of our mental faculties, immediately on the resumption of cerebral activity — either perfectly at once, or after a brief interval of confused thought. If it be argued that our conviction of the loss of consciousness during sleep is due, not to an actual cessation of mental action, but to the want of any memorial impression to assure us of it, from the abeyance of the material organ of memory in the brain, on which an impression may be made necessary to give fixity to the passing states of mind — if the adjunct of a material organ of memory is thus needful to give the spiritual element of our nature that consciousness of continued existence which is essential to our idea of personal identity, what conception can we form of the state of a soul wholly severed from all bodily connection whatever?

We have been anxious to put these points as forcibly as possible, because it is

* Shaw, On Positivism, pp. 21, 23, 25.

never safe to underrate an opponent's strength, and, to our judgment, they are the most powerful weapons in the whole armory of materialism. Whatever view may be taken of the case, the difficulty raised by them is undoubtedly very great.

Is it, however, so certain, as is here assumed, that the play of the brain organs, or *cerebration*, as it has been termed, is co-extensive with the play of the mind? Such, at least, is not the constant teaching of physiologists. Dr. Kirkes, for instance, in summing up the arguments on this point, and setting forth as their general conclusion that "the cerebral hemispheres appear to be the organs in and through which the mind acts in all those operations which have immediate relation to external and sensible things," goes on to say that "the reason or spirit of man which has knowledge of divine truths, and the conscience with its natural discernment of moral right and wrong, cannot be proved to have any connection with the brain;"* that is, in their own proper sphere, for he admits that in the complex life we live, they are often exercised on questions in which the play of the brain is essential to mental action.

May it not be that the one field, as it were, overlaps the other? The brain is but a part of the general nervous system, certain portions of which are concerned with the processes of mere organic, or of animal life, such as circulation, respiration, and locomotion, which come only casually, or not at all, within the province of the mind. Of the play of some of these functions, indeed, we are quite unconscious. The principle of reflex action—that is of motion consequent on nervous impression—so happily applied by Marshall Hall to the explanation of the movements both of organic and animal life, in which the ganglia dispersed through the trunk and the axis of the spinal cord are the centres concerned, has since been extended by Laycock and Carpenter to the higher parts of the brain, associated with proper mental action. In all alike the probability is, that there are, as it were, two parallel sets of phenomena—physical and mental—though not both equally prominent in different cases. In most of the actions of organic life (circulation, digestion, etc.) the consciousness is so little impressed that the movements are unfelt, except either on a morbid strain of introspection—as when the hypochondriac

gets a perverted and mischievous impression of their hidden work—or in consequence of their unusual intensity, as in some inflammatory affections. In those of animal life, we are generally cognizant of their occurrence, but often only in a passive sort of way.* We need probably a voluntary effort to set off a fresh series of such actions, as in walking; but once it is started in a familiar groove the train runs on of itself, while the thoughts may be very differently occupied. And so it may be also, according to Dr. Carpenter's theory of unconscious cerebration, even with the nervous processes in the higher parts of the brain, which form, as it were, the substrata of thought. For it is forcibly contended by this physiologist, that some even of these operations are performed, not only automatically—that is, simply in virtue of the mutual adaptation of the structures concerned—but also unconsciously. The brain, he conceives, elaborates by the play of its own machinery certain results, which come under our conscious cognition only when fully worked out. Of this he gives an illustration in the spontaneous recurrence to the mind, after an interval, of the solution of some difficulty, which we had put aside in despair, after puzzling over it a while to no purpose.

The *possibility* of these results being evolved in such an automatic or mechanical way, will hardly be questioned by one who considers the working of the so-called calculating engines, or of the clock-work machinery in the bank of England for the numbering and registration of notes, and who bears in mind at the same time the complex and elaborate nature of the tissue of the brain, which in this respect is a veritable microcosm or *multum in parvo*—the array of nerve cells and fibres which are there packed up rivalling both in number and intricacy the telegraph stations and wires not only of the United Kingdom, but probably even of the whole extent of Europe. Dr. Carpenter ascribes this occasional unconscious working of the cerebral mechanism to our attention not being directed to it at the time—

* It is not meant here to imply that the consciousness is associated with the lower nerve centres from which the motor impulse of these actions emanates. It may arise from the consecutive implication of the higher centres which are played on, as it were, by those first impressed. The sensibility of the axis of the spinal cord in itself is disallowed by most physiologists, and that even of the lower centres within the skull is a disputed point. Dr. Ferrier would restrict true sensation to the convolutions of the brain.

* "Handbook of Physiology," 5th edition, p. 472. In the later editions by Mr. Baker this limitation is omitted.

Just as we may not see things which are passing before our eyes, or be conscious of the movements of our legs in walking if our attention be wholly engrossed by our cerebral train of thought, so we may not be conscious of what is going on in our cerebrum, whilst our attention is wholly concentrated upon what is passing before our eyes (p. 15).

Our limits forbid us going further into this curious subject, which Dr. Carpenter has treated at length and with his usual felicity of expression in the work before us. We would not be understood to say that his views are universally accepted, but they seem to be substantially in agreement with those of Liebnitz, Sir William Hamilton, and other metaphysicians of note, and are such at least as cannot be summarily put aside. Anyhow, the extension to the brain of the principle of reflex action—now well established in regard to the lower centres of the nervous system—implies that the reaction of the cerebral substance from the impression made on it by the organs of sense may become at once the cause of appropriate bodily movements which will of course be the expression of thought and feeling, if there is thought and feeling to express, but which may also occur independently of these, when, by diversion of the attention, the appropriate mental state has not been aroused.

When, however, by a proper act of attention, this necessary relation is established between the conscious mind and the cerebral organ, the outgoing changes in the latter, which result in motion, become apparently a source of consciousness as much as the impressions made on it by the organs of sense. In what way either one or other can affect the consciousness is of course quite beyond our comprehension. How any conceivable arrangement of any sort of matter can give us mental states of any kind is equally inexplicable, whatever view we adopt as to the existence or constitution either of mind or body; but admitting as a matter of fact that cerebral changes are followed by mental states, there seems to be quite as much evidence for attributing our ideas and memory of words to the working of the cells and fibres in the anterior region of the brain which represent movements of articulation as in ascribing our notion of the visible picture of nature before us to the molecular changes transmitted to another part of the brain lying farther back from the optical image formed in the eye.*

* Dr. J. H. Jackson, "Physiological Researches on the Nervous System," p. xxxiii.

Anyhow, when the consecutive mental action is once excited, it may well be held to be not merely *sui generis*, but also vastly wider in its range than that of the cerebral organ. If the doctrine of unconscious cerebration be admitted—if it be allowed that brain may act without the conscious mind, in points, which, if not properly mental, are at least ancillary to mental action, may it not be, that in operations more removed from sensible impressions, the spiritual element of our nature works alone—reaching forth, as it were, beyond the scope of that material organism with which it is associated in its lower field of action? The general ideas which inevitably arise in our minds, in consequence of the exercise of our senses, are at once perceived, as Dr. Alison remarks, when the attention is fairly fixed on them, to have an extent of application far beyond what the senses themselves can ever reach. "The notion of time is no sooner formed, than it swells in the human mind to eternity, as surely as the notions of space and number to infinity."*

The same conclusion is forced upon us by the contrast of our own mental faculties with those of the highest of the brute creation. Differing so entirely as they do, not only in degree but in kind—man possessing those moral endowments and powers of abstraction of which we find no trace in the lower animals—we should naturally expect, if these higher faculties were essentially dependent, like the lower, on the play of the cerebral organization, that there would be a corresponding difference between the human brain and that of the animals nearest man in the structure of the body generally. But as a matter of fact it is not so, for the brain of the higher apes differs really less from that of man than from those of the lower mammalia, and the points of distinction, such as they are, consist not in the want of any structure occurring in our own species, but merely in the less development of parts, which are to some extent represented in both.

The weak point we apprehend in the line of argument of the materialists, is that it contents itself with negation, and does not meet the whole case, by failing to take into account the positive evidence we have for the distinct existence of the human soul, because it is not of a kind to yield sensible proof.

It is nothing less than marvellous [as Dr. Mivart observes] to note how completely they ignore all its highest faculties. They are pro-

* Outlines of Physiology, p. 327.

fuse in their elucidation of the power of mere sensation, and the consequent faculties of brutes, as well as of the materials of our own thoughts, but they give us no increased knowledge of our own intelligence itself. Our cat's mind is indeed made clear to us, but not our own. Those supreme conceptions and perceptions of our minds—Truth and Goodness—reflexly contemplated as Truth and Goodness, are simply passed over.*

That the whole range of thought and feeling, known to religious writers as the spiritual life of the soul, should also be ignored, is less surprising. It is indeed with great diffidence that, even in support of the received doctrine, we venture to touch at all on this point, as it is one which none but a spiritually-minded man can handle with effect.

Granted that in the ordinary play of thought there is always some amount of bodily (cerebral) action, yet, from the testimony of those best qualified to speak on the subject, instances must be admitted in which a man is so taken out of himself, as it were, as to pass into a state in which this either ceases to be the case, or in which at least the amount of bodily action bears no proportion to the flight of the spirit. The very nature of meditation on divine things, indeed, is in this way to raise the soul from its corporeal associations, and confer on it an impressibility by spiritual influences, which is otherwise unattainable. "The natural man," we are told, "receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

It would be but consonant to the general laws of physiology to suppose that this increase of spiritual susceptibility, by abstraction from bodily influences, involved a corresponding failure of those powers of sensible perception and memorial retention of which the bodily organization is the special instrument. Hence, though the state of the mind may be permanently altered in consequence, it were no wonder we should be quite at fault in our endeavors to discover how the change is wrought, or to describe the particulars of our experience bearing upon it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit." Are we not justified in holding that such a state of matters obtains in all that higher kind of prayer, which is not merely

a petition for some tangible gift—such as one might ask of a fellow-man—but a lifting up of the soul to God, a pouring out of the spirit before him, an actual intercommunion between ourselves and Him in whom we feel ourselves to "live and move and have our being"?

We have selected this case of meditation on divine things as probably the nearest approach we can imagine in this life to spiritual apart from bodily action, but it would seem that the apprehension of the difference in the abstract between right and wrong, and our power of choice and self-control, are essentially of the same kind, though as all these must pass into the concrete, when we have to determine our own conduct, or judge that of others, there must, in practice, be a constant recurrence to that sensible imagery of persons and actions which involves also cerebral changes.

In limiting ourselves here to the experience of ordinary life, we purposely leave out of consideration the whole question of divine communications of a supernatural kind, such as St. Paul speaks of to the Corinthians, and in regard to which he felt himself unable to say whether he was in the body or out of the body. Many delusions there have, no doubt, been in this respect, but it is useless to deny the occurrence of cases for which the evidence is convincing to any candid mind; and it would indicate rather a presumptuous confidence in our own shallow judgment summarily to decide in particular instances how far they are to be explained by the ordinary laws of thought involving cerebral action, or how far they belong to a different and higher sphere. Without questioning there being a vast amount of imposture or delusion in the so-called spiritualistic exhibitions, which have been lately put before the public, one may fairly contend that there may be true spiritual communications as well as false, and that the very prevalence of crafty imposture and superstitious delusion indicates the existence in human nature of something responsive to spiritual impressions, and affords as fair an argument for the existence of a corresponding reality in the spiritual world as our sensations do for the existence of material objects around us. If the illusions on the one hand, to which our senses are liable, do not upset the general veracity of their testimony, no more should such delusions, on the other, be held conclusive against the reality of spiritual entities. And this argument becomes all the stronger

* Lessons from Nature, p. 48.

when we find that the fantastic spiritualism of the present day is rampant just in proportion as the more sober spiritualism of a religious life is discredited. It looks certainly as if human nature were thus avenging itself on the advancing ultra-scepticism of our age, according to the Horatian maxim, —

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

So, too, one might argue as to the spiritual nature of certain dreams, or at least of those singular moral impressions which are felt at times on awaking from sleep. Dreams there have undoubtedly been, through which most deep and lasting moral impressions have been wrought, sometimes with, sometimes without, the distinct remembrance of sensible images. In so far as dreams involve such sensible images, which may even excite us to movement at the time, and which leave a more or less distinct remembrance when we awake, they are generally ascribed to the sleep, though perhaps profound, being but partial — some of the cerebral centres continuing more or less in a state of activity, while others are dormant. But the moral impression left on the mind on awaking is sometimes out of all proportion to the distinctness of the remembrance of the details of a dream; and it is, perhaps, just as feasible to ascribe the latter in certain cases to some spiritual influence so powerfully affecting the soul, as through its agency simultaneously to affect the cerebral organ in the way of a memorial impression.

A question, such as that of the distinctness and spirituality of the soul is one, it must be admitted, which can hardly be discussed without a certain movement of the feelings. This may be deprecated by the philosopher as biasing the judgment; but with most thinkers it is unavoidable, and where it does not take place, there is ground for suspecting that its absence is due to some mental idiosyncrasy which may be in its way as inimical to arriving at a just conclusion. To ordinary minds the question has at least a prospective interest of the most overwhelming importance. A materialistic view need not, perhaps, of itself involve the conclusion of our utter annihilation after death, any more than the prospect of an indefinite extension of a future life need altogether exclude this ultimate issue. As the Buddhists look forward to an eventual *nirwana*, or extinction, as the culminating goal of unnumbered transmigrations, so materialists, like Priestley, have professed their belief

in a resurrection life, while repudiating, as, of course they must, any intermediate state of conscious existence after the dissolution of the body. To most minds, however, the prospect of an untold interval of total oblivion must of itself be sufficiently depressing, and it needs but little acquaintance with human nature to see that in the great majority of cases disbelief in the separate existence of the soul will lead on to doubts as to any life hereafter at all — and, what then? “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

That there are great and embarrassing difficulties in any conception we may attempt to form of the conscious life of the soul, after the collapse of the bodily life, may be freely admitted, but the difficulties of its denial seem to us to be so much greater, that nothing could force its repudiation on a religious mind but a demonstration of its impossibility, which never has, and in the nature of things, never can, be given. “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,” is the sure reply of the religious instinct, be its logic what it may.

By such an instinct, it would seem, has the Christian Church ever clung to the belief in the continued consciousness of the soul after death; for while it holds a prominent place in her devotional language — as, indeed, it did even in the myths of heathenism — we find throughout the New Testament the doctrine of the immortality of the soul so merged in that of the resurrection life, that few passages can be cited which make definite statements in regard to the former as distinct from the latter. May not the explanation be that while the life and capacities of the soul in a separate state raise a question wholly transcending our understanding, the future glorified life in our risen bodies is a theme on which the imagination can rest in a degree, as it has some affinity in kind with our present composite life, however much we must of necessity fail to realize its fullness of bliss and perfection of power? This, at least, is always the goal to which the sacred writers point. Such expressions as “the glorified spirits of departed believers,” however they may find favor in the popular religious language of the day — whether Protestant or Catholic — are certainly not scriptural.

In full reliance on the boundless power and love of God, the dying Christian may with confidence resign his soul into his Father's hands, though in utter ignorance of the state into which it is about to pass. He may even, when sore wearied with the

trials of this life, the temptations it may be of the flesh, and the infirmities of the corruptible body which "presseth down the soul," be led to exclaim with St. Paul that he longs to depart and to be with Christ, which is much better — "that it is better to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord" — but he will surely go on with him to say, "not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon with our house, which is from Heaven" — not that the soul may be freed from the body, but the body itself freed from the power of sin and death; for the conjunction of body and soul is as fully recognized by the divine as it can be by the physiologist, to be the condition necessary for the perfect action of both.

It is not, therefore, that the body, as such, is a clog to the soul, but that the body, in its present sinful and corruptible nature, is not an adequate instrument for that perfection of action, which the soul may attain in its full maturity; and that the temporary dissolution of the former is a step, in the divine economy, in its progress to a higher perfection. In explanation of death we are referred to the analogy of the germination of seeds — "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

Then, again, in the decline of life, as the mortal body becomes less and less capable of discharging even its present functions, we should naturally expect a concomitant failure in the manifestation of mental vigor, but this tells nothing against the idea that the capacity of the soul itself may be ever on the increase — its development ever tending upwards to that higher part which it has to fill in the future life, as the animating spirit of the glorified body.

If these suggestions of grounds for our conviction of the distinctness of our spiritual essence from all mere corporeal action, are crudely put forward and defectively stated, it does but justify the reluctance we expressed to enter on a topic which, though perhaps not to be left unnoticed, can be satisfactorily dealt with only by a master of the spiritual life — while even such a one might probably find himself embarrassed by the inadequacy of human language, based as it is on sensible images, to express relations of so purely spiritual a kind.

On the most practical and matter-of-fact view of morals, however, the question before us has this important bearing, that it very sensibly influences our estimate of personal responsibility. If our corporeal

and mental actions are but twin concomitant results of the operation of a single essence — that is, of the material substance of the brain and parts associated — they must be held to be determined both alike by the laws regulating the course and succession of physical phenomena, while, if there are two agencies at work, though the final result must still be largely influenced by such laws, seeing that all our actions, while in the body, are so far the acts of the body itself, even those of a specially mental character, still, as the latter are not the acts of the body alone, but also of the soul, they must be farther influenced to some extent by *its* principles of action; and these principles — definite as they doubtless are — may yet be different in many respects from the laws of physical action, and such as to give scope for that conditionality and power of selection which underlie our idea of free will and personal responsibility.

In such an alliance both of the partners must have their say, and if, on the one hand, we may plead the immutable operation of natural laws, on the other we must be answerable for the liberty allowed by the conditionality of moral law. If there are limits — variable or fixed — beyond which the will is powerless to coerce the organic functions of the brain, and if there are natural laws of nervous action, according to which it must be worked, within such limits and subject to such laws the cerebral mechanism may reasonably be held to be as much at the bidding of the animating spirit as the pen is under the command of the writer, the musical instrument of the player, or any other piece of machinery of its overseer. The hypothesis adopted — if, in a purely scientific point of view it must be so termed — affords, we submit, by far the most feasible explanation of the many complex problems of social life; and this consideration alone would warrant its assumption on philosophical grounds, so long as all that can be said on the other side is that no such demonstrative evidence can be given of the separate existence of the soul, as appears convincing to some of our opponents.

Concerning the limits, however, and the degree of responsibility in different cases, there remains much room for legitimate difference of opinion, which can be removed only, if at all, by a free and full discussion of the whole question. The influence of the bodily organization in determining the conduct and character and in modifying the power of self-control,

though it comes out more strikingly in cases of insanity, is no doubt operative in some degree in all men; and it may be freely allowed to affect the moral responsibility of individuals in the sight of God. The extent to which any court of jurisprudence could admit such a plea must of course always be very restricted, but allowance ought certainly to be made in this way in forming our opinions of the conduct of others, for the sake of justice no less than of charity.

It is even still more important that we should form a right estimate of the amount of self-control which we have really in our own power, for there can be no doubt that lax views on this point, and the lack of energy which naturally results from them, are, as a matter of fact, the real causes of much of the misconduct and lawlessness that prevail in the world. It is not only, we should bear in mind, that a man's own disposition will be morally deteriorated by allowing himself in bad habits, over which directly or indirectly he could exercise any voluntary control, but that he may entail the evil results on generations yet unborn; for the balance of mind, on which character so much depends, may be conclusively shown to be influenced very greatly by the conformation and constitutional habit of body derived by hereditary transmission from his parents or even from more remote ancestors. In this sense at least it is a law certainly as wide as human nature itself, that the sins of the forefathers are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation.

It is in his treatment of this determining power of the will over character, that Dr. Maudsley's teaching on the subject appears to us most defective, from the one-sided view he takes of the question. The will, according to Dr. Maudsley,—who in this seems to follow Hartley and Hobbes,—is nothing else than the appetite or liking put in action after deliberation. Its deliberate character allows scope for the play of different impressions, all tending to influence the final result, which may come in consequence to be very different from what it would have been had the primary impulse passed at once into effect, as in the instinctive actions of the lower animals; but it is no less the necessary result of the combined operation of the several conditions of sensation and feeling which have preceded. That the result cannot always be foreseen is owing merely to the complexity of the antecedent reactions surpassing our powers of calculation, and still more to our ignorance of

many of the factors, and not to any independent act of self-control affecting the balance of the mind. Did we know all the facts and could we solve all the equations involved, the result would come out as rigidly as a problem in astronomy, or any calculation in applied mathematics. It is freely admitted that different men will act differently in the same contingency, but this is not because one, by his personal will, aided by the grace of God, exerts greater moral control than another over the promptings of his animal nature, but because this animal nature is itself so far differently constituted that by the hereditary transmission from their ancestors, and by previous education and training in their own lifetime, the nervous processes give rise to different proclivities in different cases. Rejecting thus the idea of independent self-control, he consistently repudiates also that of moral responsibility. Guilt, of course, in such a view is but a meaningless word, and while social responsibility is admitted in so far that a certain recognition is extended to the salutary influence of penal discipline in preventing crime, punishment is held to be legitimate only as providing a deterring motive, and in no sense as vindictory or called for by an abstract sense of justice.

It is allowed indeed that the old-fashioned figment of moral responsibility has done good service in its day:—

How can men on each occasion be most powerfully instigated to seek good and ensue it, when the balance of personal desires and propensities is commonly on the opposite side? Clearly by inculcating in the most impressive manner possible the doctrine of free will and responsibility, at the same time that are presented to them the strongest motives for moral action that can be fabricated—namely, the most vivid pictures of the unspeakable joys of heaven as the reward of well doing, and the endless torments of hell as the punishment of ill doing. In this way we constrain them at the critical moment by a powerful motive to act rightly, and aim by enforcing the repetition of right acts to foster a habit of acting rightly and to work by degrees a better nature in them; for each moral act, by the law of nervous action which has already been illustrated largely, renders the next more easy, and so the nature is gradually modified. The process is really one of moral manufacture . . . Then the individual is said to have acquired the greatest strength and to manifest the most perfect freedom of will, because he is able to do right in the midst of ever so many temptations to do wrong; and thus the highest freedom of will is cleverly identified with the highest morality. Liberty is the voice of con-

science; conscience is the voice of God, say the theologians.

But in the enlightenment of the end of the nineteenth century, "*nous avons changé tout cela*" — as the Ultramontanes now say of the teaching of Bossuet — for the writer continues: —

It would appear then from what has been said, that the doctrine of free-will, like some other doctrines that have done their work, and then, being no longer of any use, have undergone decay, . . . was necessary to promote the evolution of mankind up to a certain stage. . . . On the one side is the motive to do right, on the other side is the motive to do wrong — the former more difficult, the latter more easy to do; by proclaiming free-will, we strengthen the former motive, while by proclaiming necessity it is clear we should strengthen the latter motive in the unenlightened or inferior person, who with short-sighted ignorance would gladly go the easy way of his passions, rather than the arduous way of his true welfare. The notion of free-will and its responsibilities was necessary, therefore, and perhaps still is, to make for him a higher necessity than the necessity of his passions, but it does not follow that it is necessary for him whom Confucius would have described as the sage or superior person, who looks to the endless consequences of his actions. To him the clear recognition of the reign of law in the human mind will furnish the strongest motive to do right (pp. 419-421).

It is certainly rather singular to find so zealous a champion of the truth against the arbitrary dicta of "theologians" seriously maintaining the utility — nay, the necessity — of basing the education of the bulk of mankind on a doctrine which he goes on to characterize as "an effete superstition, the offshoot of ignorance, mischievously drawing men's minds away from the beneficial recognition of the universal reign of law, and of their solemn responsibilities under the stern necessity of universal causation." On our part we are far from questioning that there is in his argument a certain element of truth. While his language is occasionally needlessly offensive, and his allusive use of Scriptural expressions in contradiction to their obvious meaning is certainly far from edifying, to the substance of most of his *positive* statements we should not in fact care to make objection.

The actions which result from the will may be admitted to differ from those of an automatic and instinctive nature, very much on account of their more deliberate character, that is, in the greater number of motive influences which have had a share in their production, and these mo-

tive influences must be allowed in turn to be largely due to the bias given to our mental constitution by hereditary transmission and personal training. What we contend for is, that over all these is the personal will, in the position, as it were, of a judge or one in authority — liable indeed, as is a judge, to solicitation from all sides, but morally bound also, like a judge, to decide according to abstract principles of equity, and free, that is competent, to do so, if not by its own power, owing to the deterioration of our moral nature, yet by the help of divine grace, which is freely given to all who seek it. To those who admit neither a personal God, nor a personal soul, all this is of course but foolishness, but to such as maintain these tenets, this freedom of will, and supremacy of conscience, are not only in full harmony with their belief, but are necessary to give it full consistency.

It is not maintained that all our actions have this active voluntary character — not even all those in which we seem at first to be really following our own inclination. On many occasions it is true that we are passively led by the preponderating motives which affect us at the time; and in the case of what are called weak characters, this is perhaps the common state of matters. But it is no less true that there are occasions in which after full deliberation we elect to follow a course which we perceive to be in opposition to the resultant impulse of all the involuntary attractions and repulsions acting upon us, and make an anti-impulsive effort, as when from the love of God we deny ourselves an immediate gratification from an indulgence, in which we do not perceive any remote evil consequent to ourselves. If the will does indeed necessarily follow the stronger motive, we are at least so far free in the matter that we have the power of intensifying one motive at will, by fixing the attention on it, and so making that motive stronger for the time.*

That we are liable to fallacies in regard to our freedom of will, as in other matters, is not to be denied. There is much truth in Dr. Maudsley's remark, that a man often thinks himself most free, when he is most a slave. "When is it that man is most persuaded that he speaks or acts with full freedom of will? When he is drunk, or mad, or is dreaming. . . . Passion notoriously perverts the judgment, warping it this way or that." Yet there is surely no more reason why our conviction of our

* See Mivart, "Lessons from Nature," pp. 121, 124.

general freedom of will should be set aside by our liability to such fallacies, than that our reliance should be shaken in the general trustworthiness of our bodily senses by the well-known illusions to which they also are occasionally liable.

In Dr. Carpenter's treatment of this subject, we find a larger and sounder estimate taken of the extent to which we have, directly or indirectly, in our power, not only the formation of our own character, but also an influence in modelling that of others by judicious discipline, especially in the early years of life, and of our consequent responsibilities in both these respects. One point indeed we miss, which seriously impairs its practical value, in that no account is taken of the natural depravity of the human heart, which lies even more than mere ignorance at the root of our failures, or of those remedies and helps which Christianity provides to meet the case. We do not of course mean to object to a treatise on the philosophy of mind that it keeps clear of the theological bearing of points which it brings before us, but neither may we admit that, apart from the religious aspect of the case, we can have either the moral questions treated exhaustively, or any rule of practice laid down which will be of itself a sufficient guide for the regulation of our conduct.

The conclusion then to which all we know on this subject clearly points is the composite aspect of human nature — composite not only in the character of the phenomena exhibited, physical and mental, but also in the agency concerned in their production. In so far this conclusion is quite in harmony with the popular conception of man consisting of soul and body, entities distinct in nature, but acting and reacting on each other; both of them in the ordinary course of life being concerned in all we do, say, or think, but so associated together as to constitute a perfect unity in all our actions.

We use here advisedly the term "composite" rather than "dual," for though man's mental nature obviously includes in its fulness the lower powers of mere animal life, and the threefold term, spirit, soul, and body, is used by St. Paul to express the completeness of his being, yet, as we have seen, there is an agreement among some of the representative authors of very different schools in regarding the so-called mental action of the lower animals as a mere property of the living fabric, or as the manifestation of a special modification of force, rather than as due

to the association of a distinct entity corresponding to the spirit of man. The popular opinion, however, is probably still that of Cudworth: —

They who will attribute life, sense, cogitation, consciousness, and self-enjoyment, not without some footsteps of reason many times, to blood and brains, mere organized bodies in brutes, will never be able clearly to demonstrate the incorporeity and immortality of human souls.*

This question does not lie before us at present, but in human nature, at least, we do contend for such a spiritual element, though, in common with all who have viewed the subject from the corporeal side, we feel constrained also to admit that there is a necessary accompaniment of cerebral action in all ordinary mental operation. As for this very reason we can have no such proof of the existence of a spiritual, as distinct from the corporeal factor of our nature, founded on its separate activity, as would appear sufficient to one determined to base the case on sensible demonstration, our arguments for the existence of the soul, as distinct from the body, must rest mainly on metaphysical grounds, and on our consciousness of moral and spiritual relations — a kind of evidence, indeed, which is liable to be ignored by those who from neglect or wilfulness look only at one side of the question, but which will be found of irresistible force by such as give a candid consideration to all its bearings, and the repudiation of which has invariably led sooner or later to the most fearful errors in moral practice, and in all the relations of social life.

* Intellectual System of the Universe, iv. 44.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PAULINE.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER V.

"WOULD COMPLIMENTS SUFFICE?"

FOR the five following days, rainy mist and misty rain shrouded both sea and land.

The offer of a sail in the *Juanita* had been made and accepted; for Lady Calverley, pleased with Blundell's address, and satisfied with her nephew's assurance that his friend was one of the best fellows in the world, saw no objection. But the

dawn, when it broke, invariably showed the same disconsolate prospect, and the expedition had to be postponed.

He must come up to the castle instead; and Tom's "You'll look us up in the morning, at all events," was the understood conclusion to every meeting.

"Could anything be more tiresome?" moaned Elsie, when on the fifth day the heavens still gloomed as heavily as ever. "He will go away soon. We shall never have our day—our delightful day: we shall look back to this time all our lives, and say, like the emperor of old, we have 'lost a day.'"

"And it is so calm, too," murmured, in gentler accents, Pauline.

"Quite perfect," added her brother; "just the right kind of day for a sail. Not a breath stirring anywhere. We should be lying opposite the Point from morning till night, drinking champagne and talking metaphysics, eh, Polly?"

"I suppose there is hardly enough wind—I had forgotten that."

"Enough? Do you imagine Blundell and I would stagnate on shore all this time, if there had been enough to puff out a nautilus-shell? He is regularly stuck here, that is why he is so thankful to come up day after day. He'll be off with the first breeze that suits."

"It will be very mean of him if he is," said Elsie. "After saying so much about our going. We may never have such a chance again."

"You can't expect him to stay for that. He is on his way to the Lewes, and only put in here for the Sunday. He is as strict as a parson about that, you know—a precious deal stricter than many a parson would be, too. It is of no use Aunt Ella's asking him to dinner on Sunday, by the way—he would have to do penance half the night after it."

"Is he a Roman Catholic?" cried Elsie, opening her eyes.

"Something very like one," reflected Pauline: "I did not think of that before. Such a religion would naturally commend itself to his mind, if it is as Tom says. How stupid of me not to find that out! He has given me every opportunity."

Tom had not answered, being intent on a curve in the shepherd's crook he was whittling out of a hazel-rod.

"Tom, why did you not tell us before?"

"Tell you what?" holding the stick at arm's length before him.

"That he was a Roman Catholic."

"That who was? What are you talking about?"

"Mr. Blundell."

"Blundell!" said Tom, putting down the crook, and looking at her; "what on earth do you mean?"

It had all been a mistake; Blundell was as sound a Protestant as any one among them—he had only used the word penance in jest.

"Though I dare say he would like to say masses for Guy's soul," continued Tom. "He has never been heard to mention his name since the day he died; and you see he has broken with Chaworth and the whole lot of them. He is quite a reformed character, Polly. Take my blessing."

Elsie glanced at her cousin; but it was impossible to discern whether she heard or not.

"I wish he would take me off with him," began Tom, after a pause, during which he had been whittling most industriously. "How jolly it would be!"

Silence.

"That is to say," he relented, "for a week or so. Of course I should come back here again. Why do you look so grave, Elsie?"

"It would be such a disappointment."

"Would it? Would it really, Elsie?"

"So few yachts ever come here; and the ones that do, never belong to people we know. Once Mr. M'Phail offered to take us in his; but mamma said he was a shopman, and would not let us go. I did not care what he was; I would have gone, and so would Pauline. And now when mamma is quite pleased and willing—she is going herself if her cold is no worse—it is rather hard."

"I am sorry for you," said Tom, seeking to hide his chagrin under the guise of pleasantry. "Perhaps, however, it is as well that you are not particular as to your company—a shopman or a scamp—you will be all the more easily pleased."

"Tom! What do you mean?"

"Pauline knows. She does not mind, you see, so why should you? She, like a wise woman, is content to 'take the gifts the gods provide' her, and ask no questions."

Elsie looked from one to the other, scanning the two faces, between which there was so strong an outward likeness, so little real resemblance.

There was the same rich russet-brown hair, deep-set eyes, delicately cut nose and chin, and warm color in the cheek—but here it ended. It penetrated no deeper. It was lost in the expression of the eye and lip—lost in every word and thought.

They might have been taken as two distinct types of the race from which they sprang.

Pauline was a Huguenot of the past century, Tom a Frenchman of to-day.

Earnestness, sobriety, and elevation of purpose distinguished the sister; instability and careless ease characterized the brother. It was impossible that there should be sympathy between them; but there was a perfectly good understanding. Tom was fond of his sister, and proud of her, even while ridiculing her scruples, and disregarding such gentle admonitions as she occasionally sought to administer. He was fonder still of Elsie. An unkind word from *her* cut him to the heart. Her presence made him a man.

The three were assembled in the comfortable old-fashioned library, where, when alone, they usually spent their mornings.

The visitor who had daily joined them of late had not yet appeared; and so agreeable had been his society, so thoroughly had he contrived in that short time to become one of themselves, that they were at a loss what to do without him.

Some time had passed without Pauline's taking part in the conversation.

She was musing with troubled eye and flushed cheek, until roused from her reverie by the sound of her own name.

Elsie was regarding her and Tom alternately, and Tom's "She is content to take the gifts the gods provide her," fell with meaning on her ear. Her eye flashed, and the color started to her cheek.

"I took a brother's word," she said.

He had gone too far. One way or other he must eat his words; but what to Pauline would have been mortification unspeakable, was a light thing to Tom.

"I thought I should draw her," he said, gaily. "He is right enough, Elsie — I only said it to tease Pauline."

"You said it to tease ME."

"You? no. What did it matter to YOU? He is Pauline's friend, not yours. Think of a saint like Pauline taking up with a sinner like Blundell!"

"When will you give up that foolish habit of saying a thing and contradicting it the next moment?" cried his cousin. "Soon it will come to this, that no one will believe a single word you say. You knew you were talking nonsense to Mr. Blundell about Punch yesterday; there is nothing of the Willoughby pug about him; and he was given to me because his tail was too long, and his muzzle too pink."

"Punch may thank me for giving him a pedigree, then," replied he. "If it had

been the other way, I could understand your indignation, but I was doing the very best I could for the old fellow."

"That was it! You wanted to make him out to be something fine, knowing all the time he is not."

"And pray, what greater proof of friendship would you ask for?"

He was incorrigible; Elsie betook herself to generals.

"I do hope you will be more careful before Uncle Macleay."

"Who, pray, is Uncle Macleay?"

"He is my uncle — double-distilled essence of uncle; there, make what you can of that. Come, read me my riddle, I beg you to say, how is he my uncle, this Uncle Macleay?"

"Poetry, Elsie! and you a Presbyterian! Eh, lass, d'ye no ken that pawetry and profawnty gang han' in han'?"

"If you think you can talk Scotch, Tom, you can't. It is the one thing you cannot do. I advise you to leave off attempting it."

"Uncle Macleay speaks it more correctly, no doubt."

"I dare say he does. All very old people do —"

"Oh, that's glorious! I shan't give up hope then; in time I too may become a proficient."

"You are so stupid. Uncle Macleay is a dear, good, kind old man, whom everybody likes; mamma will be very much vexed if you are rude to him."

"When did you ever know me rude to anybody? I have not the slightest intention of maltreating the aged relative; on the contrary, I have no doubt we shall become the best of friends. But," affecting alarm, "he won't expect me to converse in Gaelic, will he? It would be cruel — barbarous; I have not time to prepare — I have not even a dictionary. Help, Pauline! help! It is a trap, a snare, a device of the enemy; let us save ourselves by flight before the attack begins."

Pauline raised her head, and beheld foolish Elsie wincing under this profound satire.

"You are mistaken, Tom," said his sister, quietly. "You are preparing a surprise for yourself when you see Dr. Macleay."

"How?"

"He is one of the finest gentlemen I ever met in my life."

Here was a statement! Here was an occasion for Tom's face to lengthen, widen, open, and spread itself out in every direction that could indicate extreme amazement.

Amazement, not incredulity—Pauline must ever inspire belief—but it was speechless, unwilling amazement.

Even Elsie looked appalled by the strength of her ally, and doubtful for a moment of the ultimate value of such assistance. She could not have said so much. Affectionately indignant as she had been on her great-uncle's behalf, in her heart she had been framing apologies for him; she had been conscious, under the brilliant scintillations of Tom's wit, of a secret desire that he had timed his visit otherwise.

Pauline's *coup* at once placed him on a higher level; and if Pauline would but stand to it, if Dr. Macleay would but justify her eulogium, his niece's triumph would be complete.

Quick as thought she followed the lead. "I am only afraid of what *he* may think of *you*," said she.

"Very true," said Pauline.

But, unfortunately, she smiled. Tom laughed, then roared, and was himself again.

"We are very ill behaved," all at once cried his sister, jumping up and kissing her cousin merrily. "We are dreadfully in need of some one to come and keep us all in order."

"And here he comes!" said Tom, significantly. "Here he comes!"

"Oh, here he comes!" echoed Elsie. "Here he comes, Pauline!"

Pauline could not imagine what they meant. How should Mr. Blundell keep them in order? What could make Tom so absurd? Mr. Blundell was no very good example for any of them. Idling away his time, as if he had nothing in the world to do but amuse himself. Tom would never settle to anything till he went; and Tom had promised so faithfully to read, during this term.

Which of the schools was he going in for?

The conversation was quite edifying to listen to, when Mr. Blundell came in, to take his part, and be appealed to, and have his opinion discussed.

Then came the walk, and Tom's whisper to Elsie to let Blundell and his *Lorelei* go first.

"Aunt Ella said we were to be sure to let her know if he came, you know, Elsie, to be proper, and that; so, as we haven't done that, we can send them on in front, and you and I can mount guard behind."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all. I know that was what she meant. She told me to be *sure*

to let her know. I said, 'All right,' and bolted. Now this is how I make it 'all right,' you see."

"She won't be pleased, Tom."

"I can't go back for her now."

"Let us go on with them, then."

"Go on with them! What should we do that for? They don't want us, and we don't want them. We have far better fun by ourselves. Now I'll tell you all about what I am reading for. It's all bosh what Pauline says, you know, about my not passing; I mean to go at it, when I go back, I can tell you. Now, are you attending?"

When they came back from the walk Dr. Macleay had arrived, and was in the drawing-room.

He was a man of remarkable appearance. In person tall and spare, his features, naturally striking, were rendered still more so from being shaded by a profusion of snow-white hair, which also softened the effect of a skin somewhat roughened and weather-beaten by constant exposure.

His smile was good-humored; his whole aspect mild and benignant; but it was like the gentleness of the great ocean as it sighs itself to sleep after the tumult of many storms,—like the quiet of the forest when there are no leaves left in it to rustle.

He was a widower, and childless.

For many years past he had led a useful and unostentatious life in one of the Hebridean islands, holding an authority absolute among his own people, and undisputed, if not definite, over other parishes. He was now engaged to stay at Gourloch for three or four days, but longer than that they hardly hoped to detain him.

"You remember my niece Pauline?" said Lady Calverley; "and this tall boy? No? He is her brother. And—our friend, Mr. Blundell."

"And—our dog, Mr. Punch," subjoined Elsie. "Mr. Punch, shake hands. You needn't bow, in case it should turn into bow-wow. See how good he is! He always knows exactly how to behave himself, and he always barks at the right people."

"Witness my reception," said Blundell. "He suspected me for two whole days,—did not give me the benefit of the doubt, which every man has a right to. One ought to be looked upon as an honest man till proved a rogue, Punch."

"A dog's code is the reverse. You have to produce credentials of honesty before he will believe you are not a rogue. And I am not sure," continued Dr. Macleay,

with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "that he has not common sense on his side."

"Those collies at church on Sunday, every one of them suspected me," said Pauline; "and they must have had their worst fears realized. Dr. Macleay, do you think dogs ought to go to church?"

"Certainly not, Miss La Sarte. I command my old Trim to stay at home every Sunday, but ——"

"He does not obey?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"Does he follow you into the pulpit?" asked Pauline.

"Not exactly; he waits at the bottom of the stairs. I pretend not to see him till we are at home again."

"And what would he do, if some one were to rise and leave the church?"

"I cannot say; he has given me no precedent to judge by. Were any of you unwell on Sunday?"

Pauline, with spirit, related her adventure; but as she proceeded, her principal auditor became grave.

"I very much doubt that crossing," he said. "The people about here may know when to take it, and probably have landmarks to guide them across; but, Miss La Sarte, it is not fit for you. What would you have done if Mr. Blundell had not been there? The tide might have been back upon you before you had got half-way! Take my advice and don't try unknown crossings again; you may not always find a deliverer so handy."

She laughed and promised. She would not be tempted in future; but she could not wish to undo the past.

Did he, her so-called deliverer, share the feeling? Apparently he did. His eye boldly sought hers, as he interposed — "You do not grudge me my good fortune, sir?"

"Very much indeed," replied the doctor, with alacrity. "You are most unreasonable to suppose I could help grudging it. A man who goes about staring into pools of water ought not to expect to see any image reflected in them but his own. Especially ——"

A significant movement of the head interpreted the meaning of the unfinished sentence.

"Nobody pays you and me any compliments, Punch," said a low voice, talking softly to itself. "Never mind, Punch dear, we don't want their nasty compliments."

"Wise little woman!" said her uncle.

"Silly child!" said her mother.

Everybody said something — good, bad,

or indifferent; and, in the hubbub, some one who had stooped down to pick up the dog's collar, whispered a few words which reached no ear but that for which it was intended, "How could you say that? Would *compliments* suffice?"

CHAPTER VI.

OFF TO OBAN.

It would not be easy to describe the state of Blundell's mind at this time.

He was unhappy, aimless, and idle.

His nerves had received a severe shock from the terrible scene of which he had been a witness, and his consequent solitary wanderings had not tended to restore their tone.

Having broken away from all his former associates, he had no resources but in himself; and the life he had elected to lead for the remainder of his days had, in six short months, palled upon him.

The impression he had received was still too powerful not to keep its grasp upon his conscience; but he was restive under it, wretched and miserable.

At this point he meets Pauline.

Here is a woman, so good, so pure, so true, that she would seem to have been placed in his path, to lead him forward on the way to heaven.

Here is a beautiful, rational, lovable creature, all that fancy could suggest, all that reason could require.

Now then, why may he not go in and win?

She is free, that is certain.

An affected misapprehension, an elaborate apology, and three words from Tom, have set that point at rest.

What holds him back?

The prospect is bright, serene, perfect in all its details, and — it cannot allure him.

It is Elsie's doing.

Ah! that little chit! What business has she to interfere with his happiness? What business has that saucy smile to come between him and those grave, star-like eyes?

She is but a plaything, a child. A good child enough, but still a child. Nothing in her — nothing.

He amuses himself now and then with the little puss? Of course he does. Why should he not? He likes children. They are great fun. He likes to tease and trick them, and cause them to cry and pout, and then kiss and be friends again.

Miss Elsie is rather too old for the kiss-

ing, but that only makes it the more piquant.

He laughs to think how she would have behaved supposing her to have been the fair adventuress on the rocks! He fancies how he could have terrified her by tales of quicksands and swiftly approaching tides! How he would have rallied her on her forlorn appearance! on her charming spirit of enterprise! What sly allusions he would have made to it afterwards, and how cross she would have been with him — for the moment!

With this he falls to considering what the real heroine of the act looked like; how she spoke, how she clung to his arm, how haughtily she held him at a distance one minute, and how helplessly she appealed to him the next!

He had never seen anything more charming than the reserve giving way to eagerness, girlish and natural, when he proffered a rescue.

What a fool he had been to think of her as married! He might have known — might have seen — might have guessed — could not imagine how he could ever have supposed such a thing! Pshaw! She was as unsophisticated a creature as possible, and he had called her a woman of the world!

The pendulum oscillates towards the Pauline point.

The more he thinks of her the more he sighs for her.

His soul loathes the memory of his wasted youth; he shrinks from it — turns from it.

"Pauline, Pauline, I want to love you. I want you to love me. You were sent to me. You ought to be mine. You would help me — would teach me — make me good as you are. And I *can't*! I *can't*!"

His head falls down upon his hands, he breaks out into sobs and tears.

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After the rain came wind.

What had before been a dull, slate-colored, unbroken surface of water, was speedily changed into a raging sea, of varied hues and unceasing motion.

Friday night saw the change; and the boat which brought Blundell ashore on Saturday morning rocked so violently, even in the sheltered part of the bay where he landed, that the utmost caution was needed to prevent its bumping on the rocks.

"This is a new experience," said he, cheerfully. "We are going the round of bad weather in all its shapes. It is something not to fear being ice-bound — not

that I should care, but the Juanita would. I am off to Oban to-night."

The effect of this announcement was electrical.

Lady Calverley uttered a soft ejaculation of "To-night!" and by an irresistible impulse glanced at her niece.

Pauline stirred not, raised not her eyes, but her countenance betrayed by a curious, almost imperceptible *something*, that she had heard.

Tom's mouth, from force of schoolboy habit, puckered for the whistle which his maturer judgment refused to sanction. But Elsie alone, with dilated, sorrowful eyes, deprecated the cruelty of the sentence.

"And we have never had our sail," said she.

"You would not come to-day?"

"Why not? There is enough wind, is there not?" with eager gaze fixed upon him.

"Enough? Oh, quite — a feast!"

"But you are going yourself?"

"Not I. We should be tacking from morning till night. I shall walk to the ferry."

"And the Juanita will meet you?" said Tom.

Blundell was looking at Elsie — Elsie, who was hanging upon his words as if her very being depended on them.

Could he disappoint her in such a trifling matter? Would it not seem unkind, rude, a poor return for all the kindness he had met with? The whole party looked disconcerted by his leave-taking.

Thus in a few seconds of time all was changed.

"The Juanita will remain where she is. Miss Calverley, we may have better weather when I come back."

"You are coming back?" she cried, with sparkling eyes.

"Certainly. I hope to turn up again in a few days, like the penny of evil repute."

"Oh," rejoined Elsie, pacified, "then you will come in for our harvest-home."

"You are not going to have a harvest-home yet? The corn is not down."

"We are obliged to have ours beforehand, as we dance in the big barn, and it will be more than half full afterwards. Will you come?"

"Am I to come, Lady Calverley?"

"It will be very good-natured if you do. We are much in need of support. And you will allow your sailors to come likewise, I hope? They would be quite acquisitions."

He wished she had not asked them —

wished, almost wished at least, that she had not asked him — wished from his heart there had been nothing to ask either him or them to. Whenever he desired to break away, he seemed to be hemmed in afresh. An excuse he might have made certainly: his brother had only been dead six months, and during these he had gone nowhere, he had joined in no festivities.

But such an apology never once occurred to him, so strong in his mind was the feeling of aversion on other grounds.

Why had this nuisance turned up just now to add to his complications? What had a good woman like Lady Calverley to do with rioting and vulgar revelry? What would his men think, on whom he enforced abstinence with such an iron hand?

With a bland and grateful smile, "Thank you," he replied — "only too happy!"

"You will bring the old place down about your ears, Mary," commented her uncle, who had entered and silently greeted the visitor whilst the arrangement was being made.

"My dear uncle, we have our harvest-home every year, and have never had an accident yet."

"Half a hundred roaring, stamping, thumping ne'er-do-weels, every man-jack of them bent on digging his heels through the floor if he can —"

"And no one enjoying the fun more than Uncle Macleay," cried his saucy grand-niece. "And he has got to make a speech afterwards, which we have not. So *viva*! How we will dance instead!"

"You dance?" said Blundell, with an air of surprise.

"To be sure we do, and you must dance too. Tom's dancing is the admiration of everybody."

This was enough — Blundell would not now have absented himself on any account.

"Well, I *hope* I shall be back in time," said he; "I will do my best. If I do not appear, you will know it is no fault of mine. Can I do anything for anybody in Oban?"

Nobody wanted anything done, and he rose to go; having announced his intentions, he could not now draw back.

"But Elsie has got your stick!" cried Tom. "Elsie, you must give it up. You try mine, and you will find it is just as light; or if you don't, I can cut you another, to-day."

"Which won't be ready for a week. I will fetch it," to Blundell. "But you

must let me have it when you come back. I can't walk about without one, now."

When she came down again he was waiting for her in the hall.

"There, take it!" said she; "you will need it to help you across the 'Englishman's Sorrow.'"

"What may that mean, Miss Calverley?"

"Nothing," coloring under the gravity of his reply. "Only a name given to part of the Mohr Ben particularly difficult to climb. You will be glad of your stick then."

"I should be glad of a straightforward answer now."

She was struck mute.

"You meant that I should be glad of something to comfort me when I am away from you."

He had intended to put her in a passion, and had succeeded.

"How — how can you? What —" cried she, trembling all over. The door opened.

"Hush! never mind! It was all a joke; only a joke, mind. Don't be cross with me. (Louder.) By the way, this Highland ball, am I to have the honor of opening it with you?"

She could not speak.

"Oh, you are not gone?" said Tom, in the doorway. "My aunt wants to know if you won't have luncheon, or wine, or something?"

"It could be on the table in five minutes," said the lady's voice behind.

"No, indeed, thanks. I shall get something at the ferry."

"Well?" to Elsie.

She turned away. "You can't dance a reel."

"I can't dance anything, but I think I can dig my heels into the floor as hard as even Dr. Macleay could desire. Will you be my partner?"

So he wrung from her a sullen consent ere he went.

"*He* can't dance, indeed!" cried Tom, not over well pleased with what he had heard. "That's rather good, I think. When there was not a wake, nor a fair, nor a lark of any kind going, within twenty miles of Blundellsaye, but he and Guy were in the thick of it!"

"He would not learn much dancing in that way."

"If he had not dancing he had drinking."

"Does he drink?" said his cousin, in a low voice.

"Drink? no. You can't watch him very closely, or you would see that for yourself. He won't even allow his poor fellows their glass of grog; and looks such daggers at the decanters here that it is positively uncivil. I can't get my mouthful of port after dinner for him. No, he doesn't drink, *now*."

"Was he very bad, Tom?"

There was an air of good faith about Tom, which compelled a certain amount of credence, even from the most skeptical of listeners.

"Bad as bad could be. The hardest drinker in the county," impressively. The slightest opposition, and he would have substituted "in England," but Elsie was subdued, and he had only to proceed. "They were both getting quite bloated and bottle-nosed. Then Guy dropped off, and Ralph pulled up. Just in time, I can tell you."

"He does not look as if —"

"Oh yes, he does. A man could tell it in a moment. Depend upon it," knowingly, "Uncle Macleay sees it as well as I do."

Apparently Dr. Macleay did, for shortly afterwards he took the opportunity of questioning young La Sarte more closely about his friend than any of the rest of the party had thought of doing.

Tom was in his glory. "I knew him when I was at Stow. His place, Blundell-saye, is not far from there. He was in the Life Guards," feeling as if each statement clinched his man's respectability more satisfactorily than did the one before it.

"Indeed! you knew him very well?" rejoined the old gentleman, carelessly.

"Oh, by Jove, yes! All our fellows knew him. We were often over there. The most splendid place," proceeded Tom, launching out—"quite a palace, gardens, grounds, everything. And shooting—no end of shooting, best shooting in the county. Have you ever been in Berkshire?"

"Not lately. Not for several years."

"Perhaps you have seen his place?"

"Perhaps I have, but there are a great many fine places down there."

"Yes, of course," rather taken aback.

"Of course, the first county in England for good houses."

"Do you think so? I am not sure that I agree with you. But it must have been a great thing for you to have had a good friend, near at hand, in your school-days."

"Well," said Tom, with a little laugh, "I don't know that he was a particularly GOOD friend. They were a little bit wild, you know, he and his brother; but we don't say anything about that here."

"A married man?"

"Oh dear no—never was a less married man, I should say."

"He seems to be very much at home with you all?"

"Quite a tame cat about the house. They all like him, you see; my aunt is quite taken with him."

"Your aunt!" thought the doctor. "I wish your sister may not be taken with him too. He is doing his best to make her, and this rattle-pate sees nothing."

"Rather got the better of the old boy," reflected Tom. "Put him off the scent completely. Scored, and no mistake!"

Dull and spiritless was the party assembled in the drawing-room after dinner that evening.

Dr. Macleay, indeed, did his best towards reanimating the little circle which had lately been so full of life and gaiety, but nobody seconded his efforts. Dry as dust sounded in their ears the topics of the day—bald and flat the chit-chat of cheerful garrulity. Tom was uneasily watching his cousin, who was restless, flighty, and out of humor; his aunt was oppressed by a nervous headache, and the howling of the storm, which had increased towards night; and Pauline seemed chiefly anxious to be left to the indulgence of her own thoughts.

No one asked for music, no one cared for tea, no one seemed willing to do anything the others wanted. Of the three young ones, it may be said that each one of them was in a more unreasonable, contradictory, pick-a-quarrel mind than the other.

"Elsie, let us have a game at backgammon?"

"Oh no."

"Chess, then?"

"I hate chess!"

"Bélique?"

"Mamma does not like the sight of cards."

"Cards? It is the most innocent game in the world! Who ever heard of gambling at bélique? And I suppose that is what she objects to?"

"There is not a pack in the house, at any rate."

Tom raised the question, "What shall we have?"

"Nothing."

"You are in a nice mind to-night," said he, eyeing her. "May I ask if I have done anything to offend you?"

Poor soul! no. That power was not in his hands. If he could but have offended her, there might have been hope for him.

"No, Tom," said she, wearily, "how should you?"

"It is all very well for Pauline — she never favors us with much conversation; the only difference is that to-night we are to be deprived of any — but you, this is not your way at all. Some people might even insinuate that a certain small personage in days gone by was called a chatterbox, eh, Elsie?"

"Oh, I can chatter, if you like! There is so much to chatter about, is there not? Plenty of fun and news, and everything is so lively and entertaining, ourselves in particular."

"So that's it, is it?" said he, slowly. "You are dull. I am sorry; I might have guessed that before. It *is* stupid work for you to be left with only us and Dr. Macleay to amuse you —"

"To be *left*!" said Elsie, rather pale. "What are you talking about?"

His bolt had struck. He could only answer gloomily, "You know best," and silence fell between them.

"Tom, I beg your pardon; I was very disagreeable. Please, Tom, forgive me."

He nodded, with a watery smile in his eyes that touched her heart.

"Tom, I will play any game with you that you like."

"Elsie, I had rather you did not *play* with me at all."

CHAPTER VII.

A TALK IN THE TURRET CHAMBER.

Wer? Ich? Ich, eines mannes Bild,
In meinem reinen Busen tragen?
Dies Herz, von Himmelsglanz erfüllt,
Darf einer ird'schen Liebe schlagen?
Jungfrau von Orleans.

NEXT morning found them all in better minds, as became the day. The elements likewise had exhausted their angry feelings. All was bright and peaceful.

Dr. Macleay conducted divine service in a small church within a mile of the castle, the relieving a sick brother of his Sabbath duties being the primary object of his visit there. He had been unable to come the week before, and hence Pauline's walk and its consequences.

"Paulie, do you not think it was a little, a very little too long?"

"No, Elsie, I was surprised when it was over."

"So was I, for I thought it would never be over. But I should not say so to any one but you."

She was nestling her head down in her cousin's lap, over which the golden hair, unbound, fell like a veil. The two had retired to the turret chamber, had settled themselves within the little recess, and, I grieve to add, had bolted the door against poor Tom, who was hovering somewhere in the vicinity.

"It was a beautiful sermon," said Pauline.

"Yes, I daresay. Mamma is always in such spirits when Uncle Macleay is going to preach. I had not a word against the sermon, Paulie; only I thought it might have been said in a little less time. You have not such long sermons in England?"

"Our service is longer, much longer. On the whole, they come to the same in the end."

"To tell you the truth, it was Tom I felt for. He kept changing his arm about, and fidgiting with his rose, and it put me out so, that I grew as bad as he. Then I did wish Uncle Macleay would have left out the words 'fourthly' and 'fifthly;' it would not have called one's attention to its being such a length if he had said all he had to say, without marking the intervals so emphatically."

Pauline laughed.

"Paulie, I always think you are so good about our Church."

"Don't you know that I am a Calvinist by descent?"

"And I am a Lutheran by inclination. Your churches, or better still your cathedrals, I do delight in them! I would never go to a Presbyterian church again if I could get to one of these. Does this one of ours not strike you as horrible when you first come? Does it not, Paulie?"

"The music is rude, certainly," replied her cousin; "and the building — well, the less said about it the better. But the people and the preacher — Elsie, do you ever think what a noble life your uncle leads? When he was talking last night, telling us those strange wild tales of what he has actually himself gone through, has known, and seen with his own eyes, he seems to me to turn into one of the heroes of the first Church, 'full of faith, and power, and the Holy Ghost,' going from place to place teaching and preaching, in spite of every kind of danger and hardship. How lightly the things of this

world seem to sit upon him! He is not ignorant; he knows and is interested in all that is going on, far more than any of us are, but he chooses not to mix in it. And such abilities, such energies, as he expends upon these simple people! I never heard the Word of God explained with greater *care*, greater *pains* than we had it to-day. The language was so well chosen —”

“Paulie, you are quite enthusiastic.”

“Yes, I am; I felt *stirred*. It did one good to be there.”

“I am glad he came when you were with us.”

“And the people, how attentive they were! And what long distances they had come!” continued Pauline, the romantic, as well as the devotional side of whose character had been touched. “Did you notice how they sat almost motionless from first to last, as if they would not lose a word if they could help it? I could not keep from thinking of the ‘two or three’ gathered together, for, after all, we were so few; but I do believe, Elsie, He was in the midst of us.”

“Then only Tom and I were naughty,” said Elsie, ruefully. “I saw how you were listening; and when he stopped, if your eyes had not been so firmly fixed upon him, I should have thought you had been asleep, you started up so.”

“Asleep, dear?”

“I know you were not, of course. You sat like a statue from beginning to end. You are a very good Pauline.”

“Elsie!” Pauline was actually blushing. “I am ashamed to tell you, but — but — I was not attending at that moment. I don’t know how it was, but just then my thoughts had wandered, and the end did take me by surprise. I was thinking — for I ought to tell you the truth — whether the sea-air would take the color out of my lilac hat if I were to wear it when we go in the yacht!”

“Then you are the best Pauline that ever was, to come and confess it! And I love you twenty hundred thousand times better for that, than if you could repeat the sermon word for word from beginning to end.”

“I don’t know how it was,” pleaded Pauline.

“Never mind how it was; you looked so good, so perfect, sitting there, in that pretty white lily bonnet; and then to think — But, Paulie, I don’t mind telling you now — I did not listen *at all*! I hardly heard a single word, I was so restless; and I could not help thinking of

other things all the time. Indeed, I do usually attend to Uncle Macleay, and never found his sermons long before.”

“You were thinking?” said her cousin, slowly.

“Yes, about all sorts of things. Paulie, how strange this last week has been! We seem to have been living quite in a world of our own, don’t we? Isn’t it odd, when one comes to remember that it was only this day week you first met Mr. Blundell?”

“Elsie, I want to say a word to you — about Mr. Blundell.”

“What about him?” a quick movement, a sudden alertness of reply.

“You see we have only Tom’s word to depend upon for all we know of him. And you know what Tom’s word is. I daresay he may be quite correct on some points — indeed Mr. Blundell has let us know that of his own accord; but Tom contradicts himself so, as to others, that it is impossible to trust him.”

“I should think it was.”

“Dr. Macleay let drop a hint of this kind to-day. Not in the least as if it concerned any of us; he only suggested in a general way that young men were not the best judges of each other, and let me see whom he was thinking about. I could hardly tell how it was done, but somehow it startled me to find how completely we are in the dark as to what he *is*, though we may know what he *was*. So I thought I would just remind you, Elsie.”

“But why me?”

“I was afraid that perhaps you might have been — thinking — about him, dear.”

“Who? *I*? *I* think!” exclaimed Elsie, in unfeigned astonishment. “What can you mean, Pauline? It is *you*, not *I* —”

“Elsie!”

“This is all very fine. You, who are so wise, and so busy with your nice little motherly admonition — take care of yourself, Madam Pauline. No, you need not turn your great eyes on me with that pathetic look — don’t you think that I have eyes as well as other people? Yes, mamma, is it you?” in answer to a tap at the door.

“I am come indoors, dear.”

“Yes, mamma, I’ll follow in a moment. Where is my Bible?” said Elsie, looking about her. “So,” kissing her cousin, “farewell for the present; and, Pauline,” in her ear, “there is an old song that runs —

Look well to thyself, and take care of thyself,
For there’s nobody cares for thee.

For ‘*nobody*’ read ‘*somebody*,’ my dear.”

Tuesday dawned, Tuesday broke into a gracious, glorious summer noontide, Tuesday drew towards night.

In the little room, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Pauline is braiding her brown hair; in the vast untidy wilderness below, Elsie stealthily crimps her golden locks. Tom, in the white attic above them all, resolves with infinite satisfaction on the absolute necessity of a second shave. He sings as he is dressing: his heart is light, for his cousin has been more than usually gentle with him all day. Not a word has passed among the three as to any expected arrival.

They have all assisted at the decorations, visited the barn, and inspected the supper-table.

Now they have retired to make their toilets, for the lanterns are being lit, and it is long since the first guests made their appearance.

"They're come!" Old Davie was nodding his head in at the drawing-room door, his breath short with excitement. "They're come! The men are come!"

"Which men, Davie?"

"The men — the men from the yacht." (He pronounced the word exactly as it is written.) "Will I put them in the barn with the rest, or take them in my room?"

"Which shall he do? Pauline, say." Lady Calverley was apt to depend upon her niece.

"Is it not time for all of us to go? That would make it right either way," suggested Pauline.

"Eh! which does her leddyship say?" cried the old man, who was deaf, and troubled with many cares. "They are waiting down by a' this time."

"Ask them to go in," replied his mistress, with dignity. "We are coming now ourselves, Davie."

"Ye mun wait till the folks are in. The carpet's no down yet. Eh, my leddy, ye *mun* wait," for she was advancing. "There's a carpet for the haill length o' the road, an' whae's it for but yersel, an' the doctor?"

"We did not need a carpet, surely. It is quite dry to-night."

"Ye mun hae your carpet," resolutely rejoined Davie. "It's no consistent that ye should be walkin' wi'oot a carpet this time o' the night."

"So much trouble," murmured she, giving way, however.

"Let them tak the trouble. Oo, ye may lauch," muttered the old man, offended at

the merriment he saw on every side; "but when there's naebody but me, and a' the folks to see to, an' this an' that, it's weel there's some — ay, ay —" mumbling all the way he went, as he trotted down the passage.

"*Noblesse oblige*, Aunt Ella," said Tom, gaily.

"And he has not been long, at any rate," added the doctor, as Davie, returning, flung open the door with an air of ignoring the previous contention, and announced magnificently, "The people are waitin' your pleesure, my leddy."

Forth they sallied: Lady Calverley in her comfortable black velvet, with an eye to the draughts, and the airy nature of the ball-room; Pauline and Elsie in their white frocks and woollen wrappers; Dr. Macleay and young La Sarte in their chilly, cold-giving evening suits, which they had not been allowed to evade, even for once.

"Be as you always are; it is best," Tom's aunt had replied in answer to his piteous appeal; and the doctor, with his usual good-humored "Well, well," had given in at once. Tom must perforce give in likewise.

"Now, Elsie!" He claimed the right to stand up with his cousin.

"You know I promised to dance the first with Mr. Blundell."

"Blundell!" as if it were quite a new idea. "He is not coming, depend upon it. He never meant to come; it was all smoke about his being back in time. Twenty to one he sends for the Juanita to Oban. Come."

She hesitated.

"You need not wait for *him*!" cried Tom, contemptuously; "you must begin, the people are all looking at us. If he comes, there is Pauline."

She suffered herself to be persuaded — she could not help it.

Then began the scene forecast by Dr. Macleay.

The shouting, the stamping, the digging of heels into the rafters; the full flow of a Highland reel was at its height, though the dancing had not yet assumed the daring, joyous, out-and-out character which would follow later in the evening, when there was a movement of curiosity at the lower end of the ball-room, and a tall stranger walked quietly up one side to the corner where the hostess and her party were assembled.

"You did not wait for me," said a voice in Elsie's ear.

She was standing still, on the outskirts of the reel à *Thulichen*, whilst Tom and a swarthy young shepherd strangled each other in the middle; and had seen him come.

"You should have been here in time," retorted Miss Coquette, throwing back the golden head, with all its wavy *rouleaux*; "I could not keep the people waiting."

"Not five minutes? And I have walked twenty miles to be here to-night."

"You cannot be fit for dancing, then. Go and sit by mamma. Pauline is not dancing, either," she added, significantly.

Then her turn came again.

All the lookers-on had collected round this set, and Tom was the hero of the moment.

"Yaish, yaish — a pretty lad — a weel-faured lad. An' goot at the danshin. Ay, ay — ferry goot at the danshin. An he'll be for Miss Ailshie, wull he no? I'm shoor! An he'll be for the shootin', an' the feeshun, an' whatever else. An' thonder's the English laidie, sister to him — that'll be her shentleman, is it no? An' a pritty man, too. Deed ay. What for no? Tougalt, my man, is there nae word o' the Talisker?"

The "Talisker," indeed, was singularly long in making its appearance, and eventually it leaked out that none was to be forthcoming till supper. This was a new thing at Gourloch, where the lady's hospitality had hitherto been exercised entirely through her factotum, Dougald, and there had been whiskey in abundance.

On this night my lady, with decision, gave her orders that it should circulate more sparingly.

"They seem very merry," observed Blundell, who stood by Pauline's side, looking on the scene with an aspect inappropriately stern; "wonderfully merry, considering what a world we live in. Some people would go dancing to their graves, I believe."

"This is surely an innocent enough amusement," replied she, in some surprise. "These good people enjoy themselves thoroughly after a very harmless fashion. And I must say I prefer it as a spectacle to what one meets with in our modern ball-rooms."

"I never go to balls."

"Hark to Blundell!" whispered Tom to his cousin, as the last words reached their ear in the sudden lull caused by the cessation of the music. "He is coming it strong, is he not? He thinks that will take with Pauline, you know. I daresay he never goes to balls; and why? Be-

cause they used to be too soft for him, and now he is too soft for them."

"You never go to balls!" said Miss La Sarte, in answer to the last remark.

Then she paused for two reasons.

She was no ball-goer herself, but a sudden repugnance seized her to naming what might appear to be a coincidence of opinion; also she did not know what now to say.

"I am here to-night against my will," continued he. "Life is too great a matter to be spent in jigging about like idiots or mad people."

"This is hardly a question of spending lives, is it?"

"I see you are bent on defending it at all hazards. I am sorry to disagree with you, but I thought in a matter of this sort *you* would have been on my side."

"Is it the dancing itself you dislike, or the gathering together for any amusement?"

"Either — both. Every one here would be better at home."

She almost laughed in his face. "Pray don't say so to my kind aunt — she would be quite distressed. I am very sorry you are not enjoying yourself; but, since you are here, you must try to bear with us for a little."

He recovered himself.

"What a bear I am! Miss La Sarte, you must let me alone when I am in a temper like this. Could you not see I was only trying to make myself disagreeable? Yes, you could, you must have seen it; and you would not allow yourself to be provoked; you are too gentle, too merciful. But one thing you have done, you have made me ashamed of myself. Pray forget, if you can, the nonsense I have been talking."

She was about to reply, but some one else claimed her attention.

It was an ancient dame, inquiring, with profound respect, "Wull ye no be danshin yersel, young laidie?"

"I am a bad hand at it, Nelly."

"Oich, fie! It is yersel that sayes it. It is not that, neither."

"No one would care to have me for a partner."

"Deed ay wad they then! Deed wad they too! It is Tougal wad be the prood man —"

"Come with me," said Blundell, hastily; "that is, if you will. You shall forgive me thus."

"And you and I will stand opposite to them, Elsie," cried Tom.

"Oh no, indeed! I must not dance with

you again. It is Dougald's turn now; he is already rather out of countenance because I did not begin with him ——"

"Oh, never mind him, the next will do ——" began Tom.

"Your cousin is right," interposed an angry, interfering voice. "Why should you wish to keep her from amusing herself? Miss La Sarte and I need no *vis-à-vis*; we are quite willing to sit down again. In fact you would rather, would you not?" turning to her with an "I would rather" written in his face.

She meekly acquiesced, and they retreated as spasmodically as they had advanced.

"So you've hung fire, have you?" said Tom, coming back with a rosy-cheeked, straight-backed matron whom he had selected. "And Elsie's off too! Never mind, Mrs. M'Corquodale, we will take our places here, and some one else will be sure to come. Here you, Hector, there's no one here. That's right. Now we're ready."

"Tom is in great force," said his friend, observing him narrowly.

And indeed the gaiety and good-humor of the young leader of the revels won the hearts of all around him. Easy without being familiar, genial yet not jocose, his genuine and hearty abandonment to the pleasures of the evening placed him in a light so favorable that Lady Calverley was proud of her nephew, Pauline of her brother.

Elsie, infected with a like spirit, flitted hither and thither, all smiles, sparkles, and animation.

She and Tom by their united exertions left no one unattended to, and the good-humor and admiration of the company rose to a climax when the pair of blithe young creatures hand in hand came gaily bounding down the middle, amidst two long lines of faces awaiting their turn in the old-fashioned country-dance.

"Now then, up there, look alive! Begin a set, you people in the middle! That's right, Alister! Come along! Now, Elsie! Polly, what are you about? Why don't you and Blundell have a turn? It's the best fun in the world!"

Thus prompted, there was no escape for the recusant.

Hitherto, although Miss La Sarte had danced, he had not been her partner; he had been leaning with folded arms against the wall, silently looking on. He had now to ask her inclinations, and as they were not antagonistic, places were found for them.

"Mr. Blundell does not help half so much as I thought he would," whispered Elsie to her cousin. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Not in the least. We were having rather a sober conversation just now, perhaps that is it."

"Oh, is that it? But you might keep your sober conversations for another time; we want every one now to help in making it pass off well."

"You and Tom are doing that."

"Tom is a host in himself," said Elsie. "Tom, I am praising you. You are behaving admirably. I don't know really what we should have done without you. I only wish other people would do their parts equally well," she added, distinctly.

"Miss Calverley thinks we are shirking our duties," said Blundell to his partner.

"Not Pauline." Elsie looked up at him with fearless eyes. "But I do think you might exert yourself to be a little more generally agreeable."

"Ought I? What must I do? You sent me away yourself, and told me I was not fit for dancing."

"You might go about among the people, and talk to them."

"But I am not to dance?"

"No one would expect you to be very much inclined to jump about after a twenty-mile walk."

"Have you walked so far, to-day?" said Pauline. He had not told her.

Blundell laughed. "I am not quite such a poor creature as that comes to. My walk was only a good preparation. It is you who have stopped my evolutions," to Elsie. "It was you who laid the embargo on me, which prevented my showing off this evening. I might have been twirling and pirouetting in the midst of as admiring a circle as gathered round Hector just now, if you had not commanded me to forbear."

"You are wonderfully plausible. Pray, when may we expect to see you begin? I shall be one of the admiring circle of spectators."

"You still will not trust me?"

"How trust you?"

"You will not dance with me?"

"Elsie!" It was Tom, with a stamp of the foot in his voice, and hands stretched out for hers. Before she could answer she was whirled away.

After all, it had been rather pleasant nonsense, and of course he had had to make some excuse; it was absurd that he and Pauline should sit flirting together the

whole evening; she hoped there would be an end to that for the present, at least.

The country-dance was over, and the indefatigable performers were grouping for the last reel before supper.

"Elsie, you had better dance with Blake. He is Blundell's skipper, rather a swell, and he is standing there with no one to speak to. Now, Mr. Blake, Miss Calverley is going to take you for her partner this time."

"Me, sir? I'm, I'm—its pertickler kind of you, sir, and of the young lady"—with a bow to each. "But I ain't quite right on my legs—borned that way. Very much obliged indeed, sir." And the flattered skipper retreated, thinking vastly higher of the entertainment than he had done previously.

"You had better take one of them," counselled Tom. "They are all hanging together like a pack or sheep. Here you," said he, catching hold of our friend Jerry, and thrusting him forward—"you stand up here; and mind you do your best, for you have got Miss Calverley for a partner."

Jerry, fiery-red to the roots of his hair, and retreating inwardly from all his garments through very limpness, obeyed; and Tom, bidding his cousin keep the set open for him, turned away to match together and hustle to their places as many more of the company as had not already paired, and could give no good reason why they should not be joined together.

"Am I to have the pleasure, at last?"

Blundell had heard Tom gallantly soliciting the hand of the blooming village schoolmistress, and had found his way down to the lower end of the room forthwith.

"No, indeed! I am dancing with one of your men."

"With *whom*?"

"One of your sailors. There!" indicating the unfortunate Jerry, confronting her with a face so drawn and withered, that the strongest solution of alum poured down his throat could alone have produced a like result.

"Jerry," said his master, quietly, "go and find some one else. And know your place better another time," added he, in a voice that threw yet more alum into the already stiff potation.

"As if it warn't bad enough already," muttered the poor lad, as he turned away. "An' I could ha' sworn it was the t'other one too."

"How dared the fellow presume!" exclaimed Blundell, passionately. "How could your cousin allow it! Pray forgive

me this unintentional annoyance," taking her hand; "such audacity——"

"It was not his fault. He was told to do it."

"Told! Who told him?"

"Tom did from me."

"From you? It was a great mistake. Tom should have known better—he should not have done it."

"He should, if I told him."

Her heart was swelling proudly, but she would not hear the absent condemned. At the moment, in her confusion of spirits she fully believed that the idea itself, not merely the acquiescence in it, had been hers.

"It was 'a great mistake," repeated Blundell, dictatorially. "You ought not to dance with men like these."

The hand he held was snatched from his. "Excuse me," said Miss Calverley of Calverley, with the air and frown of an empress; "it is for me to judge what I ought and what I ought not to do in matters like this."

And without another word she left him.

From The Nineteenth Century.
MONTENEGRO.*

A SKETCH.

It is sometimes said, in relation to individuals, that the world does not know its greatest men. It might at least as safely be averred, in speaking of large numbers, that Christendom does not know its most extraordinary people. The name of Montenegro, until within the last two years, was perhaps less familiar to the European public than that of Monaco, and little more than that of San Marino. And yet it would, long ere this, have risen to world-wide and immortal fame, had there been a Scott to learn and tell the marvels of its history, or a Byron to spend and be spent on its behalf. For want of the *vates sacer*, it has remained in the mute, inglorious condition of Agamemnon's predecessors.† I hope that an interpreter between Montenegro and the world has at length been found in the person of my friend Mr. Tennyson, and I gladly accept the honor of having been invited to supply a commen-

* 1. *Le Monténégro Contemporain*. Par G. FRILLEY, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, et JOVAN WLAHOVITI, Capitaine au Service de la Serbie. Paris: 1870.

2. *Montenegro und die Montenegriner geschildert von SPIRIDION GOPTCHEVITCH*. Leipzig: 1877.

† Hor., Od. IV. ix. 25.

tary to his text. In attempting it I am sensible of this disadvantage — that it is impossible to set out the plain facts of the history of Montenegro (or Tsernagora in its own Slavonic tongue) without begetting in the mind of any reader strange, and nearly all are strange, to the subject, a resistless suspicion of exaggeration or of fable.

The vast cyclone of Ottoman conquest, the most formidable that the world has ever seen, having crossed the narrow sea from Asia in the fourteenth century, made rapid advances westward, and blasted, by its successive acquisitions, the fortunes of countries the chief part of which were then among the most civilized, Italy alone being excepted, of all Europe. I shall not here deal with the Hellenic lands. It is enough to say that Bulgaria, Serbia (as now known), Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, gradually gave way.

Before telling the strange tale of those who, like some strong oak that the lightning fails to rive, breasted all the wrath of the tempest, and never could be slaves, let me render a tribute to the fallen. For the most part, they did not succumb without gallant resistance. The Serbian sovereigns of the fifteenth century were great and brave men, ruling a stout and brave people. They reached their zenith when, in 1347, Stephen Dushan entitled himself emperor of Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians. In an evil hour, and to its own ruin, the Greek empire invoked against him the aid of the Ottoman Turks. In 1356, he closed a prosperous career by a sudden death. On the fatal field of Kossovo, in 1389, treachery allied itself with Ottoman prowess to bring about the defeat of the Serbian army; and again it was by treacherous advances that a qualified subjection was converted into an absolute servitude. The West, with all its chivalry, can cite no grander examples of martial heroism than those of Marko Kraljevitch, so fondly cherished in the Serbian lands, and of George Castriotes or Scanderbeg, known far and wide, and still commemorated by the name of a *vicolo* of Rome.

The indifference, or even contempt, with which we are apt to regard this field of history, ought to be displaced by a more rational, as well as more honorable, sentiment of gratitude. It was these races, principally Slavonian, who had to encounter in its unbroken strength, and to reduce, the mighty wave, of which only the residue, passing the Danube and the Save, all but overwhelmed not Hungary alone, but Austria and Poland. It was

with a Slavonian population that the Austrian emperor fortified the north bank of the Save, in the formation of the famous military frontier. It was Slav resistance, unaided by the West, which abated the impetus of the Ottoman attack just to such a point, that its reserve force became capable of being checked by European combinations.

Among the Serbian lands was the flourishing principality of Zeta. It took its name from the stream, which flows southward from the mountain citadel towards the Lake of Scutari. It comprised the territory now known as Montenegro or Tsernagora, together with the seaward frontier, of which a niggardly and unworthy jealousy had not then deprived it, and with the rich and fair plains encircling the irregular outline of the inhospitable mountain. Land after land had given way; but Zeta ever stood firm under the Balchid family. At last in 1478 Scutari was taken on the south, and in 1483 the ancestors of the still brave population of Herzegovina on the north submitted to the Ottomans. Ivan Tchernoevitch, the Montenegrin hero of the day, hard pressed on all sides, applied to the Venetians for the aid he had often given, and was refused. Thereupon he, and his people with him, quitted, in 1484, the sunny tracts in which they had basked for some seven hundred years, and sought, on the rocks and amidst the precipices, surety for the two gifts, by far the most precious to mankind, their faith and their freedom. To them, as to the pomaks of Bulgaria, and the Bosnian begs, it was open to purchase by conformity a debasing peace. Before them, as before others, lay the *trioda necessitas*, the alternatives of death, slavery, or the Koran. They were not to die, for they had a work to do. To the Koran or to slavery they preferred a life of cold, want, hardship, and perpetual peril. Such is their *Magna Charta*; and, without reproach to others, it is, as far as I know, the noblest in the world.

To become a centre for his mountain home, Ivan had built a monastery at Cetinje, and declared the place to be the metropolis of Zeta. What is most of all remarkable in the whole transaction is, that he carried with him into the hills a printing-press.* This was in 1484, in a petty principality; they were men worsted in war, and flying for their lives. Again, it was only seven years after the earliest volume had been printed by Caxton in the

* Frilley and Wlahoviti, p. 18.

rich and populous metropolis of England; and when there was no printing-press in Oxford, or in Cambridge, or in Edinburgh. It was only sixteen years after the first printing-press had been established (1468) in Rome, the capital of Christendom; only twenty-eight years after the appearance (1456) of the earliest printed book, the first-born of the great discovery.

Then and there,

They few, they happy few, they band of brothers *

voted unanimously their fundamental law, that, in time of war against the Turk, no son of Tsernagora could quit the field without the order of his chief; that a runaway should be forever disgraced, and banished from his people; that he should be dressed in woman's clothes, and presented with a distaff; and that the women, striking him with their distaffs, should hunt the coward away from the sanctuary of freedom.

And, now for four centuries wanting only seven years, they have maintained in full force the covenant of that awful day, through an unbroken series of trials, of dangers, and of exploits, to which it is hard to find a parallel in the annals of Europe, perhaps even of mankind.

It was not to be expected that the whole mass of any race or people should have the almost preterhuman energy, which their lot required. All along, from time to time, the weaker brethren have fallen away; and there were those who said to Ivan, as the Israelites said to Moses, "Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us into this evil place?" † The great Ivan died in 1490, and was succeeded by his eldest son George, who in 1499 was persuaded by his Venetian wife to go back into the habitable world; not of Islam, however, but at Venice. Worse than this, his younger brother Stephen had gone with a band of companions to Constantinople and proposed to Bajazet the Second the betrayal of his country. He, and those whom he took with him, were required to turn Mahometans, and they did it. None could be so fit, as traitors, to be renegades. They then set out with an Ottoman force for the work of conquest. They were met by George, and utterly defeated. But these victors, the men of the printing-press as well as of the sword, were no savages by nature, only afterwards when the Turks in time

made them so. They took back their renegade fellow-countrymen into Montenegro, and allowed them the free exercise of their religion.*

On the retirement of George, which seems only to have become final in 1516, † the departing prince made over the sovereign power to the metropolitan. And now began, and lasted for three hundred and thirty-six years, an ecclesiastical government in miniature over laymen, far more noble than that of the popes in its origin and purer in its exercise, as well as in some respects not less remarkable.

The epithet I have last used may raise a smile. But the greatness of human action, and of human character, do not principally depend on the dimensions of the stage where they are exhibited. In the fifth century, and before the temporal power arose, there was a Leo as truly great as any of the famous mediæval pontiffs. The traveller may stand upon the rock of Corinth, and look, across and along the gulf, to the Acropolis of Athens; and may remember, with advantage no less than with wonder, that these little states of parochial extension, were they that shook the world of their own day, and that have instructed all posterity. But the *basileus*, whom Greece had to keep at arm's length, had his seat afar; and, even for those within his habitual reach, was no grinding tyrant. Montenegro fought with a valor that rivalled, if it did not surpass, that of Thermopylæ and Marathon; with numbers and resources far inferior, against a foe braver and far more terrible. A long series of about twenty prelates, like Moses, or Joshua, or Barak, or the son of Jesse, taught in the sanctuary, presided in the council, and fought in the front of the battle. There were among them many, who were admirable statesmen. These were especially of the Nicgush family, which came in the year 1687 to the permanent possession of power: a power so little begirt with the conveniences of life, and so well weighted with responsibility and care, that in the free air of these mountains it was never coveted, and never abused.

Under the fourteen vladikas, who had ruled for one hundred and seventy years before this epoch, the people of Montenegro not only lived sword in hand, for this they have since done and still do, but nourished in their bosom an enemy more deadly, say the historians, ‡ than the pashas and their armies. Not only were

* Shakespeare, "Henry V."

† Numbers xx. 5.

* F. and W., p. 19.

† Goptchevitch, p. 6.

‡ F. and W., p. 21.

they ever liable to the defection of such as had not the redundant manhood required in order to bear the strain of their hard and ever-threatened existence; but the renegades on the banks of the Rieka, whom they had generously taken back, maintained disloyally relations with the Porte, and were ever ready to bring its war-galleys by the river into the interior of the country. At last the measure of patience was exhausted. Danilo, the first vladika of the Nigush dynasty, had been invited, under an oath of safe-conduct from the pasha of Scutari, to descend into the plain of Zeta, among the homes of his ancestors, for the purpose of consecrating a church. While engaged on this work, he was seized, imprisoned, and cruelly tortured.* At last he was released on a ransom of 3,000 ducats, a sum which the hillsmen were only enabled to make up by borrowing in Herzegovina. It was felt that the time had arrived for a decisive issue; and we come now to a deed of blood which shows that for those human beings with whom the Turk forced himself into contact, and who refused to betray their faith, there were no alternatives but two: if not savages they must be slaves, if not slaves they must come near to being savages.

It was determined to slay by night every one of the renegades, except such as were willing to return to the faith of their fathers. The year was 1702, and the night chosen was that which divided Christmas eve from Christmas-day. The scale was not large, but the operation was terrible; and the narrative, contained in an old *Volkslied*, shows that it was done under that high religious exaltation which recalls the fiery gloom of the "Agamemnon," and the sanguinary episodes of the Old Testament.

The hallowed eve draws onwards. The brothers Martinovitch kindle their consecrated torches. They pray fervently to the new-born God. Each drains a cup of wine; and seizing the sacred torches, they rush forth into the darkness. Wherever there was a Turk, there came the five avengers. They that would not be baptized were hewn down every one. They that embraced the Cross were taken as brothers before the vladika. Gathered in Cetinje, the people hailed with songs of joy the reddening dawn of the Christmas morning; all Tsernagora now was free!†

The war had been a standing rather than an intermittent war, and each party

to it was alternately aggressor and defender. The Turk sought to establish his supremacy by exacting the payment of the *haradsch*, the poll or military-service tax, paid in kind, which sometimes, in the more open parts, as we may suppose, of the territory, he succeeded in obtaining. Once the collector complained that the measure used was too small. The tax-payer smashed his skull with it, and said: "That is Tsernagora measure."* But the Montenegrins were aggressive as well as the Turks. Of the fair plains they had been compelled to deliver to the barbarian, they still held themselves the rightful owners; and in carrying on against him a predatory warfare they did no more than take back, as they deemed, a portion of their own. This predatory warfare, which had a far better justification than any of the Highland or Border raids that we have learned to judge so leniently, has been effectually checked by the efforts of the admirable vladikas and princes of the last hundred years; for, as long as it subsisted, the people could not discharge effectually the taint of savagery. It even tended to generate habits of rapine. But the claim to the lands is another matter; there is no lapse of title by user here; the bloody suit has been prosecuted many times in the course of each of twelve generations of men. That claim to the lands they have never given up, and never will.

From 1710 onwards, at intervals, the sovereigns of Russia and Austria have used the Montenegrins for their own convenience when at war with Turkey, and during the war of the French Revolution the English did the like, and, by their co-operation and that of the inhabitants, effected the conquest of the *Bocche di Cattaro*. To England they owe no gratitude; to Austria, on the whole, less than none, for, to satisfy her, the district she did not win was handed over to her with our concurrence. She has rigidly excluded the little state from access to the sea, and has at times even prevented it from receiving any supplies of arms. Russia, however, from the time of Peter the Great, though using them for her own purposes, has not always forgotten their interests, and has commonly aided the vladikas with a small annual subvention, raised, through the liberality of the czar now reigning, to some 3,000*l.* a year; † the salary of one of our railway commissioners. Nor should it be forgotten that Louis

* F. and W., p. 22. G., p. 8.

† G., p. 9.

* Ibid.

† Stated by Goptchevitch as high as 4,000*l.* a year.

Napoleon, seemingly under a generous impulse, took an interest in their fortunes, and made a further addition to the revenues of the prince, which raised them in all to an amount such as would equip a well-to-do English country gentleman, provided that he did not bet, or aspire to a deer-forest, or purchase Sèvres or even Chelsea porcelain.

The most romantic and stirring passages of other histories may be said to grow pale, if not by the side of the ordinary life of Tsernagora, at least when brought into comparison with that life at the critical emergencies, which were of very constant recurrence. What was the numerical strength of the bishop-led community, which held fast its oasis of Christianity and freedom amidst the dry and boundless desert of Ottoman domination? The fullest details I have seen on this subject are those given by Frilley and Wlahoviti. The present form of the territory exhibits the figure which would be produced if two roughly-drawn equilateral triangles, with their apices slightly truncated, had these apices brought together, so that the two principal masses should be severed by a narrow neck or waist of territory. The extreme length of the principality from the border above Cattaro on the west to Mount Kom, the farthest point eastwards of Berda, is about seventy miles; the greatest breadth from north to south is a good deal less; but the line at the narrow point from Spuz on the south to Niksich on the north, both of them on ground still Turkish, does not exceed twenty miles. The reader will now easily understand the tenacity with which a controversy seemingly small has just been carried on at Constantinople between the delegates of Prince Nicholas and the Porte; with *andirivieni* almost as many as marked the abortive conference of December and January, or the gestation of the recent protocol. At these points, the plain makes dangerous incisions into the group of mountains; * and from them the Turk has been wont to operate. The population of his empire is forty millions; and I believe his claims for military service extend over the whole, except the five millions (in round numbers) of free people, who inhabit the Serbian and Roumanian principalities. Let us now see what were the material means of resistance on the other side. About A.D. 1600, there are said to have been thirty-five hundred houses and eight thousand fighting men in Montene-

gro. The military age is from twelve to fifty; and these numbers indicate a population not much, if at all, over thirty thousand. This population was liable to be thinned by renegadism and constant war; but, since the early siftings, the operation of the baser cause appears to have been slight. On the other hand, freedom attracts the free; and tribes, or handfuls, of Turkish subjects near Montenegro have had a tendency to join it. Until a few years back, it never had a defined frontier; it is only in recent times that its eastern triangle, that of Berda, has been added to Tsernagora proper. About 1800, the population had risen to fifty-five thousand. In 1825, to seventy-five thousand. In 1835, the official calendar of Cetinje placed it at one hundred thousand, and in 1865 at one hundred and ninety-six thousand. This included the districts of Grabovo, Rudine, and Joupa, conquered under Prince Danilo. For the mere handful of mountaineers has been strong enough, on the whole, not only to hold but to increase its land. Yet, on the establishment of free Serbia, a tendency to emigrate from the sterile rocks into that well-conditioned country was naturally exhibited; and two battalions composed of the children of Montenegrins helped to make up that small portion of the army of General Tcherniaeff, on which alone, in the operations of the recent war, he could confidently rely.

While the gross population of Montenegro, in men, women, and children, was slowly growing through three centuries from thirty to fifty thousand, we must inquire with curiosity what amount of Turkish force has been deemed by the Porte equal to the enterprise of attacking the mountain. And here, strange as it may seem, history proves it to have been the general rule not to attack Montenegro except with armies equalling or exceeding, sometimes doubling or more, in numbers, all the men, women, and children that it contained. In 1712, under the vladika Danilo, fifty thousand men crossed the Zeta between Podgoritza and Spuz. Some accounts raise this force beyond one hundred thousand.* Danilo assailed their camp before dawn on the 29th of July, with an army, in three divisions, which could hardly have reached twelve thousand men. With a loss of three hundred and eighteen men, he slew, at the lowest estimate, twenty thousand. And in these alone, so far as I know, of all modern

* F. and W., pp. 89-91.

* F. and W., p. 23. G., p. 10.

wars, it seems not uncommon to find the slain among the Turks exceeding the gross number of the highland heroes arrayed against them. Great is the glory of the Swiss in their Burgundian wars for freedom; but can it be matched with the exploits of the bishops of Montenegro and their martial flocks? Once more the heart of the little nation relieves itself in song.

The seraskier wrote to Danilo: "Send me your paltry tribute, and three of your best warriors for hostages. Refuse, and I will lay waste the land from the Morea to the salt-sea* with fire and sword, and will seize you alive,† and put you to death by torture." As he read this letter the vladika wept bitterly. He summoned the heads of communities to Cetinje. Some said, "Give them the tax;" but others, "Give them our stones." . . . They determined that they would fight to the last man. They swore with one accord that all they would give the Turk should be the bullet-rain of their muskets.

And thus continues the tale. Three Montenegrins went down to the Turkish encampment by night, and traversed the slumbering masses; just as, in the tenth Iliad, Odusseus and Diomed moved amid the sleeping allies of Troy. Vuko, one of the three, said to his comrades: "Go you back; I abide here to serve the cause." They returned to Cetinje, and said: "So many are the Turks, that, had we three all been pounded into salt, we should not be enough to salt a supper for them." How this recalls the oldest census in the world, the census of Homer, who says:‡ "Were the Achæians divided into parties of ten, and every Trojan employed in serving them with wine, one for each party, many a ten would lack a wine-server." But, not to terrify their friends, they added that this vast host was but a host of cripples. So the people heard mass, received the benediction of their vladika, and then set out upon the errand of victory or death. Vuko had induced the enemy to rest by the Vladinia, on the plea that they would not find water between that stream and Cetinje. Here, before dawn, came down on them the bullet-rain. They were slaughtered through three days of flight; and the bard concludes: "O my Serbian brothers, and all ye in whose breast beats the heart of liberty, be glad; for never will the ancient freedom perish, so long as we still hold our little Tsernagora!"

* G., p. 10. The Morea was not then Turkish. Does the "salt-sea" mean the White Sea?

† As opposed to the ordinary practice in these wars, of death on the field without quarter.

‡ Hom., Il. ii. 128.

The very next year, the Turks assembled one hundred and twenty thousand of their best troops for the purpose of crushing the mountaineers, whose numbers fell within the satirical description applied by Tigranes to the Romans: "Too many for an embassy, too few for an army." But even this was not enough of precaution. Thirty-seven head men of Montenegro, who had proceeded to the Turkish camp to negotiate with the commander, were basely seized and put to death. The Turks now ventured to assail a force one-tenth of its own numbers and deprived of its leaders. They burned the monastery, they carried thousands of women and children into slavery, and then, without attempting to hold the country, they marched off to the Morea, while the men of Tsernagora descended from their rocky fastnesses and rebuilt their villages.* They powerfully befriended Austria and Venice in the war they were then waging, and, as was too commonly the case, were left in the lurch by their allies at the peace of Passarowitz in 1719. The Turks accordingly made bold to attack them in 1722 with twenty thousand men under Hussein Pasha. One thousand Montenegrins took this general prisoner, and utterly discomfited his army.† In 1727, another Turkish invasion was similarly defeated. In 1732, Topal Osman Pasha marched against the Piperi, who had joined them, with thirty thousand men, but had to fly with the loss of his camp and baggage. In 1735 the heroic Danilo passed into his rest, after half a century of toil and glory.

These may be taken as specimens of the military history of Montenegro. Time does not permit me to dwell on what is perhaps the most curious case of personation in all history, that of Stiepan Mali, who for many years together passed himself off upon the mountaineers as being Peter III. of Russia, the unfortunate husband of Catherine, and, in that character, partially obtained their obedience. But the presence of a prince reputed to be Russian naturally stimulated the Porte. Again Montenegro was invaded in 1768 by an army variously estimated at sixty-seven thousand, one hundred thousand, and even one hundred and eighty thousand men. Their force of ten thousand to twelve thousand was, as ever, ready for fight; but the Venetians, timorously obeying the Porte, prohibited the entry of munitions of war. Utter ruin seemed now at

* G., p. 12.

† G., p. 13. F. and W., p. 25.

length to overhang them. A cartridge was worth a ducat, such was their necessity; when five hundred of their men attacked a Turkish division, and had for their invaluable reward a prize of powder. And now all fear had vanished. They assailed before dawn the united forces of the pashas of Roumelia from the south and Bosnia from the north. Again they effected the scarcely credible slaughter of twenty thousand Turks with three thousand horses, and won an incredible booty of colors, arms, munitions, and baggage. So it was that the flood of war gathered round this fortress of faith and freedom, and so it was that flood was beaten back. *Afflavit Dominus, ac dissipantur.*

In 1782 came Peter * to the throne, justly recorded, by the fond veneration of his countrymen, as Peter the Saint. Marmont, all whose inducements and threats he alike repelled, has given this striking description of him: "*Ce vladika, homme superbe, de cinquante ans environ, d'un esprit remarquable, avait beaucoup de noblesse et de dignité dans ses manières. Son autorité positive et légale dans son pays était peu de chose, mais son influence était sans bornes.*" † As bishop, statesman, legislator, and warrior, he brought his country safely through eight-and-forty years of scarcely intermitted struggle. Down to, and perhaps after, his time, the government was carried on as in the Greece of the heroic age. The sovereign was priest, judge, and general; and was likewise the head of the assembly, not representative, but composed of the body of the people, in which were taken the decisions that were to bind the people as laws. This was called the *Sbor*; it was held in the open air; and when it became unruly, the method of restoring order was to ring the bell of the neighboring church. Here was promulgated for the first time in the year 1796, by his authority, a code of laws for Montenegro, which had hitherto been governed, like the Homeric communities, by oral authority and tradition. In 1798 he appointed a body of judges, and in 1803 he added to the code a supplement. With the nineteenth century, in round numbers, commenced the humanizing process, which could not but be needed among a race whose existence, for ten generations of men, had been a constant struggle of life and death with the ferocious Turk. From his time, the *haradsch* was no more

heard of.* Here is the touching and simple account of the calm evening that closed his stormy day:—

On the 18th of October, 1830, Peter the First, who was then in his eighty-first year, was sitting, after the manner of his country, by the fireside of his great kitchen, and was giving to his chiefs, assembled round him, instructions for the settlement of some local † differences which had arisen. The aged vladika, feeling himself weak, announced that his last hour was come, and prayed them to conduct him to the humble cell which, without fire, he inhabited as a hermit would. Arriving there, he stretched himself on his bed; urged upon his chiefs to execute with fidelity the provisions set forth in the will he had that day dictated to his secretary; and then, in conversation and in prayer, rendered up his soul to God. So died this illustrious man, whom a Slavonic writer has not scrupled to call the Louis XIV. of Tsernagora, but who in a number of respects was also its Saint Louis.‡

Thirty-five years after his death, Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, in their remarkable tour, visited the country. They found still living some of those who had lived under St. Peter; and thus they give the report of him which they received:—

There are still with us men who lived under St. Peter's rule, heard his words, and saw his life. For fifty years he governed us; and fought and negotiated for us; and walked before us in pureness and uprightness from day to day. He gave us good laws, and put an end to the disorderly state of the country. He enlarged our frontier, and drove away our enemies. Even on his deathbed he spoke words to our elders, which have kept peace among us since he has gone. While he yet lived we swore by his name. We felt his smile a blessing, and his anger a curse. We do so still.§

The voice of his people declared him a saint. Did the Vatican ever issue an award more likely to be ratified above?

I have already indicated resemblances between the characteristic features of Montenegro and of Homeric or Achaian Greece. One of the most remarkable among them is the growth of men truly great in small theatres of action. Not Peter the First only, but his successors, will bear some comparison with those, whom the great Greek historians of the classic period have made so famous. To

* G., p. 21, n.

† Among the *plemenas*, which may be called parishes: subdivisions of the eight *nahias*, say hundreds. All Montenegro is but a moderate county.

‡ F. and W., p. 58.

§ "Travels" of Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, p. 628 (ed. 1867). Also see Goptchevitch, p. 21.

* F. and W., pp. 35-59.

† I quote from F. and W., p. 495.

Peter the First succeeded his nephew Radatomovo, aged seventeen years. He was thereupon invested with the ecclesiastical habit and the sovereignty, and in 1833, when aged only twenty, he received at St. Petersburg episcopal consecration. Sir Gardner Wilkinson informs us that he was nearly six feet eight inches in height, and thoroughly well proportioned. His skill with the rifle was such that, when one of his attendants tossed a lemon into the air, he would readily put a bullet through it. At nineteen the cloud of Turkish war broke upon him from Scutari; for he had refused to accept a *berat* from the Porte, which would have sealed him as a vassal. The pasha's advanced guard of several thousand men* was defeated by a body of eight hundred Montenegrins, at the head of whom the pope Radoviti fell bravely fighting; and no more was heard of the invasion. But this vladika, following up St. Peter's work, set his face sternly against all such lawless habits as remained in the country. In his modes of repression there are curious traits of manners. The man-slayer was shot,† but the thief was ignominiously hanged. In the matter of shooting there was a great difficulty; for the terrible usage of the *vendetta* — which had by no means been extirpated from the Ionian Islands twenty years ago — bound the kin or descendants of a man to avenge his death on the person who slew him. The expedient adopted was to shoot by a large platoon, so that the killer could not be identified. I read that, before brigandage and the *vendetta* could be thoroughly put down, some hundreds of lives‡ were taken; more, probably, than were ever lost in the bloodiest battle with the Turk. Internal reform, which partook of a martial character, was the great task of this reign. But not exclusively. Under him was performed one of the feats incredible except in Montenegro. Ten men in 1835 seized by a *coup de main* the old castle of Zabliak, once the capital of Zeta, held it for four days against three thousand Turks, and then surrendered it only by order of the vladika, who was anxious to avoid a war. Nearly all his battles were victories.

This giant had received at St. Petersburg a high education, and was a cultivated man. A friend of mine has seen and admired him at Venice. He goes by the title of "the hero, statesman, poet vladika;" and his verse has given him a high place in Slav literature. He is thus described: * —

One while he was to be seen as a captain, sword in hand, giving an example of every military virtue at the head of his troops; another, as a priest and preacher, carrying the cross alone, and subduing his wild compatriots into gentleness; again, as an inexorable judge, ordering the execution of culprits in his presence, or as a prince incorruptible, and refusing all the favors by which it was sought to fetter his independence.

Down to his time, there had been a civil governor who acted under the metropolitan as sovereign; but the holder of the office was deposed for intriguing with Austria, and, when the vladika died at thirty-nine, no successor had been appointed. This perhaps tended to accelerate the change, which was effected on the death of Peter the Poet in 1851. But a share in it was due to that subtle influence, the love of woman, which has so many times operated at great crises upon human affairs. The young Danilo, the nephew of the deceased vladika, designated for the succession, was attached to a beautiful girl in Trieste, and the hope of union with her could only be maintained in the event of his avoiding episcopal consecration, which entailed the obligation of celibacy. The senate almost unanimously supported him in his determination; and thus was effected a change which perhaps was required by the spirit of the times. The old system, among other points, entailed a great difficulty with respect to regulating the succession, which, among a people less simple and loyal, would have been intolerable. So, then, ended that line of the vladikas of Montenegro, who had done a work for freedom, as well as for religion, never surpassed in any country of the globe. Of the trappings and enjoyments of power, they had known nothing. To them, it was endeared as well as sanctified only by burdens and by perils. Their dauntless deeds, their simple, self-denying lives, have earned for them a place of high honor in the annals of mankind, and have laid for their people the solid groundwork on which the future, and a near future as it seems, will build.

Danilo did no dishonor, during his short reign, to the traditions of his episcopal predecessors. He consummated the great work of internal order, and published in 1855 the statute-book in force until 1876. In the war with Omar Pasha (1852-3), the

* F. and W., p. 30. G., p. 23.

† G., p. 22.

‡ G., p. 39.

* F. and W., p. 62.

military fame of the country was thoroughly maintained, under admirable leaders, though as usual with inferior arms and numbers. During the Crimean struggle, he maintained the formal neutrality of his country, though it cost him a civil war, and nearly caused the severance of Berda from the ancient Montenegro.* In May 1858, his brother Mirko revived and rivalled at Grabovo all the old military glories of Tsernagora. Having no artillery, and very inferior arms, the Montenegrins swept down from the hill upon the gunners of the Turks, and destroyed them. In this battle the Ottoman force, enclosed in a basin or *corrie*, without power of retreat, displayed a desperate valor, for which on most other occasions they have not been by any means so remarkable. Nor was their numerical superiority so manifold as it commonly had been. They were defeated with the loss of several thousand lives, fourteen guns, colors, baggage, and munitions. From the bodies of many dead were taken English as well as French medals, obviously granted for the Crimean war, which were seen by Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby among the collection of trophies at Cetinje.† The victory of Grabovo produced a great excitement among the rayahs of Turkey. But the great powers of Europe came to the help of the Porte and its huge empire against the lilliputian state, that is scarcely a speck upon its map. It had to abide a diplomatic verdict. A commission, sitting at Constantinople, accorded to it the advantage of establishing in principle the delimitation of its frontiers, and in 1859 admitted its envoy, notwithstanding the protest of Ali Pasha, to take part in its deliberations. But the powers had in 1857 determined at Paris that, in return for some small accretion, and for access to the sea, Montenegro should definitively acknowledge the suzerainty of the Porte.‡ Her refusal was positive, despite the wishes of the prince. It was to French § not British advocacy that she seems to have owed a declaration of May 1858,|| which acknowledged the independence of the Black Mountain.

In August 1860, Prince Danilo was shot on the quay of Cattaro. The assassin was prompted by a motive of private revenge, for which different grounds are assigned. Like his predecessors, he lived and died a

hero. In what estimation he was held, let Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby testify. On his death his body had been carried up the mountain, and deposited in a church. For many weeks afterwards, as they tell us, this church was filled, morning, noon, and all night through, by his people, men, women, and children; and stalwart warriors were, as of old, dissolved in tears.

Danilo was succeeded by his nephew Nikita, the present prince of Montenegro. He had not at his accession completed his nineteenth year. It is characteristic of the principality that his own father Mirko, the victor of Grabovo, contentedly gave way to him. Goptchevitch, the brother of his aunt, Princess Darinka, acquaints us that he set out with two fixed ideas — the first, to prosecute the civilizing work among his people; the second, to liberate the sister Serbian lands still in servitude.* This writer appears disposed, in regard to the present sovereign, rather to play the part of critic than of eulogist; but ascribes to him great merit in his political conduct and in the prosecution of social reforms. Soon after his accession, Montenegro was worsted, after a long resistance, in a war with Turkey. She had been driven to her crags, when diplomatic mediation brought about a settlement. It was then proved that an empire of thirty-five million *could* gain the advantage against a tribe under two hundred thousand. Only, however, when she could concentrate against it all or nearly all her forces; when she had a general, not a Turk, of the ability of Omar Pasha; when she had reformed her whole armament by means of European loans; and when Montenegro had but her old muskets and old ways. Since then a great change has taken place. The army has been organized in thirty battalions, eight hundred strong; and now for the first time we hear of an endeavor to establish a certain strength of cavalry. The fighting men are reckoned at thirty-five thousand; but the military age begins at twelve. The obligation for offensive service runs only from seventeen; but it appears that the zeal of patriotism carries the people while yet boys into the ranks. The force available for general operations, between seventeen and fifty, amounts to twenty-four thousand. The arms have been greatly improved, two-thirds having breechloaders, all (as is stated) revolvers, and most of them carrying the *handschar*. During the war from July to October, 1876, we heard much of

* F. and W., pp. 65-70. G., p. 35.

† Mackenzie and Irby, p. 610.

‡ F. and W., p. 72.

§ It is fair to say that there is, as far as I know, no English account of the affair.

|| F. and W., p. 73.

* G., p. 40.

the Turkish victories over a Serbian army composed principally of peasants put suddenly into the ranks, with a *salting* of real soldiers; but very little, in comparison, of their failures and defeats in the conflict with Montenegro. Goptchevitch has supplied* a detailed account of the operations. I shall refer only to the most remarkable. On the 28th of July the men of Tsernagora encountered Muktar Pasha, and for once with superior force. Four thousand Turks were killed, but only seventy men of Montenegro. Osman Pasha was taken; Selim was among the slain. At Medun, on the 14th of August, twenty thousand Turks were defeated by five thousand of these heroic warriors; and forty-seven hundred slain. On the 6th of September five battalions of Montenegro defeated Dervisch Pasha in his movement upon Piperi, and slew three thousand of his men. On the 7th of October Muktar Pasha, with eighteen thousand men, drove three Montenegrin battalions back upon Mirotinsko Dolove. Here they were raised, by a junction with Vukotitch, to a strength of six thousand men. Thus reinforced, they swept down upon Muktar, and, after an action of sixteen hours, drove him back to Kloluk, leaving fifteen hundred dead behind him. On the 10th of October Dervisch Pasha effected an advance from the south, until he found himself attacked simultaneously at various points, and had to retreat with a loss of two thousand men. On the 20th of October Medun was taken, and the Ottoman general fled to Scutari, leaving garrisons in Spuz and Podgoritza. The armistice arrested this course of disasters, when the southern army (Dervisch) had been reduced from forty-five thousand to twenty-two thousand, and the northern (Muktar) from thirty-five thousand to eighteen thousand.

So much for that "indomitable pluck" of the Turks which has since moved the enthusiastic admiration of a British minister.

Goptchevitch reckons the slain on the Turkish side at twenty-six thousand; on the side of Montenegro, at one thousand. And there is no wonder if we find the Montenegrins now aspire to breechloaders and to cavalry: they captured from their enemies (with much besides) twelve thousand breechloaders and fifteen hundred horses.

Montenegro brought into action, in all, twenty-five thousand men; seventeen thou-

sand of her own, two thousand allies, and six thousand insurgents from the Turkish provinces: a fact, this last, highly indigestible for those who contend that rebellions in Turkey are not sustained by natives, but by foreigners. The entire Turkish force directed against Tsernagora is stated at the enormous total of one hundred and thirty thousand. It was, of course, chiefly Asiatic.

It will be observed that the whole of these figures are taken from a work on the Slavonic side. The author has had the best means of information; and the statements are written not for our information, but for that of the sober and studious Germans. They are such as might at first sight well provoke a smile of incredulity. Yet, strange to say, they are in pretty close conformity with the general, the nearly unbroken, tenor of a series of wars reaching over four centuries. This is the race which, when asked for tribute, offered stones; whose privations were such, that on one occasion, having taken some hundreds of Turkish prisoners, they gladly accepted in exchange the same number of pigs; who clothe the coward in the garb of woman, but whose women freely grasp the rifle in the hour of need; yet whose men of war weep like women for the dead prince they love; and whose fathers in 1484 carried the printing-press with them to the mountains.

What became of that printing-press? Probably, when, not long after the removal to the hills, a vast army of Ottomans penetrated to Cetinje and burned the monastery, it perished in the flames. The act of carrying it there demonstrated the habits, and implied the hopes, of a true civilization. But those habits and those hopes could not survive the cruel, inexorable incidents of the position. Barbarous himself in origin, and rendered far more barbarous by the habitual tyranny incident of necessity to his peculiar position in these provinces, the Turk has barbarized every tribe about him, except those whom he unmanned. The race of Tsernagora, with their lives ever in their hand, have inhabited not a territory, but a camp; and camp life, bad at the best, is terrible in its operation when it becomes continuous for twelve generations of men. It was only a fraction of the brutality and cruelty of Turks that in course of time was learned by the mountaineers. But even that fraction was enough to stir a thrill of horror. Of the exposure of the heads of the slain I cannot speak so strongly as some, who appear to forget that we did the same

* Pp. 188-93.

thing in the middle of the last century which Montenegro carried on into this one; and that a Jacobite, fighting for his ancient line of kings, may fairly bear comparison with a race which had claimed a commission not only to conquer all the earth, but to blast and blight all they conquered. On both sides this was a coarse, harsh practice, and it was nothing more. The same cannot be said of the mutilation of prisoners. There was an undoubted case of this kind during the late war, when a batch of Turks had their noses or upper lips or both cut away. This is certainly very far less bad than burning, flaying, impaling, and the deeds worse even than these in Bulgaria, for which rewards and decorations have been given by the Porte. But it was a vile act; and we have to regret that no measures have been taken by the British agency which published it to trace it home, so that we might know the particulars of time, place, and circumstance, and learn whether it was done by Montenegrins or by their allies, who have not undergone the civilizing influence of the last four reigns in Tsernagora. The unnaturally severe conditions, which have been normal in Montenegrin existence, will be best of all understood by the ideas and usages which have prevailed among themselves towards one another. Firstly, we are told that death in battle came to be regarded as natural death, death in bed as something apart from nature. Secondly, agriculture, and still more all trading industry, fell into disrepute among these inveterate warriors, and the first was left to the women, while they depended upon foreign lands to supply the handicrafts. Thirdly, when a comrade was wounded in battle so as to be helpless, the first duty was to remove him; but if this were impossible from the presence of the enemy, then to cut off his head, so as to save him from the shame or torture which he was certain to incur if taken alive by the Turks. Not only was this an act of friendship, but a special act of special friendship. There grew up among the mountaineers a custom of establishing a conventional relationship, which they called bond-brotherhood; and it was a particular duty of the bond-brother to perform this fearful office for his mate. In fact, the idea of it became for the Montenegrin simple and elementary, as we may learn from an anecdote, with a comic turn, given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

When the Austrians and Montenegrins were fighting against the Turks, allies of

the French, on a certain occasion a handful of men had to fly for their lives. Two Austrians were among them, of whom one had the misfortune to be what is called stout. When the party had run some way, he showed signs of extreme distress, and said he would throw himself on the ground, and take his chance. "Very well," said a fellow-fugitive, "make haste, say your prayers, make the sign of the cross, and I will then cut off your head for you." As might be expected, this was not at all the view of the Austrian in his proposal, and the friendly offer had such an effect upon him, that he resumed the race and reached a place of safety. Under the steady reforming influences, which have been at work for nearly a hundred years, few vestiges of this state of things probably remain.

But I will dedicate the chief part of my remaining space to the application of that criterion which is of all others the sharpest and surest test of the condition of a country — namely, the idea it has embraced of woman, and the position it assigns to her.

This is both the weak, the very weak, and also the strong point of Montenegro. The women till the fields, and may almost be said to make them; for Lady Strangford testifies that she saw various patches of ground in cultivation, which were less than three feet square, and it seems that handfuls of soil are put together even where a single root will grow. More than this, over the great ladder-road between Cetinje and Cattaro, the women carry such parcels, bound together, as, being over ten pounds in weight, are too heavy for the post; and Goptchevitch records the seemingly easy performance of her task by a woman who was the bearer of his large and long portmanteau.* Consequently, though the race is beautiful, and this beauty may be seen in very young girls, as women they become short in stature, with harsh and repulsive features. Nor is their social equality recognized, since they not only labor but perform menial offices for the men. One of our authorities † informs us that the husband often beats his wife. This, however, to my knowledge was a practice which did not excite general repugnance, one generation back, among the Hellenic inhabitants of Cefalonia.

The portrait thus set before us is sufficiently ungainly: let us turn to its more

* G., p. 81.

† F. and W., p. 153.

winning features. Crime of all kinds is rare in Montenegro: Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby inform us that in a year the gaol had but two prisoners. But the crimes, or sins, which have reference to woman, are, whether in their viler or their milder forms, almost unknown. Not violation only, but seduction and prostitution, says Goptchevitch, are not found in Montenegro.* The old law of the country punished all unchastity with death: a law, of which there seem to be traces also in Bulgaria. Everywhere the purity and modesty of the maiden enjoy an absolute respect; and a woman, in every defile, every hamlet of Tsernagora, is a perfect escort for the traveller. Moreover, even the French writer, to whom I am so much indebted, and who seems to view this matter through a pair of Parisian spectacles, candidly admits that the Montenegrin woman is quite satisfied with her state. "*La Monténégrine semble du reste se complaire dans ce rôle d'infériorité et d'abjection.*"† If the condition of the women was not Parisian, neither, it may be truly said, was that of the men.

The women have the same passionate attachment with the men to family and country, and display much of the same valor. Goptchevitch supplies two most remarkable examples. A sister and four brothers, the four of course all armed, are making a pilgrimage or excursion to a church. The state of war with the Turk being normal, we need not wonder when we learn that they are attacked unawares on their way, in a pass where they proceed in single file, by seven armed Turks; who announce themselves by shooting dead the first of the brothers, and dangerously wounding the second. The odds are fearful, but the fight proceeds. The wounded man leans against the rock, and, though he receives another and fatal shot, kills two of the Turks before he dies. The sister presses forward, and grasps his rifle and his dagger. At last all are killed on both sides, excepting herself and a single Turk. She asks for mercy; and he promises it, but names her maidenly honor as the price. Indignant, and perceiving that now he is off his guard, she stabs him with the dagger. He tears it from her hand, they close, and she dashes the wretch over the precipice into the yawning depth below.‡

The second anecdote is not less singular. Tidings reach a Montenegrin wife that

her husband has just been slain by a party under the command of a certain aga. Knowing the road by which they are travelling, she seizes a rifle, chooses her position, and shoots the aga dead. The rest of the party take to flight. The wife of the dead aga sends her an epistle. "Thou hast robbed me of both my eyes. Thou art a genuine daughter of Tsernagora. Come to-morrow alone to the border-line, and we will prove by trial which of us was the better wife." The Tsernagorine appeared, equipped with the arms of the dead aga, and alone as she was invited. But the Turkish woman had thought prudence the better part of valor, and brought an armed champion with her, who charges her on horseback. She shot him dead as he advanced, and, seizing her faithless antagonist, bound her and took her home, kept her as a nursemaid for fourteen years, and then let her go back to her place and people.*

Such, in the rudest outline, is the Montenegro of history, and of fact. Such it was. Such it is. But what will it be? On some points we may speak with boldness; on others it must be with reserve. However unskilful may be the hand which has inscribed these pages, it can hardly have expelled so completely from the wonderful picture both its color and its form, as not to have left in it vestiges at least and suggestions of a character greatly transcending the range of common experience, and calculated to awaken an extraordinary interest. Montenegro, which has carried down through four centuries, in the midst of a constant surge of perils, a charmed life, we may say with confidence will not die. No Russian, no Austrian eagle, will build its nest in the Black Mountain.† The men of Tsernagora, who have never allowed the very shadow of a Turkish title to grow up by silent prescription, will claim their portion‡ of an air and soil genial to man, and of free passage to and fro over the land and sea which God has given us. It is another question whether their brethren of the Serbian lands will amalgamate with them politically on an extended scale, and revive, either by a federal or an incorporating union, the substance, if not the form, of the old Serbian State. Such an arrangement would probably be good for Europe, and would go some way to guarantee freedom and self-government to the other

* G., pp. 76-7.

† F. and W., p. 150.

‡ G., p. 79.

* Ibid., p. 78. F. and W., p. 159.

† In the arms of Montenegro appears a "sovrane eagle" crowned.

‡ F. and W., p. 500.

European provinces of Turkey, whether under Ottoman suzerainty or otherwise. There is another question deeper and more vital. Rudeness and ferocity are rapidly vanishing; when their last trace disappears, will the simplicity, the truth, the purity, the high-strung devotion, the indomitable heroism, lose by degrees their native tone and their clear, sharp outline, and will a vision on the whole so glorious for them, so salutary and corrective for us,

die away,
And fade into the light of common day?*

To the student of human nature, forty years ago, Pitcairn's Island offered a picture of singular interest, no less remote morally than locally from common life, a paradise, not indeed of high intellect and culture, but of innocence and virtue. It became necessary to find for the growing numbers a larger site; and they were carried to Norfolk Island, when it had been purged of its population of convicts doubled. The spot was lovely, and the conditions favorable; but the organism would not bear transplanting, and the Pitcairners fast declined into the common mass of men. Is this to be the fate of the men of Montenegro when they substitute ease, and plenty, and power, and the pleasures and luxuries of life, for that stern but chivalrous wooing of adversity, the "relentless power," in which they have been reared to a maturity of such incomparable hardihood? I dare not say: they have a firmer fibre, a closer tissue than ever was woven in the soft air and habitudes of Pitcairn; may they prove too strong for the world, and remain what in substance they are, a select, a noble, an imperial race!

In another point of view, they offer a subject of great interest to the inquiries of the naturalist. Physically, they are men of exceptional power and stature. Three causes may perhaps be suggested. The habits of their life have been in an extraordinary degree hardy, healthy, simple; if they have felt the pressure of want at times, they have never known the standing curse of plethora,

*Nec nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.*

Next, may not the severe physical condi-

* Wordsworth, "Ode on Recoll. of Childhood."

tions of the Black Mountain have acted as a test, and shut out from the adult community all who did not attain to a high standard of masculine vigor? Among other notable features, they are a people of great longevity. Sir G. Wilkinson (shade of Lewis, hear it not!) found among them, living together as a family, seven successive generations; the patriarch had attained the age of one hundred seventeen, with a son of one hundred. A youth at seventeen or eighteen very commonly marries a girl of thirteen or fourteen.* But, thirdly, I conceive that moral causes may have co-operated powerfully with outward nature in this matter. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.* The men who went up with Ivan were men of great souls; and this greatness, transmitted with blood and fortified by habit, may have assisted in supplying us with what seems to be a remarkable case of both natural and providential selection.

For the materials of this sketch I have been principally indebted to the two works named at its head. They are, I believe, the best on the subject; one is large and elaborate, the other, also full, coming down almost to this day. There is as yet no comprehensive book on Montenegro in our language. We have recently had articles on it in the *Church Quarterly Review* and in *Macmillan*, the latter guaranteed by the high name of Mr. Freeman. Sir Gardner Wilkinson led the way thirty years ago with some chapters on the mountain in his Dalmatian work. Dr. Neale has supplied some very brief but interesting notices. Lady Strangford's sketch is slight and thin, but with ample power of observation. Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby were able to bestow far more of time and care on a subject well worthy of them, and have probably made by much the most valuable contribution extant in our language, under this as under other heads, to our knowledge of those south Slavonic provinces whose future will, we may humbly trust, redeem the miseries of their past. "Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee; I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations."†

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* G., p. 76.

† Isaiah lx. 15.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CANDIDATE.

ON that same afternoon Mr. Hugh Balfour was also out driving — in a dog-cart; and his companion was Mr. Bolitho, whom he had picked up at an out-of-the-way station, and was conducting to Englebury. It was a dismal drive. There was not the rain here, that there was in Surrey; but in its place there was a raw, damp, gray mist, that hung about the woods and fields, and dripped from the withered briars in the hedges, and covered the thick top-coats of the two men with a fur of wet. Neither cigar nor pipe would keep alight in this cold drizzle; Balfour's left hand, the fingers closed on the spongy reins, was thoroughly benumbed. Even the bland and cheerful Billy Bolitho had no more jokes left.

"I suppose," said Balfour at last, amid the clatter of the cob's hoofs on the muddy road, "I suppose we might as well go up and see the Chorleys this evening?"

"I would rather say the morning," answered Mr. Bolitho, looking mournfully out from between the points of his coat-collar at the black stump of his cigar. "Chorley is one of those uncomfortable people who dine about five and have prayers at nine."

It was wrong of Mr. Bolitho to make this random charge against the Englebury solicitor, for he knew absolutely nothing about the matter. He was, however, thoroughly uncomfortable. He was cold, damp, and hungry. He had visions of the "Green Man," at Englebury, of an ample dinner, a warm room, and a bottle of port wine. Was he going to adventure out again into this wretched night, after he had got thoroughly dry and comfortable, all because of a young man who seemed to pay no heed to the requirements of digestion?

It was quite dark when they at last drove over the bridge and up into the main thoroughfare of Englebury; and right cheerful looked the blazing shops of the small town. They passed under the sign of the "Green Man" into the spacious archway; the great bell summoned the ostler from out of the gloom; they jumped down and stamped their feet; and then they found themselves face-to-face with a

very comely damsel, tall and slender, and dark of face, who in the absence of her sister, the landlady, wanted to know if the gentlemen would order dinner before going up-stairs to their rooms. As she made the suggestion, she glanced up at a goodly row of joints and fowls that were suspended from the roof of the central hall, outside the capacious, shining, and smiling bar.

"You order the dinner, Bolitho," said Balfour. "I'm going to see that the cob is looked to."

"Confound the cob," said the other; but Balfour had already disappeared in the darkness; so he turned with great contentment to the distinguished-looking and gracious young person, and entered into a serious consultation with her. Mr. Bolitho was not in the habit of letting either cobs or country solicitors stand in the way of his dinner.

And a very sound and substantial dinner it was that they had in the snug little room on the first floor, after they had got on some dry clothing, and were growing warm again. There was a brisk fire blazing in the grate; there were no fewer than four candles in the room, two on the table and two on the mahogany sideboard. Balfour laughed at the business-like manner in which Mr. Bolitho ploughed his way through the homely feast; but he was sharply hungry himself; and he so far departed from his ordinary habits as to call for a tankard of foaming stout. The agreeable young lady herself waited on them; although she did not know as yet that one of the strangers wished to represent her native town in Parliament. She seemed a little surprised, however, when, at the end of dinner, the younger gentleman asked whether she could send him up a clay pipe, his own wooden one having gone wrong. She had overheard the two friends talking about very great persons indeed as though they were pretty familiar with them; and a fourpenny cigar from the bar would, she considered, have been more appropriate. But the other gentleman redeemed himself in her eyes by ordering a bottle of the very best port wine they had in the house.

"Gracious goodness," cried Balfour, with a loud laugh; "what do you mean, Bolitho?"

"I mean to make myself comfortable," said the other, doggedly.

"Oh, it is comfortable you call it," remarked the younger man. "Well, it is a good phrase."

"Yes, I mean to make myself comfort.

able," said Mr. Bolitho, when he had drawn in his chair to the fire, and lit a cigar, and put a glass of port on the mantelpiece, "and I also mean to give you some advice—some good and excellent advice, which is all the more appropriate since you may be said to be beginning to-day your canvass of the borough of Englebury. Well, I have had to do with a good many candidates in my time; but I will say this for you, that you are just about the last man in the world I would choose to run for a seat if I had any choice."

"That is cheerful, at any rate," said Balfour, who had lit his long clay, and was contentedly stretching out his legs to the fire. "Go on."

"I say it deliberately. If you get in at all, it won't be through any action on your own part. I would almost rather fight the election for you in your absence. Why, man, you have no more notion of conciliating anybody than an Arctic bear has. Don't you know you are asking a great favor when you ask people to return you to Parliament? You don't suppose you can cheek every constituency as you cheeked those poor wretches at Ballinascroon?"

"My dear philosopher and friend," said the culprit, "I am not aware of having ever addressed a word to any elector of Englebury, barring your Mr. Chorley."

"I don't mean here or now," said Bolitho, who thought he would read this young man a sound lesson when he was about it. "I mean always and everywhere. A man cannot get on in politics who blurts out his opinions as you do yours. You can't convince a man by calling him a fool. You have been spoiled. You got your first seat too easily; and you found yourself independent of the people who elected you. If you had had to conciliate your constituency as some men have, it would have been useful practice for you. I tell you, a member of Parliament cannot afford to be continually declaring his opinions, as if he had all the wisdom in the world——"

Here the culprit, far from being meek and attentive, burst out laughing.

"The fact is, Bolitho, all this harangue means that you want me to be civil to Chorley. Doesn't it, now?"

Mr. Bolitho, being in a pleasant humor, suffered a shrewd, bland smile to appear about the corners of his mouth.

"Well," said Balfour, frankly, "I mean to be enormously civil to old Chorley—so long as he doesn't show up with some

humbug. But mind you, if that old thief, who wants to sell the borough, in order to get a good price for his filched common, begins to do the high virtuous business, then the case becomes altered. Civil? Oh, yes, I shall be civil enough. But you don't expect me to black his boots?"

"You see," said Mr. Bolitho, slowly, "you are in rather an awkward position with regard to these two people—I will tell you that honestly. You have had no communication with them since you first saw them in Germany?"

"No, none."

"Well, you know, my gay young friend, you pretty nearly put your foot in it by your chaffing old Chorley about selling the piece of green. Then, no sooner had they got over that than Lady Sylvia—you know what I mean."

Balfour looked a bit annoyed.

"Leave Lady Sylvia out of it," said he. "She does not want to interfere in these things at all."

"No," said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously, "but you see there is the effect of that—that remark of hers to be removed. The Chorleys may have forgotten—they will make allowances——"

"They can do as they like about that," said Balfour, bluntly, "but Lady Sylvia won't trouble them again. Now as to the bit of common?"

"Well, if I were you, I would say nothing about it at present."

"I don't mean to, nor in the future either."

"You don't intend to make him an offer?"

"Of course not."

Mr. Bolitho looked at the young man. Had he been merely joking when he seemed to entertain seriously the project of bribing Mr. Chorley by purchasing his land from him? Or had some new and alien influence thwarted his original purpose? Mr. Bolitho instantly thought of Lady Sylvia.

"Perhaps you are right," said he, after a second or two. "Chorley would be shy of taking an offer, after you had directly described the thing as bribing the town. But all the more you should be conciliatory to him and to his wife. Why should they fight for you?"

"I don't know."

"What have you to offer them?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are asking a great favor, as I said before."

"Well, you know, Bolitho, Englebury has its duty to perform. You shouldn't

make it all a matter of private and personal interchange of interests. Englebury has its place in the empire; it has the proud privilege of singling out a faithful and efficient person to represent it in Parliament; it has its relations with the British Constitution; and when it finds that it has the opportunity of returning so distinguished a person as myself, why shouldn't it jump at the chance? You have no faith in public virtue, Bolitho. You would buy land, and bribe. Now that is wrong."

"It's all very well for you to joke about it," said Mr. Bolitho, rather gloomily, "but you'll sing a different tune if you find yourself without a seat after the next general election."

On the following morning they walked up through the town which Mr. Balfour aspired to represent towards Mr. Chorley's house. It was a bright morning after the rain; the sun shining pleasantly on the quaint old town, with its huddled red-and-white houses, its grey church, its high-arched bridge that spanned a turbidly yellow river. Mr. Chorley's house stood near the top of the hill—a plain, square, red-brick building, surrounded by plenty of laurels and other evergreens, and these again enclosed by a high brick wall. They were ushered into a small drawing-room, stuffed full of ornaments and smelling of musk. In a few moments Mr. and Mrs. Chorley entered together.

Surely, nothing could be more friendly than the way in which they greeted the young man. The small, horsey-looking solicitor was prim and precise in his manner, it is true; but then he was always so. As for Mrs. Chorley, she regarded the young man with a pleasant look from over her silver spectacles, and begged him and Mr. Bolitho to be seated, and hoped they had had an agreeable drive on that bright morning. And when Mr. Bolitho explained that they had arrived on the previous evening, and had put up at the Green Man, she was good enough to express her regret that they had not come right on and accepted the hospitality of herself and her husband for the night.

"But perhaps," said she, suddenly, and with an equally sudden change in her manner, "perhaps Lady Sylvia is with you?"

"Oh dear, no!" said Balfour, and he instantly changed the subject by beginning to talk about his experiences down in Somersetshire, and how he had heard by accident that Mr. Bolitho was in the neighborhood of Englebury, and how he had

managed to pick him up. That alarming look of formality disappeared from Mrs. Chorley's face. Mr. Chorley suggested some sherry, which was politely declined. Then they had a talk about the weather.

But Balfour was not a timid man, and he disliked beating about the bush.

"Well, Mr. Chorley," said he, "how are your local politics? Government very unpopular? Or rather I should ask—as interesting me more nearly—is old Harn-den still unpopular?"

"Mr. 'Arnden is not very popular at present," said Mr. Chorley, with some caution. "He does his duty well in Parliament, no doubt; but, after all, there are—certain courtesies which—which are due to one's constituents——"

"Exactly," said Balfour. "I have discovered that in the case of the place I represent. The courtesies that pass between me and the people of Ballinascroon are almost too beautiful. Well, what about the chance of a vacancy at the next general election?"

In reply to this blunt question, Mr. Chorley regarded the young man with his shrewd, watchful, small blue eyes, and said, slowly,—

"I don't know, sir, that Mr. 'Arnden has any intention at present of resigning his seat."

This guardedness was all thrown away on Balfour.

"What would be my chances," said he, curtly, "if I came down and contested the seat?"

Here Mrs. Chorley broke in. From the moment they had begun to speak of the next election, the expression of her face had changed. The thin lips were drawn more firmly together. Instead of the beaming maternal glance over her spectacles, there was a proud and cold look, that was at once awful and ominous.

"If I may be allowed to speak, Mr. Balfour," said she, in lofty accents, "I would say that it is rather strange that you should mention any such proposal to us. When we last spoke of it, you will remember that some remarks were applied to us by Lady Sylvia, which were never apologized for—by her, at least. Have you any explanation to make?"

There was a sudden flash of fire in the deep-set, grey eyes. Apologize for his wife to such people as these?

"Explanation?" said he, and the tone in which he spoke caused the heart of Mr. Bolitho to sink within him. "If Lady Sylvia spoke hastily, that only convinced me the more of the folly of allowing wom-

en to interfere in politics. I think the business of an election is a matter to be settled between men."

There was a second or two of awful silence. A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen. Mrs. Chorley rose.

"I, at least," said she, in majestic accents, and with an indescribable calm, "will not interfere in this election. Gentlemen, good morning. Eugenius, the chaise is at the door."

With that she walked in a stately manner out of the room, leaving the burden of the situation on her unfortunate husband. He looked rather bewildered; but nevertheless he felt bound to assert the dignity of the family.

"I must say, Mr. Balfour," said he, rather nervously, "that your language is—is unusual. Mrs. Chorley only asked for—for an expression of regret—an apology which was only our due after the remarks of—of Lady Sylvia——"

By this time Balfour had got on his feet, and taken his hat in his hand. All the Celtic blood in his veins was on fire.

"An apology!" he said. "Why, man, you must be mad! I tell you that every word my wife said was absolutely true; do you expect her to send you a humble letter, begging for your forgiveness? I apologized for her hastiness at the time; I am sorry I did. For what she said then, I say now—that it is quite monstrous you should suddenly propose to use your influence in the borough on behalf of a man who was an absolute stranger to you; and if you imagined that I was going to bribe you by buying that waste land, or going to bribe the borough by giving them a public green, then get that notion out of your head as soon as possible! Good morning, Mr. Chorley. Pray tell Mrs. Chorley that I am very sorry if I have hurt her feelings; but pray tell her too that my wife is not conscious of having said anything that demands an apology."

And so this mad young man and his companion went out, and walked down the main street of Englebury in the pleasant sunshine. And it was all in vain that Mr. Bolitho tried to put in his piteous prayers and remonstrances. The borough? He would see the borough sink into the bottomless pit before he would allow his wife to apologize for a speech that did her infinite honor! The election? He would fight the place if there were ten thousand Chorleys arranged against him!

"I tell you you have gone stark staring mad," said the despairing Mr. Bolitho. "Chorley will immediately go over to

Harnden—you will see. His wife will goad him to it. And how can you think of contesting the seat against Harnden and Chorley combined?"

Nature had not conferred a firm jaw on Mr. Hugh Balfour for nothing.

"I tell you in turn," said the young man, who was neither to hold nor to bind, simply because something had been said about his wife, "I tell you in turn that I mean to contest the seat all the same; and, what is more, by the Lord Harry, I mean to win it!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHIST AT OUR CLUB.

AT our club, which is a most respectable club, a good deal of whist has been played during the last ten or twenty years. The time was when men used to meet together o' nights for the sake of cards and gambling. It was thus that Fox and his friends used to—I was going to say amuse themselves, but I fear that with them the diversion went beyond amusement. But with us at our club there is nothing of that kind. There are perhaps a dozen gentlemen, mostly well stricken in years, who, having not much else to do with their afternoons, meet together and kill the hours between lunch and dinner. I do not know that they could find a wiser expedient for relieving the tedium of their latter years. I have said that they have nothing to do with their afternoons. I doubt whether many of them have much to do with their mornings. Breakfast, the newspaper, perhaps a letter or two, with a little reading, carry them on to lunch and their glass of sherry. After that there may be a little walking, or perhaps some gentle exercise on an easy cob, a slight flutter of impatience, and then at length the hour of delight has come. Between three and four the party is assembled, and the delight is reached which, for us, makes easy the passage to the grave.

Every one knows how Talleyrand, the reputed father of all modern French good sayings, is supposed to have remarked that he who did not learn to play cards was preparing for himself a melancholy old age. In looking round at these bald, grey, wrinkled, and somewhat infirm companions of mine, who are gentlemen, and have, some of them, done something in the world, I am often disposed to declare to myself that whoever said that saying spoke the truth. If we were not playing

whist, what should we be doing? There comes a time of life when the work of life naturally ceases. The judge becomes deaf and resigns. The active civil servant is active no longer, and either takes a pension, or escapes early from his desk. The lawyer has made his fortune, or is forced to give way to newer men. The capacity for twelve hours of labor is at any rate gone. Books cannot be read forever. If the mind would stand it — which it will not — the eyes would fail. Cricket, rowing, deer-stalking, even hunting and shooting, are all gone. The women will not let you make love to them — unless you are rich and a bachelor, and then the love-making is soon over. What else should an old gentleman do? If he can say his prayers all the time, or give himself up to continued meditation and the “labelling of his thoughts” — if he can dream Platonic Utopias, or theorize in his armchair on that still undiscovered “greatest good” — then he may sink down quietly without the assistance of a card-table. To some, but only to a few, can it be given to relieve the tedium of a *fainéant* existence by the consciousness of the dignity of a Parliamentary bench. If you can become a legislator, you may get through your hours, uneasily indeed, but with the satisfaction of self-importance. But if none of these things suffice for you or be open to you, it will be well for you when you are old that you shall know something of the rules of whist and belong to such a club as ours.

I do not think that there is among us much propensity to gambling. Some have, indeed, a keen eye to their money; but they look rather to holding themselves harmless, and having their amusement for nothing, than to the making of any profit. One or two are perhaps buoyed up with the hope that the day may come when they shall make something, though the day never seems to come. Some are manifestly indifferent, taking and paying their shillings without a feeling. I do not think that these get so much amusement out of the proceeding as it ought to give. We have one old gentleman who evidently likes to pay. The glory of making a trick is all the world to him; but though he has played cards for many years, he never seems quite to have reconciled himself to the idea of taking money out of another man's pocket.

We play shilling points. Any member of the club who comes into that room can join any table which is not yet full at shilling points. And, as a rule, this modest limit is preserved. If, now and again, two

gentlemen choose to bet a sovereign, no complaint is made. The habit is distasteful to the majority; but a club is a club, and men like to feel themselves free. As long as the rules of the club are not broken, the co-partners at the table cannot complain. In this way occasionally a little excitement is added; but I do not think that the life, the spirit, the noise, the evident vivacity, and the generally happy disposition of the room, depend upon the gambling. If it did, there would be no content; for I know no one who wins and no one who loses. In spite of these sovereign bets, which perhaps are becoming a little more frequent than they used to be, I do not think that in our club anybody is ever injured in the way of money. They can afford to pay the stakes they lose, and are none the better for what they win. It is not thence that the excitement comes. And yet there is a great deal of excitement.

Excitement is a great step towards happiness, particularly to those who are over sixty. Cicero has put into the mouth of the orator Antony an opinion which certainly was not his own. He makes Antony say that leisure — the doing of nothing — is the sweetest resource of old age. Old men have often said so; but foxes also have often said that grapes were sour. Old men are as fond of activity, as much given to excitement, as prone to keep themselves busy, and to have what we may call a full life, as their juniors; but these delights do not come easily to them.

The failure in our powers, which envious nature prepares for us, affects our body, and perhaps unfortunately our minds, before it touches our wills. The lean and slippered pantaloons would be as full of wise instances as the justice, if he could get any one to hear him; and the justice, would, but for shame, be as full of strange oaths, and as jealous in honor, if not as quick in quarrel, as the soldier. The old man likes excitement if he can find it; and they who frequent the next room to the whist-room at our club say that we have been successful in our search. Voices could not be so loud, contradiction so frequent, rebukes so rife — there could not be such rising storms, nor then such silent lulls, unless the occupation in hand were one on which those occupied were very much intent. The silence is as notable as the voices — and they are very notable; a dozen men could not be so suddenly and so awfully silent unless engaged on something which fills their very souls

with solicitude. And certainly no dozen men could make such a row — gentlemen too, old gentlemen, respectable old gentlemen — unless they were very much in earnest.

I think the charm in our club comes from the fact that no one plays very well, but that we know enough of the rules to talk about them and to think that we play in accordance with them. All the recognized treatises on the games are in the room. We have taken great care on that point; and our allusions to Clay, Cavendish, and the great professors, are so frequent as to make an unaccustomed bystander suppose that not one of us is ignorant of any one enunciated law. But the knowledge of laws and the practice of them are different things, especially when the practice has to be instantaneous, and when its efficacy depends on the memory of all that has gone before. Now I find that at our club everybody remembers his own cards, or, at any rate, those on which he has based his hopes of success, while no one remembers his partner's cards. But that latter is the special memory which his partner expects from him. Therefore there is often a diversity of opinion.

I take it for granted that the injustice of each is never apparent to himself — the injustice of always demanding from another exactly that trouble which the unjust player never takes himself. "Good ——! I played you the eight of spades and you trumped it with the last trump, though you must have known that the seven was the only one left!" Then the enraged speaker tears his hair and looks around. Or perhaps he is of a saturnine nature — more severe, but less demonstrative. "Well, Dr. Pintale, if you call that whist, I don't." Upon that the severe one purses his lips together and is silent, intending to impress upon the company around a conviction that Dr. Pintale's capacity for whist is of such a nature that words would be altogether thrown away upon him. Dr. Pintale for the moment is cowed. There is not a word to be said in excuse. No doubt he has thrown away a trick which a good player would have saved. He knows in his own heart that his dear friend Sir Nicholas Bobtail, the partner who has just so severely punished him, and who, in any other matter, would move heaven and earth to succor him, never remembers the sevens and eights himself. Sir Nicholas makes as many blunders as anybody in the club, but has a sharp way of snarling, which often saves him from the criticism of his friends. Poor Dr. Pintale is meek-

ness itself, till roused by exaggerated injuries, when sometimes he will say a word. "I do call that rather hard," continues Sir Nicholas, turning to one of his adversaries. "With that trick we should just have been out, and I haven't won a rubber this afternoon." Poor Pintale sits quiet and repentant, but patting his soft fat hands together under the table as the irritation rises to his gentle heart. "I wish you'd tell me why you did it, Dr. Pintale?" asks Sir Nicholas, as though he really wanted information on the matter.

Pintale would not have minded it so much had he not been called "doctor." The doctor and Sir Nicholas have been friends for the last thirty years. For all these years they have been "Bobtail" and "Pintale" to each other, long before any decorative letters, any D.C.L. or K.C.B., had been appended to their names. Either would have been prepared to write an epitaph for the other, attributing to him all the virtues which can adorn a man, a friend, and a Christian. But when you have petted up your penultimate best card, and have succeeded in extracting all the trumps except that happy remnant in your partner's hand; when all your manœuvres have been successful, and fortune has sat square upon your brow; when the delightful moment has come for showing to friends and foes how complete has been your strategy, — then to be crushed by the fatuous inattention of your own ally — that is too much for human friendship! It is as though one's own wife should turn against one in one's own profession. "I wonder why he did do it?" said Sir Nicholas, turning round to one of the expectant bystanders.

"I've seen you make the same mistake yourself fifty times," says the doctor, pressed beyond his bearing.

"That's a mere *tu quoque*," says the K.C.B.

"I've seen you do it a hundred times — two hundred times," rejoins the D.C.L., very red in the face. Then the door is opened, and somebody looks in from the passages; after which the matter is allowed to drop, the doctor having evidently become a little ashamed of himself.

The wonderful thing in whist is this, — that ignorance of any of those intricate rules by which the game is governed is regarded as so disgraceful that nobody will admit it; nor will any one allow that he is wanting in that perfect and prolonged practice without which no proficient in any art can bring his rules to bear at

the moment in which they are wanted: and yet players generally would be ashamed to have it supposed that they had devoted to a mere game of cards so great a proportion of their intellect and their time as to have mastered these rules, and to have familiarized themselves with the practice. Who would not be ashamed to be known as a first-class billiard-player, and to confess an intimacy so close with pockets, chalk, and ivory balls as to have left himself time for no more worthy pursuit? For to play billiards as billiards can be played requires the energy of a life. Nor even will an ambitious man, or one who desires success in a profession, be anxious to be accounted among the grand chess-players of the day. The art of chess-playing, excellent as it is, does not lead to results great enough in themselves to justify the expenditure of labor and intelligence which is necessary for perfection. We may say the same of all those amusements which have by means of their own success so run over their original boundaries as to have become the subject of scientific study. Here and there a man has the leisure and the intellect, and in the absence of a higher ambition he devotes his life to elucidate a game. We admire his ingenuity, but we do not think very much of his career. There is something better to be done in the life of all of us than chess, or billiards, or whist. In regard to the two former, no one demands that others shall play well. But in whist it seems to be implied that if a man does not know and practise all the rules which have ever been invented, he ought to be ashamed of himself! This is carried so far at our club that every player is presumed to know all the rules—and to depart from them, not from inexperience, not from ignorance, not from temporary aberration of mind, but from some devilish malignity which has induced him at that moment to do evil that others might be tormented.

At our club the main rules are known. They are so frequently discussed that it is impossible that we should forget them. Clay and Cavendish are in our hands at every turn. With five trumps, the worst among us would lead a trump. When we are weak ourselves, we do not force our partners. We know how to finesse a queen, and I think we generally count the trumps,—at any rate, early in the afternoon. There are laws the keeping of which does not require the player to travel much beyond the consideration of his own cards. But we have not arrived at the

reading of our partners' hands, and hence chiefly come those angry words and fiery looks, which do upon the whole, I think, increase rather than diminish our enjoyment. If I throw away a card from a weak suit, it is certainly a grievous thing to have a low card in that very suit at once led to me, and to know that this has been done because my partner would not take the trouble to watch the card as it fell from my hand. The stormiest five minutes that I ever remember came from such a cause as this. Our Mr. Polden—everybody knows old Dick Polden as one of the softest-hearted human beings that ever became a prey to begging-letter writers and weeping women—does not play very well himself. He is an eager, excitable man, whose mind never remains fixed long on the same thing, and who, I may say, almost invariably forgets to practise the care which he expects others to exercise on his behalf. I do not think that he is really choleric, but he has an unfortunate tone of voice and a trick of eyebrow which make a bystander think sometimes that he will very soon proceed to blows. Those who know him are aware that he is not himself conscious at these moments of exceeding the mildest forms of friendly remonstrance. He was playing not long since with Admiral Greene as his partner. The admiral is a very constant attendant at our club, and perhaps the best player that we have. He is generally a quiet man, but he has a nasty habit of looking round and smiling when his partner makes an egregious blunder, which some of us dislike worse even than being objurgated. On this occasion Dick Polden had two strong suits in his hand, and one that was weak; but, on the whole, he was playing what he considered a great game. He had called for trumps and had thrown away a card from his weak suit. We who were playing against him, I and poor dear Grimley—Sir Peter Grimley, who has since been taken away from us—knew well what Polden was about. At such moments he wriggles in his chair, raises his body a couple of inches in triumphant expectation, and tells the whole tale of his heart to those who watch him. How it was that such a player as the admiral should at such a moment have led from the discarded suit, none of us could understand. Grimley declared that it was intended as a rebuke to poor Polden's somewhat noisy anticipation. I never could believe that, as the admiral is fond of his money, which on this occasion he not only risked but lost. As soon as the

peccant card showed itself on the table, Polden lost all control. "Good ——!" he exclaimed, raising both his hands, quite indifferent to the fact that he was thus showing all his cards. "Polden," said the baronet, "that is not whist!"

It certainly was not whist. At the real whist clubs perfect silence is, I am told, preserved. Polden should have borne the blow like a Spartan, and have refrained from massacring the admiral till the deal was over. "Polden, that's not whist!"

"No," said Polden, very hotly — "no; certainly it is not whist. Of course he saw my heart; he couldn't but see it. Everybody knows that he sees everything. I wonder, Grimley, what you would have said if that had happened to you?"

"I should have sworn horribly; but it would have been inwardly, so that no one would have heard me," said Grimley.

"And what would he have said if I had done it to 'him'?" continued Polden. Perhaps of all forms of abuse that of addressing yourself to a third person, and of calling your sinning partner "he" or "him," is the most provoking. During all this time the game was going on, and the admiral had only smiled. At every new contortion of Polden's face the admiral smiled again; and as Polden became all contortions, so did the admiral become all smiles. At last the climax was reached. A queen from Polden's long suit of spades was taken by the king, and then his ace was trumped. All this misfortune, no doubt, had come from the admiral's blunder. Polden's case was one of great hardship. But when he flung down his cards, declaring that he couldn't play against three adversaries, and when his cards were therefore called, and when the admiral quietly showed that had they been kept up the game might have been saved, — then it was evident, even to Polden himself, that he had been in the wrong. And he was a man who could dare anything while hot passion gave him the consciousness of right, but who was cowed at once when a feeling that he was in fault had crept in upon him. When the proof had been made perfect that the game might have been saved, he passed his hand over his bald head, and sank back, tamed, upon his chair.

"No doubt," said the admiral, taking the two packs of cards under his two hands, so as to prevent the immediate continuation of the play — "no doubt I made a mistake with that heart."

"Let us say no more about it," said Polden.

"A few words, if you please. We will wait half a minute, if you do not object, Sir Peter." For Grimley, knowing what was coming, had made an attempt to get at one of the packs, so as to lessen, by action, the strength of the admiral's coming attack. "I made a foolish mistake. But I do not think that that justified you in throwing your arms about like a demented windmill. I was driven by your words and actions and looks to think whether in kindness we ought not to speak to your friends." Had the admiral spoken with an angry tone there would have been nothing in it. We are so used to angry tones, and have become so conscious that they are to be regarded as merely an organ accompaniment to our generally pleasant music that had the admiral condescended to be noisy, we should simply have been anxious to get hold of the cards, and begin again. But his tranquillity afflicted us all, and absolutely quelled poor old Polden.

"You're making too much of it," said the baronet.

"Not at all," said the admiral. "I shall expect Mr. Polden to apologize."

Apologize! that was more than any of us could stand. A crowd of men from the other tables had now congregated round us. Perhaps among us all Dick Polden was, perhaps, the most generally popular. Who but he would give up his right to a place to another player? Who but he would remain beyond his time to make up a rubber for others? Who but he would take the chair close to the fire if it were hot, or expose his shoulder to the window if it were cold? When did Polden willingly tread on any man's corn, or fail to soothe any man's vanity? When little subscriptions have had to be raised, who has ever known Polden to refuse his guinea? It was out of the question that he should be reduced to the ignominy of an apology. And, moreover, the very fact of an apology having been demanded and given would be evidence of a quarrel, and it had always been a point with us to declare that, though we were loud, we never quarrelled. We should have been ashamed of our excitability as respectable old gentlemen had we not always been able to assert that each loud enunciation had been simply an amusing incident of our game. When the admiral spoke of an apology, we all felt that he was ignorant of the very nature of the bond which united us. If we could not bear each other's ways without apologies, the whist must be given up. And from dear old Polden too, who at this moment was al-

most in tears! "I don't think that can be necessary," said Dr. Absolom. Dr. Absolom had once been one of the royal doctors, and is a man of authority. By dint of a commanding brow and a loud, steady voice he has acquired a sort of influence over us. His whist is not good, but no one ventures to scold him much. "Perhaps, doctor, if you had played so and so," is the extent to which we go with him. "If I had, the event might perhaps have been different," he will reply, with dignity. The altercation with Dr. Absolom is never carried beyond that.

"Perhaps, Dr. Absolom, you did not hear the remarks which were made," said the angry admiral.

If I love any one, I love Polden. "I heard them," said I, "and they were very fierce. But I should have thought that we all understood Polden's ferocity by this time."

"Was I fierce?" asked Polden, piteously.

"I should think you were," said the baronet, "and so should I have been. But as for apologies, bless my soul! if we come to that we had better give it all up." Then there was a general acclamation that nothing more was to be said about it, during which the admiral subsided. For the next day or two he was rather stiff in his manner to Mr. Polden, but before the end of the week everything was right again. That I think was the nearest approach to a quarrel that we ever had, and a rumor of it, I fear, got through the club. But in answer to all questions, we have all of us been firm in our assertions that there was no quarrel.

That system of "calling" is, of all self-imposed torments, the most tormenting. Readers, no doubt, will understand what "calling" means. When you wish your partner to lead a trump, you play your cards from some other suit out of their proper course — throwing down, say, the ten on the first round, and the deuce on the second. Players, I think, are generally of opinion that it injures the game — and no doubt it does more harm than good if the partner who is called to does not see the call. But it has this advantage, that it gives an indifferent player a great facility for playing a game of his own, and of scolding his partner for not assisting him. It creates an equality. For though it may be difficult to observe a call, nothing can be easier than calling itself. "You didn't see my call," says the injured one afterwards — or very frequently not waiting till afterwards.

"Did you call?"

"Well, rather. It would have made two tricks' difference — that's all." Then the offending one, knowing that this must be an exaggeration, goes to work — not to defend himself, but to prove that at the outside one trick only would have been saved had he been attentive.

It seems to me that at our club one's partner never sees a call, but that it is very often seen by the adversaries. Therefore, at our club, if you are peculiarly anxious that trumps should not be led, so that you may ruff this suit or the other, then is the time to call. You have two adversaries, but only one partner. If you know your man, you may perhaps be almost sure that he will be blind; and in this way you stop your enemy from playing his game and get him to play yours.

"You have no right to look like that when you call," Sir Nicholas said the other day to Dr. Pintale.

"I may look as I please," said the doctor.

"Certainly not. When you put down your second card in that way, and then look up at your partner, you might just as well say out loud what you want. I appeal to the table."

Dr. Absolom and Mr. Poser were playing. Mr. Poser is a young man under fifty, who has come in among us I hardly know why, and who writes poetry, which I hope is better than his whist. He is an amusing man, and we rather like having a poet.

"My friend Dr. Pintale is perhaps a little demonstrative," said Dr. Absolom.

"Lesbia hath a calling eye," sang Mr. Poser; "and some of us know for what he calleth."

Then it was presumed that the evidence had been adverse to Dr. Pintail; and he was constrained to promise that he would henceforth keep his features in better order.

Mr. Thompson's objection to the practice — a practice which he never could bring himself in the least to understand — was, I think, both true and picturesque. Mr. Thompson is a clergyman, who, in former days, did the light work of a city parish, whose church has been now pulled down, and who therefore, feeling that his own clerical position has been, as it were, stolen from him, disports himself, very quietly, like a layman. It is he who is so greedy of making tricks, and is so unwilling to take the money that he wins. He is an old man, of a sweet temperament, and much tinged with romance. "Why

graft another thorn upon the rose?" said he — "and a sharper thorn than those with which nature has surrounded her?"

But in very truth it is the presence of the thorns which constitutes the delight of our whist. I used to think, when I would walk home from our club after a bout of scolding which had lasted the whole afternoon, that there was something in our eager words derogatory to the dignity of old age, and I have asked myself more than once whether it would not become me to abandon a pursuit which evidently could not be followed without hard words. For I was soon convinced that whist without scolding was altogether out of the question. But after a little I began to think that the exercitation was in itself healthy. As a lot of boys on a playground together can hardly make too much noise as long as they do not fight, so in regard to old men, if they do not quarrel, why should they be restrained from that manifestation of interest which eager loud words evince? To sit and play whist dumb, or with a casual word about the fire, or the table, or the state of the atmosphere, would be so dull that men could only be kept to it by some desire of making money. Of that stain there is, I think, nothing at our club. And therefore, when I found how strong was the determination to silence the admiral when he talked about an apology — how resolute we all were that there should be no acknowledgment of the evidence of a quarrel — I reconciled myself to the noise, and took comfort in assuring myself that whist, as played at our club, is a wise resource for old gentlemen.

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THE ALKALINE AND BORACIC LAKES OF
CALIFORNIA.

BY J. ARTHUR PHILLIPS, F.G.S.

IMMEDIATELY east of the range of the Sierra Nevada is an extensive region of alkaline lakes and hot springs, of which very large areas are almost totally barren, the only vegetation consisting of wild sage, yucca, a few cacti, and scanty tufts of bunch-grass.

This district affords, in its many extensive craters and in its lavas, basalts and obsidians, the most conclusive evidence of its volcanic origin, while its solfataras and boiling springs may be regarded as the last representatives of active vulcanicity.

Although this region is one of great scientific interest, and may eventually become industrially important, it appears to be but little known in this country, and it has therefore been thought that a brief description of the district, as well as of that of the borax lakes, lying on the western side of the Sierra, might not be without interest to English readers.

The most remarkable of the alkaline lakes of this portion of California are Mono and Owen's Lakes. The former lies in a depression occupying a portion of an elevated plateau of desert land, situated at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada between the head waters of Owen's and Walker's rivers. The distance from the summit of the range to the lake-shore is about six miles, and the difference of elevation is about six thousand feet. On all sides, excepting towards the Sierra, this lake is surrounded by a wide belt of desert, the total area of which is from four hundred to five hundred square miles.

Mono Lake is about fourteen miles long, from east to west, and nine wide, from north to south; but it was formerly much larger than it is at present; this is indicated by numerous terraces, by means of which the lines of its ancient shores may be readily traced.

The water of this lake, which has a high specific gravity, and is alkaline and extensively saline, is not easily thrown into waves, but is generally smooth and glassy. Near its north shore there are springs which have produced extensive deposits of tufa, some of which rise several feet above the surface in forms resembling gigantic fungi.

There are numerous islands in this lake, two of which are of considerable size, the largest being two and a half miles long, from north to south, and the other about half a mile in length, from east to west. These, as well as a group of smaller islets lying to the north, are entirely composed of volcanic materials.

On the north-eastern corner of the larger island are extensive hot springs and steam-jets, covering an area of some thirty acres, and extending into the lake. The escape of steam and hot gases from so many hundreds of vents is attended with much noise, and the sides of the orifices of many of the fumaroles are incrustated with a reddish-brown substance, which is probably chloride of iron. In the neighborhood of these springs there is a slight smell of sulphurous acid, but no free sulphur is deposited. Some of them furnish a copious supply of boiling water, large

quantities of which enter the lake, and so perceptibly raise its temperature for a considerable distance around. Much gas and steam escape from a fissure caused by the sinking of a portion of the crust, while on the eastern part of the island are two well-defined craters, now filled with water.

Mono Lake is, during the summer, the resort of myriads of gulls and other aquatic birds, which are most numerous during the breeding season, but the water is believed to be entirely destitute of life, with the exception of a small crustacean, *Artemia fertilis*, nearly related to the so-called brine shrimp (*Artemia salina*) found in the strong brine of the salt-pans on European coasts, and the *koo-chah-bee* of the Indians, a whitish larva, occurring in immense quantities, and which is much esteemed by them as an article of food.

Stretching south of the lake is a chain of extinct volcanoes, presenting the form of truncated cones, of which the generally steep sides are covered with ashes and other loose materials. Obsidian and pumice are abundant on the surface of these cones, and also cover the plains at their base.

Owen's Valley is a narrow basin lying south of Mono Lake, and running nearly north and south for a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. Its average width may be taken at ten miles. It is bounded along its western edge by the Sierra Nevada, which in this portion of its course presents an almost unbroken wall, of which the highest peak, opposite Owen's Lake, reaches an elevation of fifteen thousand feet. No pass crosses it at a less height than eleven thousand feet, and near the lake-shore the descent from the summit to the valley beneath must have an average inclination of at least one thousand feet per mile, the distance being from ten to eleven miles, and the difference of level between the highest point of the pass and the valley being from ten thousand five hundred to eleven thousand feet.

On the eastern side of this valley are the Inyo Mountains, towards its southern end, and the White Mountains further north. This range is dry and desert-like, and not a single stream of any size flows from it into Owen's Valley, which is exclusively watered by the melting of the snows accumulated during the winter months on the eastern slope of the Sierra. Owen's River rises a short distance from the source of the San Joaquin, and, after flowing for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, falls into Owen's Lake in

lat. $36^{\circ} 20m.$ N., long. 118° W. from Greenwich. This lake, of which the water is exceedingly saline and strongly alkaline, is twenty miles long and eight wide. It has no visible outlet, and its shores are often thickly coated with a snow-like alkaline incrustation.

No fish inhabits its water, but *koo-chah-bee* is abundant, and at certain seasons is carried in by the waves and deposited on the shores in layers of several inches in thickness. This was formerly collected in large quantities by the Indians, and, after being dried in the sun, rubbed between the hands and roughly winnowed, was crushed in a stone mortar, and made into a sort of bread, which furnished an important article of food. This insect, which has been described as a white grub, is also found abundantly in the waters of Great Salt Lake, Utah, and those of other saline and alkaline lakes of the West, and appears to be the larva of a two-winged fly which is described by the late Professor Torrey under the name of *Ephydra Californica*, and by Dr. A. S. Packard as *Ephydra gracilis*.*

A specimen of water taken from Owen's Lake, in January, 1866, had a specific gravity of 1.076, and contained 7128.24 grains of solid matter per gallon. The composition of this residue was found, calculated on an imperial gallon, to be as follows:—

Chloride of sodium . . .	2942.05
Sulphate of sodium . . .	956.80
Carbonate of sodium . . .	2914.43
Sulphate of potassium . . .	122.94
Phosphate of potassium . . .	35.74
Silicate of potassium . . .	139.34
Organic matter . . .	16.94

7128.24

In addition to the substances above enumerated, iodine was present, but only in such minute proportion that its amount could not be estimated. It is also to be observed that since, for convenience of carriage, the sample of this water operated on was reduced by evaporation to one-fourth of its original bulk before being brought to this country for analysis, it is probable that some alkaline sesquicarbonates may have been originally present.

The incrustations which at certain periods of the year accumulate to the extent of many hundreds of tons on the shores of this lake, mainly consist of carbonates of sodium, in which the proportion of ses-

* See Hayden, "Geological Survey of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, 1872," p. 744.

quicarbonate is somewhat variable; in some specimens examined monocarbonates were alone present. Besides carbonates of sodium, these deposits contain three per cent. of chloride of sodium, and about five per cent. of sulphate of sodium, together with traces of silica.

It was proposed some years since to erect works on the eastern shore of Owen's Lake, for the purpose of refining this deposit, for the manufacture of merchantable carbonate of sodium; but whether this idea was ever carried out I am not aware. The only serious obstacles to the success of such an enterprise would appear to arise from scarcity of fuel, and the great distance of the lake from a shipping port.

As this lake continuously receives the waters of a considerable and constantly flowing river, while it has no apparent outlet, it follows that it must act the part of a huge evaporating basin, in which the salts introduced by the not apparently saline water of Owen's River become concentrated to an alkaline brine. The rocks on either side of the valley through which the river flows are, to a very large extent, composed of granites, lavas, and basalts, from the decomposition of the feldspars in which the alkaline salts of the lake have doubtless been derived. The very small proportion of potassium salts present in these waters is remarkable, for although from the circumstance of the feldspars of the district being to a large extent triclinal, sodium might be expected largely to predominate, still so great a disproportion in the respective amounts of the two alkalis could scarcely have been anticipated. This circumstance may perhaps, to some extent, be accounted for by supposing the potassium salts to have been largely assimilated by plants during the percolation of the waters containing them through vegetable soil, while the salts of sodium, not having been thus arrested, have passed into the river, and thence into the lake.

Owen's, like Mono Lake, was at one time much more extensive than it is at present; this is evident from the occurrence of a series of parallel terraces, plainly traceable on each side of the valley. In addition to these lakes, numerous alkaline lagunes and boiling springs are met with throughout this region.

The *Artemia fertilis*, before referred to as being plentiful in Mono Lake, is also exceedingly abundant in Owen's Lake. A peculiarity of this crustacean is that it congregates into masses which have often a strange appearance in the water. These

masses sometimes stretch out in such a way as to have the form of a serpent, while at others they represent circles or various irregular figures. A gentle breeze scarcely affects water filled by *Artemia*, so that while on all sides the water is slightly ruffled, that which is occupied by these dense aggregations remains perfectly smooth, thus indicating the figure of the mass. On placing some of these crustaceans in a bottle filled with lake water, for the purpose of preserving them for subsequent microscopical examination, it was found that those which died rapidly disappeared, and on closely examining what had taken place, it soon became evident that as soon as vitality had ceased, chemical action was set up, and the animal gradually dissolved in the strongly alkaline brine.

Burton Springs are situated at the extreme northern point of Owen's Valley. These springs rise from the earth over an area of about eighty square feet, which forms a basin or pond that pours its heated waters into a narrow creek. In this basin a vegetable growth is developed at a temperature of about 160° F., and is continued into the creek to a distance of about a hundred yards from the springs; where, at a temperature of about 120° F., the algæ grow to a length of over two feet, looking like bunches of waving hair of a beautiful green color. Below the temperature of 100° F., these plants cease to grow, and give way to a slimy fungus, which is also green in color, but finally disappears, as the temperature of the water decreases. Dr. J. H. Wood, junr., who has carefully examined this growth, makes the following observations with regard to it:—"This plant certainly belongs to the *Nostochaceæ*, and seems a sort of connecting link between the genera *Hormosiphon* of Kützing and *Nostoc*.

"The best algologists now refuse to recognize the former group as generally distinct, and the characters presented by this plant seem to corroborate this view.

"The species appears to be an undescribed one, and I would propose for it the specific name *Caladarium*, which is suggested by its place of growth."*

Twenty miles south from Owen's Lake, across a sage-brush and grease-wood waste, the surface of which is plentifully strewn with fragments of lava, pumice, and basalt, is Little Lake. This sheet of water, which is of comparatively small extent, is surrounded by huge masses of

* *Silliman's Journal*, vol. xlv. 1868, p. 33.

contorted vesicular lava, and evidently occupies the cavity of an ancient volcanic vent. The waters of this lake are considerably less alkaline than those of Owen's Lake, but bubbles of carbonic acid make their way to its surface in almost uninterrupted streams.

Fifteen miles east from this point are numerous hot springs; the path for the greater portion of this distance lies over lava-flows, which render travelling slow and fatiguing. At the principal group of springs the ground is covered, over a large extent, by innumerable cones of plastic mud, varying in height from a few inches to several feet; these rise above the surface of a seething swamp, and give issue to steam and jets of boiling water. In some cases the steam and gases, instead of issuing from cones as above described, are evolved under the surface of water and mud contained in basin-shaped reservoirs formed in the decomposed rock. By these means are produced multitudes of boiling cauldrons in which violent ebullition keeps clay in a constant state of suspension; this clay varies in color from bluish grey to bright red. The waters of these springs are much employed by the Indians as an embrocation for the cure of diseases of the eye; on examination they were found to contain forty-eight grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which amount twenty-six grains are sulphate of aluminium; in addition they contain lime, soda, potash, and a little free sulphuric acid.

Borates of sodium and calcium occur in various localities in North America. The two borax lakes are both situated near the shores of Clear Lake in Lake County, California, seventy miles northwest of the port of Suscol, and one hundred and ten from the city of San Francisco.

The larger of these lakes is separated from Clear Lake by a low ridge of volcanic materials loosely packed together, and consisting of scoriæ, obsidian, and pumice; it has an average area of about three hundred acres. Its extent however varies considerably at different periods of the year, as its waters cover a larger area in spring than during the autumnal months. No stream flows into its basin, which derives its supply of water partly from drainage from the surrounding hills, and partly from subterranean springs, discharging themselves into the bottom of the lake. In ordinary seasons its depth thus varies from five feet in the month of April to two feet at the end of October.

The borax occurs in the form of crystals

of various dimensions imbedded in the mud of the bottom, which is found to be most productive to a depth of about three and a half feet, although a bore-hole which was sunk near its centre to the depth of sixty feet afforded a certain amount of the salt throughout its whole extent.

The crystals thus occurring are most abundant near the centre of the lake, and extend over an area equivalent to one-third of its surface; they are, however, also met with in smaller quantities in the muddy deposits of other portions of the basin. The largest crystals, some of which are considerably above a pound in weight, are generally enclosed in a stiff blue clay, at a depth of between three and four feet; and a short distance above them is a nearly pure stratum, from two to three inches in thickness, of smaller ones; in addition to which crystals of various sizes are disseminated through the blue clayey deposit of which the bottom consists.

Besides the borax thus existing in a crystallized form, the mud itself is highly charged with that salt, and, according to an analysis by Dr. Oxland, affords, when dried, in those portions of the lake which have been worked (including the enclosed crystals), 17.73 per cent. Another analysis of an average sample, by Mr. G. E. Moore, of San Francisco, yielded 18.86 per cent. of crystallized borax. In addition to this the deposit at the bottom of the other portions of the basin, although less productive, still contains a large amount of borax.

Water collected from Borax Lake, in September, 1863, was found by Mr. Moore to contain 2401.56 grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which about one-half was common salt, one quarter carbonate of sodium, and the remainder chiefly anhydrous borax, equal to 535.08 grains of crystallized salt to the gallon. Traces of iodine and bromine were also detected. A sample of water taken from the interior of a coffer-dam sunk in the middle of the lake, and which had been allowed to fill by percolation from the bottom upwards, was found to be more concentrated, yielding 3573.46 grains of solid matter to the gallon, but it contained the same ingredients, and in nearly the same proportions, as the water from the lake itself. When evaporated to dryness, this water yields a considerable quantity of finely divided carbon, resulting from the various organic bodies which have been dissolved in it.

Mud from the bottom of Borax Lake is in high repute among the local Indians as an *insecticide*, and is used in the follow-

ing way. The head of the patient is thickly plastered with mud, which is well rubbed in, and then allowed to become perfectly dry; when dry it is removed by rubbing between the hands, and with it disappears the colony of parasites. Ordinary clay is, under pressure of circumstances, sometimes employed for this process of shampooing, but when alkaline or boracic mud is available, it is considered more efficacious.

When this locality was visited by me in 1866, borax was manufactured exclusively from the native crystals of crude salt, while the mud in which they were found was returned to the lake after a mechanical separation of the crystals by washing. The extraction of boracic mud was effected by the aid of sheet-iron coffer-dams. The only apparatus employed consisted of a raft, covered by a shingled roof, provided with an aperture in its centre about fifteen feet square, above which were hung, by suitable tackle, four coffer-dams, each six feet square in horizontal section, and nine feet in depth. This raft, or barge, was successively moored in parallel lines across the surface of the lake, and at each station the four dams were sunk simultaneously by their own weight into the mud forming the bottom.

When they had thus become well imbedded, the water was baled out, and the mud and crystals removed by means of buckets, into rectangular washing-vats, into which a continuous stream of water was introduced from the lake by Chinese pumps, the contents being at the same time constantly agitated by the aid of wooden rakes. In this way the muddy water continually flowed off, finally leaving a certain amount of crude borax at the bottom of each tank; this was purified by re-crystallization. From the density acquired by the seventy thousand gallons of water daily employed for this purpose, it is evident that only about one-half of the borax existing in the form of crystals was thus obtained, while the mud was again returned to the lake.

Instead of the coffer-dams, a small hand-dredging machine, worked, like the former, by Chinese labor, was subsequently introduced; but the mud brought up by it was subjected to the wasteful process of washing before described.

The crystals of crude borax thus daily obtained amounted to about three thousand pounds; these were dissolved in boiling water, and re-crystallized in large lead-lined vessels, from which the purified salt was removed to be packed into boxes, each

containing one hundred and fourteen pounds, in which it was forwarded to San Francisco. The loss of weight experienced in the process of purification amounted to about thirteen per cent.

Shortly after my visit in 1866, the manufacture of refined borax at "Big Borax Lake" was suspended, and I am not aware whether it has now been resumed, but the works do not appear to have been in operation in 1874.

Little Borax Lake covers an area of about thirty acres, and is usually dry during the months of September and October; it is then covered by a white crust, which is collected by Chinese laborers, and carried to the works, where it is refined by re-crystallization. *Ulexite*, a double borate of sodium and calcium, is brought to this place from Wadsworth, in the state of Nevada—a great distance, with several transshipments—to be treated at these works; it appears that on account of the presence of carbonate of sodium, and the cheapness of fuel, this can be done more cheaply here than in Nevada.

Clear Lake is a large and picturesque sheet of water, twenty-five miles long by about seven wide, surrounded by mountains, which in many places rise abruptly from the water's edge. Boat-life on this lake is delightful; the water is smooth, there is usually a sufficient breeze for sailing, and should it fall calm, an Indian can always be hired to row.

Lying about a mile beyond the ridge which borders Borax Lake on the northeast, and at the foot of a shorter arm of Clear Lake, which extends off to the southward parallel with the larger one, is an interesting locality, known as the "Sulphur Bank." It is some six or seven acres in extent, and consists of a much-decomposed volcanic rock traversed by innumerable fissures, which has become almost covered by a large accumulation of sulphur.

From the fissures steam and gas are constantly issuing, and over and through the mass large quantities of sulphur have been deposited in such a way that at a short distance the whole bank appears to consist of this substance. Into some of these cavities a pole may be inserted for a distance of several feet, and they are often lined with stalactites and beautiful crystallizations of sulphur.

Sulphur is being constantly deposited, and its deposition is attended by the evolution of carbonic and boric acids. The gaseous matters issuing from these crevices appear to be the agency by which the

various substances now deposited in the cavities have been brought to the surface. Sulphur is deposited on the sides of the various fissures either in the form of crystals, or as amorphous translucent masses of a beautiful yellow color. It is sometimes intermixed with cinnabar, the presence of which was first discovered by Dr. Oxland; but more frequently with minute cubical crystals of iron pyrites. Pulverulent silica, blackened by some hydrocarbon resembling coal-tar, is also frequently observed.

On the sides of the cavities colloid silica is found coating chalcedony and opalescent quartz in the various stages of formation, from the gelatinous state to that of the hardest opal. The indurated material is sometimes colorless, but is more frequently permeated by cinnabar and iron pyrites, or blackened by the tarry matter before referred to. Cinnabar is also found in laminæ, and occasionally even in veins and concretionary masses of considerable thickness.

In addition to being employed as a source of sulphur, this deposit has been worked for quicksilver, and has produced large quantities of that valuable metal.

On the shore of Clear Lake, near the Sulphur Bank, is a hot spring, of which the outlets, even when the water is low, are partially beneath the lake, so that the amount flowing from it cannot be ascertained. Hot water, however, rises through the sand at various points extending over a considerable area. A specimen of water collected by Mr. Moore from this spring was found by him to contain 184.62 grains of common salt, 76.96 grains of bicarbonate of sodium, 36.37 grains of free carbonic anhydride, 103.29 grains of borax, and 107.76 grains of bicarbonate of ammonium, in an imperial gallon; besides silica, alumina, and traces of various other substances.

Professor Whitney remarks with regard to this spring: "The most extraordinary feature in the above analysis is the very large amount of ammoniacal salts shown to be present in this water, in this respect exceeding any natural-spring water which has ever been analyzed. Mr. Moore thinks that, as in the case of the boracic-acid waters of Tuscany, this ammoniacal salt may be separated and made available for economical purposes. This locality is worthy of a most careful examination, to ascertain how considerable a flow of water can be depended on."*

* Geological Survey of California, p. 100.

Dr. A. Blatchly, of San Francisco, in speaking of the Geyser group of quicksilver mines, says: "Nearly all these veins contain iron in considerable amounts, frequently in sufficient quantities to constitute an ore of iron. Gold, silver, and copper are also frequently constituents of these lodes, and occasionally chrome iron in considerable quantities. But, so far as is known, in no instance have the precious metals been sufficiently abundant to pay for the expense of extraction.

"Bitumen is found in nearly all these veins, sometimes a deposit of a gallon or two in one cavity.

"Thermal springs are numerous throughout the whole quicksilver region, and the uniformity of their occurrence leads prospectors to the belief that there is an intimate relation between the causes which generate thermal springs, and produce deposits of cinnabar, and that where one is found the other may probably occur in the vicinity."*

On the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, near Walker's Pass, borax is found in what appears to be the bed of an ancient lake, large crystals of this substance having been met with in a hardened mud, exactly resembling those found in the blue clay of Borax Lake. By far the largest amount of borax is, however, obtained from the indurated mud, where it exists in common with other salts. This mud, from which borax is separated by lixiviation, contains about half its weight of that salt, and is a light, clay-like body, having a strongly saline and alkaline taste. The portion insoluble in water effervesces on being attacked by hydrochloric acid, and contains silica, alumina, lime, ferrous oxide, and magnesia. Similar deposits containing borax exist in Panamint and Death's Valley, in lower Nevada; but these desolate districts have not as yet received so careful an examination as they deserve.

About twenty miles west of San Bernardino is the so-called "Cane Spring District," where ulexite and boronatrocalcite is found, over an area about ten miles in width by fifteen in length. The surface of the ground is covered by efflorescent salts, commonly known as "alkali," beneath which the borax salts (chiefly ulexite) are found at a depth of only a few inches.

At Hot Springs, in the northwestern portion of the state of Nevada, at a height of forty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and where the water issuing

* "Mineral Resources West of the Rocky Mountains," 1875, p. 176. Raymond.

from the ground has a temperature of about 190° Fahr., there are deposits of boronatrocalcite, extending over considerable areas. Here, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is seen but barren mountains, formed of a black, porous lava; while the valleys are covered by an efflorescence of a mixture of common salt and sulphate and carbonate of sodium. In other cases the sands of these mountain valleys contain deposits of more or less pure boronatrocalcite.

Geysers and hot springs are numerous in the whole of this district, and from the number of extinct geyser vents still visible, they were, probably, at one time much more numerous than at present.

The analysis of an average sample of the boracic material from Nevada afforded Mr. Loew the following results:—

Boronatrocalcite	22.13
Chloride of sodium	2.80
Sulphate of sodium	2.62
Sulphate of calcium	6.17
Carbonate of calcium	3.01
Carbonate of magnesium79
Clay	19.70
Quartzose sand	26.03
Water	15.04
Traces of potash, iodine, and loss	1.71

100.00*

The purification of crude borax (*tincal*) is effected by a simple re-crystallization, but the preparation of marketable borax from boronatrocalcite is attended with considerable difficulty, more particularly as the appliances available in the remote deserts in which it occurs are of the most primitive and limited description.

When boronatrocalcite is moderately pure, it is first ground and subsequently dissolved in water, with the addition of an amount of carbonate of sodium sufficient to effect the decomposition of the calcic carbonate present.

The solution is subsequently heated, and the carbonate of calcium allowed to subside, when the liquor is drawn off, and, after concentration, borax is obtained by crystallization.

Unfortunately, this mineral often contains notable quantities of gypsum, which transforms an equivalent amount of carbonate of sodium into Glauber salt, a relatively valueless product. This salt is also frequently present in the material operated upon, and thus materially adds to the difficulty of treatment. In order to avoid these difficulties, it has been pro-

posed to treat native boronatrocalcite with sufficient sulphuric acid to transform the whole of the carbonate of calcium into gypsum, and to liberate boric acid, to be subsequently saturated by carbonate of sodium. Boronatrocalcite has also been treated with excess of hydrochloric acid, in order to obtain crystallized boric acid, but neither of these processes has hitherto afforded satisfactory commercial results.

The comparatively recent discovery of large quantities of this substance in Nevada will, no doubt, eventually to some extent, affect the Tuscan producers of boric acid; but the fact that crude boronatrocalcite varies considerably in its composition, and that it is found in situations in which its local treatment would be almost impossible, has hitherto prevented this mineral from being extensively employed as a source of commercial borax.

From The Spectator.

THE STORING OF LITERARY POWER.

MR. GLADSTONE, in replying for "the interests of literature" at the Royal Academy, intimated that we must not expect to see soon again so great a literary period as that which commenced with the peace of 1815; but beyond intimating that the immediate future was likely to be an age of research rather than one of expression, he gave no hint of the reasons which are likely, in his opinion, to prevent the present day from becoming a day of great literary splendor. Yet one reason, at all events, is conspicuous why this should not be so, and one, we fear, which is not likely to diminish, but rather to increase in influence,—we mean, and our reason will only seem paradoxical to those who have not thought much on these subjects, the very great and increasing facilities for literary expression, which prevent anything like large reserves of feeling and thought from accumulating till they acquire sufficient mass to produce great individual effects. Yet almost every great literary period in the world has been one following a long period of repression, and consequently of accumulation. When Athens first opened the sluices of literary life and power, the world awoke almost for the first time to the conception of literary freedom, and to the full power of human thought and language. The revival of learning was a period of similar awakening after a long pressure of the yoke of ecclesiastical restraint. The glory of Elizabethan litera-

* *Moniteur Scientifique*, 1876, p. 1230.

ture was the fruit of the long-brooding life of the Middle Ages. And the great literary era to which Mr. Gladstone referred was chiefly due to that sudden break-up of the conventionalisms of the eighteenth century, caused by the French Revolution; for the long reign of a literary oligarchy or aristocracy, and the habit which such an aristocracy forms of constraining into fixed channels the life and taste of the rising generation, are at least as effective for a considerable period in restricting and, as it were, banking up many kinds and moods of feeling, as that direct discouragement of all literary expression which precedes the first burst of a new literature. But in our own day the enormous facilities for expressing everything that is felt, and for fostering much that is not really felt, but only fancied as possible to be felt, useful as they are for spreading equally among all classes the culture hitherto attained, are positive premiums on literary diffuseness, feebleness, and attenuation. Just as a perfect system of drainage, if completed without proper arrangements for storing rain, carries back far too soon all the water-supply through millions of rivulets to the great streams, and through the great streams to the ocean, so a perfect organization of facilities for expression carries off far too soon everything in the shape of literary feeling and thought into the public mind, without giving it time to grow to what is great and forcible. And this tendency to multiplying the dwindling runlets of literary power, instead of multiplying those great reservoirs of the imagination by which alone the highest life can be fed, is increased to a very great extent, by the gradual relaxation of that stern discipline of childhood and youth which marked almost all the ages up to our own. We are far from pleading for that stern discipline, for it is certain that many good effects of this relaxation—perhaps better in their total result than this one evil effect—could be adduced. The young people who are thus relieved from the high pressure of discipline imposed on former generations certainly grow up in many respects more amiable and more reasonable, less moody, less self-willed, and less passionate than their fathers. But they too often grow up also less strenuous and with much less stored power. It is the damming-up of dribblets of feeling and thought which really creates great supplies of such feeling and thought. It is the resistance to cherished purposes which accumulates these purposes into something capable of striking the eye and the imagination. As Dr. Newman long ago said, —

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng.
They will condense within thy soul,
And swell to purpose strong.
But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

And what is true of moral purpose is equally true of literary impressions. It is the age of reserve which prepares the way for the age of literary splendor; it is the youth of brooding thoughts and emotions which prepares the way for the manhood of great genius. And unquestionably the lighter pressure under which children are now placed during the time of discipline, the larger amount of sympathy which they now attract, that *cultus* of children which makes the loneliness of childhood and youth comparatively so rare, while they produce a great number of good effects, do also produce this bad effect,—that there is far less opportunity than there was for the silent maturing of strong purposes and deep feelings.

It is curious enough to note in such lives as we have just had of Miss Martineau and Miss Brontë how the very conditions which seem to have produced the peculiar strength they had, are just those which it is the tendency of the feelings excited by their writings to render rarer and feebler for the future. Miss Martineau complains of the want of sympathy for children manifested in her home in her youth, and the terrible aggravation of those evils caused later by the unwise mode in which her deafness was treated, so as to isolate her even more completely from her fellow-creatures than she would otherwise have been isolated. Yet we strongly believe that these were just the conditions which enabled powers of not very much more than ordinary calibre to produce really great results of their kind. No doubt she "kept silence, yea, even from good words," and "it was pain and grief" to her, but it was during this enforced silence that the "fire kindled," and when at last she spoke with her tongue, she spoke with the accumulated force of years of brooding; and if the present writer's judgment is worth anything, it was much more this, than the natural power and breadth of her imagination and understanding, which made her what she undoubtedly was,—a very remarkable woman of her kind, who, with less repression in childhood and less deprivation in youth, might have been but a clever woman, and nothing more. Yet the remarkable effect produced by repression, reticence, and re-

serve in accumulating power is still more curiously illustrated in the lives of the Brontës, especially Emily and Charlotte. Of course, reserve and slow accumulation will do little for powers which are from the beginning thoroughly commonplace, as was apparently the case with Anne Brontë. But how much they will do for women of real genius, who are yet not women of such great breadth and luxuriance of imagination that, spread themselves as they may, their imagination would still work vividly, the very interesting story which Mr. T. W. Reid has just told us of the Brontës,* by way of supplement to Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte, shows with very great force. The highest power of reserve which was probably ever concentrated in any human life whose outlines are well known to us, was that under the steady stress of which Emily Brontë's short career was passed. She, like her sisters, lived with a father of whom they were afraid, amidst wild and gloomy moors, where they had no companions but themselves, yet, unlike her sisters, she could hardly tell even to them the imaginations of her own heart. We are told by Mr. Reid how hopeless her efforts proved to enter into anything like the ordinary intercourse with her fellow-creatures, — how again and again she returned home after efforts to gain her own bread, which failed solely from her complete failure to open easy relations with her kind, — how in her last illness she would not admit even to her sisters her illness till within two hours of her death, but then whispered faintly, "If you send for a doctor, I will see him now," when she was almost in the agonies of death. In Emily Brontë the restraining power of reserve assuredly amounted to something very near mental disease. Yet what a wonderful force it gave to her genius! Highly as Mr. Reid appreciates "Wuthering Heights," he almost makes one laugh at him as if he were thoroughly unable to appreciate it, when he compares it even for a moment with such trash as Lord Lytton's "Strange Story." The passage he quotes, for instance, from "Wuthering Heights" as to the way in which Catherine's image haunted Heathcliff after her death, is, when compared with anything Lord Lytton ever achieved, like a stroke of lightning to the glimmer of a rush-light. There is more concentrated fire and power in

that weird, wild tale, not merely than in all the pinchbeck novels Lord Lytton ever wrote (which is saying nothing), but than in any single story known to us in the English language. The capacity for expressing imaginative intensity surpasses to our mind any achievement in the same space in the whole of our prose literature. We should rank "Wuthering Heights" — eccentric and lurid as it is — as an effort of genius, far above not only "Villette," which seems to us Charlotte Brontë's greatest effort, but "The Bride of Lammermoor," which is the nearest thing to it in Sir Walter Scott's imaginative writings. In "Wuthering Heights" the concentrated power of a great imagination gave one brilliant flash and disappeared. No doubt the repressive force of Emily Brontë's reserve was something like a disease, but it had the effect of storing imaginative power as nothing else in the world could have stored it, and no one who reads all that is told of her could suppose for a moment that had her reserve been less than it was, we should ever have had that one great flash of genius. Doubtless she would have been broader, happier, in many respects a truer woman, than she was, if she had had more channels of communication with her kind, but her genius would hardly have effected any one thing so great; she might have been far wider; she could not have been so intense; she would never have gazed so deeply into those evil eyes of Heathcliff's — eyes seen only in her reveries, and never in real life — which she so finely describes as "the cloudy windows of hell," if she had not stored up all the elastic force of her reverie into that one single creative effort. And so with Charlotte Brontë's genius; it certainly reached its acme when her life was at its loneliest, when she was robbed of the sympathy of both of her sisters. "Villette" is almost as much greater than "Shirley" or "Jane Eyre" as "The Bride of Lammermoor," written in pain and under stress of illness, was greater than "Ivanhoe" or "Kenilworth."

We hold, then, that the great facilities for expression — the great stimulus given to expression by our intensely literary age, and to expression which anticipates the proper ripening of the feeling and thought to be expressed — are really considerable obstacles to the development of that high literary power for which Mr. Gladstone is compelled to look back to a generation when the intellectual life was far more sharply kept under, and far less constantly fostered than it is now.

* Charlotte Brontë: a Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. London: Macmillan and Co.

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CAPTIVE SPRING.

WHAT, gentle Spring, and art thou come?
 Desire,
 Under the iron sceptre of thy sire,
 Cried out for thee.
 Fair truant! couldst thou not have flown
 More quickly to our colder zone,
 From those beyond the sea?
 Or didst thou linger on, and grieve
 The sunny southern land to leave?
 Cease for awhile thy wandering,
 Rest and be welcome, gentle Spring.

Why, like a maid that would the more be
 sought,
 Dost hide thee, almost ere thy beauty caught
 Our eager view,
 Behind yon cloud that frowning passed?
 A laggard surely, and the last
 Of winter's sullen crew
 He will not aid thee in thy wiles:
 See, at thy touch the traitor smiles;
 And thou, discovered once again,
 Shalt find thy shyness all in vain.

Besides, an hour ago her fragrance sweet
 Disclosed the violet springing at my feet;
 And I knew well,
 Gazing upon the purple gem,
 From whose bright veil or diadem
 That tiny treasure fell.
 I spied the crocus lifting up
 His yellow head, his golden cup;
 The very daisies in the grass
 Showed me the way that Spring did pass.

Yield, then, fair nymph! for, goddess as thou
 art,
 We will not let thee from our shore depart
 Until thou bless
 The land that all expectant lies,
 And every soul that longing sighs
 To feel thy soft caress.
 The waking bees, the happy birds,
 The timid flocks, the patient herds,
 Thy presence own with grateful joy,
 And silent mourn if thou art coy.

From thy full hands we claim the daffodil,
 And those bright bells the midnight fairies fill
 With honey dew;
 Pink blossom of the almond-tree,
 Tender laburnum hanging free,
 And periwinkle blue.
 Spare us those jewels from thy crown,
 These buds that deck thy gauzy gown;
 And stay thy flight, and fold thy wing —
 We hold thee captive, gentle Spring.

SYDNEY GREY.

GREECE AND ENGLAND.

WOULD this sunshine be completer,
 Or these violets smell sweeter,
 Or the birds sing more in metre,
 If it all were years ago,
 When the melted mountain-snow
 Heard in Enna all the woe
 Of the poor forlorn Demeter?

Would a stronger life pulse o'er us
 If a panther-chariot bore us,
 If we saw, enthroned before us,
 Ride the leopard-footed god,
 With a fir-cone tip the rod,
 Whirl the thyrsus round, and nod
 To a drunken Mænad-chorus?

Bloomed there richer, redder roses
 Where the Lesbian earth incloses
 All of Sappho? where reposes
 Meleager, laid to sleep
 By the olive-girdled deep;
 Where the Syrian maidens weep,
 Bringing serpolet in posies?

Ah! it may be! Greece had leisure
 For a world of faded pleasure;
 We must tread a tamer measure,
 To a milder, homelier lyre;
 We must tend a paler fire,
 Lay less perfume on the pyre,
 Be content with poorer treasure!

Were the brown-limbed lovers bolder?
 Venus younger, Cupid older?
 Down the wood-nymph's warm white shoulder
 Trailed a purpler, madder vine?
 Were the poets more divine?
 Brew we no such golden wine
 Here, where summer suns are colder?

Yet for us too life has flowers,
 Time a glass of joyous hours,
 Interchange of sun and showers,
 And a wealth of leafy glades,
 Meant for loving men and maids,
 Full of warm green lights and shades,
 Trellis-work of wild-wood bowers.

So while English suns are keeping
 Count of sowing-time and reaping,
 We've no need to waste our weeping,
 Though the glad Greeks lounged at ease
 Underneath their olive-trees,
 And the Sophoclean bees
 Swarmed on lips of poets sleeping!

Temple Bar.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

WALLACE'S "RUSSIA."*

IF Mr. Wallace had published this book under the more modest title of "Rural Russia," it might deserve to be considered the best work we possess in English on the peasantry and country life of that vast empire. The writer has unquestionably some qualifications unusual in a foreigner. He is well acquainted with the Russian language. He has lived for several years, not only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but amongst the people; and in his zeal for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the country, he braved the discomfort of a Russian parsonage and the dulness of a provincial town. Applying himself more especially to the study of the communal tenure of land and the results of the recent emancipation of the serfs, he has published, on those subjects, a large amount of valuable information. He writes in a spirit of fairness and good temper, not always to be found in the books relating to the institutions of the Russian empire; and if he is biassed at all, it is by a kindly sense of the hospitality he has met with and by a lively appreciation of the good qualities of the Russian people. He has collected with scrupulous care all that it is possible to say in their favor, but unfortunately his benevolent theories are not always borne out by the facts which his candor compels him to disclose. We receive his evidence, however, with pleasure and confidence as far as it goes. But it is impossible not to remark that the scope of this work is very limited. We are struck at once by surprising omissions of the most important subjects, which affect the whole social and political condition of the empire. Mr. Wallace has nothing to say

of the army, or of the finances, or of commerce, or of the imperial administration. But these are the four pillars of the edifice. The life and manners of the peasantry are interesting, and very unlike anything that exists in western Europe. Perhaps the time may come when their primitive institutions may exercise some power in the State. But at present they are entirely subject to the exigencies of a vast military establishment, to an oppressive and demoralizing system of finance, to a prohibitive commercial system, and to the absolute control of a despotic government. A book on Russia which omits these subjects appears to us, therefore, to be essentially defective and incomplete. The author tells us that he hopes in a third volume to repair some of these omissions. But he has failed to show the bearing that the obligations of military service, the mode of taxation, commercial restrictions, and the application of arbitrary power have on all the subordinate institutions of the country; and this deficiency can never be supplied.

If therefore the object of the reader were to obtain a knowledge of Russia, as a State and a power in Europe, he would derive much fuller and more accurate information from several works recently published on the Continent, such as M. Schédo-Ferroti's "*Etudes sur l'Avenir de la Russie*," or the "*Petersburger Gesellschaft*," by a Russian; or Herr Julius Eckardt's "*Russische und Baltische Charakterbilder*;"* not to mention Prince Dolgoroukow's somewhat defamatory volume on the state of his own country. The peasantry of Russia, though they exceed by incalculable numbers the population of the towns, are still an inert mass. The communal institutions which have existed for some centuries among them are confined to their own very limited sphere of action. They have not as yet shown the slightest aptitude for political power or even the slightest desire to exer-

* 1. *Russia*. By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

2. *Russische und Baltische Charakterbilder aus Geschichte und Literatur*. Von JULIUS ECKARDT. 1 vol. 8vo. Leipzig: 1876.

3. *Etudes sur l'Avenir de la Russie*. Par D. K. SCHEDO-FERROTI. Quatrième Edition. Berlin: 1859.

4. *Aus der Petersburger Gesellschaft*. Von einem Russen. Berlin: 1874.

5. *Savage and Civilized Russia*. By W. R. London: 1877.

6. *La Russie Epique. Etudes sur les Chansons Héroïques de la Russie*. Par ALFRED RAMBAUD. Paris: 1876.

* A translation of the first edition of this work was published in London in 1870, under the title "Modern Russia;" but a second edition has since appeared in Germany, considerably enlarged. It is a most valuable and instructive work, and far superior, in our estimation, to that of Mr. Wallace.

cise it, except when their own immediate interests were concerned. The emancipation of the serfs was unquestionably a great revolution in Russian society, and a measure which does the highest honor to the firmness, benevolence, and wisdom of Alexander II. But never was a great social revolution more exclusively accomplished from above. It was imposed on nobles and serfs alike by the imperial will; and we gather from Mr. Wallace's own pages that it has had little or no effect in changing the condition of the peasantry, except in so far as their relations to their former owners are concerned. Herr Eckardt states emphatically that after the emancipation, in the agricultural arrangements, in the relations of the individual members to the community, in the periodical re-allotments, in the mode of taxation, and in the division of the soil, *absolutely nothing was changed*.

The omission of all mention of the army in Mr. Wallace's volumes is that which most surprises us, because we have always understood that Russia is essentially constituted on military principles, and the maintenance of an enormous army is regarded as the great end of the State. All rank in Russia may be said to be military, or represented by military equivalents. Thus even M. de Kancrine, the late minister of finance, and a civilian, had the rank of a general; and when two young men of high birth, a Soumoroff and a Woronzoff, announced their intention of entering the civil service, they were told that this was a derogation from their proper position, measured by the military standard. The army was the grand object of the solicitude of the emperor Nicholas; and although a milder *régime* has succeeded to that of the late czar, the military establishment of the empire has been largely increased and extended within the last three years by the introduction of universal compulsory service,—a fact which must have the most serious effect on the whole rural population, from whom the troops are raised. "Russia," says M. Schédo-Ferroti, "is a State militarily organized. Everything in our country breathes of arms, and people of the most unwarlike professions are obliged to put

on the uniform of soldiers." The profession of arms has always been regarded in Russia as the noblest pursuit in life—the only one that a man of a certain social position could follow, or that led to rapid advancement. The reason of this preponderance of the army is thus explained by the Russians themselves:—

At its origin the Russian monarchy already occupied a vast territory comprising the sources of six great rivers—the Northern Dwina, the Volchow, communicating with the sea by Lake Ladoga, and the Neva, the Duna, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Volga. All these great streams flowed into territories not then subject to Russian dominion, except the Northern Dwina, the mouth of which was Russian but inaccessible to trade, as the passage to the White Sea was only discovered by the English in 1553. Thus, a great political body was circumscribed within narrow limits, which, as it were, suffocated it; it had to spread in order to breathe; it had to conquer the mouths of the rivers crossing its territory or to perish. Hence that tendency to conquest which may be traced in any reign from Rurik to our own time. (Schédo-Ferroti. *Etude v.*, p. 3.)

If this be the true explanation of the Russian policy of military aggression it must be acknowledged that the cause assigned has long ceased to be operative. Russia reached the mouths of her rivers long ago, and has got beyond them, unless the Danube is also to be reckoned as a Russian stream. Yet the exertions of the Russian government to augment its military forces were never greater than they have been in the last six years. She had already the power to bring half a million of men into the field. But the grand measure of universal conscription sanctioned by the ukase of January, 1, 1875, will add another half million to that number of her active troops, and another million to the reserve. These enormous forces can only be raised and maintained for aggressive purposes. The territory of Russia is invulnerable. Nobody has the slightest interest in attacking it, unless she begins by attacking some one else. If attacked, as she was in 1812, she may rely on her climate, her extent, and the patriotism of her population for effectual defence. Setting aside ambitious consider-

ations, we should say that to burden a poor and thinly peopled country with the maintenance of an enormous army is the most mischievous policy that can be conceived. It is a perpetual drain on the manhood of the empire. It enormously weakens its productive powers. It leads to a frightful waste of life. When the emperor Nicholas once expressed his surprise at the inferiority of the men in his army to the seamen of his fleet, in point of discipline and condition, Count Woronzow replied that what the army wanted was "more food and less drill." Hundreds of thousands of human beings have been sacrificed in the last fifty years to the stupid pride of exhibiting to the world the shows and pageants of a great military establishment. What renders this state of things still more lamentable and extraordinary is that the Russians are not a warlike or combative people. Even in their drinking bouts they do not fight. They are entirely ignorant of all that goes on abroad, and entirely indifferent to glory. Nor can any conceivable benefit accrue to the people of Russia by threatening and molesting their neighbors or by the acquisition of territory of which they have already more than enough. If their country were attacked they would defend it with undaunted courage, but as a race of men there is no people in the world less disposed to slaughter their neighbors. Military service is with them the result of absolute, blind, unquestioning obedience. They submit to it as they submit to a law of nature, because they are docile and brave. Yet surely military service as it is understood in Russia is the most detestable form of slavery; for a peaceful peasant is converted by it, without the least will of his own, into a blood-hound, a destroyer, or a victim. And this burden is now hung with redoubled weight upon the back of every peasant in the empire. The whole community is crushed by it. Military service is the primary obligation of life, and must affect every other relation of society. We think therefore that in omitting all notice of the Russian army, and of the new organization of it, Mr. Wallace has lost sight of the most important feature in the whole question.

Not less unaccountable is his omission of any general view of the system of Russian finance; for the amount of taxation borne by every member of the community is an essential element in the condition of the people, whilst the total revenue of the empire and the mode in which it is raised is the true measure of its power. We come here and there in this book on a detail which leads us to suppose that the burden of taxation is enormous in relation to the wealth of the people. Thus Mr. Wallace gives us what he terms the budget of a family of five persons in northern Russia in a good year. He estimates their income at 12*l.* 5*s.* (English money), derived principally from the sale of game and fish or caviare. Their outgoings are as follows:—

Rye-meal (2,240 lb.) to supply the	£	s.	d.
deficiency of the harvest	7	0	0
Taxes	2	5	0
Clothes and boots	2	10	0
Fishing Tackle, Powder and Shot,			
etc.	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	12	5	0

So that if these figures are correct, the taxes amount to more than a sixth of their available income. In another place he computes the rate of taxation at twenty-three roubles and three quarters per homestead, or more than 3*l.* In addition to this direct taxation, the excise on spirits, which is the main stay of the Russian revenue, is of course paid by the inordinate drunken habits of the peasantry. The returns of the poll-tax and land-tax amount in round numbers to fifteen millions sterling, and of the excise on spirits to twenty-five millions—forty millions sterling levied on sixty millions of peasants, for these are taxes which sit lightly on the upper classes and on the towns: they are paid by the bulk of the rural population. We should be disposed to infer from certain notices on the subject scattered through this book, that there is hardly any population in the world more severely taxed than the Russian peasantry. Take for example India. Some of the accounts of the ceded western districts recently passed through our hands, from which it appeared that the rate of taxation was not more than *one*

shilling and three pence a head ! We cannot attempt to reconcile or explain so enormous a difference. Probably the data of the calculations are different. But these are precisely the points on which we looked to an accomplished writer like Mr. Wallace for information ; and if his book had any claim to completeness, he ought to have given us at least as full an account of the finances of Russia, as has recently been done by Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and he ought especially to have shown the effects of the financial system on the people. At the present moment Russia is burdened with a debt of three hundred millions sterling, bearing interest at five per cent., two-thirds of which are held abroad, and the interest must be paid in gold, whilst the entire monetary transactions of the empire are carried on in a depreciated paper currency. These facts alone are of the gravest significance, but Mr. Wallace says nothing about them.

One of the oddest things in Russia is that the very ministers who govern upon the present system are the men most alive to its defects and evil consequences. The minister of finance is, we are informed, a very able and intelligent man, and a strong free-trader : the minister of war has also been remarkable in the last few months for his strenuous and consistent resistance to the party who clamor for war. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. A poll-tax, a brandy-shop tax, and exorbitant custom duties are the three worst forms of taxation ; and it would be interesting to trace the effects of these fiscal expedients on Russia. The more we learn of that country, the more it seems to us to be governed on principles of public economy and administration diametrically opposite to those which are generally accepted and practised in western Europe. Russia would increase her strength, wealth, and well-being far more by the introduction of a few sound ideas of government, than by raising immense armies to threaten or invade adjacent provinces, scarcely more barbarous than a great portion of her own dominions. If she laid aside her aggressive weapons, she would find nothing more easy than to enter into a cordial alliance with this country for instance. It is her army and diplomacy that keep her at arm's length from civilized Europe, and make her an object of not unmerited suspicion. No conquests and no successful intrigues in foreign countries can compensate her for the loss of the confidence and esteem of the world.

Even for the purposes of diplomacy and war the present standard of statesmen and commanders in Russia cannot be reckoned very high. Although nobody doubts that the present century has witnessed a constant and continual increase in the bulk of the Russian empire—the extent of its territory, the numbers of its subjects and its soldiers, and the nominal amount of its revenue and its debt, we question whether Russia in the nineteenth century occupies a position of as great relative importance in the affairs of Europe as the Russia of Peter the Great and of Catherine II. Those were sovereigns of genius, in spite of their profligacy and their crimes ; they attracted to their service a long array of able statesmen and successful generals ; their reigns were a series of victories and conquests over the Swedes, the Poles, and the Turks. They established and consolidated an empire. The Russians, always an imitative people, borrowed or reflected the taste, the culture, and the liberal philosophy of France. It was Falconet who placed the statue of Peter on his rock ; it was another Frenchman, Montferrand, who raised the sumptuous dome of the Isaac Church. During the reign of Catherine, especially, Russia exercised a direct and powerful influence on the politics of Europe : there was not a power which did not court her alliance or dread her hostility. The wars of the French Revolution broke the French political and social connection, though the use of the French language in Russia still remains. But the alliances and sympathies of the court became German. The gallant national defence of Russia in 1812, and the part she took in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, effaced the humiliation of Austerlitz, and raised the emperor Alexander to a great position in Europe. That indeed was the culminating height of power and influence ever attained by a Russian sovereign. But the long reign of his brother Nicholas is now, by common consent, regarded as a disastrous and disgraceful failure. His policy was altogether based on an insolent and brutal system of compression at home and abroad : and when the day of trial came, and the vast military preparations of his life were brought to the test of war, they speedily collapsed and buried the czar himself under their ruins. The reign of his son has been rendered illustrious by his attachment to the cause of peace and by the emancipation of the serfs. The empire has made considerable internal progress. There has even been some growth of a

national literature and symptoms of popular life. But we see no indications whatever of greatness. There is no Russian in existence who can be said to enjoy or to deserve a first-class European fame. Two or three intriguers of low calibre in the Foreign Office at Petersburg pass for their greatest statesmen. Count Moltke relates in his amusing letters written from Moscow at the time of the coronation that there are eight thousand generals in Russia, and that the emperor has about one hundred and eighty of them attached to his person. But at this moment, no Russian general is known to exist capable of inspiring confidence to a great army or to direct the intricate strategical movements of three hundred thousand men. A grand duke, notoriously incapable, was placed at the head of the army of Bessarabia. The chief command was even offered to a Prussian! In the war of 1854, the Russian army produced one very able engineer, Todleben; but that was all. It may be inferred from these facts that although the bulk of the Russian establishments has increased, the intellectual power to direct them to the great ends of politics and war falls very far short of what it was a hundred years ago.

The reforms and improvements which have been introduced in Russia from the days of Peter the Great to the days of Alexander II. have, in fact, all originated with the supreme power of the court. Mr. Wallace says truly:—

The political [he means social] history of Russia during the last two centuries may be briefly described as a series of revolutions effected peaceably by the autocratic power. Each young energetic sovereign has attempted to inaugurate a new epoch by thoroughly remodelling the administration according to the most approved foreign political philosophy of the time. Institutions have not been allowed to grow spontaneously out of popular wants, but have been invented by bureaucratic theorists to satisfy wants of which the people were still unconscious. The administrative machine has therefore derived little or no motive force from the people, and has always been kept in motion by the unaided energy of the central government. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the repeated attempts of the government to lighten the burdens of centralized administration by creating organs of local self-government should have been eminently unsuccessful. ("Wallace's Russia," vol. i., p. 344.)

And in another place:—

It may seem strange to Englishmen that rulers should voluntarily take upon themselves

the Herculean task of regulating the relative numerical force of the different social classes, when it might be much better fulfilled by the principle of supply and demand, without legislative interference; but it must be remembered that the Russian government has always placed more confidence in bureaucratic wisdom than in the instincts and common sense of the people. (Vol. i., p. 441.)

Strangely enough in speaking of the correction of administrative abuses in another part of his work, this writer says exactly the reverse:—

The only effectual remedy for administrative abuses lies in placing the administration under public control. This has been abundantly proved in Russia. All the efforts of the tsars during many generations to check the evil by means of ingenious bureaucratic devices proved utterly fruitless. Even the iron will and gigantic energy of Nicholas were insufficient for the task. But when, after the Crimean War, there was a great moral awakening and the tsar *called the people to his assistance*, the stubborn, deep-rooted evils immediately disappeared. For a time venality and extortion were unknown, and since that period they have never been able to regain their old force. (Vol. i., pp. 323-4.)

We are greatly surprised to learn that those "stubborn, deep-rooted evils *immediately disappeared*" under so simple a process, or that the tsar ever "called the people to his assistance." But the truth is, judging from Mr. Wallace's own testimony in several other places, that these statements are loose and exaggerated.

The leading characteristics of Russia are that she possesses an enormous territory, with a wretched soil, at least in the northern provinces, a rigorous climate, and a thin population. A country forty times as large as France, has only twice the number of inhabitants. In European Russia the population is about fourteen souls to the square verst; that of Great Britain would be one hundred and fourteen to the same area. Add to this that Russia is, for the most part, without coal-fields, the great source of artificial power. Such a country, be its size what it may, must be poor and weak—perhaps the poorer and the weaker for its great magnitude.

To understand what Russia is we must look in the first place to the distribution of this scanty population. Of the seventy-seven million subjects of the czar, nearly sixty-four million belong to the rural classes. The nobles may be reckoned at about one million; the priests and monks at seven hundred thousand; the town

classes at seven million; the military classes at four million seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand. There is, therefore, an immense preponderance of the rural classes or peasantry. But the classes included in what are called "towns" must be further reduced; a great many of them are still peasants. In European Russia, excluding Finland, the Baltic provinces, Lithuania, Poland, and the Caucasus, there are only one hundred and twenty-seven towns; of these only twenty-five contain more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and *only eleven* more than fifty thousand. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa are the only pure Russian cities of importance. The more intelligent and cultivated urban population bears therefore a remarkably small portion to the large mass of the nation. The merchant class in European Russia, Mr. Wallace says, numbers (including wives and children) about four hundred and sixty-six thousand; the burghers four million and thirty-three thousand; and the artisans about two hundred and sixty thousand. Attempts were made by Peter and by Catherine to create a *bourgeoisie*, and to confer upon it the privileges of municipal government.

The truth is that the whole system had been arbitrarily imposed on the people, and had no motive power except the imperial will. Had that motive power been withdrawn, and the burghers left to regulate their own municipal affairs, the system would immediately have collapsed. Rathhaus, burgomasters, guilds, aldermen, and all other lifeless shadows which had been called into existence by imperial ukaze would instantly have vanished into space. In this fact we have one of the characteristic traits of Russian historical development compared with that of western Europe. In the west, monarchy had to struggle with municipal institutions to prevent them from becoming too powerful; in Russia, it had to struggle with them to prevent them from committing suicide or dying of inanition. (Vol. i., p. 263.)

He does not give the merchants a very good character.

The two great blemishes on the character of the Russian merchants as a class are, according to general opinion, their ignorance and their dishonesty. As to the former of these there cannot possibly be any difference of opinion. The great majority of the merchants do not possess even the rudiments of education. Many of them can neither read nor write, and are forced to keep their accounts in their memory, or by means of ingenious hieroglyphics, intelligible only to the inventor. Others can decipher the calendar and the lives

of the saints, can sign their names with tolerable facility, and can make the simpler arithmetical calculations with the help of a little calculating instrument called *stchety*, which resembles the *abaca* of the old Romans, and is universally used in Russia. It is only the minority who understand the mysteries of regular book-keeping, and of these very few can make any pretensions to being educated men. Already, however, symptoms of a change for the better in this respect are noticeable. Some of the rich merchants are now giving to their children the best education which can be procured, and already a few young merchants may be found who can speak one or two foreign languages and may fairly be called educated men. Unfortunately many of these forsake the occupations of their forefathers and seek distinction elsewhere. In this way the mercantile class constantly loses a considerable portion of that valuable leaven which may ultimately leaven the whole lump.

As to the dishonesty which is said to be so common among the Russian commercial classes, it is difficult to form an accurate judgment. That an enormous amount of unfair dealing does exist there can be no possible doubt, but it must be admitted that in this matter a foreigner is likely to be unduly severe. . . . The dishonesty and rascality which exist among the merchants are fully recognized by the Russians themselves. In all moral affairs the lower classes in Russia are very lenient in their judgments, and are strongly disposed, like the Americans, to admire what is called in transatlantic phraseology "a smart man," though the smartness is known to contain a large admixture of dishonesty; and yet the *vox populi* in Russia emphatically declares that the merchants as a class are unscrupulous and dishonest. (Vol. i., pp. 273-5.)

Our business is not, however, with their honesty, but with the capacity of these representatives of the middle class for self-government; and in this respect, as it seems to us, they totally fail, notwithstanding the laudable attempts of the crown to extend their municipal powers. It would seem that public duties in Russia, when they are not accompanied by official rank and rewards, are commonly regarded as a burden and a snare.

Mr. Wallace introduces us to a very interesting experiment of this kind, with which we were not previously acquainted, as it originated with the liberal movement of opinion in 1864, and has only been in operation a few years. This institution is called the "Zemstvo," an elective county or provincial assembly, somewhat resembling the *conseils généraux* of France.

The Zemstvo is a kind of local administration which supplements the action of the rural communes, and takes cognizance of those higher public wants which individual com-

munes cannot possibly satisfy. Its principal duties are to keep the roads and bridges in proper repair, to provide means of conveyance for the rural police and other officials, to elect the justices of peace, to look after primary education and sanitary affairs, to watch the state of the crops and take measures against approaching famine, and in short to undertake, within certain clearly defined limits, whatever seems likely to increase the material and moral well-being of the population. In form the institution is parliamentary—that is to say, it consists of an assembly of deputies which meets at least once a year, and of a permanent executive bureau elected by the assembly from among its members. (Vol. i., pp. 326-7.)

What surprised me most in this assembly was that it was composed partly of nobles and partly of peasants—the latter being decidedly in the majority—and that no trace of antagonism seemed to exist between the two classes. Landed proprietors and their *ci-devant* serfs evidently met for the moment on a footing of equality. The discussions were always carried on by the nobles, but on more than one occasion peasant members rose to speak, and their remarks, always clear, practical, and to the point, were invariably listened to with respectful attention by all present. Instead of that violent antagonism which might have been expected considering the constitution of the assembly, there was a great deal too much unanimity—a fact indicating plainly that the majority of the members did not take a very deep interest in the matters presented to them. (Vol. i., pp. 328-9.)

This is an entirely modern institution, created about ten years ago by the emperor to lighten the duties and correct the abuses of the imperial administration by means of local self-government. At first it was wonderfully well received and great things were expected of it. But those hopes have already been disappointed. These assemblies have been entirely deprived of all political signification—that of Petersburg was closed by imperial command, and several of the leading members banished the capital. Some local improvements were effected by them, but (as is too often the case with elected boards) the rates were raised in three years from five million roubles to thrice that sum; and very shortly the enthusiasm which greeted the institution wore off. Its members were unpaid. Its duties were uninviting. Mr. Wallace thinks that the Russians have made great progress in their political education. He is inclined to believe the Zemstvo may outlive its present state of lethargy; but he adds, "It may possibly die of inanition or be swept away by some new explosion of reforming enthusiasm before it has had time to strike root;" and he concludes

the chapter by a painful allusion to Jonah's gourd.

If Mr. Wallace fails to show that there are elements of freedom and intelligent self-government in the middle classes and the provincial institutions of Russia, he turns with greater confidence to the peculiar communal organization of the rural districts called the *Mir*. To study the effects of the common property in land, and of its periodical re-distribution, which are the striking peculiarities of the Russian village system, and to report upon the results of serf-emancipation, were the two main objects Mr. Wallace proposed to himself in visiting Russia. He seems to have been very slightly acquainted with the enormous amount of literature, German as well as Russian, to which the discussion of these subjects has given birth. A writer might easily, without any personal knowledge of a Russian village or even of the Russian tongue, make himself well acquainted with all the leading facts and points of this great controversy. They may be found in a compendious form in Herr Eckardt's interesting volume, or in J. Keussler's "*Geschichte des bauerlichen Grundbesitz in Russland*;" or in much greater length in the reports of the great commission of inquiry which sat in 1872 under the presidency of M. Walujew, now minister of the imperial domains, which examined no less than nine hundred and fifty-eight witnesses of all ranks. To this report Mr. Wallace occasionally refers; he tells us that he was favored with a copy of it, and also of the evidence on which the commission proceeded, and that he himself had some hand in collecting a part of these details. In short, the materials are extremely abundant, and we regret that Mr. Wallace has not made more use of them. He tells us that when he arrived in Russia his knowledge of the subject was elementary and superficial. It is true that a man might very easily be led astray by much that has been written about it, and Mr. Wallace himself does not appear even now to have gone very deeply into the question.

When Baron Haxthausen visited Russia in 1842, and published his work on that country in the following year, he disclosed to the world, and even to the Russians themselves, the remarkable social phenomena of the communal tenure of land. His ideas were eagerly taken up by a circle of youthful and enthusiastic students and professors at Moscow, whose national ambition conceived for their

country the glorious mission of regenerating society and the world. Here, in this fact, of the common tenure and periodical division of village lands, they conceived that they had found the secret of Russia's greatness—the true grit, the solid gneiss, underlying the artificial creations of Peter and of Catherine. This one principle was to end the eternal warfare of rich and poor—to extinguish the odious distinctions of classes and ranks—to abolish the selfishness of property—to found on communism the empire of the East, and to prepare men for the exercise and enjoyment of absolute freedom. The abolition of serfage by the great act of February 19, 1861, left the natural forces of Russian society to their full and free expansion; and the dawn of the second millennium of the Russian empire was to rouse the Slavonian races into active life, from the Vistula to the farthest East. These were, and are, in part the visionary hopes of the great Slavophil party, whose influence is certainly not unfelt in the political events of the present day. They started from the fundamental principle that society was to be based on the subjection of all personal rights of property and freedom to the common interest; and that the Russian communal village is, and has long been, the type of the very condition to which many of the most advanced thinkers of the present age and of western Europe would bring mankind. This was to be the new "formula of civilization"—the new light of the world. The communistic institutions of the Russian democracy would eventually prevail over the aristocracies and monarchies of western Europe—over the ruins of the feudal system—over the claims of private property and personal freedom. No doubt there is a good deal in the writings of Comte and Mill which tends in the same direction, and the works of Mr. Mill especially enjoy a vast popularity in Russia, where they probably receive an interpretation he himself would not have put upon them. Mr. Wallace does not accept all this extravagance, but he has not entirely escaped the infection, and he is not quite strong enough or sound enough in his own principles of political economy to expose, as he might otherwise have done, the folly and danger of these paradoxes. He seems to think that when the world has outgrown the Whig prejudices and the Liberal opinions of the present day, there is a good time coming when the really advanced thinkers and politicians of a future age will have reduced society

to the dead level of a servile democracy, wielding by mere force of numbers an unlimited power over each of its members. That is not a form of freedom and society we desire to live under. But we must leave Mr. Wallace to give us his own account of the Mir itself. He regards the Russian village as a sort of enlarged undivided family, and this may very likely have been its origin.

In both there is a certain amount of common property: in the one case the house and nearly all that it contains, and in the other the arable land and pasturage. In both cases there is a certain amount of common responsibility: in the one case for all the debts, and in the other for all the taxes and communal obligations. And both are protected to a certain extent against the ordinary legal consequences of insolvency, for the family cannot be deprived of its house or necessary agricultural implements, and the commune cannot be deprived of its land, by importunate creditors.

On the other hand, there are many important points of contrast. The commune is, of course, much larger than the family, and the mutual relations of its members are by no means so closely interwoven. The members of a family all farm together, and those of them who earn money from other sources are expected to put their savings into the common purse; whilst the households composing a commune farm independently, and pay into the common treasury only a certain fixed sum. (Vol. i., pp. 183-4.)

Amongst the families composing a Russian village, a state of isolation is impossible. The heads of the households must often meet together and consult in the village assembly, and their daily occupations must be influenced by the communal decrees. They cannot begin to mow the hay or plough the fallow field until the village assembly has passed a resolution on the subject. If a peasant becomes a drunkard, or takes some equally efficient means to become insolvent, every family in the village has a right to complain, not merely in the interests of public morality, but from selfish motives, because all the families are collectively responsible for his taxes. For the same reason no peasant can permanently leave the village without the consent of the commune, and this consent will not be granted until the applicant gives satisfactory security for the fulfilment of all his actual and future liabilities. If a peasant wishes to go away for a short time, in order to work elsewhere, he must obtain a written permission, which serves him as a passport during his absence; and he may be recalled at any moment by a communal decree. In reality he is rarely recalled so long as he sends home regularly the full amount of his taxes—including the dues which he has to pay for the temporary passport—but sometimes the commune uses the power of recall for the purpose of extorting money from the absent member. If it becomes known, for

instance, that an absent member receives a good salary in one of the towns, he may one day receive a formal order to return at once to his native village, and be informed at the same time, unofficially, that his presence will be dispensed with if he will send to the commune a certain amount of money. The money thus sent is generally used by the commune for convivial purposes. Whether this method of extortion is frequently used by the communes, I cannot confidently say, but I suspect that it is by no means rare, for one or two cases have accidentally come under my own observation, and I know that the police of St. Petersburg have been recently ordered not to send back any peasants to their native villages until some proof is given that the ground of recall is not a mere pretext.

In order to understand the Russian village system, the reader must bear in mind these two important facts: the arable land and the pasturage belong not to the individual houses, but to the commune, and all the households are collectively and individually responsible for the entire sum which the commune has to pay annually into the imperial treasury. (Vol. i., pp. 185-6.)

Now in Russia, so far at least as the rural population is concerned, the payment of taxes is inseparably connected with the possession of land. Every peasant who pays taxes is supposed to have a share of the arable land and pasturage belonging to the commune. If the communal revision lists contain a hundred names, the communal land ought to be divided into a hundred shares, and each "revision soul" should enjoy his share in return for the taxes which he pays. (Vol. i., pp. 187-8.)

The census list determines how much land each family will hold, and therefore what taxes they will have to pay, at each periodical revision. There have been only ten revisions since 1719. But in Russia the possession of a share of the communal land is often not a privilege but a burden. In some communes the land is so poor and abundant that it cannot be let at any price. The allotment itself is made by the assembly of the village, of which all the heads of households are members, and the decrees of this body are absolute and imperative. Arrived at this point Mr. Wallace makes a grand discovery — "a statement to be heralded in by a flourish of trumpets." He tells us that "in the great stronghold of Cæsarian despotism and centralized bureaucracy these village communities are *capital specimens of representative constitutional government of the extreme democratic type*." Surely a moment's reflection would have satisfied Mr. Wallace that whatever these assemblies are they are *not representative*. The essence of political representation is the choice by the people of a deputy or del-

egate to act on their behalf. Here all the heads of households meet on the village green to manage their own affairs. They are pure democracies of the old Greek type — not in the slightest degree representative or constitutional in the English or any other sense. The only person they elect is their own *volost* or headman, whose powers are small and whose office is not coveted or even respected. The business is carried on by acclamation.

The assembly discusses all matters affecting the communal welfare, and, as these matters have never been legally defined, and there is no means of appealing against its decisions, its recognized competence is very wide. It fixes the time for making the hay, and the day for commencing the ploughing of the fallow field; it decrees what measures shall be employed against those who do not punctually pay their taxes; it decides whether a new member shall be admitted into the commune, and whether an old member shall be allowed to change his domicile; it gives or withholds its permission to erect new buildings on the communal land; it prepares and signs all contracts which the commune makes with one of its own members or with a stranger; it interferes, whenever it thinks necessary, in the domestic affairs of its members; it elects the elder — as well as the communal tax-collector and watchman, where such offices exist — and the communal herd-boy; above all, it divides and allots the communal land among its members as it thinks fit.

Of all these various proceedings the English reader may naturally assume that the elections are the most noisy and exciting. In reality this is a mistake. The elections produce little excitement, for the simple reason that, as a rule, no one desires to be elected. Once, it is said, a peasant who had been guilty of some misdemeanor was informed by an arbiter of the peace — a species of official of which I shall have much to say in the sequel — that he would be no longer capable of filling any communal office; and instead of regretting this diminution of his civil rights, he bowed very low, and respectfully expressed his thanks for the new privilege which he had acquired. This anecdote may not be true, but it illustrates the undoubted fact that the Russian peasant regards office as a burden rather than as an honor. There is no civic ambition in those little rural commonwealths, whilst the privilege of wearing a bronze medal, which commands no respect, and the reception of a few roubles as salary, afford no adequate compensation for the trouble, annoyance, and responsibility which a village elder has to bear. The elections are therefore generally very tame and uninteresting. (Vol. i., pp. 198-200.)

This vaunted Mir is in fact a vestry meeting of all the householders: but to describe it by pompous names implying a

representative character or any share of political power is an absurd misnomer. It has no political power; but it has social power over its own members, and that of the most harsh and arbitrary kind; in reality it much more resembles an instrument of despotism than an institution of freedom. Thus, Mr. Wallace informs us in the latter part of his book, that "the Mir may, *by a communal decree and without a formal trial, have any of its unruly members transported to Siberia*"!—surely no tyranny can go beyond that, though it is accompanied by the strange qualification that "they are not sent to work in the mines, but are settled as colonists on unoccupied lands *beyond the Ural Mountains*." The peasant has been emancipated from the bonds of serfdom to the lord; but he is still the slave of the Mir. Indeed, the first of the fundamental principles of the emancipation act was that the authority of the former proprietor should be replaced by the self-governing *commune*. The peasant lands have been given not to the individual or to the family (except the homestead) but to the commune; and the peasant is bound to share the labors and the fiscal burdens and military obligations of his commune by bonds he cannot shake off. They are all the more strict and imperative, that they are imposed by his own equals; that his life is absorbed in theirs, and that he never can escape from them. If he departs, the Mir may recall him. If he stays to cultivate his share of land, the Mir may deprive him of it at the next distribution. One of the curious effects of this state of things is that it deters the peasant from keeping cattle. "There are two events alike," says Mr. Wallace, "which the peasant may be supposed to fear. In the first place part of his cattle may be sold by auction by the imperial police for communal arrears, though he may have paid in full his own share of the taxes and dues; and in the second place, the commune may make a general re-distribution of his land and give to others the plots and strips which he has carefully manured for several years." In other words, his cattle may be seized for another man's debts and his land taken from him because he has manured it! A power has been given to the commune by the law of 1861 to redeem the land and convert it into freehold, but nobody has availed himself of it. At present the Russian peasant is rooted in the communal system in which he was born. Let us point out more fully than Mr. Wallace has done some of its conse-

quences; for with these facts before us we cannot assent to Mr. Wallace's peremptory declaration that "certain it is the Russian peasantry have reason to congratulate themselves *that they were emancipated by a Russian autocrat, and not by a British House of Commons*"; and it is equally certain that in some of the annexed provinces the lower classes enjoy advantages which they would not possess under British rule." Indeed, his own statements as to the present condition of these rural democracies is in flat contradiction to the glowing hopes he entertains of their future destinies. Take the following very candid avowal:—

That the peasant self-government is very far from being in a satisfactory condition must be admitted by any impartial observer. The more laborious and well-to-do peasants do all in their power to escape election as office-bearers, and leave the administration in the hands of the less respectable members. In the ordinary course of affairs there is little evidence of administration of any kind, and in cases of public disaster, such as a fire or a visitation of the cattle-plague, the authorities seem to be apathetic and powerless. Not unfrequently a volost elder trades with the money he collects as dues or taxes; and sometimes, when he becomes insolvent, the peasants have to pay their taxes and dues a second time. The volost court is very often accessible to the influence of *vódka* and other kinds of bribery, so that in many districts it has fallen into utter discredit, and the peasants say that any one who becomes a judge "takes a sin on his soul." The village assemblies, too, have become worse than they were in the days of serfage. At that time the heads of households—who, it must be remembered, have alone a voice in the decisions—were few in number, laborious, and well-to-do, and they kept the lazy, unruly members under strict control; now that the large families have been broken up, and almost every adult peasant is head of a household, the communal affairs are often decided by a noisy majority; and almost any communal decision may be obtained by "treating the Mir"—that is to say by supplying a certain amount of *vódka*. Often have I heard old peasants speak of these things, and finish their recital by some such remark as this: "There is no order now; the people have been spoiled; it was better in the time of the masters." (Vol. ii., pp. 358-9.)

And this is what Mr. Wallace calls a capital specimen of representative constitutional government of an extreme democratic type!

The theory that the original joint proprietorship in land by cultivation under the system of village communities is a remnant of primeval times, which has been

preserved by the peasantry of Russia, though it has been lost in the advancing civilization of western Europe, has been discussed with great learning and ability by Sir Henry Maine, in his work on "Village Communities." As we had occasion to remark, in reviewing that essay,* he believes in the original distribution even in this country of the arable area into exactly equal portions, corresponding with the number of families in the township; and he holds that the proprietary equality of the families composing the group was at first still further secured by a periodical re-distribution of the several assignments. A vast deal of curious evidence has been collected to show that traces of this ancient "arable mark" may still be discovered in the land tenures, not only of the Sclavonic, but of the Teutonic race, though, as we have before had occasion to remark, cultivation does not necessarily imply ownership. But if this theory be accepted, it proves that the system of village joint tenures is not at all peculiar to Russia. Far from having the importance which has been ascribed to it by the Russian economists, as a guide to the future of the world, it must rather be regarded as one of the earliest and least perfect forms of social life, buried in the night of the past, and appropriate only to man in his least civilized condition.† As the ideas of law, property, and freedom advanced these customs fell into desuetude; and they only now exist in communities in which the ideas of law, property, and freedom are still wanting. If the whole question rested on the evidence of antiquity and tradition, we should say that these village communities only continue to exist in Russia, because the Russian peasantry

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxxiv., p. 467.

† So in a well-known passage of the "*De Moribus Germanorum*" (cap. xxvi.) Tacitus says, "Agri, pro numero cultorum ab universis in vices occupantur, quos mox inter se, secundum dignationem, partiantur: facilitatem partiendi camporum spatia præstant. Arva per annos mutant, et superest ager." The *arva* are the cornlands which were divided; the *ager* is the land about the homestead, gardens, or meadows. These peasants remind one of the "campestres Scythæ" and "rigidi Getæ," of whom Horace says, —

"Nec cultura placet longior annua;
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius."

For, as Professor Stubbs describes this Germanic tenure in his very learned "Constitutional History" (p. 75), "the original gift comes from the community of which the receiver is a member. The gift is of itself mainly of the character of usufruct, the hold is ideal rather than actual; except in his own homestead the freeman can but set foot on the soil and say, 'This is mine this year; next year it will be another's, and that which is another's will be mine then!'" But at the opening of Anglo-Saxon history, absolute ownership of land in severalty was established and becoming the rule.

is still the most barbarous in Europe, not having risen even to the conception and practice of individual property and the undisturbed possession of land for agricultural purposes. British statesmen have some experience of the village communal system as it exists in India, where in some places lands have been held in commonalty from time immemorial by the villagers, and certain village officers exist whose duty it is to protect the interests of the community, more especially by the distribution of water, that essential of tropical cultivation and life. The hereditary headman and punchayet of an Indian village is a far more rational system of local government than the Russian Mir. But it is only in very few parts of India (if at all) that the periodical mutation of land exists as in Russia; and no one ever supposed that the system of the Indian village communities was adapted to an advanced state of civilization.

But we dismiss these archæological considerations, which rest on very faint historical evidence, and certainly would not suffice to explain the continuance of this singular tenure of land in Russia to the present day. For this important social fact a far more practical cause may be assigned, though it is one which does not appear to have attracted the attention of Mr. Wallace. In a word, the common tenure of land has, we believe, been perpetuated in Russia mainly for *fiscal* purposes. As a large portion of the revenue of the empire is drawn from a poll-tax and a tax on land, it was far more convenient to the State to deal with the village communities collectively, than to levy these taxes on the peasant individually — the more so as all the members of a village community thus became jointly and severally liable for the fiscal dues of one another. Viewed in this light the Russian Mir is not an embryo of democratic freedom and self-government, but an instrument of fiscal oppression. The State calls upon the Mir for a certain amount of taxation. The Mir apportions this taxation by the very act of apportioning the land of the community, because, as Mr. Wallace points out, the burden and the land are inseparably connected, and sometimes the burden exceeds the advantage. This liability affects all alike — those present and those absent, the industrious and the idle, the sober and the drunken, the widow and orphan who have the misfortune to hold a share of land which they cannot till, as well as the robust husbandman with half a dozen sons to cultivate it. It acts there-

fore with extreme inequality and injustice; but no one can change or shake off the obligation; and the common interest of the Mir is constantly exercised to enforce payment of the taxes by the direct collective action of the village community on the individual. The introduction and legislation of the system in its present form appears to be coeval with the establishment of serfdom in the sixteenth century. Before that time, the Russian peasant belonging to a village where land was pre-occupied, could migrate to other lands; afterwards, those peasants only became *adscripti glebæ* who held a certain portion of land, the *tjüglo*, measured by 12-15 tchetwerts. But the peasants holding under the Church, the monasteries, and the princes, held their land strictly as a private possession, analogous to copyhold. During the period of serfdom, the power of the nobles and landowners increased, but as they were responsible for the dues and service of the peasants under them, it became their interest that, as population increased and migration was impossible, no peasant on whom the poll-tax was levied should be without a portion of land, and for this purpose the periodical distribution of the village lands was encouraged. The fisc can only take cognizance of a landless peasantry through some person or association, whom the law can touch, and they are therefore compelled to put themselves in dependence on some one with whom it can deal as answerable for their forthcoming. When in Russia the lord ceased to be responsible for his serfs and they became free men, as regards him, this dependence and liability was transferred to the Mir or village community, to which each peasant was bound by the obligation to hold land under it and at its pleasure. Since the abolition of serfdom, the peasant is free to seek work elsewhere; the Slavonic races are migratory, and it is not uncommon to meet men in humble life who have visited remote parts of the empire. But go where they may, the power of the Mir is over them, and cannot be shaken off. It is the guarantee of their liability to the State. It is admitted that the power of the Mir over the peasantry has been greatly increased by the act of emancipation.

Mr. Wallace appears to have studied the system of village communities chiefly in the province of Novgorod, where it prevails. But Herr Eckardt states that there are many provinces in northern Russia, such as Archangel, Olonez, Wologda, Wjatka, and Perm, where neither serfdom

nor the concomitant tenure of land were general. In the Northern Dwina private property in land existed from of old, and the system of village communities was first established there by a government circular in the year 1829—a fact which throws light on the nature and utility of the institution for fiscal purposes.

The opinion that the Russian Mir is a real element of self-government by the people is, we believe, equally unfounded. In no country in the world is the entire administration so centralized and so bureaucratic as in Russia. M. Schédo-Ferroti speaks of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand civil officers of the State, who have to interpret and apply to every conceivable relation of life, some fifty thousand rules and ordinances, emanating from the supreme power of the czar. In spite of the increased preponderance of the rural population, the government centres entirely in the towns, which are the seat of official life and power. The peasantry, says Eckardt, are a "*rudis indigestaque moles*" whose leaden weight arrests all progress in the life of the nation. "As long as the autocratic power exists," says Mr. Wallace, "*no kind* of administration can be exempted from imperial control."

It has been asserted that the distribution of land amongst the peasantry and the authority of the village communities are permanent barriers against the revolutionary doctrines which threaten the existence of some other States. In France, we have no doubt that the great subdivision of land is such a barrier, because every man holds his field or his vineyard in fee-simple, and would die to defend his property. The conservative instinct of the country holds in check the revolutionary passions of the great towns. But in Russia, where no property really exists, but merely temporary possession, Herr Eckardt says positively "The spread of revolutionary ideas in all classes of the Russian nation is an officially recognized fact, which cannot be contested;" and we ourselves have cognizance of a despatch issued by the minister of the interior to the governor of a great province, in which he deplores the frightful extension of the secret revolutionary societies, which permeate the country. Far from believing the social state of Russia based upon these village communities to be more secure than that of the countries where the full rights of private property are recognized and protected by law, there is great reason to believe that this vast empire contains within it ill-regulated forces and desires, which may lead to vio-

lent changes and convulsions. Mr. Wallace has drawn as pleasing a picture as he can of the country and the people amongst whom he has spent some agreeable years. His book has been so generally read that it would be superfluous to load our own pages by quoting the scenes he describes with so much spirit and, we have no doubt, truth. But there is another side to the question, and by way of showing what it is, we shall cite a part of a letter from a Russian country gentleman, published in 1865 by the *Moscow Gazette*, which was then, and is still, one of the most zealous champions of the national party and of reform.

I have been spending [said this writer] this last summer in an estate lying to the south-east of Moscow, which I have long known, and with which my own interests are connected. What, then, did I see before my eyes? Universal depression and apathy, reckless living for the present hour, idleness, drunkenness, and thieving. Everything that occurred, whether great or small, to myself or to others, had its source or origin in one of these vices, whose hateful names I have just written down. Apathy was shown in the cessation of all activity, in the extinction of all enterprise. Upon the accomplishment of the great work of emancipation, most of us were deceived by hopes of the advantages attendant on free labor. We planned improvements, we purchased ploughs and agricultural implements. Money enough was spent, but the thing would not go. The low prices of grain, the excessive rate of wages, above all the impossibility of getting free laborers at any price at all, rendered cultivation by day-laborers impossible. Soon afterwards wages fell, and the price of grain rose. But husbandry did not pay. Why? because of the dissolute and disorderly conduct of the men. No farmer can be certain that his laborers will not all have gone off the next morning, without feeding the horses and cattle, and without lighting the stoves—gone off, not from any dispute, but just because there is a holiday in the next village, and Wanka says to Fedka, "Come along, old fellow, there is a drop to be had there—let us be off." The whole pack of them will come back, may be, in three or four days; but in the mean time the stock have died, and the work of the farm has been stopped. . . . On Mondays nobody works at all, either for himself or any one else. Every saint's day is kept for at least three days. If you hire men by time, you cannot reckon on more than fifteen days work in a month; if by piece-work, it is even worse. What are they all about? Drinking up the money in the brandy-shop; for if you give a man a rouble beforehand, be sure you will never see him again. The sottishness of our peasants has now passed from holidays to working days. They get drunk not in honor

of the saints, but on every possible opportunity. (Eckardt, p. 234.)

To this it must be added that the migratory habits of the male population, leaving the women at home, are the cause of great abuses, and that the worst forms of disease, the result of debauchery, appear by some recent reports to have infected whole provinces of the empire. Efficient medical advice and remedies are, for the most part, quite unattainable.

Those who vaunt the Russian system on the ground that it excludes competition and presents the most complete picture of protected labor, should remember that no country can withdraw itself from competition in the markets of the world, and that Russia herself is competing and must compete in her chief products with countries, younger but more advanced than herself, which have the advantage of a far better climate, a richer soil, and above all of free property in land and the full results of free labor. At this moment, the corn of southern Russia is undersold by the farmers of the United States, and she has to compete at a great disadvantage with California and the valley of the Mississippi. The trade of Russia with England in linseed, which was an export of immense consequence, has been annihilated by the increasing production of oleaginous grains in India and Egypt. The textile fibres of India, especially jute, have also seriously impaired the trade in Russian hemp and flax. The Russian trade in hides and tallow has powerful rivals in the boundless cattle ranges of South America and Australia. And in these countries she is opposed by the ardor and enterprise of the freest and most energetic races of the world. Can Russia support an increasing foreign debt, with decreasing profits of foreign trade? * Can she even in peace maintain her credit in Europe, let alone the cost of mobilized armies, and wars carried on against wild or impoverished nations, from whom no milliards can be extracted by victory? Mr. Wallace should have

* The official returns of the trade of Russia for 1875, just published, show a decrease of about fifty million roubles in her exports, over the exports of 1874, though an increase on the exports of 1873. The articles which have fallen off are corn, timber, flax, and linseed. The imports of 1875, on the contrary, largely increased, to the amount of about sixty million roubles. The total value of the exports of 1875 was 382,000,000 roubles; and of the imports 534,050,000, leaving an adverse balance of 152,000,000 to be paid in money or bills. As the borrowing power of Russia in foreign countries is for the present exhausted, she will probably be able to spend less in purchases and imports from foreign markets; and must pay for what she wants in her own produce or in gold.

endeavored to answer these questions. The whole structure of Russian society, and the course of her internal and external policy, might be measured by the standard of finance, correctly applied. That alone can give us the secret of her weakness or her strength. Down to the smallest village community and the brandy-shop, it is, as we have seen, the operation of her fiscal system which retains men in shackles and in debauchery; and as if this were not enough to check the progress of a nation, she adds to it the most burdensome military establishment that ever existed. Mr. Wallace lays it down as an axiom that the finances of Russia are sound, though the peasantry are heavily taxed, and the revenue is inelastic. We wish he had favored us with the ground on which he rests this opinion; which is, we confess, exactly opposed to that we have been led to form.

We turned with some interest to Mr. Wallace's chapter on what he terms "the New Law Courts," by which he means, not any new edifices, but the new system of judicature established in the present reign, which is no doubt an improvement on that which previously existed. But we infer from the loose and inaccurate language in which Mr. Wallace describes legal proceedings, that he has but little acquaintance with the subject. Thus he uses the term "court of revision," instead of the familiar English term "court of review," and says he can find no better English expression to convey his meaning. It is clear, however, from his account of the matter that justice must be very imperfectly administered in a country where there is no bar, and that the persons who plead before these courts are ignorant and corrupt. Trial by jury has been introduced, but Mr. Wallace gives an amusing account of the manner in which a jury of Russian peasants takes the proceedings into its own hands, with a total disregard of the rules of evidence and the obligations of law, acquitting or condemning prisoners according to the view they may take of the general merits of each case.

Upon the whole, although we took up this book with great expectations, we have laid it down with considerable disappointment. Much more might have been made of the materials Mr. Wallace has taken pains to collect, part of which he still holds in reserve. The style is diffuse, and the work clumsily put together, with strange digressions, which, though sometimes amusing, are inappropriate. But we think highly of Mr. Wallace's candor and ve-

racity — the more so as his statements of fact frequently destroy the effect of his reasoning and his opinions. In his zeal to study the peculiar condition of the peasantry, he has left untouched the principal elements of the power and policy of the Russian empire; and there still remains a wide field for his inquiries and observations before he can claim to have made Russia known to the British public.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE SHORE.

It was two days after the longest day of the year, when there is no night in those regions, only a long twilight in which many dream and do not know it. There had been a few days of variable weather, with sudden changes of wind to east and north, and round again by south to west, and then there had been a calm for several days. But now the little wind there was blew from the north-east, and the fervor of a hot June was rendered more delicious by the films of flavoring cold that floated through the mass of heat. All Portlossie more or less, the Seaton especially, was in a state of excitement, for its little neighbor Scaurnose was more excited still. There the man most threatened, and with greatest injustice, was the only one calm amongst the men, and amongst the women his wife was the only one that was calmer than he. Blue Peter was resolved to abide the stroke of wrong, and not resist the powers that were, believing them in some true sense — which he found it hard to understand when he thought of the factor as the individual instance — ordained of God. He had a dim perception too that it was better that one, and that one he, should suffer, than that order should be destroyed and law defied. Suffering, he might still in patience possess his soul, and all be well with him; but what would become of the country if every one wronged were to take the law into his own hands? Thousands more would be wronged by the lawless in a week than by unjust powers in a year. But the young men were determined to pursue their plan of resistance, and those of the older and soberer who saw the uselessness of it gave themselves little trouble to change the minds of the rest. Peter, although he knew they were

not at rest, neither inquired what their purpose might be, nor allowed any conjecture or suspicion concerning it to influence him in his preparations for departure. Not that he had found a new home. Indeed, he had not heartily set about searching for one—in part because, unconsciously to himself, he was buoyed up by the hope he read so clear in the face of his more trusting wife that Malcolm would come, to deliver them. His plan was to leave her and his children with certain friends at Port Gordon: he would not hear of going to the Partans to bring them into trouble. He would himself set out immediately after for the Lewis fishing. Few had gone from Scaurnose or Portlossie. The magnitude of the events that were about to take place, yet more the excitement and interest they occasioned, kept the most of the men at home, and they contented themselves with fishing the waters of the Moray Firth—not without notable success. But what was success with such a tyrant over them as the factor, threatening to harry their nests and turn the sea-birds and their young out of their heritage of rock and sand and shingle? They could not keep house on the waves any more than the gulls. Those who still held their religious assemblies in the cave called the Baillies' Barn met often, read and sang the comminatory Psalms more than any others, and prayed much against the wiles and force of their enemies both temporal and spiritual; while Mr. Crathie went every Sunday to church, grew redder in the nose and hotter in the temper.

Miss Horn was growing more and more uncomfortable concerning events, and dissatisfied with Malcolm. She had not for some time heard from him, and here was his most important duty unattended to—she would not yet say neglected—the well-being of his tenantry left in the hands of an unsympathetic, self-important underling, who was fast losing all the good sense he had once possessed! Were the life and history of all these brave fishermen and their wives and children to be postponed to the pampered feelings of one girl, and that because she was what she had no right to be—namely, his half-sister? said Miss Horn to herself, that bosom friend to whom some people, and those not the worst, say oftener what they do not mean than what they do. She had written to him within the last month a very hot letter indeed, which had afforded no end of amusement to Mrs. Catanach as she sat in his old lodging over the curiosity-shop, but, I need hardly say, had not

reached Malcolm; and now there was but one night and the best of all the fisher families would have nowhere to lie down. Miss Horn, with Joseph Mair, thought she did well to be angry with Malcolm.

The blind piper had been very restless all day. Questioned again and again by his Mistress Partan as to what was amiss with him, he had given her odd and evasive answers. Every few minutes he got up—even from cleaning her lamp—to go to the shore. He had not far to go to reach it—had but to cross the threshold, and take a few steps through the *close*, and he was on the road that ran along the sea-front of the village. On the one side were the cottages, scattered and huddled—on the other, the shore and ocean, wide outstretched. He would walk straight across the road until he felt the sand under his feet; there stand for a few moments facing the sea, and, with nostrils distended, breathing deep breaths of the air from the north-east, then turn and walk back to Meg Partan's kitchen and resume his ministration of light. These his sallies were so frequent, and his absences so short, that a more serene temper than hers might have been fretted by them. But there was something about his look and behavior that, while it perplexed, restrained her, and instead of breaking out upon him she eyed him curiously. She had found that it would not do to stare at him. The moment she began to do so he began to fidget, and turned his back to her. It had made her lose her temper for a moment, and declare aloud as her conviction that he was after all an impostor, and saw as well as any of them.

"She has told you so, Mistress Partan, one hundred thousand times," replied Duncan with an odd smile; "and perhaps she will pe see a little petter as any of you, no matter."

Thereupon she murmured to herself, "The cratur' 'ill be seein' something!" and with mingled awe and curiosity sought to lay some restraint upon her unwelcome observation of him.

Thus it went on the whole day, and as the evening approached he grew still more excited. The sun went down and the twilight began, and as the twilight deepened still his excitement grew. Straightway it seemed as if the whole Seaton had come to share in it. Men and women were all out of doors; and, late as it was when the sun set, to judge by the number of bare legs and feet that trotted in and out with a little red flash, with a dull pat-pat on earthen floor and hard road, and

a scratching and hustling among the pebbles, there could not have been one older than a baby in bed; while of the babies even not a few were awake in their mothers' arms, and out with them on the sea-front, where the men, with their hands in their trouser-pockets, were lazily smoking pigtail in short clay pipes with tin covers fastened to the stems by little chains, and some of the women, in short blue petticoats and worsted stockings, were doing the same. Some stood in their doors, talking with neighbors standing in their doors, but these were mostly the elder women: the younger ones — all but Lizzy Findlay — were out in the road. One man half-leaned, half-sat on the window-sill of Duncan's former abode, and round him were two or three more, and some women, talking about Scaurnose, and the factor, and what the lads there would do to-morrow; while the hush of the sea on the pebbles mingled with their talk like an unknown tongue of the Infinite — never articulating, only suggesting — uttering in song and not in speech — dealing not with thoughts, but with feelings and foretastes. No one listened: what to them was the Infinite, with Scaurnose in the near distance? It was now almost as dark as it would be throughout the night if it kept clear.

Once more there was Duncan, standing as if looking out to sea, and shading his brows with his hand as if to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun and enable his sight.

"There's the auld piper again!" said one of the group, a young woman. "He's unco fule-like to be stan'in' that gait (*way*), makin' as gien he cudna weel see for the sun in 's een."

"Haud ye yer tongue, lass," rejoined an elderly woman beside her. "There's mair things nor ye ken, as the Beuk says. There's een 'at can see an' een 'at canna, an' een 'at can see twice ower, an' een 'at can see steikit what nane can see open."

"Ta poat! ta poat of my chief!" cried the seer. "She is coming like a tream of ta night, put one tat will not tepart with ta morning!" He spoke as one suppressing a wild joy.

"Wha'll that be, lucky-deddy?" inquired in a respectful voice the woman who had last spoken, while all within hearing hushed each other and stood in silence. And all the time the ghost of the day was creeping round from west to east, to put on its resurrection body and rise new born. It gleamed faint like a cold ashy fire in the north.

"And who will it be than her own son, Mistress Reekie?" answered the piper, calling her by her husband's nickname, as was usual, but, as was his sole wont, prefixing the title of respect where custom would have employed but her Christian name. "Who'll should it be put her own Malcolm?" he went on. "I see his poat come round ta Tead Head. She flits over the water like a pale ghost over Morven. But it's ta young and ta strong she is pringing home to Tuncan. O m'anam, bean-nuich!"

Involuntarily, all eyes turned toward the point, called the Death's Head, which bounded the bay on the east.

"It's ower dark to see onything," said the man on the window-sill. "There's a bit haar (*fog*) come up."

"Yes," said Duncan, "it 'ill be too tark for you who haf cot no eyes only to speak of. Put you'll wait a few, and you'll be seeing as well as herself. Och, her poy! her poy! O m'anam! Ta Lort be praised! and she'll tie in peace, for he'll be only ta one-half of him a Cam'ell, and he'll be safed at last as sure as there's a heafen to co to and a hell to co from. For ta half tat's not a Cam'ell must be ta strong half, and it will trag ta other half into heafen — where it will not be ta welcome howefer."

As if to get rid of the unpleasant thought that his Malcolm could not enter heaven without taking half a Campbell with him, he turned from the sea and hurried into the house, but only to catch up his pipes and hasten out again, filling the bag as he went. Arrived once more on the verge of the sand, he stood again facing the north-east, and began to blow a pibroch loud and clear.

Meantime, the Partan had joined the same group, and they were talking in a low tone about the piper's claim to the second-sight — for although all were more or less inclined to put faith in Duncan, there was here no such unquestioning belief in the marvel as would have been found on the west coast in every glen from the Mull of Cantyre to Loch Eribol — when suddenly Meg Partan, almost the only one hitherto remaining in the house, appeared rushing from the close. "Hech, sirs!" she cried, addressing the Seaton in general, "gien the auld man be in the richt —"

"She'll be aal in ta right, Mistress Partan, and tat you'll be seeing," said Duncan, who, hearing her first cry, had stopped his drone and played softly, listening.

But Meg went on without heeding him

any more than was implied in the repetition of her exordium: "Gien the auld man be i' the richt, it 'll be the marchioness hersel', 'at's h'ard o' the ill-duin's o' her factor, an' 's comin' to see efter her fowk. An' it 'll be Ma'colm's duin'; an' that 'll be seen. But the bonny laad winna ken the state o' the hearbor, an' he'll be makin' for the moo' o' 't, an' he'll jist rin 's bonny boatie agrun' 'atween the twa piers; an' that 'll no be a richt hame-comin' for the leddy o' the lan'; an' what's mair, Ma'colm 'ill get the wyte (*blame*) o' 't; an' that 'll be seen. Sae ye maun, some o' ye, to the pier-heid, an' luik oot to gie them warnin'."

Her own husband was the first to start, proud of the foresight of his wife. "Haith, Meg!" he cried, "ye're maist as guid at the lang sicht as the piper himsel'!"

Several followed him, and as they ran Meg cried after them, giving her orders as if she had been vice-admiral of the red, in a voice shrill enough to pierce the worst gale that ever blew on northern shore. "Ye'll jist tell the bonnie laad to haud wast a bit an' rin her ashore, an' we'll a' be there, an' hae her as dry 's Noah's ark in a jiffie. Tell her leddyship we'll cairry the boat an' her intil't to the tap o' the Boar's Tail gien she'll gie 's her orders. Winna we, laads?"

"We can but try," said one. "But the Fisky 'ill be waur to get a grip o' nor Nancy here," he added, turning suddenly upon the plumpest girl in the place, who stood next to him. But she foiled him of the kiss he had thought to snatch, and turned the laugh from herself upon him, so cleverly avoiding his clutch that he staggered into the road and nearly fell upon his nose.

By the time the Partan and his companions reached the pier-head something was dawning in the vague of sea and sky that might be a sloop, and standing for the harbor. Thereupon the Partan and Jamie Ladle jumped into a small boat and pulled out. Dubs, who had come from Scaurnose on the business of the conjuration, had stepped into the stern, not to steer, but to show a white ensign — somebody's Sunday shirt he had gathered as they ran from a furze-bush, where it hung to dry, between the Seaton and the harbor.

"Hoots! ye'll affront the marchioness," objected the Partan.

"Man, i' the gloamin' she'll no ken't frae buntin'," said Dubs, and at once displayed it, holding it by the two sleeves. The wind had now fallen to the softest breath, and the little vessel came on slow-

ly. The men rowed hard, shouting and waving their flag, and soon heard a hail which none of them could mistake for other than Malcolm's. In a few minutes they were on board, greeting their old friend with jubilation, but talking in a subdued tone, for they knew by Malcolm's that the cutter bore their lady. Briefly the Partan communicated the state of the harbor, and recommended porting his helm and running the Fisky ashore about opposite the brass swivel. "A' the men an' women i' the Seaton," he said, "'ill be there to haul her up."

Malcolm took the helm, gave his orders and steered farther westward.

By this time the people on shore had caught sight of the cutter. They saw her come stealing out of the thin dark like a thought half thought, and go gliding along the shore like a sea-ghost over the dusky water, faint, uncertain, noiseless, glimmering. It could be no other than the Fisky! Both their lady and their friend Malcolm must be on board, they were certain, for how could the one of them come without the other? and doubtless the marchioness — whom they all remembered as a good-humored, handsome girl, ready to speak to any and everybody — would immediately deliver them from the hateful red-nosed ogre, her factor. Out at once they all set along the shore to greet her arrival, each running regardless of the rest, so that from the Seaton to the middle of the Boar's Tail there was a long, straggling, broken string of hurrying fisher-folk, men and women, old and young, followed by all the current children, tapering to one or two toddlers, who felt themselves neglected and wept their way along. The piper, too asthmatic to run, but not too asthmatic to walk and play his bagpipes, delighting the heart of Malcolm, who could not mistake the style, believed he brought up the rear, but was mistaken; for the very last came Mrs. Findlay and Lizzy, carrying between them their little deal kitchen-table for her ladyship to step out of the boat upon, and Lizzy's child fast asleep on the top of it.

The foremost ran and ran until they saw that the Fisky had chosen her lair, and was turning her bows to the shore, when they stopped and stood ready with greased planks and ropes to draw her up. In a few minutes the whole population was gathered, darkening, in the June midnight, the yellow sands between the tide and the dune. The Psyche was well manned now with a crew of six. On she came under full sail till within a few yards

of the beach, when in one and the same moment every sheet was let go, and she swept softly up like a summer wave, and lay still on the shore. The butterfly was asleep. But ere she came to rest, the instant indeed that her canvas went fluttering away, thirty strong men had rushed into the water and laid hold of the now wingless Psyche. In a few minutes she was high and dry.

Malcolm leaped on the sand just as the Partaness came bustling up with her kitchen table between her two hands like a tray. She set it down, and across it shook hands with him violently; then caught it up again, and deposited it firm on its four legs beneath the cutter's waist. "Noo, my leddy," said Meg, looking up at the marchioness, "set ye yer bit fut upo' my table, an' we'll think the mair o' 't efter whan we tak oor denner aff o' 't."

Florimel thanked her, stepped lightly upon it, and sprang to the sand, where she was received with words of welcome from many, and shouts which rendered them inaudible from the rest. The men, their bonnets in their hands, and the women curtseying, made a lane for her to pass through, while the young fellows would gladly have begged leave to carry her could they have extemporized any suitable sort of palanquin or triumphal litter.

Followed by Malcolm, she led the way over the Boar's Tail — nor would accept any help in climbing it — straight for the tunnel: Malcolm had never laid aside the key his father had given him to the private doors while he was yet a servant. They crossed by the embrasure of the brass swivel. That implement had now long been silent, but they had not gone many paces from the bottom of the dune when it went off with a roar. The shouts of the people drowned the startled cry with which Florimel turned to Malcolm, involuntarily mindful of old and for her better times. She had not looked for such a reception, and was both flattered and touched by it. For a brief space the spirit of her girlhood came back. Possibly, had she then understood that hope rather than faith or love was at the heart of their enthusiasm, that her tenants looked upon her as their savior from the factor, and sorely needed the exercise of her sovereignty, she might have better understood her position and her duty toward them.

Malcolm unlocked the door of the tunnel, and she entered, followed by Rose, who felt as if she were walking in a dream. But as he stepped in after them he was

seized from behind and clasped close in an embrace he knew at once. "Daddy, daddy!" he said, and turning threw his arms round the piper.

"My poy! my poy! her nain son Malcolm!" said the old man in a whisper of intense satisfaction and suppression. "You'll must pe forgifing her for coming pack to you. She cannot help lofing you, and you must forget tat you are a Cam'ell."

Malcolm kissed his cheek, and said, also in a whisper, "My ain daddy! I hae a heap to tell ye, but I maun see my leddy hame first."

"Co, co, this moment co!" cried the old man, pushing him away. "To your tuties to my leddyship first, and then come to her old daddy."

"I'll be wi' ye in half an hoor or less."

"Coot poy! coot poy! Come to Mistress Partan's."

"Ay, ay, daddy!" said Malcolm, and hurried through the tunnel.

As Florimel approached the ancient dwelling of her race, now her own to do with as she would, her pleasure grew. Whether it was the twilight or the breach in dulling custom, everything looked strange, the grounds wider, the trees larger, the house grander and more anciently venerable. And all the way the burn sang in the hollow. The spirit of her father seemed to hover about the place, and while the thought that her father's voice would not greet her when she entered the hall cast a solemn funereal state over her simple return, her heart yet swelled with satisfaction and far-derived pride. All this was hers to do with as she would, to confer as she pleased! No thought of her tenants, fishers or farmers, who did their strong part in supporting the ancient dignity of her house, had even an associated share in the bliss of the moment. She had forgotten her reception already, or regarded it only as the natural homage to such a position and power as hers. As to owing anything in return, the idea had indeed been presented to her when with Clementina and Malcolm she talked over "St. Ronan's Well," but it had never entered her mind.

The drawing-room and the hall were lighted. Mrs. Courthope was at the door, as if she expected her, and Florimel was careful to take everything as a matter of course.

"When will your ladyship please to want me?" asked Malcolm.

"At the usual hour, Malcolm," she answered.

He turned and ran to the Seaton.

His first business was the accommodation of Travers and Davy, but he found them already housed at the Salmon, with Jamie Ladle teaching Travers to drink toddy. They had left the Psyche snug: she was high above high-water mark, and there were no tramps about: they had furled her sails, locked the companion-door and left her.

Mrs. Findlay rejoiced over Malcolm as if he had been her own son from a far country, but the poor piper, between politeness and gratitude on the one hand and the urging of his heart on the other, was sorely tried by her loquacity: he could hardly get in a word. Malcolm perceived his suffering, and as soon as seemed prudent proposed that he should walk with him to Miss Horn's, where he was going to sleep, he said, that night. Mrs. Partan snuffed, but held her peace. For the third or fourth time that day, wonderful to tell, she restrained herself!

As soon as they were out of the house Malcolm assured Duncan, to the old man's great satisfaction, that, had he not found him there, he would within another month have set out to roam Scotland in search of him.

Miss Horn had heard of their arrival, and was wandering about the house, unable even to sit down until she saw the marquis. To herself she always called him the marquis: to his face he was always Ma'colm. If he had not come she declared she could not have gone to bed; yet she received him with an edge to her welcome: he had to answer for his behavior. They sat down, and Duncan told a long sad story; which finished, with the toddy that had sustained him during the telling, the old man thought it better, for fear of annoying his Mistress Partan, to go home. As it was past one o'clock, they both agreed.

"And if she'll tie to-night, my poy," said Duncan, "she'll pe lie awake in her crave all ta long tarkness to pe waiting to hear ta voice of your worrts in ta morn-ing. And nefer you mind, Malcolm, she'll has learned to forgive you for peing only ta one-half of yourself a cursed Cam'ell."

Miss Horn gave Malcolm a wink, as much as to say, "Let the old man talk: it will hurt no Campbell;" and showed him out with much attention.

And then at last Malcolm poured out his whole story, and his heart with it, to Miss Horn, who heard and received it with understanding, and a sympathy which grew ever as she listened. At length she

declared herself perfectly satisfied, for not only had he done his best, but she did not see what else he could have done. She hoped, however, that now he would contrive to get this part over as quickly as possible, for which in the morning she would show him cogent reasons.

"I hae no feelin's mysel', as ye weel ken, Ma'colm," she remarked in conclusion, "an' I doobt, gien I had been i' your place, I wad na hae luikit ta a' sides o' the thing at ance, as ye hae dune. An' it was a man like you 'at sae near lost yer life for the hizzy!" she exclaimed. "I maunna think aboot it, or I winna sleep a wink. But we maun get that deevil Catanach (an' cat eneuch!) hangt. Weel, my man, ye may haud up yer heid afore the father o' ye, for ye're the first o' the race, I'm thinkin', 'at ever was near han' deein' for anither. But mak ye a speedy en' till 't noo, laad, an' fa' to the lave o' yer wark. There's a terrible heap to be dune. But I maun haud my tongue the nicht, for I wad fain ye had a guid sleep; an' I'm needin' ane sair mysel', for I'm no sae yoong as I ance was; an' I hae been that anxious aboot ye, Ma'colm, 'at though I never hed ony feelin's, yet, noo 'at it's a' gaein' richt, an' ye're a' richt, an' like to be richt for evermair, my heid's jist like to split. Gang yer wa's to yer bed, and soon' may ye sleep! It's the bed yer bonny mither got a soon' sleep in at last, 'an muckle was she i' need o' 't! An' jist tak tent the morn what ye say whan Jean's i' the room, or maybe o' the ither side o' the door, for she's no mowse. I dinna ken what gars me keep the jaud. I believe 'at gien the verra deevil himsel' had been wi' me sae lang, I wadna hae the hert to turn him aboot his ill business. That's what comes o' haein' no feelin's. Ither fowk wad hae gotten rid o' her half a score o' years sin' syne."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE TRENCH.

MALCOLM had not yet, after all the health-giving of the voyage, entirely recovered the effects of the ill-compounded potion. Indeed, sometimes the fear crossed his mind that never would he be the same man again—that the slow furnace of the grave alone would destroy the vile deposit left in his house of life. Hence it came that he was weary, and overslept himself the next morning; but it was no great matter: he had yet time enough. He swallowed his breakfast as a working man alone can, and set out for

Duff Harbor. At Leith, where they had put in for provisions, he had posted a letter to Mr. Soutar, directing him to have Kelpie brought on to his own town, whence he would fetch her himself. The distance was about ten miles, the hour eight, and he was a good enough walker, although boats and horses had combined to prevent him, he confessed, from getting over-fond of Shank's mare. To men who delight in the motions of a horse under them the legs of a man are a tame, dull means of progression, although they too have their superiorities; and one of the disciplines of this world is to get out of the saddle and walk afoot. He who can do so with perfect serenity must very nearly have learned with Saint Paul in whatsoever state he is, therein to be content. It was the loveliest of mornings, however, to be abroad in upon any terms, and Malcolm hardly needed the resources of one who knew both how to be abased and how to abound — enviable perfection! — for the enjoyment of even a long walk. Heaven and earth were just settling to the work of the day after their morning prayer, and the whole face of things yet wore something of that look of expectation which one who mingles the vision of the poet with the faith of the Christian may well imagine to be their upward look of hope after a night of groaning and travailing — the earnest gaze of the creature waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God; and for himself, though the hardest thing was yet to come, there was a satisfaction in finding himself almost up to his last fence, with the heavy ploughed land through which he had been floundering nearly all behind him; which figure means that he had almost made up his mind what to do.

When he reached the Duff Arms he walked straight into the yard, where the first thing he saw was a stable-boy in the air, hanging on to a twitch on the nose of the rearing Kelpie. In another instant he would have been killed or maimed for life, and Kelpie loose and scouring the streets of Duff Harbor. When she heard Malcolm's voice and the sound of his running feet she dropped as if to listen. He flung the boy aside and caught her halter. Once or twice more she reared in the vain hope of so ridding herself of the pain that clung to her lip and nose, nor did she, through the mist of her anger and suffering, quite recognize her master in his yacht-uniform. But the torture decreasing, she grew able to scent his presence, welcomed him with her usual glad whinny, and allowed him to do with her as he would.

Having fed her, found Mr. Soutar and arranged several matters with him, he set out for home.

That was a ride! Kelpie was mad with life. Every available field he jumped her into, and she tore its element of space at least to shreds with her spurning hoofs. But the distance was not great enough to quiet her before they got to hard turnpike and young plantations. He would have entered at the grand gate, but found no one at the lodge, for the factor, to save a little, had dismissed the old keeper. He had therefore to go on, and through the town, where, to the awe-stricken eyes of the population peeping from doors and windows, it seemed as if the terrible horse would carry him right over the roofs of the fisher-cottages below and out to sea. "Eh, but he's a terrible cratur, that Ma'colm MacPhail!" said the old wives to each other, and felt there must be something wicked in him to ride like that.

But he turned her aside from the steep hill, and passed along the street that led to the town-gate of the House. Whom should he see, as he turned into it, but Mrs. Catanach, standing on her own doorstep, opposite the descent to the Seaton, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking far out over the water through the green smoke of the village below! It had been her wont to gaze thus since ever he could remember her, though what she could at such times be looking for, except it were the devil in person, he found it hard to conjecture. At the sound of his approach she turned; and such an expression crossed her face in a momentary flash ere she disappeared in the house as added considerably to his knowledge of fallen humanity. Before he reached her door she was out again, tying on a clean white apron as she came, and smiling like a dark pool in sunshine. She dropped a low curtsy, and looked as if she had been occupying her house for months of his absence. But Malcolm would not meet even cunning with its own weapons, and therefore turned away his head and took no notice of her. She ground her teeth with the fury of hate, and swore that she would yet disappoint him of his purpose, whatever it were, in this masquerade of service. Her heart being scarcely of the calibre to comprehend one like Malcolm's, her theories for the interpretation of the mystery were somewhat wild and altogether of a character unfit to see the light.

The keeper of the town-gate greeted Malcolm, as he let him in, with a pleased

old face and words of welcome, but added instantly, as if it was no time for the indulgence of friendship, that it was a terrible business going on at the Nose.

"What is it?" asked Malcolm in alarm.

"Ye hae been ower lang awa', I doobt," answered the man, "to ken hoo the factor — But, Lord save ye! haud yer tongue," he interjected, looking fearfully around him. "Gien he kenned 'at I said sic a thing, he wad turn me oot o' hoose an' ha'."

"You've said nothing yet," returned Malcolm.

"I said *factor*, an' that same's 'maist eneuch, for he's like a roarin' lion an' a ragin' bear amang the people; an' that sin' ever ye gaed. Bow o' Meal said i' the meetin' the ither nicht 'at he bude to be the verra man, the wickit ruler prophesied o' sae lang sin' syne i' the beuk o' the Proverbs. Eh! it's an awfu' thing to be foreordeent to oonrichteousness!"

"But you haven't told me what is the matter at Scaurnose," said Malcolm impatiently.

"Ow, it's jist this — 'at this same's Midsummer Day, an' Blue Peter — honest fallow! — he's been for the last three month un'er nottice frae the factor to quit. An' sae, ye see —"

"To quit!" exclaimed Malcolm. "Sic a thing was never h'ard tell o'."

"Haith! it's h'ard tell o' noo," returned the gate-keeper. "Quittin' 's as plenty as quicken (*couch-grass*). 'Deed, there's maist naething ither h'ard tell o' *bit* quitin', for the full half o' Scaurnose is un'er like nottice for Michaelmas, an' the Lord kens what it'll a' en' in!"

"But what's it for? Blue Peter's no the man to misbehave himsel'."

"Weel, ye ken mair yersel' nor ony ither as to the warst fau't there is to lay till 's chairge; for they say — that is, *some* say — it's a' yer ain wyte, Ma'colm."

"What mean ye, man? Speyk oot," said Malcolm.

"They say it's a' anent the abduckin' o' the markis's boat, 'at you and him gaed aff wi' thegither."

"That 'll hardly haud, seein' the marchioness hersel' cam' hame in her the last nicht."

"Ay, but ye see the decree's gane oot, and what the factor says is like the laws o' the Medes an' Persians, 'at they say 's no to be alert: I kenna mysel'."

"Ow weel, gien that be a', I'll see efter that wi' the marchioness."

"Ay, but ye see there's a lot o' the

laads there, as I'm tellt, 'at has vooed 'at factor nor factor's man sall never set fut in Scaurnose frae this day furth. Gang ye doon to the Seaton, an' see hoo mony o' yer auld freen's ye'll fin' there. Man, there a' oot to Scaurnose to see the plisky. The factor he's there, I ken — and some constables wi' 'im — to see 'at his order 's cairried oot. An' the laads they hae been fortifeein' the place, as they ca' 't, for the last ook. They've howkit a trenk, they tell me, 'at nane but a hunter on 's horse cud win ower, an' they're postit along the toon-side o' 't wi' sticks an' stanes an boat-heuks, an' guns an' pistils. An' gien there bena a man or twa kilt a'ready —"

Before he finished his sentence Kelpie was levelling herself along the road for the sea-gate.

Johnny Bykes was locking it on the other side, in haste to secure his eyeshare of what was going on, when he caught sight of Malcolm tearing up. Mindful of the old grudge, also that there was no marquis now to favor his foe, he finished the arrested act of turning the key, drew it from the lock, and to Malcolm's orders, threats, and appeals returned for all answer that he had no time to attend to *him*, and so left him looking through the bars. Malcolm dashed across the burn, and round the base of the hill on which stood the little wind-god blowing his horn, dismounted, unlocked the door in the wall, got Kelpie through, and was in the saddle again before Johnny was halfway from the gate. When the churl saw him he trembled, turned and ran for its shelter again in terror, nor perceived until he reached it that the insulted groom had gone off like the wind in the opposite direction.

Malcolm soon left the high-road and cut across the fields, over which the wind bore cries and shouts mingled with laughter and the animal sounds of coarse jeering. When he came nigh the cart-road which led into the village he saw at the entrance of the street a crowd, and rising from it the well-known shape of the factor on his horse. Nearer the sea, where was another entrance through the back yards of some cottages, was a smaller crowd. Both were now pretty silent, for the attention of all was fixed on Malcolm's approach. As he drew up Kelpie foaming and prancing, and the group made way for her, he saw a deep wide ditch across the road, on whose opposite side was ranged irregularly the flower of Scaurnose's younger manhood, calmly,

even merrily, prepared to defend their entrenchment. They had been chaffing the factor, and loudly challenging the constables to come on, when they recognized Malcolm in the distance, and expectancy stayed the rush of their bruising wit. For they regarded him as beyond a doubt come from the marchionness with messages of good-will. When he rode up, therefore, they raised a great shout, every one welcoming him by name. But the factor—who, to judge by appearances, had had his forenoon dram ere he left home—burning with wrath, moved his horse in between Malcolm and the ditch. He had self-command enough left, however, to make one attempt at the loftily superior. "Pray what is your business?" he said, as if he had never seen Malcolm in his life before. "I presume you come with a message."

"I come to beg you, sir, not to go farther with this business. Surely the punishment is already enough," said Malcolm respectfully.

"Who sends me the message?" asked the factor, his lips pressed together and his eyes flaming.

"One," answered Malcolm, "who has some influence for justice, and will use it upon whichever side the justice may lie."

"Go to hell!" cried the factor, losing utterly his slender self-command and raising his whip.

Malcolm took no heed of the gesture, for he was at the moment beyond his reach. "Mr. Crathie," he said, calmly, "you are banishing the best man in the place."

"No doubt! no doubt! seeing he's a crony of yours," laughed the factor in mighty scorn. "A canting, prayer-meeting rascal!" he added.

"Is that ony waur nor a drucken elyer o' the kirk?" cried Dubs from the other side of the ditch, raising a roar of laughter.

The very purple left the factor's face and turned to a corpse-like gray in the fire of his fury.

"Come, come, my men! that's going too far," said Malcolm.

"An' wha ir ye for a fudgie (*truant*) fisher, to gie coonsel ohn speired?" shouted Dubs, altogether disappointed in the part Malcolm seemed only able to take. "Haud to the factor there wi' yer counsell!"

"Get out of my way!" said Mr. Crathie through his set teeth, and came straight upon Malcolm. "Home with you,

or-r-r—!" And again he raised his whip, this time plainly with intent.

"For God's sake, factor, min' the mere!" cried Malcolm. "Ribs an' legs an' a' 'ill be to crack gien ye anger her wi' yer whuppin'!" As he spoke he drew a little aside, that the factor might pass if he pleased. A noise arose in the smaller crowd, and Malcolm turned to see what it meant: off his guard, he received a stinging cut over the head from the factor's whip. Simultaneously, Kelpie stood up on end, and Malcolm tore the weapon from the treacherous hand. "If I gave you what you deserve, Mr. Crathie, I should knock you and your horse together into that ditch. A touch of the spur would do it. I am not quite sure that I ought not. A nature like yours takes forbearance for fear." While he spoke, his mare was ramping and kicking, making a clean sweep all about her. Mr. Crathie's horse turned restive from sympathy, and it was all his rider could do to keep his seat. As soon as he got Kelpie a little quieter, Malcolm drew near and returned him his whip. He snatched it from his outstretched hand and essayed a second cut at him, which Malcolm rendered powerless by pushing Kelpie close up to him. Then suddenly wheeling, he left him.

On the other side of the trench the fellows were shouting and roaring with laughter.

"Men!" cried Malcolm, "you have no right to stop up this road. I want to go and see Blue Peter."

"Come on, than!" cried one of the young men, emulous of Dubs's humor, and spread out his arms as if to receive Kelpie to his bosom.

"Stand out of the way: I'm coming," said Malcolm. As he spoke he took Kelpie a little round, keeping out of the way of the factor, who sat trembling with rage on his still excited animal, and sent her at the trench. The Deevil's Jock, as they called him, kept jumping, with his arms outspread, from one place to another, as if to receive Kelpie's charge; but when he saw her actually coming, in short, quick bounds, straight to the trench, he was seized with terror, and, half paralyzed, slipped as he turned to flee and rolled into the ditch, just in time to see Kelpie fly over his head. His comrades scampered right and left, and Malcolm, rather disgusted, took no notice of them.

A cart, loaded with their little all, the horse in the shafts, was standing at Peter's door, but nobody was near it. Hardly had

Malcolm entered the close, however, when out rushed Annie, and heedless of Kelpie's demonstrative repellence, reached up her hands like a child, caught him by the arm while yet he was busied with his troublesome charge, drew him down toward her and held him till, in spite of Kelpie, she had kissed him again and again. "Eh, Ma'colm! eh, my lord!" she said, "ye hae saved my faith. I kenned ye wad come."

"Haud yer tongue, Annie: I maunna be kepned," said Malcolm.

"There's nae danger. They'll tak' it for sweirin'," said Annie, laughing and crying both at once.

But next came Blue Peter, his youngest child in his arms.

"Eh, Peter, man! I'm bleythe to see ye," cried Malcolm. "Gie 's a grup o' yer honest han'."

More than even the sight of his face, beaming with pleasure, more than that grasp of the hand that would have squeezed the life out of a polecat, was the sound of the mother-tongue from his lips. The cloud of Peter's long distrust broke and vanished, and the sky of his soul was straightway a celestial blue. He snatched his hand from Malcolm's, walked back into the empty house, ran into the little closet off the kitchen, bolted the door, fell on his knees in the void little sanctuary that had of late been the scene of so many foiled attempts to lift up his heart, and poured out speechless thanksgiving to the God of all grace and consolation, who had given him back his friend, and that in the time of his sore need. So true was his heart in its love that, giving thanks for his friend, he forgot he was the Marquis of Lossie, before whom his enemy was but as a snail in the sun. When he rose from his knees and went out again, his face shining and his eyes misty, his wife was on the top of the cart, tying a rope across the cradle.

"Peter," said Malcolm, "ye was quite richt to gang, but I'm glaid they didna lat ye."

"I wad hae been halfw'y to Port Gordon or noo," said Peter.

"But noo ye'll no gang to Port Gordon," said Malcolm. "Ye'll jist gang to the Salmon for a feow days till we see hoo things 'll gang."

"I'll du onything ye like, Ma'colm," said Peter, and went into the house to fetch his bonnet.

In the street arose the cry of a woman, and into the close rushed one of the fisherwives, followed by the factor. He had found a place on the eastern side of the

village, whither he had slipped unobserved, where, jumping a low earth-wall, he got into a little back yard. He was trampling over its few stocks of kail and its one dusty miller and double daisy when the woman to whose cottage it belonged caught sight of him through her window, and running out fell to abusing him, doubtless in no measured language. He rode at her in his rage, and she fled shrieking into Peter's close and behind the cart, never ceasing her vituperation, but calling him every choice name in her vocabulary. Beside himself with the rage of murdered dignity, he struck at her over the corner of the cart. Thereupon from the top of it Annie Mair ventured to expostulate: "Hoot, sir! it's no mainners to lat at a wuman like that."

He turned upon her, and gave her a cut on the arm and hand so stinging that she cried out, and nearly fell from the cart. Out rushed Peter and flew at the factor, who from his seat of vantage began to ply his whip about his head. But Malcolm, who, when the factor appeared, had moved aside to keep Kelpie out of mischief, and saw only the second of the two assaults, came forward with a scramble and a bound. "Haud awa', Peter!" he cried: "this belongs to me. I gae 'im back 's whup, an' sae I'm accoontable. Mr. Craithie"—and as he spoke he edged his mare up to to the panting factor—"the man who strikes a woman must be taught that he is a scoundrel, and that office I take. I would do the same if you were the lord of Lossie instead of his factor."

Mr. Craithie, knowing himself now in the wrong, was a little frightened at the set speech, and began to bluster and stammer, but the swift descent of Malcolm's heavy riding-whip on his shoulders and back made him voluble in curses. Then began a battle that could not last long with such odds on the side of justice. It was gazed at from the mouth of the close by many spectators, but none dared enter because of the capering and plunging and kicking of the horses. In less than a minute the factor turned to flee, and spurring out of the court galloped up the street at full stretch.

"Haud oot o' the gait!" cried Malcolm, and rode after him. But more careful of the people, he did not get a good start, and the factor was over the trench and into the fields before he caught him up. Then again the stinging switch buckled about the shoulders of the oppressor with all the force of Malcolm's brawny arm. The factor yelled and

cursed and swore, and still Malcolm plied the whip, and still the horses flew over fields and fences and ditches. At length in the last field, from which they must turn into the high-road, the factor groaned out, "For God's sake, Ma'colm, hae mercy!"

The youth's uplifted arm fell by his side. He turned his mare's head, and when the factor ventured to turn his, he saw the avenger already halfway back to Scaurnose, and the constables in full flight meeting him.

While Malcolm was thus occupied his sister was writing to Lady Bellair. She told her that having gone out for a sail in her yacht, which she had sent for from Scotland, the desire to see her home had overpowered her to such a degree that of the intended sail she had made a voyage, and here she was, longing just as much now to see Lady Bellair; and if she thought proper to bring a gentleman with her to take care of her, he also should be welcome for her sake. It was a long way for her to come, she said, and Lady Bellair knew what sort of a place it was, but there was nobody in London now, and if she had nothing more enticing on her tablets, etc., etc. She ended with begging her, if she was inclined to make her happy with her presence, to bring to her Caley and her hound Demon. She had hardly finished when Malcolm presented himself. She received him very coldly, and declined to listen to anything about the fishers. She insisted that, being one of their party, he was prejudiced in their favor, and that of course a man of Mr. Crathie's experience must know better than he what ought to be done with such people in view of protecting her rights and keeping them in order. She declared that she was not going to disturb the old way of things to please him, and said that he had now done her all the mischief he could, except indeed he were to head the fishers and sack Lossie House. Malcolm found that instead of gaining any advantage by making himself known to her as her brother, he had but given her confidence in speaking her mind to him, and set her free from considerations of personal dignity when she desired to humiliate him. But he was a good deal surprised at the ability with which she set forth and defended her own view of her affairs, for she did not tell him that the Rev. Mr. Cairns had been with her all the morning, flattering her vanity, worshipping her power and generally instructing her in her own greatness — also putting in a word or two anent his friend

Mr. Crathie, and his troubles with her ladyship's fisher-tenants. She was still, however, so far afraid of her brother — which state of feeling was perhaps the main cause of her insulting behavior to him — that she sat in some dread lest he might chance to see the address of the letters she had been writing.

I may mention here that Lady Bellair accepted the invitation with pleasure for herself and Liftore, promised to bring Caley, but utterly declined to take charge of Demon or allow him to be of the party. Thereupon Florimel, who was fond of the animal, and feared much, as he was no favorite, that something would *happen* to him, wrote to Clementina, praying her to visit her in her lovely loneliness — good as the Gloom in its way, though not quite so dark — and to add a hair to the weight of her obligation if she complied by allowing her deerhound to accompany her. Clementina was the only one, she said, of her friends for whom the animal had ever shown a preference.

Malcolm retired from his sister's presence much depressed, saw Mrs. Court-hope, who was kind as ever, and betook himself to his old room, next to that in which his strange history began. There he sat down and wrote urgently to Lenorme, stating that he had an important communication to make, and begging him to start for the north the moment he received the letter. A messenger from Duff Harbor, well mounted, would ensure Malcolm's presence within a couple of hours.

He found the behavior of his old acquaintances and friends in the Seaton much what he had expected: the few were as cordial as ever, while the many still resented with a mingling of the jealousy of affection, his forsaking of the old life for one they regarded as unworthy of a bred at least, if not a born, fisherman. A few there were still who always had been, for reasons known only to themselves, less friendly. The women were all cordial.

"Sic a mad-like thing," said old Futtocks, who was now the leader of the assembly at the Barn, "to gang scoorin' the cuintry on that mad brute o' a mere! What guid, think ye, can come o' siclike?" "H'ard ye 'im ever tell the story about Colonsay Castel yon'er?"

"Ay, hev I."

"Weel, isna. his mere 'at they ca' Kelpie jest the pictur' o' the deil's ain horse 'at lay at the door an' watched whan he flaw oot, an' tuik the wa' wi' 'im?"

"I cudna say till I saw whether the deil himsel' cud gar her lie still."

From The Church Quarterly Review.
THE WORLD OF FICTION.*

FICTION! We suppose it is not under-rating the truth to estimate the readers of fiction in England as outnumbering enormously the readers of fact, or what at any rate passes for fact. It becomes a serious question, what is the mission of fiction, or whether it have a mission at all, or whether it be merely a voluntary self-distraction by means of a mirage, or by watching the phantasmagoria of a magic lantern instead of real life?

There are some, no doubt, with whom this is the case, but we think they are chiefly persons of indolent nature, or else of imagination in a greater degree than energy. In fact, there is an amount of safety in numbers. Far less impression is created by a whole succession of novels, one driving out the other, than was made when they were very few and far between, were read over and over again, and so discussed as to become realities to their students. What is only glanced over to fill up an idle moment cannot gain a very permanent hold on the mind.

Cannot, we say; yet who can tell? What wonders of unconscious cerebration and dormant memory are now and then disclosed, making us doubt whether every thought that passes over our minds is not, in some strange manner, photographed there, as it were, and forever! No one can tell how much or how little even of what we wish to remember or forget will recur to us in actual remembrance or in dreams. We have, in truth, a very limited power over our own memories. Surely this should make us cautious as to haphazard reading, or causing to be read, such topics as may leave some blot, or some haunting terror or evil dream.

It has always struck us that some of the Welsh triads, intended for the guidance of the bards, convey some of the most perfect canons of criticism of all imaginative literature that we ever met with. The three primary requisites of genius —

An eye that can see nature,
A heart that can feel nature,
A resolution that dares follow nature.

The three final intentions of literature —

Increase of goodness,
Increase of understanding,
Increase of delight.

* 1. *Iseulte*. By the author of "Vera." (Smith and Elder.)

2. *Ralph and Bruno*. By M. BRAMSTON. (Macmillan.)

3. *The Atelier du Lys*. By the author of "Mlle. Mori." (Longmans.)

The three properties of a just imagination —

What may be,
What ought to be,
What is seemly to be.

The three advantages of poetry —

The praise of goodness,
The memory of what is remarkable,
The invigoration of the affections.

The three things to be avoided —

The mean, the obscure, the extravagant.

Whatever bard, ancient or modern, drew up these rules, had a clear conception of the lawful aims and requisites of all imaginative work. But we are afraid he would fall under the withering censure of "goody," wherewith it has become the fashion to condemn whatever too palpably tends to the first of the "three final intentions."

It is worth considering what is really "goody." We believe the world means by it all checks or reproofs, "in season or out of season," and we are willing to allow that it does apply to those out of season. The sugared cup is goody, so soon as the taste of the medicine is discovered; and as the child turns from the story so soon as it finds that "the visit to the gold-fields" is simply a lesson on wheat-growing, threshing, etc., so the grown-up person is disgusted when two pages of story prove the shoeing-horn to a dozen of sermon. Or, again, the goody story is constructed on the renowned principle of the boy who said he didn't care, and was tossed by a bull. There everything is made to illustrate the principle, whatever it may be; poetical justice is made a far more unerring Nemesis than is justified by real life, and the principal characters improve the incidents in set language that would drive one frantic if addressed to oneself.

Reaction has made it an absolute boast and praise when a story is devoid of moral. It has nearly become praiseworthy to go to the contrary extreme and make it immoral; and there are many who think, in a lazy kind of way, that it is a sort of impertinent intrusion on their idleness and vacancy to infuse any element of improvement into the draught, whether soporific or exciting. They dread, above all, "a novel with a purpose," and we quite agree with them, if the art of the novel be sacrificed to its purpose. The effect is then unfortunate, since the book is primarily read for amusement's sake, and that which spoils our amusement naturally incurs dislike.

How then should a novel tend to "increase of goodness" without being obnoxiously goody? Is it not by presenting portraits of nobleness ("praise of goodness" as the triad calls this), such as may awake an enthusiasm and longing to imitate them? Hero-worship can and ought to find plenty of food in the noble army of martyrs and the rolls of history, but the truthful records of these are often so brief, and sometimes so dry, as to require a good deal of imagination to dress them up—more than some people are capable of. Indeed, even among the educated, some lack the power of heeding or caring for the past. Epaminondas and Gustavus Adolphus seem to them alike mere names, alien to themselves, and neither Leuctra nor Lützen is capable of thrilling their hearts. Yet these same people can thoroughly admire and feel with an Adam Bede or an Anne O'Flaherty, because they are brought nearer to themselves and made real to them, and belong comparatively to their own time and circumstances, so that their veneration can be fed without trouble to their imagination. Probably "Clarissa Harlowe" was the first attempt in this line, and a really successful one, for hers is the nobility of nature that triumphs over circumstance. In his attempt at masculine perfection, Richardson seems to us in these days to have been simply priggish and ridiculous, but "Sir Charles Grandison" produced a real impression for good in his own day. Jeanie Deans is the next figure we can think of, who is prominent for goodness without goodness; and to come to more "modern instances," we may mention Will, in Miss Rosa Carey's novel of "Wooded and Married," and Garton Ord, in her still more beautiful one of "Robert Ord's Atonement." Neither of them is a moral Monte-Cristo, never weak, never tempted, able to do everything with a touch. One is a crippled, broken-down, rheumatic clergyman, with a sharp temper under restraint; the other a blundering, awkward youth, a failure and a burden, yet so sweet, so humble, so good and simple as to win our hearts with a sense of pathetic beauty, so that both leave a strong feeling of "goodness" standing above everything.

We believe this is the best thing that can be derived from a novel. "*I Promessi Sposi*" leaves that sense; so does "Sybille," so does Miss Wilford's "Dominie Freylinghausen," so does George MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael;" to which, in spite of some blem-

ishes, we owe a debt of gratitude for setting before us the grand old Marquess of Worcester, the most perfect type of the true Christian cavalier. To bring a glow to the heart and a light to the eye by the recollection of some heroic figure, whether wholly imaginary, or a real character brought into full illumination, seems to us one of the best objects of romance—a higher one than even the working out of a sound principle, because persons (even ideal ones) warm the heart as abstract morals can hardly do.

The beauty of virtue and truth, and all other great qualities, should be shown without forcing the course of events so as to bring them success. "Resolution to follow nature" may have to be exerted in the letting the probable take its course, even if the good is not to be rewarded, and yet binding sympathy and affection to unrequited virtue. Filial affection wins its cause in Cordelia, even though we see her dead in her father's arms. The very same events may be told in two such contrary ways, that one may excite all that is good, the other all that is evil in the reader. For instance, the story of Lancelot and Guenever was "*Galeotto*" to Paolo and Francesca. It is one of the most solemn and beautiful teachings in Sir Thomas Malory and in Tennyson. The Italian "*Mercatante di Venezia*" is (we are told) a licentious story. Shakespeare has made it a pure and noble picture of friendship and self-devotion. Instances might be multiplied by hundreds, showing in what sense "to the pure all things are pure"—a saying much abused nowadays. People seem to think that "the pure" means those who have not much opportunity of going astray, and that "all things are pure" signifies that they may with impunity turn from the grossest evidence in a *cause célèbre* to the same vices scarcely veiled in an imaginary work; whereas what it seems to us to mean is that the pure mind only contemplates and assimilates the pure and noble in the past and present. Where one man sees a glorious landscape, another will only see a dead rat in the reeds, and will insist on dragging it out for everybody else to smell, because forsooth the rat is as real as the sunshine on the river, and therefore as worthy of contemplation.

To see and describe nature truly, but so as to bring out the morals of providence and the workings of good and evil, and to make the reader feel the continual victory of the right, even through outward failure, is one of the highest aims of the highest

art. For this the alembic of the writer's own mind and eye is needed. Somewhere in "Modern Painters," the same mountain castle is given from the same point of view in a photograph and a sketch. In the former the severe foreshortening conceals the windings of the path that leads up through the vineyards; in the second, it is a fascinating stair hewn out in the rock, with battlemented parapets, which were lost in the severe perspective of the same painting. Is not this one legitimate use of an imaginary tale of an historical period? There is a sermon of Bishop Charles Wordsworth, preached at Winchester College, condemning historical romance as being in danger of slandering those gone into an unseen world, where we shall meet them. It may be that this is a real objection to distorted or party-spirited representations, or to such as, for the sake of the story, add incidents which are a stain on the individuals. Perhaps the readiest case in point is Goethe's introduction of Clärchen in "Egmont," entirely contrary to history. Others have maligned an historical character from ignorance or misreading, as Shakespeare did by the Maid of Orleans, and as Scott did in some degree both by King René and Charles the Bold, and certainly the more we read, the more we feel our own incompetence to judge the men and women of the past.

But still it seems to us perfectly fair and legitimate to take some personage of old time, and dress him up according to our lights, putting him in action so as to be able to develop all that we can collect. The Federigo Borromeo of Manzoni, Schiller's Wallenstein, Scott's Louis XI., Lord Lytton's Rienzi, Bungenauer's Rabaut, are instances of what we mean, and so is George Eliot's Savonarola in some degree, though she fails from her incapacity to understand a saint and a martyr. It ought to be honest work, developing from the rule and measure laid down by competent authorities, and aim at moulding a statue-like life from the real outlines. Nor would the scruple we alluded to apply to setting a fancied character to live, move, and speak in some period according to what we know must have been the spirit of the times and manners and customs. "The Last Days of Pompeii," the earlier chapters of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," the description of Florence in "Romola," and much of "Westward Ho!" are all examples of those vivid picturings of manners, scenery, and habits of thought of which history can only give the bare foun-

ation. They really fulfil the Welsh canons above cited, both as being for "increase of understanding" and "the memory of what is remarkable."

The failures in such attempts are chiefly from either want of grasp to understand the times, want of sufficient knowledge to avoid mistakes, strong party-spirit, or the desire to force in more instruction, historical or moral, than the story will bear. If a story is to be a story, it must not be dramatized history, though here and there we can point to successes even in this line, such as Sir Francis Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar," Miss Manning's "Mary Powell" and "Margaret Roper," and Bungenauer's "*Trois Sermons sous Louis Quinze*," all of which are admirable studies of character and manners, though scarcely professing to be independent stories. The books, of which the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" was the first, aim at this line, but often fail, because an autobiography requires more of the spirit of the time than a person of an after generation can possess, and thus the meditations of early Christian, and Anglo-Saxon nun, German *Mädchen*, perplexed little Puritan, and auditor of John Wesley, all smack alike of the lady of the nineteenth century who has accepted an amount of liberal-mindedness that would have horrified most of them.

As to the failures in grasp and knowledge, every one makes them, and other generations find it out, as we have done by even "Ivanhoe," and as those who were imbued with a catholic spirit always did by "Hypatia," which the author considered the most likely to live of all his works. Most historical romance is apt to be like Paul Veronese's pictures, contemporary portraiture with more or less of ancient costume. Scott, in spite of all cavils the great master of the art, further held that fact might be sacrificed to the exigencies of romance, and that it was art to put *telling* occasions in juxtaposition, and annihilate inconvenient years, or awkward facts—to let Ulrica live from the conquest till the Third Crusade, and make poor Margaret of Anjou intrigue after her death. Criticism will allow no such liberties now, when to put forth a book is to set up a target with some curiosity to see what blots will be hit by those whose office it is to find the vulnerable spots. No doubt it has made the work much more difficult, though we believe, on the other hand, that no one writes anything worth reading without a spontaneous impulse independent of criticism.

One more point in the historical novel

should be mentioned as needful to make it worthy, namely, that it should only deal with such things as deserve to be dwelt on and brought before the mind. Those passages of history which are only dark shadows of foulness and evil ought never to be dragged into light and dissected. That a Regent Orleans or a Louis XV. existed is no reason for bringing their vices prominently before the mind's eye. Even punishment does not set the matter right for the minds of readers, and readers cannot be as if they had never even in imagination tasted garbage.

The right sort of historical novel is, then, that which brings into clear detail and life some period, with appreciation both of character and of the spirit of the time, making, as far as possible, living beings of those who might otherwise be mere names. If it can bring any noble figure into full relief or cast a clearer light on some period not understood, it becomes doubly valuable, but in the main, if it be a clear, candid, and spirited delineation of the past, it is well worth having.

And here we must say a good word for an old friend of our youth, G. P. R. James. He overwrote himself, and finally degenerated into a haberdashery sort of detail; his regular opening with the two travellers became a byword, and at the best he had only talent, not genius. But his history was correct, his tone pure and gentlemanlike, and his books are safe and instructive as well as entertaining. We should like to see some of the best revived, such as "Philip Augustus," "Mary of Burgundy," or "Henry of Guise."

There is also the romance — *pur et simple* — with no erudition in it, no costume except armor and white samite, and the manners those of ideal chivalry. To increase of knowledge the romance makes little or no pretensions, but to increase of delight, and even to increase of goodness, it surely tends when of the true sort. It belongs indeed to the realm of poetry. It is as it were only accident that we have it in prose. The "Morte d'Arthur" and "The Faery Queene" are surely akin as much as are "The Talisman" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Indeed we fancy that Wat Tinlin and William of Deloraine are much more true to nature than Sir Kenneth and Edith Plantagenet. The mission of romance is, to carry us along in a dreamlike mood of wonder, sympathy and pity, or admiration, while there is often a certain undercurrent of feeling or allusion, often half allegory, and the broad lights and shades of the characters of the

personages tend to excite enthusiasm for the true, the pure, the brave and faithful, even in impossible circumstances.

Such bright, simple tales, where all the men are brave and all the women virtuous, where generosity and constancy are taken for granted, and gallant deeds of self-devotion are the staple subject, are like sweets to the unsophisticated palate. They may cloy if too much indulged in, but all such substance as there is in them is wholesome fare. It is a pity when we grow past them, and it is a greater pity not to have imagination enough to get up an interest in what is manifestly impossible.

Romance is at a discount now. Common sense is reigning, and we are required to look on everything material, however loathsome or hideous, with microscopic eyes, unweakened by any illusions. Otherwise we cannot be practical. Times are changed, for there have been days when the sense of fighting out the daily struggle in the spirit ascribed to the knight of romance imparted a real access of vigor and constancy. We have heard the legend of Shakespeare, when forced to act as a butcher, working himself up with poetry to feel like a Greek hero performing a sacrifice. Poor Charles VIII. learnt truth and honor in the court of Louis XI. from "Amadis de Gaul," Alexander fed upon Homer, and Napoleon I. upon "Ossian" — Macpherson's "Ossian," done into Italian — a strange fact, one would exclaim, but how perfectly consistent with his own famous maxim that "it is the imagination that governs the world." We cannot claim him for a favorable specimen either of romance or its effects, but a certain amount of idealism and poetry is an ingredient in heroic natures, witness Wolfe's reading Gray's "Elegy" below the heights of Abraham, and our Peninsular soldiers "The Lady of the Lake." Don Quixote's error was his distortion of fancy, in beholding Pentapolin of the naked arm in a harmless sheep, and an oppressed captive in a galley-slave; but the same knight-errantry of spirit, finding its giants in sin, and its dragons in its own tempers, has infinitely invigorated some men and many women. Nay, this imaginative power and religious faith do blend together in a marvellous manner. It is a reality that every resistance of evil in ourselves or others is a stroke in the battle by the soldiers who go forth in white linen on white horses, following that Captain who is faithful and true. Theirs is the highest and most real romance of all.

Wash thee, and watch thine armor, as of old
 The champions vow'd of Truth and Purity,
 Ere the bright mantle might their limbs en-
 fold,
 Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie.
 Hence summer nights outwatched the dawn
 on high.
 And found the time too short for busy dreams —
 Pageants of airy prowess drawing nigh —
 And Fame far hovering with immortal beams,
 And more than prowess theirs, and more than
 fame;
 No dream, but an abiding consciousness,
 Of an approving God, a righteous aim,
 An arm outstretched to guide them and to
 bless,
 Firm as steel bows for angel's warfare bent,
 They went abroad not knowing where they
 went.*

Critics may well tell us that the age of chivalry never existed! It is the golden age of Christian heroism, a border-land of allegory and reality, from which many a youth has brought sentiments of honor, truth, and loyalty, which he might otherwise have failed to develop even from the eternal fountains of all good. It is quite true the Christian code contains all these, but the ideal standard of the *preux chevalier* presents them in the form which catches the imagination and leads to imitation by those whom the deeper and higher motives have not yet reached.

As a man's standard is, so will he in a measure be himself; and when romance, as in France and Italy, was licentious and false, such a character as Francis I. was its manifestation in real life. And when the aims and principles of the generality are low, the romance which exaggerates them degenerates into extravagance, license, or sentimentalism. "The Faery Queene" is as great a contrast to "Orlando Furioso" as are Raleigh and Sidney to the Medici and Farnesi. "The Grand Cyrus" answered well to the pompous court of Louis XIV. "*Télémaque*," had in it the germs of higher and better things; and, on the other side of the Channel, "Gulliver" reflected the satyr-like sneering foulness of his time. When purer times were restored such tales as "The Castle of Otranto," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The One-Handed Monk," brought back the innocent, though at that time foolish, romance, such as Catherine Morland meant when she terrified Miss Tynley by communicating in a mysterious tone: "I hear something very dreadful is coming out in London." The outward symbols of those times are the modern

stucco castle and abbey where ancient castle and abbey never existed, with crenellated parapets to hide the gutters, corner turrets that nobody could get into, and loopholes whence nobody could shoot. Yet this school — like nothing in heaven or earth — where Madrid is on the sea-coast, where waxen images act ghosts, and castles have enormous vaults, tenanted by masked villains *ad libitum*, was the delight of the generation whose resistance to all the manifold forms of evil and defiance in France was the grand act of Christian chivalry of the century.

And so from the forge of German patriotism were struck forth bright sparks in those charming romances of Fouqué, the "*Zauberring*" and "Thiodolf," so perfect as mere romances; while his "Undine," "Sintram," and "*Die Beiden Hauptleute*," strike the higher chord where romance acquires something of the deeper tone of parable. Goethe, who, with all his powers, had no sense of noble love for woman or for country, wrote no romance. The chief work of his youth was the parent of the sentimental suicidal novel; the work of his highest genius is the victory of the tempter over weak man and erring woman. Is it not significant of that sordid spirit of unbelief so fearfully described in "German Home Life" that Fouqué is never read and utterly despised in his native land?

We are glad that pure romance has not even now died out among us. George MacDonald often gives us the thoughtful, half-allegorical romance, such as "Phantastes," or "The Princess and the Goblin;" and there is a charming story of Miss Smedley's, too little known, called "Nina, or the Silver Swan," where maiden and knight alike belong to the highest and tenderest realms of fancy. And how popular among us are translations of Jules Verne, the Münchhausen of modern science and discovery, going always a little beyond the possible, yet in so circumstantial and philosophical a manner, that whether he takes us round the moon, to the bottom of the sea, or the centre of the earth, we still feel ourselves at home with his preternaturally cool Englishmen, brilliant Frenchmen, and "ready, aye ready" Yankees. These all have the most needful element of romance in being pure and high-minded; the heroes never fail in the essential qualities of truth, honor, generosity, and self-devotion, and the hand of a reverent believer is traceable wherever he comes for a moment in contact with deeper things.

* Keble.

We pass on to the novel proper, whose mission professes to be to paint nature, whether in the novel of recent or contemporary history, the controversial novel, the indignation novel, the religious novel, the descriptive novel, the novel of common life, with or without a purpose, moral or immoral.

By novels of recent history we mean those written without a sense of archaism, though not always concerning the writer's own generation. "Waverley" and "Rob Roy" were such to Scott, who had actually seen the manners and had gleaned the traditions from eye-witnesses. Thackeray's "Esmond" is the result of a careful study of language and manners, but "The Bride of Lammermuir" came as naturally to Scott as if the Master had been his next-door neighbour. Thus we class the many stories of the times of the first French Revolution, past, indeed, but into the perfect, rather than the pluperfect tense. If we represent French people with the same amount of truth as they show in delineating us English, we must afford them a good deal of amusement, for our authors have for many years been fond of dealing with the subject. Henry Kingsley's "Mademoiselle Mathilde" gives us scenes we cannot forget—the sack of the asylum, the mutiny at Nancy, and the *noyade* at Nantes, with the noble old priest standing, Gospel in hand, to the last, and dying with the words on his tongue: "Old things have passed away, all things have become new!" The beauty of the book is more in its isolated scenes than in the whole, and it is hard to forgive the having deprived a real person like Adèle of her heroism, and made her selfish and foolish to suit the purposes of the story. Sarah Tytler's "Citoyenne Jacqueline" deals cleverly with some aspects of the time. The young peasant-deputy, Joaquette, made into a dandy by his Paris life, is a good portrait, and there is a picture of the interior of the prisons, perfectly borne out by the memoirs of the time, but somehow there is a sense that the book is written from the outside.

"On the Edge of the Storm" depicts the earlier days of the Revolution as seen in the country *château*, sacked by the neighboring townspeople. This is, however, more a study of a few characters than a real picture of the Revolution, such as the same author has given us in the "*Atelier du Lys*," evidently the result of many years' study and reflection and a wonderfully intimate knowledge of French character. The author's *forte* is in quaint

old ladies full of character, and Mademoiselle de St. Aignan is a wonderfully clever picture of the lively woman, taking up the Revolution half as fashion, half from native good sense, and yet as exclusively prejudiced as ever on the point of birth and breeding, forgiving everything to De Pelven, the villain (and a consummate villain he is too), because he cannot help being a well-born, well-bred, agreeable man. Then there is the really noble and pathetic figure of the Swiss, Balmat, who has sacrificed everything to study painting at Paris under David, and lives on through the Reign of Terror, pure, innocent, simple, and devoted to his art. He is no colorist, nor can he rise to the hard, rigid, classical style of David. He can only achieve a modest, half-despised success in his own line of landscape and still life, and even that comes too late to save him from dying of his privations after having been the good genius of the book. There is also a beautiful sketch of a priest, who has consented for a while to fly, but returns to do his duty among his flock, suffers agonies from his timidity as long as he is at large, but when taken at last rejoices, and is calm and resolute as well as happy.

The *atelier* which gives the book its name is a studio within the Louvre which, was, during the republic, we here find, divided among artists and their pupils, and where David worked according to his notions of high classic art, and his pupils raved about him, and walked about in Greek costume. We have in these volumes gained an accurate picture of several phases of that strange shifting scene, and the plot on which the tale is constructed is an interesting one, in full accordance with the time.

Yet we think it a pity that there is so much resemblance to the plot of "Denise," where again we have a marriage and a separation immediately after, the young couple only coming to an understanding at the end. "Denise" is, however, a descriptive, not an historical romance, and has many fresh and charming pictures of the country about Hyères.

Description and history are both united in "Mademoiselle Mori," which has come to be a handbook for sight-seers in Rome, and will remain a brilliant record of various aspects of life at Rome in the year of revolutions, when hope rose high and was quashed by French intervention. All these three books contain work of a very high order, of a kind of miniature detail and finish, studied and truthful in every

part. Almost every character is either an individual portrait or the type of a class, and perhaps the very elaboration prevents individual figures from standing out as prominently as perfect art would require.

The Franco-German war has its share already of tales. "The Parisians," unhappily unfinished, is in Lord Lytton's best style of what may be called representative writing. Every character stands for a class. There is the proud, honorable, narrow Breton noble, dipped in Paris society, and getting soiled by its vices, but not irremediably; there are his two kinsmen, one the true, bright, gay, brave French noble of the old kind, the other the saintly and gallant "son of the crusaders," of the Montalembert pattern; there is the spoilt, sensual, sentimental young poet, a degenerate copy of Camille Desmoulins; there is the speculator, the gambler in shares, the special product of the empire; there are the *ouvriers*, that terrible element in modern Paris; and there is the arch-plotter, a sort of Rochefort, but in whom it is less easy to believe than in the rest of the characters. Another story, whose chief interest lies in that unhappy period, is "Iseulte," by the author of "Vera." It begins unsatisfactorily, and we think we are falling into the threadbare style of the intriguing priest getting the innocent girl into a convent, but suddenly we find ourselves breathing a fresh air when we are taken to the mountain *château*, whose master is one of the school of Lacordaire, and where the gradual refinement of Iseulte's nature is well brought out in the midst of amusing sketches of the development of a new French watering-place on the site of some old Roman bath. Iseulte, be it understood, is an unhappy wife, married without her own volition to a man whom it is impossible to love or esteem, and who does not wish to be troubled with her, so that she has lived apart from him even from the first. In her mountain home, she meets Guy de Lussarques, the first man who stirs her affections, and this brings her to a sense of the duty and necessity of returning to her husband.

He is prefect of the city of Velun, in Burgundy, where she arrives to find him severely hurt by an accident, and she has just nursed him into recovery when the Prussians are upon them, and he is one of those unfortunate officials who were forced to make a journey on the engine of the train used for transport, as a pledge of security for the invaders. Fatigue and exposure cause his death, and Iseulte

immediately after sets forth to join her sister in her convent. Her way lies through a village whence she can make no further progress, and is forced to wait while the place is harried, first, by the Garibaldians, and then by the Prussians. Then it is that a most touching and noble scene ensues, when two German soldiers having been shot, each death is to be punished by that of six men, chosen by lot, from among the villagers. The first name is that of the curé who has been the blessing of the parish through all its sufferings, and had refused to be excluded from the fatal urn. Two unmarried men give themselves in the stead of two fathers of large families, and the curé leads the way to the *place*.

The curé's voice rose sweet and clear as if at a festival. "*Sursum corda.*" A Jewish girl gives a malignant laugh, and Iseulte kneeling in the porch is impelled to make response, "*Habemus ad Dominum.*"

"*Gratias agimus Deo*"—the rest is drowned in the rattle of the musketry.

Iseulte, after nearly perishing at the hands of her own people as a Prussian spy, is rescued by her lover, whom she is now free to marry, and we leave this very striking book with a sense of gladness and peace.

One more story of this war must be mentioned—Miss Bramston's "Ralph and Bruno"—a contrast between the English and French character, which would have been more probable if the heroes had not both been half of each nation. The latter, a brave young dreamer, of high aspiration but unanchored faith, is a very touching sketch, only indeed such a sketch as a feminine hand can draw, and yet worthy of note as a record of the character of the times.

We pass on to the controversial novel—a thing of bad name, and often deservedly. It is always, on a longer scale, a likeness of the old dialogue in Italian churches of the *avvocato di Dio* and the *avvocato del diavolo*, and thus is like playing at chess against yourself. It is impossible to make the *avvocato del diavolo* so much in earnest or so dangerous as he would be in real life, and yet the other *avvocato* is apt to come out so priggish as to throw the sympathy on the wrong side. We hardly know of any of note enough to mention; most are on the Romish controversy, and they generally betray profound ignorance on the subject, and of the Roman Catholic point of view. They are not good weapons, for nobody

can understand the workings of a religion who has not professed it; and if there be any catastrophe at all, it can hardly be the natural product of the argument, and the principle of persecution must needs rule the plot, even though the tale be in condemnation of persecution.

Before passing from this subject we must, however, mention a novel of the early years of this century, "Rosanne," by Letitia Hawkins; the ability and instructiveness of which so much impressed us that we should like to see the earlier half reprinted. We can only sketch the outline from memory, but we believe it was as follows: Rosanne is the daughter of a man of much learning and culture, named Bellarmine, who, after a youth of dissipation, adopts the atheistical ideas then current in the French fashion, and carries off his little motherless girl to France to bring her up on the Rousseau system, totally free from superstition. He purchases one of the *châteaux* left vacant in the Revolution; obtains as a governess Mademoiselle Cossart, a Frenchwoman of the period, fat, *gourmande*, good-natured, vain, and voluble on her intended great work on the perfectibility of human nature. Rosanne, a fine, healthy, happy creature, is chiefly taught by her father, all her books being carefully weeded of anything that could lead to "superstition," and when, as she becomes acquainted with history, religion occurs as a cause of change and war, it is contemptuously explained to be a manifestation of human weakness and folly. But when the child looks up to the stars and asks how they came there, she is coughed down with the same look that had taught her the rules of decorum, so that she imagined that it was ill-bred to mention the heavenly bodies. We are afraid the Bellarmine of the present day would only point to them as parts of the self-acting mechanism of nature.

Very striking is the description of how poor Rosanne, when she was about fifteen or sixteen, knew that something was persistently kept from her and became conscious of a void, and began to feel and yearn, "like infants crying for the light." Her first hint comes, we think, when she is laid up with some infectious disorder. Her father and governess both being mortally frightened, shut themselves up in opposite ends of the house, each thinking the other is attending to her, and the servants follow their example. A good, simple countrywoman is sent in to nurse her, and Rosanne, seeing her pray, soon breaks

out in the question she is always asking: "What and why?" She learns little, however. The woman, living when religion was proscribed in France, and fancying her patient's ignorance Protestantism, will not answer questions and hides her devotions when she finds them observed, but Rosanne has gained the name of *le bon Dieu*, and knows that he is addressed with reverence, though unseen, and that the woman who so addresses him is kind, calm, content, and good beyond all she has known.

She questions her governess on *le bon Dieu*, and in an unguarded moment gets answered, "The Supreme Being," though the next instant, seeing what a revelation these words were to the girl, mademoiselle refuses to teach her any more "superstition," and thereby opens to her the knowledge that the dreadful folly whence she was so carefully guarded was that which concerned the "Supreme Being" to whom Nanette spoke.

A struggling, very beautiful prayer to the unknown Supreme Being follows, and then fresh rays break in. There is an alarm of ghosts in the *château*, and mademoiselle is frightened out of her wits, and out of all power of parrying her pupil's questions: "*Revenant*? Where does it *revenir* from?"

"From the grave, to be sure." "From the grave? What comes back from the grave?" "The spirit, of course."

So, though the ghost is proved to be a mischievous boy, Rosanne has learnt the *non omnis moriar*, and has found besides that, beneath all mademoiselle's outward profession of superiority to all delusions, there is an undercurrent of such belief as that of the devils perhaps, but still an ingrain belief in the unseen. This is confirmed again, in a storm, in a little boat, when mademoiselle went down on her knees and prayed to the saints as loud as any of the frightened boatmen.

Rosanne has been secluded from all society, but she hears of an English lady, widow of a Frenchman, who had come to the next *château*. She actually walks thither, dragging her unwilling governess with her, and supplicates the lady "to teach her superstition." Even when she finds out some approach to what is meant, the lady, a pretty, silly butterfly, has never learnt more than the outside, and has forgotten or confused that, but her five-year-old child, taught by a good old English nurse, is brought in, and made to rehearse her small acquirements. From the beginning of the creed Rosanne gathers some-

thing. The end, in poor little Lisette's lisps, is incomprehensible, but she gains the Lord's Prayer, she hears the child say "grace," and she is shown a Bible, when she electrifies madame by her observations: "This is poetry; this is something like Rochefoucauld's maxims;" while, on the other hand, the sight of the first chapter of Isaiah only reminds madame of the new pelisse she spoilt on an Advent Sunday.

Nurse will not hear of lending the precious Bible, but Rosanne, after a great effort, obtains her mother's old Bible and prayer-book, and thenceforth her way is comparatively clear.

Being in possession of a few awkward secrets of mademoiselle's, she can ensure her silence till, just as her untaught conscience is enlightened enough to doubt the rectitude of concealment, an accident reveals the state of things to her father, and there is a terrible storm, when Bellarmine has the mortification of finding that the recent development of fine qualities he had thought due to his system was really founded on the hated "superstition." Rosanne is very firm. "She cannot *un-think*," she says; "she cannot unbelieve again." She is sent off to her own apartments, till a sudden illness of her father brings them together, and he is forced to depend on her, preserving an angry silence. Finally, by a mistake in a draught of medicine, he all but poisons her, and in the height of her danger grants her wish to see her English friends, so that she becomes free to enjoy all that she can learn from little Lisette and from the good old nurse, as she slowly recovers.

Here the book ought to have ended. The latter part, after she is taken to England, is very inferior, but the working out of Rosanne's faith in her girlhood has always seemed to us a remarkable and beautiful study, though, quoting only from memory, we have not done justice to it.

The political novel is not often really interesting, and it has this great disadvantage artistically, that it must be either personal or impossible, when it professes to deal with cabinets. Living men, under a shallow disguise, do not seem to us fair subjects.

The indignation novel has sometimes been a very effective influence; coming generally just as attention is getting turned towards some abuse, it concentrates the public feeling on some imaginary case under oppression, sometimes a little exaggerated, but often only too true, and

really assists in directing the current of public opinion. Mrs. Trollope did this by the abuses in the old factory system; Mrs. Beecher Stowe by slavery; Dickens succeeded best of all, not only through his vivid descriptions, but by those proverbial names, such as Dotheboys Hall, Bumble, Mrs. Gamp, the Circumlocution Office, all which remain in the language as monuments of an evil shown up and conquered. Other novels, written with the same object, have failed in comparison, partly because of weakness or exaggeration, or because the writers' indignation is misplaced. It is curious that the weapon should almost uniformly become blunt when misapplied.

Perhaps one of the most curious bits of writing of our day was Trollope's "Warden," a remarkable study of the modern process of reform. The corrupt state of things is acknowledged, and the reformer is blustering and disagreeable in his honest desire to overthrow abuses, but the gentle old warden, who is ousted by his efforts, is one of Mr. Trollope's few really beautiful characters. There used now and then to be a high and beautiful character in this author's books, sometimes a really deep thought, as in the story where the young man deteriorates from the time when, going full of religious aspiration to the Holy Land, all is swept away by a frivolous, sight-seeing girl, who lowers the tone of his mind forever. Again, there is much in the retribution for Mrs. Grantley's mammon-worship striking her through that one parting whisper of her daughter leaving home as a bride, "Take care how my dress is packed up," when the mother is yearning for some warm farewell. Somehow this punishment has always put us in mind of that legendary gnat who avenged on the great conqueror all his crimes by one little sting in his ear. Shall we venture to express a regret that the author has not lately given us his higher and better side, but has written on the level of the religion and morality of the world around him, the average requirements of the British Lion and the *Times*? There is no vice brought forward to be gloated over; he admires all the gentlemanlike and ladylike virtues, and awakes our sympathy for them, but he has no notion of their running too far. Religion is to be just enough to be respectable upon, not to make people uncomfortable or put them out of their way, so daily services are more than once treated as ridiculous, novels are brought forward as

Sunday reading, and when refractory parents are to be tamed, it is done by not eating minced veal at luncheon on a Friday.

It may be said that his are photographs of actual life, and that such things happen. It is quite true, but it is also true that there is a high, deep, and noble side to life, which we grieve to say we miss more and more from Mr. Trollope's novels, till in "Phineas Finn" there is really but one religious man, and he is made detestable.

Such figures as Lady Lufton, Mr. and Mrs. Robarts, Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantley, and others which will readily occur, are well worth preserving, but in general it is rather his scenes than his characters that we think of. They are wanting in that zest and backbone which is given by having some purpose beyond getting on in life, or being married to the right person. There is a tedium in continually dwelling on secondary motives. We should soon get tired of a whole gallery of Frith's racing and railway scenes, and long for a face with something nobler in it, and happily there *are* many living countenances with the impress of eternity on the brow and eyes, and sweetness and steadfastness on the lips; but those who copy only the lower and more commonplace type, will miss the higher one.

The descriptive novel tries the writer's art. It may be only the traveller's own diary put into narrative, with a few feeble attempts at conversation and a wedding at the end. Or it may be a series of admirable pictures around living actors who identify themselves with the scene, as in that piteous but beautiful book, "Dr. Antonio," in "Transformations," or in "Mademoiselle Mori." Great vigor is required to make the story strong enough to carry the descriptions and not be weighed down by them. Some of our recent writers have given us very charming French pictures, such as "The Village on the Cliff," "Unawares," the "*Hôtel du Petit St. Jean*," and "In the Camargue," a peculiarly beautiful story of the herdsmen of the wild district in the south of France so called. These are all studies of costume, manners, and scenery, necessarily external, but answering their purpose to outsiders very well and gracefully, and striking the deeper chords, without which there can be no true music.

We were going to pronounce the comic novel the lowest form of the art, when it struck us that the great ironical tragedy of Don Quixote might by some be called a comic romance. Its drollery has such a

depth below it, its laughter is so near akin to tears, its picture of the lofty spirit bewildered in its own dreams, and wasting its efforts on delusions, is so sadly true in its hidden meaning, that its motto might be, "Even in laughter the heart is sad." The very contrast gives force to the witticisms and ludicrous adventures, and for this reason it is the only specimen of what is called the comic novel that is ever fresh and new. Others, which deal only with the absurdities of their own time, pass into oblivion. The next generation reads them, wondering what their parents found so delightful in them, and sometimes shocked at their coarseness; and, except for a few jokes and stories which survive in the "Joe Miller" repertory, they become mere names and authorities for the antiquarian. So has it been with "Eulenspiegel," "Rabelais," "Gulliver," and many another of later times. These three indeed were great satires, written not so much in mirth, as in bitterness of spirit. Those that were merely fun, froth, and exuberance of drollery, have not had so long a life. Nay, it is only in the nature of man to produce one such book of real brilliancy and *abandon* of drollery and humor. Those that follow are only fainter reflections, unless he strike out a new and deeper line, where the mirth only plays an occasional part. Marryat's best novel was his first, "Peter Simple," where the drollery of the cockpit and the wonderful comicality of the boatswain, Mr. Chucks (ultimately Count Shucksen), the humors of Portsdown Hill fair, and the fun of the Dignity ball, are set indeed in a wretchedly weak plot, but are backed by real naval adventures of the deepest interest, true episodes of those days of heroism, the great war. The escape from Verdun, the hurricane, and the exploits of the "Rattlesnake" are worthy to rank with any scenes of adventure that we ever met with. But Marryat had exhausted his best stories and spontaneous wit in this his first novel, and his later ones are all feeble and forced beside it. Charles Lever again never equalled "Harry Lorrequer" in military comedy, though he gave something equally good in "Tom Burke," which rises to the rank of an historical novel in describing the campaigns of an Irish youth under Napoleon's eagles. Theodore Hook and Tom Hood are at the present day little more than names, and Dickens and Thackeray live more in our memories for "David Copperfield" or "Vanity Fair" than for "Pickwick" or the "Great Hogarty Diamond."

As brass by long attrition tried,
Placed by the purer metal's side,
Displays at length the dingy hue
That proves its former claim untrue,
So Time's discerning hand hath art
To set the good and ill apart.

This is above all true of imaginative literature. The two ensuing generations, after the appearance of a book, are to it what the gallery of the Luxembourg is to French pictures. They sift out what is worth preserving. And we say it deliberately — the common consent of mankind, like that of the Egyptian judges, only does embalm what is the production of a high, noble, earnest mind, bent on truth and goodness. *All* thus produced does not live, because genius or talent are requisite to vitality, but genius without goodness merely lives such a life as is led, for instance, by the works of Voltaire, only studied now for curiosity's sake. Why is Dante a life among us, Boccaccio a curiosity? Why is Shakespeare still vividly present with us, while Ben Jonson is but a name; and why does Milton abide with us, while to most of us Dryden is scarcely known? And as poetry has more vitality than prose, the novel has less chance of endurance, and in the sink-or-swim ordeal is sure to sink if weighted with spite, coarseness, or impiety, even though these, like stones, may carry it further at the first moment, and make a greater splash.

Who reads Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne in the present day, though Richardson, with much inferior power, no wit, and a tradesman's view of the manners of society, has so far held his ground, that "Clarissa," abridged and purified, has been republished? All the real beauty and pathos of Uncle Toby's character could not prevent "Tristram Shandy" from being so submerged by its coarseness, that Lord Lytton could safely parody its best personages in his "Caxtons." No, novelists, it is not strength and vigor that ye gain by license of thought and tongue, it is oblivion.

Next to the proverbially unreadable Aphra Behn, Frances Burney was the first, though not the best novelist in the special feminine sphere of society. She is now only known by her "Diary," with its glimpses, first, of Johnson, then of Queen Charlotte. Maria Edgeworth's tales have the honor of having awakened Scott's power, but all the earlier ones were so hampered by her father's pedantries that by far the best is her latest, "Helen," where the lover, Granville Beauclerc, is one of the cleverest sketches we ever saw

of an enthusiastic young man, seeing only one side of a question at once. If Miss Edgeworth had not had to dance in fetters, we think she would have achieved as enduring a fame as Jane Austen's.

That popularity is but partial. Those who care only for the big bow-wow, as Scott called his own work compared with hers, find them wearisome from their detail; and few young people have any relish for them, since there is nothing in them to gratify youth's love of hero-worship and adventure. It is only as we grow older, and experience shows us the wonderfully vivid individuality, that the truthfulness of the portraiture grows upon us, and we see the perfection of the art of painting, without vulgarizing on the one hand, without idealizing on the other, with nothing repulsive and yet nothing beautiful, with humor but without wit, common life indeed, but seen as if in a camera, which somehow deprives it of its harshness. It requires no small skill to tread in these footsteps. When we see, appended to the advertisement of a novel, an extract from some petty local newspaper, declaring it to be "in Miss Austen's style," it generally proves to have some vulgar portraits, a great deal of domestic detail, and a large amount of twaddle. In fact, these tales, as well as those kindred ones of Miss Ferrier's, "Marriage" and "The Inheritance," were the product of those days of calm and rest between the last surges of the French Revolution and the first heavings of the stormy waves of our own time. People were content to draw things as they were rather than as they ought to be, the word "earnest" was scarcely come into vogue, and when enthusiastic youth effervesced, as in Marianne Dashwood, it had no vent but sensibility to poetry, romance, and friendship.

Writers of our own day either shoot far above Miss Austen in aim, though not in workmanship, or else fall far below her in purity of tone and all the fruits of what in her time was known as "good principle."

When Scott's sense of the fitness of things forced him to find a nobly exceptional fate for his hero Frank Tyrrell, he could do nothing better for him than make him a Moravian, to open to him a missionary career. Now the craving for a mission is almost a staple quality in both man and woman, and the old stage recipe, "Let him come in and kill some giant," would now be, "Let her come in and worry him into killing some abuse." If the heroine is not to act, she is the last to influence; or, if not, she is fast, horsey, and daring.

The "artless" girl who wore white muslins and pleased by her modest gentleness, would seem vapid beside her "simple" successor, who shows her simplicity by bold forwardness and embarrassing personal remarks.

No one has so really written in Miss Austen's vein as Mrs. Gaskell in her delicious sketches of the old ladies at Cranford, in "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" and "Wives and Daughters." Yet even in these there is more playfulness and more pathos and indignation than in the earlier author's tales. The fun about Miss Pole's tea-parties, the alarm of robbers, and Mr. Peter's stories are much less subdued than the little ironical hints which make us laugh at Miss Bates or even Mr. Collins, and the indignation we feel at Mrs. Gibson's meannesses entirely outruns any feeling excited by Aunt Norris or Mrs. Bennet. There is something stronger in every way in the later books.

And among four or five others which Mrs. Gaskell has given us, "Mary Barton" is one of the most beautiful and striking stories in our language, full at once of nobleness and sweetness. What can be more touching than the scenes of patient misery in the strike, or the description of old Alice's deafness? And what can be droller than the journey of the two old grandfathers on the coach with their orphan grandchild, and their vain attempts to put it to sleep with "two jiggits and a shake?" There was much value and ability in the representation of the utter alienation and misunderstanding of the masters and men, and we believe it worked good in its time. At any rate, this is not a book to be forgotten.

Mrs. Gaskell's name carries us on to her who may be viewed as the first in the school of modern sensation novels — Charlotte Brontë. About her, there has been a curious revulsion of feeling, enhanced of late by the publication of more of her correspondence. People were shocked to find that the writer of a book which had been discussed as that of an unsexed woman, or of a man of diseased imagination, was really a harmless, dutiful, hardworking lady. The sensation was as if, hitting at an ugly mask, the blows proved to have hurt a helpless woman, and in the shock of compunction people forgot to ask, "Why did she put on such a mask?" "Jane Eyre" is not better as a book merely because the author meant no harm by it. Her strange circumstances might excuse the author, but the book must stand or fall by its own merits. We

cannot help thinking that another lady author, Florence Wilford, has hit off the most probable explanation of the composition of such a story in her novel of "Nigel Bartram's Ideal," where the heroine's troubles are caused by the having published a sensational novel, thrown off, like a sort of eruption, to relieve the workings of her mind, when, from the circumstances around her, it had got into a morbid state. Charlotte Brontë's after-current ran clearer and clearer, and "Villette" is her masterpiece. But each of her three tales is a portrait-gallery from her own experience, drawn with immense power, but not original conceptions, and if she had tried to go beyond the range of her own observations, it seems doubtful whether she would have succeeded equally well.

Rivalling, if not exceeding, Currer Bell in power, stands our living novelist, George Eliot. We cannot, if we would, discuss all her works. Their varied characters and epigrammatic force, with the strange, sad, undercurrent throughout them, would demand a whole article, if properly examined. To us there is something very painful in the way in which each seems to find all trust, all faith, ring hollower and hollower, ever since that first story which took us all by storm by its wonderful vigor and beauty. Adam Bede and Dinah were grand pictures of the strength and glory of full faith and religion, and they, if report says true, are actual likenesses of the produce of the early days of Wesleyanism; but poor Maggie Tulliver has no strength in her; she tries religious enthusiasm in vain, and her sad story seems all along a pleading of the irresistible force of circumstances. "Romola" actually dares to detract from the pure saintliness of Savonarola's real character (as proved by his biographies) to make him a party man, in order that trust in him likewise may fail the heroine, whom we find, at the end, revering his memory indeed, but apparently having got beyond the faith he had taught her. Dorothea, again, is ever yearning, ever seeking, never finding, making one great mistake, and sinking at last upon a poor inferior nature, while in "Daniel Deronda" we have enthusiasm indeed, but for what? Something vainer than even Mr. Casaubon's great work, namely, the vain dreams of a Jew, visions of a future founded on his misread prophecies, which a Christian is supposed to adopt and turn back to. If Adam Bede or even Nancy Lamiter are set beside that fascinating gentleman,

Daniel Deronda himself, how poor and conventional a hero he becomes beside them!

Taken as portrait-galleries, as stores of acute sayings, and, above all, against that smooth, good-tempered, easy selfishness which comes to its climax in Tito, there is nothing that equals these novels, but alas that in works of such ability that all England hails their appearance, the true, deep soul is wanting! We are entertained while reading them, but we leave them saddened by the vague feeling that they prove nothing but "vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and there is no "conclusion of the whole matter," such as the preacher finds us at last.

Charles Kingsley always makes us feel that he has found that conclusion. Not one of his books, though they vary and reflect different moods and phases of mind, is devoid of a hearty, wholesome love of God in his works, and love of our neighbor; and thus we find him reading us higher and better lessons as his life went on, as well he might, for his life was better than his books.

Among the writers whose works throng the library lists there are some whose styles we know as well as we do that of the chief artists of the Royal Academy. Chief among these are, perhaps, Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Mulock, who resemble each other in some respects, both having a certain Scottish raciness and shrewdness, which, moreover, gives them a standpoint somewhat outside the English life with which they are usually concerned.

They seem to us to differ chiefly in this, not only that Miss Mulock has more force, and Mrs. Oliphant more versatility, but that the author of "John Halifax" always has an ideal and a purpose, and is much in earnest about it, while Mrs. Oliphant turns her world inside out and shows it up with a good deal of correctness, but with no particular purpose.

We are very far from always going along with Miss Mulock, or assenting to all that she would inculcate; but there is in almost all that she does a spirit which invigorates one. More than even her "John Halifax," does her beautiful tale, "A Noble Life," give this bracing and hopeful feeling of a victory to be gained and the power to gain it in spite of circumstances. Even "A Brave Lady," though almost too piteous a story, still shows the triumph of the true and faithful spirit, rising above all the misfortunes which the author has heaped on her, almost too cruelly.

But Mrs. Oliphant, in all her multitudinous and varying tales, seems to stand outside, and laugh at or pity her people, all alike, good, bad, and indifferent, with an exception sometimes for the hero or heroine. She likes to find their flaw, and be satirical over it, and though the biographer of Irving, S. Francis, and Montalembert, she has never attempted to produce an imaginary likeness of a saintly character. Perhaps she was most in earnest over the "Son of the Soil," where she was on Scottish ground; but her "Chronicles of Carlingford" are her cleverest works, and these are little more than elaborate, good-natured satires, chiefly on the clergy. She is almost as fond of showing up clerical life as is Mr. Trollope, and with less knowledge of it, as when, misled, we suppose, by the example of Dr. Colenso, she makes a clergyman take a colonial bishopric in order to have time to finish his book. The wives of clergymen do not receive much mercy at her hands, and in contrast, perhaps, to "goody books," she makes parish work appear a dull and dreary round, drawing the few English poor whom she brings in with harsh, untender lines, though the Scots sometimes fare better at her hands. She half admires, half quizzes sisterhoods, and draws droll pictures of the young curate daunted by the weariness of mothers' meetings. Who ever wanted a boy-curate at a mothers' meeting? But there is no question worked out in her tales — no one whom she seems to love, and who for that reason takes a hold of one's mind. They are merely ingenious stories, acted out by a set of people, made very real by a little droll display of their weak points. They are faithful, honorable, affectionate, and not commonplace, but true in their virtues and failings. We like them, that is all. Supposititious children are strangely frequent in these stories. She has the man who finds that he is not himself, but an unconscious impostor; and the youth who is supposed to be an impostor, and the lady who, having foisted a false heir on the family, finds him — or, rather his mother — an intolerable encumbrance. The second of the stories we allude to, "Valentine and his Brother," a sort of parody upon "Valentine and Orson," is one of the very best of Mrs. Oliphant's stories. The contrast of the two brothers is charming, and there is more pathos and sweetness than is usual with her, in the description of old Lord and Lady Eskdale when we leave them at the last.

These are tales we are always glad to

read: they are clever, sensible, pure, lady-like, and lively, but there is scarcely one that we should care to possess, or to lend to a person whose tone we wished to raise. Yet we can hardly tell why, unless it may be that there is this satirical tone of study and analysis of all lofty motive and strong devotion, from the Dissenting minister to the High Church chaplain, the benevolent lady or the sister.

Miss Ingelow has much more power of poetical and forcible description than Mrs. Oliphant. The scenes of the lonely children playing about the old church, and on the snowy midnight hill in "Off the Skelligs," and the strange doom over the old house in "Fated to be Free," with the weird mystery of the garden, are wondrously beautiful; and she has likewise a great power of fun, carrying us along irresistibly by her own enjoyment, but both stories are weakened by their rambling, disconnected plots, and by having half-completed episodes introduced, as if the author had not taken the trouble to work her charming fragments up into an harmonious whole.

Sarah Tytler almost always is bent on the exaltation of some one female character, who rises gallantly to the occasion, in some form of trying circumstances. She is most happy in scenes of the last century, where she hits off the manners of Scotland with a good deal of brilliancy, but we are rather tired of the inevitable wisdom of her Jeanies and her Maggies, who, however differently they begin, are very apt to end alike. There is, however, a sound, wholesome tone about them all, and there is one little book, called "Heroines of Obscurity," consisting of several short tales, which we think much more successful than her longer and more ambitious flights.

Space warns us not to dwell longer on individuals, though we should like to linger over Annie Keary's "Castle Daly," an admirable picture of Ireland as it was before Smith O'Brien's attempt at rebellion, and still more over her beautiful story of "Old-bury."

Nor will we here touch on the large world of "tales," in one, two, or four, but never three volumes — thus to avoid the novel form — which usually profess more of the didactic character, and are more decidedly for the young than the triplet publication attempts to be. We have tried to take a brief survey of the books that exercise a considerable influence in forming thought and manners, and giving a sort of insight into, and experience of,

scenes where the reader otherwise could not penetrate even in fancy.

If a poorly written novel be a means of wasting time, and an unscrupulous one something worse, a real work of art, studied from real life, and portrayed with brilliancy, so as to make real goodness and greatness attractive, is of absolute service. It wins sympathies that would never be caught by graver means, and it places many actions and many classes of persons in a new light, where it is well to see them and study them, and is often, indeed, the means of studying cases of conscience and questions of right and wrong. So far from thinking that the earnestly written novel with a purpose is a mistake, we are decidedly of opinion that one written without thought and principle, however light and attractive it may seem at first, lacks the germ of vitality, and will never endure. Much that is good and sound has but an ephemeral success, but without soundness and goodness nothing does survive. Fiction is the chief mental sustenance of the greater part of the female sex in this country at the present day. We owe it to those who surround us to do our best to keep the supply as pure and true as possible, and the only way in which to carry this out, is by abstinence on the part of ourselves and our families from meddling with what *may* be harmless to us, but certainly will not be harmless to the half educated, whose only training in the morals and ways of life is from these representations, and who eagerly view their descriptions of life as revelations of the manners of the higher classes. To us they are, of course, no standard, but to some, the very young in our own class, and to the numerous young people in a lower one, they are the chief external code as to all the minor morals of life, and, above all, as to the mode of looking on love and marriage. While this is the case, can our novels be a frivolous and unimportant subject?

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PAULINE.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY-PLAY AT THE BALL.

HERE was Elsie in a new light!

He had seen her grave, merry, bold, timid, and on the verge of tears, but whatever might be *her* mood, she had never

moved *him* in the slightest degree before.

Now, the child had suddenly asserted her womanhood, and discomfited him. He looked so foolish, so crestfallen, standing there where she had left him, that he felt an explanation was due to himself. Due, but to whom? Pauline, of course. It did not occur to him to care whether any one else had observed the incident or not.

Apparently Miss La Sarte was too deeply engaged in conversation to have observed anything. Her face was turned upwards, her slim, willowy figure was slightly thrown back from the waist, and she was smiling. He thought he had never seen her look so well, but he thought it with a pang, for some one else had looked equally well a moment before.

The smile was still upon Pauline's cheek when he approached — a preoccupied, interrupted smile, with which he had nothing to do. He was compelled to wait ere he could gain her attention.

"I had to put a stop to your cousin's dancing with one of my men," he began. "A rough fellow. Lady Calverley would not have liked it. It was Tom's fault —" here he remembered he was speaking to Tom's sister, and stopped.

"Tom is thoughtless," said she, indifferently. "It did not occur to him, I daresay."

"Nor to your cousin either; she is much displeased with me."

"Is she? I daresay you deserve her displeasure."

("You are coming out in a new light too!" cried Blundell, inwardly. "What is the meaning of it?") Aloud, "Why should you suppose I deserve it?"

"Why should she be displeased with you?"

"She thought I was scolding her."

"Then probably you were. I have no doubt my cousin behaved admirably, and" — with a charming smile — "you must excuse me now, I am going to dance with Mr. Carr." Which, being interpreted, meant that Pauline was very angry.

Mr. Carr was a clumsy young man, whose figure appeared to have made up in quantity what it lacked in quality.

As (having taken Lady Calverley's shooting) he lived in a rude hut on the moor, with no accommodation in it for any one but himself and his servant, it might be supposed he was sometimes rather at a loss, and she had bethought her of summoning him to assist at the harvest-home.

His assistance proved pretty much what might have been expected.

He had no interest in the proceedings beyond as they amused himself; and as he had not appeared for an hour after the time specified, and had then found his hostess alone, save for the company of one white-headed old gentleman, he had meditated a speedy retreat.

The discovery of two pretty girls belonging to the house party had changed his mind; and he was considering which of the two to begin with, when his heart suddenly sank like lead. He had caught sight of Blundell and Tom, both in evening dress.

There was no reason why the spectacle should have affected him. It may be a matter of opinion whether or no he was not the more correctly attired of the two; certainly had he been in full dress, and the rest in morning clothes, it would have been infinitely more unpleasant.

But on this point numbers always have carried, always will carry, the day.

The consciousness of being comfortably and suitably clad fails to make happy the man who is habited unlike other men, especially if his is the convenient, theirs the becoming attire.

From this moment Mr. Carr became a nonentity.

There was no hope now of his flourishing about, cheering on the dance, being the principal figure in the room. This could have been borne by every one but himself. But neither was there any hope of his being a useful, efficient ally, and all were disgusted with him. He had been allowed to nurse his spleen in obscurity until Miss La Sarte, for purposes of her own, had drawn him forth, smiled upon him, and partially restored his self-complacency.

"You are not going to dance with that lout?" said Blundell, in a low aside.

"Why not? Are you going to scold me next?"

"Should you prove as refractory. Let me rescue you," offering his arm as he spoke.

"No, indeed; how can I? You would not have me behave so ill to this poor man. We have all neglected him quite enough to-night."

"Say you would, if you could, then."

"Our dawnce, I think," said Mr. Carr approaching, and looking at the interloper as if he feared even yet the morsel were to be snatched from his lips.

Fortune smiled upon him, however. Miss La Sarte showed no inclination to

linger, and that other fellow who had been making all the running with her up to this time was now left in the lurch. So he commented, and the reflection was balm to his wounded spirit.

Blundell, however, was not so deceived—he had got his answer, though not in words.

"Pauline,"—Lady Calverley seized upon her niece,—*"let this be the last. Elsie is growing quite wild. I don't know what odd-come-short she has got hold of now, but she ought not to dance with any but our own people."*

"This is going to be the last, Aunt Ella."

"And do say a word to her, my dear; she heeds you more than she does me."

"What about? I think she is behaving as well as possible," said Pauline, *per-versely*.

"My dear!"

"I do. I can't see any harm in her dancing: she has been doing it to please others the whole evening; she has never had a thought for herself. I think she deserves praise rather than blame."

Pauline was incomprehensible, and the perturbed lady fell back upon her uncle.

"Don't you think we have had enough of this?"

"I have had enough, Mary, and I dare say you have; but I doubt we are in the minority. Look at that scapegrace!" regarding with perfect benignity Tom's windmill figure and radiant countenance. "Do you hear him?—do you hear the young jackanapes? Making a din fit to bring the place down."

"He is but a boy," apologized Tom's aunt. "He forgets himself sometimes."

"Then let him forget himself as often as he can. A man who forgets himself has good stuff in him. What is his sister about, that she leaves all the work to little Elsie? Ah! I am glad to see her standing up at last."

On the whole, Lady Calverley was ill used by her confidants.

"Well done! well done, sir!" This from the doctor, clapping his hands loudly and with hearty approbation as Tom, panting, gasping, and using his handkerchief in a very different manner from that which had amused Punch the evening before, drew to his side.

"That *was* a reel!" cried he. "Did you see my partner's performances? She has nearly killed me! I never saw such a woman to dance in my life! And she is the mother of a dozen children, all here to-night, and all dancing like good uns!"

"Ay, ay," said the doctor. "I hope you

will foot it as nimbly when you come to be a grandmother, Elsie."

"I hope she won't ask me to foot it with her," said Tom. "I know what would happen. I should never survive it."

"The supper is ready; will your leddyship take your place the noo, or wull ye hae them a' in first?"

"Take them in first, Davie, and we will follow when you come for us."

Accordingly, before many minutes had passed, there was an obvious diminution of the crowd.

It took nearly half an hour ere the emigration was finally accomplished; but, soon after the echoes of the last footsteps had died away, the lady of the manor and her friends were summoned.

Blundell was standing by Pauline when the messenger came; Tom was kissing his aunt over her shoulder, as he enveloped her in her furs; and the doctor was kindly trying to engage Mr. Carr in conversation, and make him feel less of an intruder into the circle. Elsie was resting on a bench at a little distance.

The wraps were now brought forward. Blundell took up his companion's, a soft, white, cloudy shawl, and drew it round her; then he looked at the little pale-blue bundle left on the seat, and hesitated.

Already their hostess was advancing on Tom's arm, and he fancied he caught a rueful glance directed to the blue shawl. He took it up, and smiled to Pauline. "I must make my peace with the little one," he said.

How she received this he could never tell; Mr. Carr had almost jumped forward, had pressed in front of him, and had led her off with an air of triumph.

The doctor, after a momentary hesitation, had followed; there was no one left to interfere.

"I hardly know if I may venture to offer my poor services," began Elsie's cavalier, in a voice that could be, when he chose, exquisitely modulated. "Will you take this from my hand?"

A slight formal inclination, and "Thank you," was all his politeness obtained.

"You have heated yourself with all this dancing; is it safe to go out into the night air all at once? Had we not better wait a few minutes?"

"I'm not in the least afraid. The others have gone, you see."

Steadily her eye met his. He was on the wrong tack; he must try another.

"Come, then," carelessly. "But don't go and say I gave you cold. By the way, have you forgiven me yet?"

"No." Short, sharp, emphatic.

"No? Are you such an implacable person? I should never have guessed it."

"You forgot yourself altogether just now, and it is not the first time."

This was the little speech which had been carefully prepared, whilst with bland and gracious mien Miss Calverley dispensed the closing favors. If their recent disagreement were not adverted to by him, neither would she say a word; if he recalled it, this was what he should get.

Evidently it was unexpected; he looked surprised, puzzled; and they walked the whole length of the ball-room in silence.

At the doorstep stood Davie, lantern in hand. "Be quick, Miss Elsie! be quick! They're waitin' on me, and I canna be wanted longer —"

"Go on before," said Blundell, authoritatively; "we will follow. Now," said he, firmly, turning round to his companion, and putting his hand upon her arm, "you will tell me what you mean."

"It is easily told. You do not treat me with the courtesy which is my right, and which I expect from you in the future."

Likewise carefully prepared. It was plain he stood at disadvantage, having had no rehearsal.

His "That is a grave charge, Miss Calverley," was rather a lame conclusion to some moments' thought.

"It is a true one."

"May I ask how long I have lain under your displeasure?"

"Always." Terse, if not grammatical.

"Since the first day?"

"Yes; since the first day."

"And you will not state particulars?"

"No."

She moved forward, and he mechanically offered his hand to conduct her down the steps.

Still nothing more was said. It was apparent he was pondering the matter over, and her heart sank a little as she saw she had not done with him.

"Just tell me," said he, at last, as they entered the dark, old-fashioned portico. "Just give me some idea what I do that so vexes you; and I give you my word for it, that you shall never have cause to complain again."

"It is not — not anything in particular," rejoined she, skirmishing, like a wise general, from the heights. "It is the way you always speak to me, always look at me, as if you were saying things to see how I would take them, to — to play with me. You never behave so to Pauline."

A faint smile stole over his face; he had caught the clue.

"Miss La Sarte is some years older than you are; you must not expect to be treated exactly the same."

It was a risk, but the event justified his temerity.

"I did not expect it," said Elsie, quite humbly; "I did not expect to be treated *quite* the same. But still, if you would not make such a great difference, if you would not show it so plainly, it would — the others would — you know" — she broke off suddenly — "I am not a child now."

"Certainly not," said Blundell, gravely.

"And mamma is so vexed if people think I am younger than I am. She is quite put out with *me* when they do so; she thinks it is my fault."

"Are you sure it is not?"

"Perhaps it is," said Elsie, sorrowfully. Then she stood still in the blaze of light into which they had entered, and raised her clear eyes to his. "I must have been wrong, or you would never have said that."

He looked down on her, "Suppose we say we were both wrong."

"Yes," eagerly; "and — and, Mr. Blundell, please don't tell anybody; please" (with great anxiety) "don't tell mamma or Pauline." . . .

The next moment Tom was in front of them.

"We thought you had been locked out. I was on my way to look you up. Come inside, it is such fun. I tell Aunt Ella she ought to make a speech, and Uncle Macleay backs me up, Elsie." Then to her aside, "You should see that fool, Carr! He thinks it is his innings with Pauline now, and he is grinning and wriggling from ear to ear. What was Blundell about to let him cut in? I could not believe my eyes!"

All that followed after this must of necessity be done or said in public. Healths were drunk, songs were sung, speeches were made; and at length the last guest had departed, and the last lamp was put out.

"I must say it, dear. I am sorry to have to reprove you, but I cannot let it pass. Your behavior to-night did not please me at all. Here, there, everywhere; you and Tom never seemed in one place for two minutes together. It is all very well for Tom; but for you, a young lady — I was quite shocked. So different from Pauline!"

Lady Calverley, who was one of the flighty kind herself, held her niece to be perfect, and would fain have cut her daughter to the same pattern.

"Go to bed now, and let us say no more about it; but it really will not do. We shall have to give up our harvest-dances altogether, if there is to be this romping. Just like the Miss Gregorys!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Well, it is; I never approved of it from the first—never. But your poor dear father—however, let us say no more about it. Your uncle was very kind; but I am sure Mr. Blundell was surprised, and I don't wonder at it."

A little droop of the lips, but no protest.

"Pauline behaved so well—but, indeed, she always does. So gentle, so dignified, never putting herself forward, and—how well she looked!" cried Lady Calverley, with sudden eagerness. "I am sure Mr. Blundell is struck with her."

"Good night, mamma."

"Good night, my love. You look pale," observed her mother, with some compunction. "I don't say that you meant any harm, Elsie, but you must learn that you are growing into a woman, dear, and show more womanly feeling. You know I can only desire your good. Oh, don't cry!" said the poor lady, cut to the heart to see the large eyes filling. "It was no fault, I told you that; I did not mean you to take it so. Now you make me feel as if I should not have spoken. Only wrong things are worth tears, Elsie."

Lady Calverley did not stop to reflect how seldom it is the things which are wrong which cost the bitterest tears: a foolish speech of our own, a slighting word of another's, and our pillow is wet; but where are the drops that should fall over the unkind thought, the envious pang, the jest at folly? Our heart will ache for a prick to our vanity, our cheeks burn at the mocking of a simpleton; but does their *sin* cause us a sigh or a cry? Nay, for this we have no choking sobs, no quivering lips. To weep we need to suffer.

And thus with our little Elsie.

She sleeps, but even her dreams are haunted. She wakes, and recollection wakes with her.

They had all conspired in disapproval. Blundell had told her of one indiscretion; her mother had accused her of many. She had herself asserted that she was no longer a child, and almost immediately afterwards had been charged with want of womanly feeling.

And then, cruelest of all was that com-

parison to Pauline. Happy Pauline! Admired as well as beloved, beautiful as well as good, what needed she more?

"And he to dare to tell me that! To hold her up as an example to me" (which he had not done), "and to say that I must not expect to be treated the same! I wish he would go away, and take her with him! I wish never to see either of their faces again! And here I must go down to them all, as if nothing had happened, and submit to be scolded and lectured by everybody! I sha'n't though—not by him. When he comes up next I shall be sitting quite cool and quiet, and be very much taken up with letters, or something. If he speaks I need not hear at first, I will make him repeat it twice; then he may go and talk to his Pauline! Tom shall keep his distance too; he thinks he can twist me round his little finger. Mamma won't like it, I daresay. I shall just tell her I can't help that; I am doing my best to be like Pauline!"

A pause.

"Oh, I couldn't say it! I could never, never say it! Oh, Pauline! dear, dear, *kind* Pauline!" broke out a loud sobbing whisper as pride and passion fled, "I am a very wicked girl, and you are—an angel! God bless you, God bless you, dear Pauline!"

CHAPTER IX.

"THE JUANITA IS GETTING UP HER SAILS!"

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

A PALE-GREY rippling sea, a warm and gentle breeze, cloudlets fleeting over the sky and forming a dimly mottled horizon—these were the signs that the long-expected day had come at last.

About such a day there could not be the shadow of a doubt, and for a few moments the joyful anticipation it inspired put everything else out of Elsie's head.

At length they were to realize the pleasure so long and hopelessly deferred; and afterwards, decided the ungrateful girl, the author of it might go his way, and be seen of them no more.

Pauline surely could not be deeply concerned if such were to be the case: her warning in the turret chamber indicated that then, at all events, she was herself unaware of any feeling regarding him; and if she were now conscious of such, she would guard her own heart, as she had offered to guard Elsie's.

As for him, it did not signify whether he were concerned or not. She only felt aggrieved that her means of ascertaining his feelings were so limited, as to put it out of her power to be absolutely certain of wounding them.

Nevertheless she hastily retracted the rôle prepared in the night. It would scarcely do to pretend not to hear if he were to be offering her his hospitality; and to accept, and be rude in the act, would be impossible.

In less than two minutes she had resolved to lose sight of all disagreeable reminiscences, and enjoy herself to the utmost.

"Pauline, Pauline, the Juanita is getting up her sails!"

"I was a fool about that child last night," was the conviction brought home to Blundell's mind the instant he saw Elsie. "Here have I been fretting over my cursed vanity, and her little sad face — and come up to find her as pert as a humming-bird!"

"Miss La Sarte," began he, "is this to be the day?"

"My aunt will be here in a few minutes. She has only gone into the next room." Miss La Sarte politely waived the question. He sat down beside her.

"None of you are the worse for your exertions?"

"No, thank you."

"Nor any colds?"

"No."

"And the weather is perfect. Dr. Macleay, I am hoping to induce you all to come for a sail."

"I shall have to sail, but I am afraid not with you, Mr. Blundell. I must sail away to my own people."

"Let me — let us all convoy you."

"No, no, my good sir, I know what that means. It is very tempting, but I must not take another lazy day."

"What do I hear?" Lady Calverley had caught the last words as she entered. "Talking of running away, already! And I understood you were to be with us on Sunday?"

"If Mr. Sinclair cannot get any one else, I shall have to come over again, or send my missionary —"

"Oh, come yourself. Come yourself, please."

"Come yourself," echoed Elsie.

"Well, well, it must be that, must it? And to speak the truth, there is a presbytery meeting at the Point on Monday, which I should have to attend at any rate.

So I must be off early to-day, if I am to be back again so soon.

"And when are we to start?" said Blundell, addressing his hostess.

"Do you really mean us to go?"

"I hope you really mean to go."

It was plain she was to go, whether she meant it or not.

"Don't wait for me," cried the doctor, perceiving he might be in the way. "The sooner I am off the better. And," giving her a hint, "I daresay Mr. Blundell's boat is waiting."

"That does not signify a bit. I only wish we might have you with us," replied Blundell, courteously.

"You are very good; I wish it too with all my heart. But work must be done, and I have a funeral at twelve. Yes, my dear, the dog-cart if you please. Mr. Blundell, suppose you walk off with me while the ladies are putting on their things, and they can join you at the boat? The dog-cart will overtake us."

Every one looked grateful for a proposal so well timed, and he took his leave amid general good-will.

"What a trump he is!" cried Tom, enthusiastically, "And what a jolly day we are going to have!"

"Now for the lilac hat, Pauline," whispered Elsie.

"The white one will do after all, Elsie, and be more shade from the sun."

"It is not nearly so becoming."

"Is it not? Oh, that is no matter." And Pauline turned softly away.

"She thinks he will see her often enough in it afterwards," considered Elsie; "and certainly it does not signify what she puts on — he will admire her all the same."

"Come along! Come along! Come along!" Tom beat a tattoo at all the doors in turn. "Come along, Aunt Ella; you won't like to be hurried on the way, you know. Come along, Pauline; Blundell will be tired of waiting. Come along, Elsie; are you putting twenty hats on your head at once?" adapting the spur to each case with artful nicety.

Pauline in her white hat and frock, with a shawl hung over her arm, came out at his summons, but Elsie refused any recognition of it.

Her door was barred, and she was changing for the third time from one dress to the other.

Originally she had intended wearing a delicate pea-green French cambric, which of course suited her charmingly.

It was a simple thing enough, but so

pretty in its glossy freshness, that she hesitated to doom it to the wash-tub — an inevitable result of the expedition.

On the other hand, the *piqué*, which was her only alternative, ought to have been in the wash-tub already.

Oh for a white serge like Pauline's!

As she peeped out of her window, and nodded to her cousin on the lawn, protesting that she would be down in something under half a second — whilst she had, in fact, not even begun operations in earnest — this desire took possession of her mind.

A white serge! It seemed to have been manufactured for the occasion.

After that vision the *piqué* became intolerable. Off with it! On with the other! A bunch of dark sweet-peas in her bosom, and she is ready.

Nor had the elder lady been without her perplexities.

An old good gown, or a new middling gown? A warm gown, or a cool gown? A long gown that would be dreadfully in the way, or a short one that would perhaps be — well, hardly in the way enough?

She too had a glimpse of her niece standing in the sunshine outside.

At the moment, Tom was inserting a red rose in his sister's white straw hat, to match the crimson shawl on her arm; and her simple robe, without a frill or flounce, without a ruffle to break its surface, fell in soft folds over the grass. Pauline was stooping forward, as Tom, with excellent taste, arranged the rose.

"A perfect picture!" exclaimed the aunt; "and how exactly alike they are!"

Lady Calverley was not quick in discernment. She saw the same brown hair (which curled for Tom) and the long brown lashes (which did the like for his sister), the same curve of the chin, and the same short upper lip, and said, "How like they are!"

A slight action of the hand when speaking, and a trick of lifting the head, and throwing it backwards when under the influence of any emotion, was also shared by both, and in allusion to this Lady Calverley added, "And in all their ways, too!"

Then she too decided on the gown which she had *not* meant to wear; for, good woman as she was, she did not like to be thrust altogether into the shade.

"What are those two about?" muttered Tom. "What in the world had they to do, but put on their boots? Can't you manage to rout them out, Pauline? You have been ready for nearly half an hour."

"Am I properly dressed, Tom?"

"Yes, you are all right; but the rose was the finishing touch. I have got this white one for Elsie. What a roaster of a day it is going to be! Aunt Ella! I say, Aunt Ella! You won't need to put on your fur boa!!! Oh, here comes Miss Elsie at last, and as demure as possible! Here, mademoiselle, I have got this white rose for you."

"Thank you, Tom, but give it to Pauline. She is in white, you see, as it is."

"And you *don't* see how beautifully I have carried out the idea?" pointing to the rose and shawl. "White against white would be poor, it is the red that touches it up. She would never have thought of that for herself. I saw it in a moment."

"Then what do you think of this mixture?" said Pauline, divining her cousin's feelings. "These rich dark hues against the pale green? They are lovely, Elsie dear. You look very sweet," said she, with a strange little thrill in her voice.

"Not bad," said Tom, twirling his rose silently in his fingers, and waiting to see if it would be asked for.

Another minute, and he felt sure it would; but "My dear Tom, is that for me?" from his aunt, naturally put an end to the matter.

Blundell was waiting for them at the boat.

The tide was tolerably high, and they embarked without any occurrence worthy of note.

The usual exclamations of novices on their first admittance on board a yacht, — the usual wonder at the snowy whiteness of the boards, and at the comforts and luxuries of the cabins, together with the usual unexpressed commentaries on their smallness and narrowness, — were duly gone through.

They were taken to see everything above and below, the compass, the kitchen, the chickens roasting for luncheon; and finally, seats were arranged in a comfortable place, and they sat in a group, all together, maintaining that easy dropping chit-chat which people readily fall into, whose tastes and feelings are in common, when they have been inmates of one dwelling for any length of time.

If Blundell had not been an inmate of the castle, they had seen scarcely less of him during the past ten days than if he had been.

When topics failed, exclamations on the beauty of the scene, the excellence of the

day, and the delights of sailing, filled up the intervening spaces.

Presently, however, there was a move.

Pauline wished to pencil the outlines of the broken mountain-range which they were passing on the northern side, and Blundell was confident that he could find her a more convenient seat for the purpose.

Over a long low bench (it might have been a spare mast, and probably was) he spread a rug, and the tiny skylight of the cabin gave a support to her back.

Could she be comfortable there?

Perfectly, and she confessed he was in the right—she could now sketch at her leisure.

But to do so she was obliged to furl her parasol, and the glare of the sun was such, that he could do no other than offer to hold it over her.

This she could not allow; she had no need of it—her hat was sufficient protection—it was only a trouble.

"You will break this, as you broke the other," said he, "unless I am allowed to keep it out of the way."

She would not break it—she would permit him to put it anywhere he liked, but he must not sacrifice himself.

So persistent was she that he grew irritated. "Pray let me have my own way for once." ("I am not *going* to make love to you, so you need not be so dead set against it," flashed through his mind.)

After this Miss La Sarte gave in.

"I am afraid," said Blundell presently, after a pause, in which he had had time to grow ashamed of himself, "that you must think me a very quarrelsome fellow. I never was sweet-tempered, but I have been worse than ever lately. Miss La Sarte, do you know what it is to be so out of conceit of yourself, as to take amiss everything said to you?"

"Is that your feeling?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Irritation of the nervous system, probably."

"How prosaic! But I daresay you are right."

Then there was another pause, and a burst of merriment came across the deck from the other party.

"They are more talkative than ~~we~~ are," said Blundell.

"I never talk when I am drawing."

"You are making a very pretty little sketch, but is that peak high enough?"

"It is quite high enough—I measured it with my pencil; but until it is shaded

you cannot judge of it correctly. It looks too near at hand, in this outline."

This was all. These short spasmodic sentences, with absolutely nothing in them.

Supposing him to have been a lover, this was his opportunity.

The others were close at hand, it was true, but they were out of sight and out of hearing.

Here was abundance of leisure, close proximity, and everything favorable.

Yet his reserve was matched by hers, and if he was absent, so was she.

Towards mid-day the breeze increased.

"Isn't it jolly?" said Tom, coming round. "Could anything be more splendid? This baking sun and that swish of the waves against her sides! But, I say," wagging his head, with a sly look, "somebody over there is beginning to feel the motion."

CHAPTER X.

"GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR!"

Each puny wave in diamonds rolled,
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove, and green;
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And oft renewed, seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between.

"If they would only have had luncheon, when it began to be rough! I know I could have stood it as well as any one! It was only being so hungry and so empty, and the sight of those chickens as they passed! Oh, Pauline! how can you look so fresh? Don't you feel it, in the least?"

Poor Elsie lay on a sofa in the inner cabin, and hours had passed since she left the deck.

"I think if you had not gone below so soon," suggested her cousin; "if you would have waited, and had some brandy-and-water, and a little hard biscuit, as Mr. Blundell suggested, you would have been better."

"How could I? It was too late then. He never came near me till just at the end, when I could wait up no longer."

"He did not think of it till Tom came round and told us. We heard you laughing only a few minutes before."

"I thought I could manage to hold out, but Tom would make me look at things. It was that, and having to speak to him, and to say I was enjoying myself, just at the very worst moment—just when we got round the corner into the open sea—that made me know how wretched I was. If he had let me alone——"

"Never mind now, dear; I am going to sit with you a little."

"Oh no, you are not."

Pauline sat down.

"You are going to do nothing of the kind," cried Elsie, raising herself on her elbow. "I told mamma I would not have her either. Because I can't enjoy it, do you think I am going to let you lose it all? Go away, and be as happy as ever you can; but don't let anybody come near me. Now mind you don't," beseechingly.

"Mr. Blundell," said Pauline, in a low voice, "was very anxious to come down and carry you up to the deck."

"The idea of such a thing! How could he think of it?"

Pauline smiled a grave smile, and put her cool hand on the girl's brow.

"Ah! how nice!" exclaimed Elsie. "My head does burn so! But, Paulie dear, I really don't want you here. I can't talk to you if you stay, and it would make me worse to have you. So just go away, but—give me a kiss, first."

"It is delightful, Mr. Blundell! I enjoy it thoroughly; but my poor little daughter——"

"I wish we could get in a little sooner, for her sake. But the wind has chopped round to another quarter, and you see it is dying down besides. I am afraid it must be another hour, at the shortest, before we shall be there, Lady Calverley."

Even so it proved. The breeze sank away to a whisper. The waves subsided, and the Juanita made almost imperceptible progress.

"Surely your cousin will venture up now?" said Blundell to Tom.

"I'll go and see."

"No, Tom, let me go." Pauline had risen. "I will bring her up, if it is possible."

It proved to be impossible. She was unwillingly supported into the saloon; but there she begged to be left, and only sent for, when they were going to land. The pretty green dress was crumpled beyond recovery, and her sweet-peas strewed the floor.

Her cousin would again have stayed, but Elsie was peremptory. She would neither condemn Pauline to the little close cabin, nor afford a pretext for any of the others to offer their company.

Pauline was to say that it was her special wish to be alone; and this message Pauline delivered so completely in the spirit in which it was given that it was impossible even for Tom to do more than

shout down the cabin-stairs from time to time, "Any better, Elsie? We are close at home now."

How close they were she could not judge; but the cheerful tidings were announced more than once before a stir overhead, a rattling of ropes, and a general movement, proclaimed that something new was going on.

A few seconds after, steps were heard on the cabin-stair; then a stoppage, and an order was given, by which she knew who the intruder was.

"He is coming to fetch me now," thought Elsie. "I wish it had been any one else. And this is the day I have been looking forward to so much; this is the end of my beautiful sunny morning! I never, never will set my heart upon anything again!"

"You have had a sad time of it, I am afraid." Blundell's voice came in at the door. "We are opposite Gourloch now, and the ladies are waiting to disembark. May I come in?"

Elsie raised herself languidly, and tried to smile.

She felt weak and wearied, but no longer giddy, and was able to stand without assistance. "I suppose it is quite calm now?" she said.

"Like a mill-pond. Scarcely a breath to keep us going," picking up her hat from the floor as he spoke. "Your cousin is a rare good sailor; she has been quite enjoying it."

"And so has mamma."

"Yes, I don't think Lady Calverley has been the least uneasy. What a pity the sea does not suit you! Headache?" said he, kindly, seeing she put her hand to her forehead.

"It is nothing, thank you; it will go off in the fresh air. What a fright I look!" cried Elsie, involuntarily, as, hat in hand, she turned to the mirror.

He laughed, "That was so like you."

Burning as they were already, her cheeks blushed a deeper crimson. "Ought I not to have said it?"

"No."

"I am ready," said she, quietly.

"You won't ask me why you ought not? It was because it was not true."

"Oh!" A little smile. "But I am sure it is true," said she, after a minute. "My hair is all coming down, and my face is so hot—never mind; let us come upstairs."

"Let me cloak you up first. Coming out of the cabin, though it is such a warm night, you might catch cold."

She allowed him to put on her shawl, and waited patiently while he bungled with the pin. He was awkward, or pre-occupied. Which was it? At all events, the operation took up several minutes' time.

"Now I am ready," said Elsie, once more; on which he silently took her hand, and she suffered herself to be led up-stairs.

No one was near the spot when the two emerged.

Blundell looked round, and stood still irresolutely, took a few paces forward, again stopped, and bent down towards her. "I am so sorry you are going," he said. "Good-night, good-night, *dear!*"

Little word to undo it all! Elsie neither spoke nor moved, but stood still, and let him see it all in her face.

"Wait here one moment," said he, hurriedly. "The boat is lowered, and the men —"

"Oh," said Tom, coming to meet him half-way across the deck; "you were so long in coming that your fellows grew impatient. They said every moment was precious when the tide was at this point for the landing, and my aunt was growing fidgety, so I took it upon me to let them go. She can't get over the rocks, you know. It won't matter for Elsie."

"All right," replied his friend, with indifference. ("So that was what kept you quiet, was it?")

"Tom has sent off the boat," he announced, aloud. "He was quite right. It will be difficult, as it is, for Lady Calverley to land comfortably; but Tom declares he can easily help *you* over the rocks."

"I can help myself," muttered the girl. "I don't need him."

"Yes, you will, and me, too, I suspect. Suppose I come too?" he added, bending forward to look into her face.

"I could not think of troubling you," said Elsie, gently.

"Is it a trouble? What do you think? Come, sit down here where your cousin has had her seat all day. Why, you are shivering, child, and the night is quite hot! Are you chilly?" said he, touching her hand.

A faint "No."

"I know what it is; you have eaten nothing to-day. Suleiman, a cup of coffee here, as soon as you can, and make it strong. Bring some bread or cake too."

"Oh no, I—I really could not touch it," said Elsie, as the man departed. "I wish you had not sent him. I am not in the least hungry. And besides, there is no time."

"Quite enough time. Do you see what Tom is doing? He is a cunning fellow; he has got round old Blake, and taken the wheel."

"But what is he doing?"

"Giving us a turn out. We sha'n't be quite so near the land when the boat comes back."

"But what is he doing that for?"

"I suppose he thinks," said her companion, sitting down by her side as he spoke, and watching the effect of his words, "that he would not object to having a few more of those rocks uncovered!"

"It is very presuming of him!" cried she, flushing up, as his meaning became apparent to her. "What right has he to interfere?"

"Don't be angry with Tom," said Blundell. "I am not."

"He may do all sorts of mischief."

"He may—if you are bad to him."

("He treats me like a child," sobbed the poor little girl in her heart. "He thinks Tom and I are fond of each other, and it amuses him. Oh, how cruel it all is!")

"Why are you crying?" said a low voice in her ear.

"I am *not!*" with a sharp ring in her "*not*," and two brimming, wide-open eyes, Elsie turned, and defied him.

"Did you want so very much to get ashore?"

"Yes, very much. I am tired, and—oh, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to be rude," the bold beginning suddenly faded into a whisper. "Please do not mind. Please go away."

"Must I go away? You will have no one to talk to, if I do, and I am very happy here," said Blundell, dallying with his happiness, as a man will do who feels that he holds his fate in his own hands. "Why should I go away?"

She saw her mistake.

"Why should I go away?" reiterated he.

Still no reply.

"Let me give you your coffee first. You don't take sugar, I know. You will thank me, or rather Suleiman, when you have tasted it; he is one of the few gifted individuals who really can make coffee. Now, is that not good? I thought so, and you will be the better for it too. Good coffee is one of the best restoratives in the world. Any more? Quite sure? And now, tell me, for I want to know, *why should I go away?*"

She had thought to get off.

The easy transition to the tones of a

polite host, the allusion to her tastes, the little word of praise to his servant, had completely deceived her.

How strange that he should persist in teasing! Why should he seek to amuse himself with her, just because he could not get Pauline? It was neither right nor kind of him; it was wrong, very wrong. And yet he had called her "*dear*."

She was stupefied, dumb, unfit to contesting so close a combat.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry!" Tom's voice was startling in its suddenness. "But I'm afraid I have taken you out rather further than I meant to do. Blake and I fell to talking, and he was spinning some long yarn or other: I don't know how it came about, but we have put her out instead of in."

"You must take us back again, old fellow, that's all."

Tom looked about him for a seat.

"You can't leave the skipper, now that you have got him into the scrape," continued Blundell. "You must stay and chat with the old boy, or you will have him quite savage. He is looking after you now with the tail of his eye."

Tom hesitated and looked down upon the pair.

His cousin, sitting forward, her cheek resting on her hand, took no heed of him. Her eyes were fixed on the golden sealine, on the purple bank of clouds above, and on the little fleet of herring-boats, whose brown sails showed darkly against the sky. She was absent, absorbed; musing doubtless on the beauty of the scene, drinking in the sweet warm air of the summer night. Blundell, lying by her side, was no nearer to her in such contemplations than he at the other end of the deck; and what a walk home he and Elsie would have!

No one pressed his departure, but the look of indolent expectation in Blundell's eyes was more difficult to withstand than words. He went, and left the two still silent.

"Well?" said the man, at last.

"Well, what?" murmured the girl.

"I have not had an answer to my question yet."

"You are only joking. What does it matter? Look, do you see those little vessels on the horizon? They are on their way north, for the herring have gone from here. I heard some fishermen say so yesterday. It is curious, is it not, that they should come and go, in that way, no one knowing why, or able even to guess?"

"Very. Yes. Elsie, I am going to tell you something."

So then, it had come at last!

He was going to tell her now, to confide in her, doubtless because he could not keep it to himself any longer. She had felt how it would be, how it must be from the very first; yet to tell it to *her* — that *she* should be the recipient of his love-tale, when the love was for another, struck her poor sick heart, a new jealous blow. Could she let him go on? could she encourage the recital?

Ah, she must — she must.

But a few words would be sufficient — one word, a monosyllable; and in the end a little quavering "Yes" struggled across her lips.

"You send me away from you," began the narrator, in a deep undertone, "and yet you will give me no reason why I should go. Now I am going to show you the best of reasons why I should not. Elsie, do you know that I have seen to-day some one whom I can never forget? some one who steals my thoughts by day, and breaks in upon my dreams at night? Do you know that I am a dull fellow, always looking on the black side of things, and that I am haunted by that little merry laugh, those saucy eyes? What do you say? Do you think you know — you do, you must have guessed, at least, who it is that I mean? Tell me then, have you not?"

A sinking head, a heaving bosom confessed its "Yes," a guilty whisper tried to reach him, "No."

"Haven't you? And I am just going to ask her —"

"Aha, Ralph! old boy! Run you to earth at last!"

From The Spectator.

THE INCOME OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THE Liberation Society in 1875 requested Mr. Frederick Martin, the compiler of the "Statesman's Year-Book," to make as accurate an estimate as possible "of the extent, nature, and value of the property in possession of the Church of England;" and, after some hesitation, he complied. Though hampered by the absence of official returns, and fretted by frequent contradictions in the returns available, he succeeded at last in preparing a statement in which he has, "upon

the whole," some confidence; and this he has now given to the world, in the shape of an over-condensed, and we are bound to add, unusually unreadable pamphlet. It is, however, very concise, very full of curious information and hints as to the printed documents from which further information may be obtained, and very well supplied with abstracts which will be greatly quoted in all future controversies about the wealth of the establishment. Mr. Martin is a painstaking statist, he professes to be entirely without bias in his investigation; and although we must by-and-by dispute some of his figures, we see no reason to doubt that he has done his work as faithfully as if he had been a member of the civil service ordered to compile a return for the members of the House of Commons. His estimate, therefore, whatever its accuracy, is of political interest, and it is as follows:—

	Number.	Total Annual Income.
Church dignitaries, including Deans, etc.	172	£347,000
Extra Cathedral Revenues	—	130,000
Beneficed Clergy	13,300	5,027,000
Net Revenue of Queen Anne's Bounty	—	34,000
Total	13,472	£5,538,000
Net Disposable Income of the Ecclesiastical Commission.	—	700,000
Building and Repairing of Churches.	—	1,000,000
Total annual revenue	—	£7,238,000

According to this statement, the income of the Established Church is seven and a quarter millions a year, equal to the product of an income-tax of fivepence in the pound, or to the usual amount of poor-rate throughout the kingdom; but there is one grave source of error in these figures, and at least one of an important though minor kind. The million sterling said, on the evidence of some calculations in the *Times*, which seem to us to be reasonable, to be expended on the building, restoring, and repairing of churches, has no proper place in the account. It is not a revenue at all, but an aggregate of free-will offerings from individuals, including large sums from the clergy themselves, and has no necessary character of permanence. It will decline greatly when the strong desire now felt to restore old churches has run its course, and would cease altogether, if Englishmen as a body deserted or disliked the worship of the establishment. To include it in the cost of the religious

services of the people might be fair, but to include it in the revenue of the State Church is simply preposterous. The money is not exacted from anybody, nor could it be transferred by legislation to anybody else. A man might as well include in his income-tax returns the value of the dinners given him in his friends' houses, or of the presents made to his children on their birthdays. The whole amount must be struck off the account, and the revenue of the establishment reduced to £6,238,000, from which also, we submit, another deduction must be made. Mr. Martin has placed the income value of the parsonages far too high. He does not include the glebe *lands*, for their value is taken in calculating the average income of the beneficed clergy, and to assign £75 as the average value of the houses only, and to fix the aggregate income from that source at £750,000, is certainly to exaggerate. The parsonages may have cost £1,500 each, as he says — though they did not, for most of them were rebuilt in very much cheaper times, and are kept up out of the property of clergymen deceased, under the law of dilapidations — but their income value is the sum they will let for, and that is certainly not £75 each. Mr. Martin forgets that six thousand of them at least are village parsonages, very quiet dwellings, by no means in the very best repair, and in thousands of cases fairly valued at £35 or £40 a year. Few laymen would give even that, if the law of dilapidations hung over their heads as it does over those of beneficed clergymen. A reduction of at least the amount of the odd money ought to be made for this, and then we arrive at what we believe fairly to represent the truth, — that the income of the Church of England is about six millions a year. That is a large sum, and if capitalized would look still larger. The whole is derived either from estates or glebe land and houses — including a considerable mass of London property — or from rent-charges on the land, and might, but for its fluctuating character, be capitalized at thirty-three years' purchase. We believe, however, that owing to the fluctuating character of tithe-payments, and perhaps some lurking dread of legislative action in respect to them, good valuers do not credit them at more than twenty-five years' purchase, and the total capital value may therefore be taken at £150,000,000. This sum, however, is subject to one large deduction. Of the total number of livings, 3,886 belong to the Church itself, and 1,726 to the executive government in

different departments, but 5,096 belong to private patrons, whose right to the advowsons must be bought up. Taking Mr. Martin's average of £350 a year as the income of a beneficed clergyman to be accurate, and the proper value of an advowson to be ten years' purchase, — Parliament would give that at least, though the "market value" fluctuates in the most amazing way, — we have an average sum of £3,500 to be paid for each advowson, and £17,836,000 for the entire mass. There are other compensations to be added, which would, we believe, bring this deduction up to £20,000,000 at least, thus leaving the aggregate of Church property to be dealt with in the event of disestablishment at £130,000,000, — an enormous mass of wealth for a disestablished Church to carry away, or if Parliament resolved on disendowment as well as disestablishment, for the legislature to distribute among its natural claimants, the Church, the educating bodies, and the poor. The political importance of this consideration cannot be overlooked. Mr. Gladstone, who has dealt all his life with enormous sums, professed himself appalled by the difficulty of dealing with the Church's wealth when he reckoned it at only £80,000,000, and whenever the subject comes up for practical legislation, the perplexity will undoubtedly weigh heavily with any statesman not possessed by an idea.

It is useless to deny — and we have no interest in denying, for we care much more about the intellectual and moral position of the Church than about its possessions — that an average of £10,000 per benefice will strike the body of the people as a heavy endowment; but it is, in reality, by no means enormous, if they mean to have a clergy who shall be educated, who shall be married, and who shall be prohibited from any gainful occupation except tuition. If they are prepared to enforce celibacy, as a rule, or to listen to a peasant clergy, or to allow the clerical office to be combined with other occupations, such an endowment would be needless, but the conditions being granted, the amount is not very great. It is only £350, at consol interest, for each rector or vicar, — that is, would only place the clergy, if it were equally distributed, in about the position of average country doctors. The cost of living being taken into account, it is not twenty per cent. more than Lowland pastors of the Free Church receive, and would excite no envy among Wesleyans. The system of dividing the

money in a sort of lottery, with some heavy prizes and a good many blanks, blinds observers to that fact too much, as do crude statements like some of those recorded even in the pamphlet before us. Mr. Martin opens his summary by a very grandiose and, we must add, very misleading paragraph. He says: "The aggregate revenues of the Church of England may be considered as coming from three sources of wealth. They are, first, land; secondly, buildings; and thirdly, salaries, or stipends. Near a million of acres of land, for the most part rich and fertile, are owned by the Church. Sixteen thousand stately religious edifices, with a score and a half of majestic cathedrals among them, are dotted all over the kingdom, and attached to them are ten thousand glebe houses, for the exclusive use of the ministers of the Established Church. Their total annual incomes amount to at least £7,000,000." That is a mouthful, but it is not altogether accurate even on Mr. Martin's own showing. We rather think he has mistaken a million a year from land for a million of acres. He gives himself the following figures: —

Area of land in acres.	
Ecclesiastical Commissioners	149,882
Bishops	22,414
Deans	68,838
Colleges of Oxford	126,879
Colleges of Cambridge	108,764
Glebe land (page 104)	150,000
	<hr/>
	626,777

Where are the remaining four hundred thousand acres? Even of this six hundred thousand acres, 235,643, or nearly half, belong to the universities, which are not bodies with ecclesiastical objects, and are rapidly ceasing to hold any special relation whatever to the Church. The establishment owns about three hundred and sixty thousand acres — that is, about as much as two Dukes of Northumberland — and half of this is divided into some ten thousand very minute freeholds. That is not, surely, a very portentous or dangerous monopoly of the soil. Whether the sixteen thousand churches can be called "stately religious edifices" is matter of opinion — the list certainly includes many hundreds of brick barns — but how we are to obtain a cultivated and married clergy, prohibited from all labor, for less than £350 a year apiece, we entirely fail to perceive. Leaving out all considerations of the sums they give to curates, to the schools, and to charity —

sums many of which are not voluntary — and accepting Mr. Martin's statements without any deductions not explained above, we still think we buy the benefited clergy cheap, cheaper than we buy any similar class of men. Whether the Church fund ought to be created by the State instead of by subscription is an open question, but that the fund is enormous for the work demanded is, even on these figures, the largest yet offered to the country, not true.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

AT A CERTAIN CLUB.

"BOLITHO," said Mr. Hugh Balfour, as the two companions were preparing to leave for the London train, "when you see my wife, don't say anything to her about this affair. She would only be annoyed to think that she was in any way connected with such a wretched wrangle. Women are better out of these things."

Now Mr. Bolitho was somewhat vexed. The guiding principle in life of this bland, elderly, easy-going gentleman was to make friends everywhere, or at least acquaintances, so that you could scarcely have mentioned to him a borough in England in which he did not know, more or less slightly, some man of influence. And here he had been involved in a quarrel — all because of the impetuous temper of this foolish young man — with the ruling politician of Englebury!

"I don't think," said he, with a wry smile, "that I am likely to see Lady Sylvia."

"What do you mean?" Balfour asked, as they set out to walk to the station.

"Oh, well, you know," replied the astute Parliamentary agent, with this sorry laugh still on his face, "I have a strong suspicion — you will correct me if I am wrong — that Lady Sylvia looks on me as a rather dangerous and disreputable person, who is likely to lead you into bad ways — bribery and corruption, and all that. I am quite sure from her manner to me at Mainz that she considered me to be the author of an abominable conspiracy to betray the people of Englebury —"

"Yes, I think she did," Balfour said, with a laugh, "and I think she was right. You were the author of it, no doubt, Bolitho. But then it was all a joke — we were all in it, to the extent of talking about it. What I wish to impress on your young mind is that women don't understand jokes of that sort — and — and it would have been wiser to have said nothing about it before Lady Sylvia. In fact," he added, with more firmness, "I don't wish my wife to be mixed up in any electioneering squabble."

"Quite right, quite right," responded Mr. Bolitho, with grave suavity: but he knew very well why Mr. Hugh Balfour had never asked him to dine at the Lilacs.

"Now," said Balfour, when they had reached the station and got their tickets, "we shall be in London between six and seven. What do you say to dining with me? I shall be a bachelor for a few evenings, before going down to the country."

Mr. Bolitho was nothing loth. A club-dinner would be grateful after his recent experience of rural inns.

"At the Oxford and Cambridge, or the Reform? Which shall it be?" asked the young man, carelessly.

But Mr. Bolitho regarded it as a serious matter. He was intimately acquainted with the cooking at both houses — in fact, with the cooking at pretty nearly every club in the parish of St. James's. After some delay, he chose the Reform; and he was greatly relieved when he saw his companion go off to telegraph to the steward of the club to put down his guest's name in the books. That showed forethought. He rather dreaded Mr. Balfour's well-known indifference about such matters. But if he was telegraphing to the steward, surely there was nothing to fear?

And when at length they reached London, and had driven straight on to the club, the poor man had amply earned his dinner. He had been cross-examined about this person and that person; had been driven into declaring his opinion on this question and that; had been alternately laughed at and lectured until he thought the railway journey was never going to end. And, now as they sat down at the small white table, Mr. Balfour was in a more serious mood; and was talking about the agricultural laborer. A paper had just been read at the Farmers' Club which would doubtless be very valuable as giving the employer's side of the question; did Mr. Bolitho know where a full report of that address could be got?

Mr. Bolitho was mutely staring at the

framed bill of fare that the waiter had brought to the table. Was it possible, then, that Balfour had ordered no dinner at all? Was he merely going to ask—in flagrant violation of the rules of the club—for some haphazard thing to take the place of a properly-prepared dinner.

"Will you have some soup? Do you ever take soup?" asked his host, absently; and his heart sank within him.

"Yes, I will take some soup," said he, gloomily.

They had the soup. Mr. Balfour was again plunged in the question of agricultural labor. He did not notice that the waiter was calmly standing over them.

"Oh," said he, suddenly recalling himself, "fish? Do you ever take fish, Bolitho?"

"Well, yes, I will take some fish," said Mr. Bolitho, somewhat petulantly; at this rate of waiting they would finish their dinner about two in the morning.

"Bring some fish, waiter—any fish—salmon," said he, at a venture; for he was searching in a handful of papers for a letter he wished to show his guest. When he was informed that there was no salmon, he asked for any fish that was ready, or any joint that was ready; and then he succeeded in finding the letter.

They had some fish, too. He was talking now about the recently-formed association of the employers of labor. He absently poured out a glass of water, and drank some of it. Mr. Bolitho's temper was rising.

"My dear fellow," Balfour said, suddenly observing that his guest's plate was empty, "I beg your pardon. You'll have some joint now, won't you? They always have capital joints here; and it saves so much time to be able to come in at a moment's notice and have a cut. I generally make that my dinner. Waiter, bring some beef, or mutton, or whatever there is. And you were saying, Bolitho, that this association might turn out a big thing?"

Mr. Bolitho was now in a pretty thorough-going rage. He had not had a drop of anything to drink. In fact, he would not drink anything now—not even water. He would sooner parch with thirst. But if ever—he vowed to himself—if ever again he was so far left to himself as to accept an invitation to dine with this thick-headed and glowering-eyed Scotchman, then he would allow them to put strychnine in every dish.

If Mr. Bolitho had not got angry over the wretched dinner he was asked to eat, he would frankly have reminded his host that

he wanted something to drink. But his temper once being up, he had grown exceedingly bitter about the absence of wine. He had become proud. He longed for a glass of the water before him; but he would not take it. He would wait for the satisfaction of seeing his enemy overcome with shame when his monstrous neglect was revealed to him.

Temper, however, is a bad substitute for wine, when a man is thirsty. Moreover, to all appearance, this crass idiot was likely to finish his dinner and go away without any suspicion that he had grievously broken the laws of common decency and hospitality. He took a little sip of water now and again, as innocently as a dipping swallow. And at length Mr. Bolitho could bear it no longer. Thirst and rage combined were choking him.

"Don't you think, Balfour," said he, with an outward calm that revealed nothing of the wild volcano within, "don't you think one might have a glass of wine of some sort?"

Balfour, with a start of surprise, glanced round the table. There certainly was no wine there.

"My dear fellow," said he, with the most obvious and heartfelt compunction, "I really beg your pardon. What wine do you drink? Will you have a glass of sherry?"

Bolitho was on the point of returning to his determination of drinking nothing at all; but the consuming thirst within was too strong for him. He was about to accept this offer sulkily when the member for Ballinascreen seemed to recollect that he was entertaining a guest.

"Oh, no," he said, anxiously; "of course you will have some champagne. Waiter, bring the wine-list. There you are, Bolitho; pick out what you want, like a good fellow. It was really very forgetful of me."

By this time they had got to the celery and cheese. Mr. Bolitho had scarcely had any dinner; his thirst had prevented his eating, and his anger had driven him into a most earnest and polite attention to his companion's conversation. But when the champagne arrived, and he had drank the first glass at a draught, nature revived within him. The strained and glassy look left his eyes; his natural bland expression began to appear. He attacked the cheese and celery with vigor. The wine was sound and dry, and Mr. Bolitho had some good lee-way to make up. He began to look on Balfour as not so bad a sort of fellow, after all; it was only his tremen-

dous earnestness that made him forgetful of the smaller things around him.

"And so," said he, with a dawning smile breaking over his face, "you mean to go, unaided and alone, and fight the whole paction of your enemies in Englebury—the Chorleys, old Harnden, Reginald Key, and the hunting parson, altogether?"

"Well," said Mr. Balfour, cheerfully, "I sha'n't try it if I can see an easier chance elsewhere. But I am not afraid. Don't you see how I should appeal to the native dignity of the electors to rise and assert itself against the political slavery that has been imposed on the borough? Bolitho, Englebury shall be free. Englebury shall suffer no longer the dictation of an interested solicitor."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Bolitho, "but Chorley owns half the *Englebury Mercury*."

"I will start the *Englebury Banner*."

"And suppose Harnden should resign in favor of Key?"

"My dear friend, I have heard on very good authority that there is not the least chance of Key being in England at that time. The Government are sure to try the effect of some other malarious place. I have heard several consulships and island governorships suggested; but you are quite right—he is a hard man to kill; and I believe their only hesitation so far has been owing to the fact that there was no sufficiently deadly place open. But they will be even with him sooner or later. Then as for your hunting parson—I could make friends with him in ten minutes. I never saw a hunting parson; but I have a sneaking liking for him. I can imagine him—a rosy-cheeked fellow, broad-shouldered, good-humored, a famous judge of horseflesh and of port wine, generous in his way, but exacting a stern discipline in exchange for his blankets and joints at Christmas. He shall be my ally; not my enemy."

"Ah," said Mr. Bolitho, with a sentimental sigh, "it is a great pity you could not persuade Lady Sylvia to go down with you. When a candidate has a wife—young, pretty, pleasant-mannered—it is wonderful what help she can give him."

"Yes, I dare say," said Balfour, with a slight change in his manner. "But it is not Lady Sylvia's wish—and it certainly isn't mine—that she should meddle in any election. There are some women fitted for that kind of thing—doubtless excellent woman in their way; but she is not

one of them, and I don't particularly care that she should be."

Mr. Bolitho felt that he had made a mistake; and he resolved in future not to mention Lady Sylvia at all. This wild adoration on the part of the young man might pass away—it might even pass away before the general election came on, in which case Balfour might not be averse from having her pretty face and serious eyes win him over a few friends. In the mean time Mr. Bolitho hinted something about a cigar; and the two companions went up-stairs.

Now when Balfour drove up that night to his house in Piccadilly, he was surprised to see an unnecessary number of rooms dimly lighted. He had telegraphed to the housekeeper, whom they always left there, to have a bedroom ready for him; as he intended to have his meals at his club during his short stay in town. When he rang, it was Jackson who opened the door.

"Hallo, Jackson," said he, "are you here?"

"Yes, sir. Her ladyship sent us up two days ago to get the house ready. There is a letter for you, sir, up-stairs."

He went up-stairs to his small study, and got the letter. It was a pretty little message—somewhat formal in style, to be sure; but affectionate and dutiful. Lady Sylvia had considered it probable he might wish to have some gentleman friends to dine with him while in town, and she had sent the servants up to have everything ready, so that he should not have to depend entirely on his club. She could get on very well with Anne; and she had got old Blake over from the Hall to sleep in the house. She added that as he might have important business to transact in connection with his visit to Englebury, he was on no account to cut short his stay in London prematurely. She was amusing herself very well. She had called on So-and-So and So-and-So. Her papa had just sent her two brace of pheasants, and any number of rabbits. The harriers had met at Willowby Clump on the previous Saturday. The School Board school was to be furnished on the following week—and so forth.

He put the letter on the table, his eyes still dwelling on it thoughtfully; and he lit his pipe, and sank into a big easy-chair.

"Poor old Syllabus," he was thinking—for he caught up this nickname from Johnnie Blythe—"this is her notion of duty, that she should shut herself up in an empty house."

And indeed as he lay and pondered there, the house in which he was at this moment seemed very empty too; and his wife, he felt, was far away from him — separated from him by something more than miles. It was all very well for him to grow proud and reserved when it was suggested to him that Lady Sylvia should help him in his next canvas; it was all very well for him to build up theories to the effect that her pure, noble, sensitive mind were better kept aloof from the vulgar traffic of politics. But even now he began to recall some of the dreams he had dreamed in his bachelor days — in his solitary walks home from the House, in his friendly confidences with his old chum at Exeter, and most of all when he was wandering with Lady Sylvia herself, on those still summer evenings, under the great elms of Willowby Park. He had looked forward to a close and eager companionship, an absolute identity of interests and feelings, a mutual and constant helpgiving which had never been realized. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and began to walk up and down the room.

He would not give himself up to idle dreams and vain regrets. It was doubtless better as it was. Was he a child, to long for sympathy when something unpleasant had to be gone through? She herself had shown him how her quick, proud spirit had revolted from a proposal that was no uncommon thing in public life; better that she should preserve this purity of conscience than that she should be able to aid him by dabbling in doubtful schemes. The rough work of the world was not for that gentle and beautiful bride of his; but rather the sweet content and quiet of country ways. He began to fret about the engagements of the next few days to which he had pledged himself. He would rather have gone down at once to the Lilacs, to forget the babble and turmoil and vexations of politics in the tender society of that most loving of all friends and companions. However, that was impossible. Instead, he sat down and wrote her an affectionate and merry letter, in which he said not one word of what had happened at Englebury, beyond recording the fact of his having been there. Why should he annoy her by letting her suppose that she had been mixed up in a squabble with such a person as Eugenius Chorley?

From The Spectator.

THE "FIND" IN THE LAND OF MIDIAN.

It is now more than six years, since, writing about an effort then being made to recover a galleon wrecked off the coast of Venezuela, we pointed out the improbability that the discovery of any great buried treasure would ever again reward an adventurer's daring or discernment. The kings of the ancient world never had the treasure with which they are credited, or rather, they never had the masses of metal which would now tempt men into serious expeditions. Their treasure, owing to the limited quantities of gold and silver then in the world, would purchase so much, that it loomed large in the world's eyes, but the hoards of the Lydian king, if rediscovered now, would not greatly attract an English millionaire. Solomon, whose wealth made such a permanent impression on the imaginations of mankind, for a few years was the merchant prince of his epoch, and had the carrying-trade of the East in his hands, but it may be questioned if his treasure in gold would have outweighed a million in sovereigns, though it may have purchased thirty times or fifty times as much. The lost Spanish galleons often contained the equivalent of £2,500,000 — never more, we believe, the Cadiz treasury being timid about storms, buccaneers, and Netherlandish enemies, — but the actual sum recoverable from any one of them would not now exceed £180,000. There is no record anywhere in the world of the existence of a vast deposit of treasure, unless we can trust — which is not impossible — the persistent Peruvian legend of Atahualpa's mountain storehouse of gold, a temple filled with the plunder of a dynasty and the accumulations of generations of digging and smelting, on which he drew to pay his ransom to Pizarro, or unless — which is conceivable, though unlikely — the barbarians missed the secret of the enormous treasure which must once have been collected under the protection of the oracle of Delphi, the banking-house of the East, then the richest section of earth. That would be a "find" indeed, and as we said once before, we should like a good, scientific, persevering dig round Delphi and under the old shrine amazingly, and rather wonder some English Schliemann has never made the attempt. We pointed out at the time, however, that with these two exceptions the only chance for a grand "find" now left is the opening up of some mine known

to have been profitable, in spite of the unscientific processes employed by the ancient world. Since that time two "finds" of the kind have been made, one of which has been attracting attention this week. We do not know the sums extracted from the scoriæ-heaps piled up at the entrances to the silver mines of Laurium, but they have been considerable enough to attract the attention of all Greece, and to be the foundation of heavy lawsuits, and even of international disputes; and now Captain Burton thinks he has rediscovered the ancient Ophir. That may be doubtful, though Dr. Kitto shows that Solomon's ships which sailed there were launched on the Red Sea, and that Ophir was probably in Edom; and though the country does not produce peacocks now, the early Midianites held the carrying-trade between Egypt and further Asia, and they may have had a central *dépôt*, which in popular phraseology gives its name to everything sold thence, as at present in Asia all European goods are said to be London-made; but the explorer has certainly discovered something. He has gone prospecting about the world a good deal, has a keen eye to business—witness his search for sulphur in Iceland—has a regularly-trained engineer with him, and as usual, has reported only what he has seen. If his account is correct, he has made this time a very considerable discovery. He has visited the "land of Midian," the wild and unpeopled country east of the Wady Arabah, the easternmost of the two fiords which jut into Egypt from the Red Sea, the land where Moses crushed the Midianites, whoever they were, for being idolatrous and pleasure-loving—Hellenic and not Hebraistic—and has found it full of the evidences of an ancient civilization, based upon mining operations. There are remains of strong cities, of aqueducts, of smelting-furnaces, and of roads, and evidence of the existence of gold and silver mines, tin mines, and even of turquoise quarries, the latter more attractive to the mineralogist than to the man of business. Turquoises, like garnets, are not very profitable to those who dig for them, except when found in very unusual pieces; they are very destructible, and, if found in considerable quantities, would speedily become almost unsalable. But it is perfectly possible that very important mines, both of gold and silver, may exist in Midian, and have remained almost untouched by races who knew there was gold there, and found some of it, but were perfectly unable to crush quartz, or sink deep

shafts, or pursue any process of extraction by amalgamation. It paid them to work hard for a very little result in weight of metal, one of the facts connected with ancient mining we are all very apt to overlook. There was so little gold and silver in circulation, that a very small bit of either would pay for a week's work, and a treasuryful like that discovered by Dr. Schliemann, though it would now melt down to very little money, so impressed the imagination of men, that the tradition of it descended through the ages. The legend of the riches of Solomon lives forever, but his bank-balance would not in modern money impress Mr. Kirkman Hodgson very much. It is impossible to read the Bible or the "Iliad," or—centuries after—the books of the Middle Ages, without seeing how the excessive value of gold as evidence of wealth impressed the imaginations of men till, in the early Eastern world, the ornaments of the women were the great rewards of the soldiery after the sacking of a city; and in Europe, so much later, gold was credited with any number of mystical virtues. The early alchemists were hunting for a metal of which a small potful meant wealth for life, and a helmetful a fortune. Mines, therefore, could be worked to a profit, and were worked to a profit for centuries without being exhausted, the only outlays being the food of the slaves employed and the cost of a little firing, and the gains worth possibly the equivalent of £100 an ounce. If there are mines at all in Midian, which seems evident, the ancient workings will not have depleted them seriously, and the khedive, with his command of forced and convict labor, guided by European science, may have made a really perceptible haul. We rather hope he has, not for his sake, for he is the far inferior of the Ptolemy who preceded him by twenty centuries, but because every sixpence he gets without taxing or borrowing relieves the most oppressed race on the Mediterranean; and because Captain Burton, much as we dislike most of his books and many of his ideas, deserves that some prize of a kind he wishes for should fall to his extraordinary energy and courage. When a man has the nerve and the nous to hunt in a place like Midian, in the most neglected corner of the most sterile of earthly lands, for a new source of wealth to be suddenly acquired, he deserves the reward he seeks, if only for clearing the way for men with higher aims. A company to work the mines would hardly succeed, free labor in Midian being an unknown quantity and

the expenses of carriage indefinite; and the khedive's request for capitalists' assistance looks like a tentative towards a new loan, on the security of a new Daira, producing turquoises instead of sugar, but still he himself and his own servants may find a treasure there.

If he does, we hope the result will stir up one or two of the adventurous men who are always seeking how to obtain treasure without long and monotonous labor in its acquisition to search in one or two other of the legendary treasure-houses of the world. Jewels, with the exception of diamonds, are hardly worth searching for, — though the supply of rubies would have to be greatly increased before the price would be seriously reduced, — or it might be worth while to prospect the emerald mines of Upper Egypt; but it is hardly to the credit of the Indian government never to have asked one or two of the experienced mineralogists in its service to go and ascertain for himself what the world-wide legend about Golconda really means. The probabilities are a thousand to one that it is true, that there is such a place, that diamonds of the true water — the "drops of dew" wholly devoid of that abominable yellow tinge which so often spoils the Cape diamonds — were found there, and may be found there again. If a couple of mineralogists lost a year there, the Indian government would not be ruined, and though we cannot flatter them with great hope of profit, still the viceroys have often wasted a little money in less profitable work than inquiry into the truth of a very curious legend. Lord Lytton wants a reputation with the natives, and there is an easy one ready to be obtained. The ruler who rediscovered Golconda would never be forgotten, and if the people did fancy for a week that all taxes were to be remitted, that would be at worst a comfortable illusion. Then Mr. Layard is at Constantinople now, and is aware that legends, particularly in Asia, have usually some basis of fact, though they are buried under mountains of fiction. Suppose he induces his friends the Turks, who are not too well off for money at present, just to inquire a little into that story about the golden sands of Pactolus, and those ancient "washings," which would suggest to a Californian that higher up the river would be the precise "lo-cation" for a few quartz-crushing machines. If legend is worth anything — and of self-existent legends the tale is not many — a really

valuable gold-mine must exist somewhere on the head-waters of the Pactolus. Of course the Turks cannot do the inquiry for themselves. They have had the richest regions of earth in their possession for five hundred years, and have done nothing with them, but have behaved like robbers who should know of a gold-mine, and think the true way to profit by it was to keep on stealing the buckets; but there must be plenty of Europeans in Constantinople with no fears, few scruples, and plenty of adventure in them, and one of them may have seen life in California, or have acquired some tincture of knowledge of mineralogy.

We have always wondered where the Scandinavian heroes got their gold from, and the priests of Upsala. If they brought it from the south, what did they give for it, having nothing that anybody else wanted; and if they did not buy it, whence was it obtained, for they certainly had it, and in considerable quantities, too? There may be old gold-mines yet to be discovered and reopened in Sweden, and mines of very considerable extent must exist in Japan. When that country was first thrown open to the world gold was in free circulation, and was exchanged weight for weight with silver, a fact which caused for a little while a funny rush upon the treasury, and which suggests that gold must be obtained somewhere with very unusual ease. It would never occur to miners, under ordinary circumstances, to class the two metals together; first, because the gold takes so much more labor, and secondly, because there is so much less of it. Legislation had, of course, something to do with the extraordinary state of things discovered in Japan; but still nature settles values in some degree independently of legislation, and the known facts point to the existence in Japan of some unusually accessible source of a supply of gold. Whether it would be worth working is another matter. As a rule, except under unusual circumstances, gold-mining is not one of the most paying of trades, — a good lead-mine is ten times as profitable as a gold-mine, and a market-garden near London will return a larger percentage than either of them. But our theme to-day is not profits, but disused mines of the precious metals or stones, and there are certainly five accessible spots where explorers as daring and well informed as Captain Burton might find it pay to look for them.

From The Examiner.

ITALIAN SERVANTS VERSUS ENGLISH.

THE servant difficulty, now under so much discussion, is supposed by English people to be confined to their own country, but, if the grumblers could but know what people in a remote part of Italy suffer from these necessary evils, they would cease to murmur, and would congratulate themselves on their superior good fortune. It is true that in the great towns of Italy servants may be found superior in some respects to the greatest "treasure" that may fall to our lot in England. They demand but little pay, eat next to nothing, are temperate, intelligent, pleasing in manner, not particular about what is or is not their place, and can work well when absolutely obliged. On the other hand, they never do anything at all if they can possibly help it. They are afflicted with hydrophobia to an extraordinary extent. They never tell the truth, on principle, even when it would be to their own advantage to do so. They have no morality amongst them. Such a thing as a "character" is never even asked for with an Italian servant. They are vindictive to the last degree, and if you dismiss one summarily you not unfrequently risk your life. They will bear a good deal, however, that English servants would by no means endure. Their masters may swear at them, half starve them, pay them nothing, if only they leave them free to parade the streets in the evenings on Sundays and feast-days, and have their fun. The one necessity of their life is amusement.

It may be said that if there are drawbacks there are also counterbalancing advantages in this state of things, and that Italian servants in great towns are no worse, on the whole, than their English fellows. That may be so; but let Englishwomen who live at home at ease read the following narrative of the experience of a family in the country. "When we first decided," the narrative runs, "on leaving the beaten track and setting up a *campagna* in a remote place, any difficulties about servants were the last that occurred to us. There would be servants of course in the towns and villages around us, who, for a trifling addition to their wages (usually, we heard, about five francs a month), would be delighted to come to us. Then there were plenty of peasants to do the rough work, who, in time, would learn to be good servants. What could be simpler? So we reasoned in the innocence of our hearts. We began with a *cameriera*,

who announced herself a first-rate hair-dresser, dressmaker, cook, housemaid, etc., and a bright, good-looking peasant girl of seventeen, whom we set to work to 'educate.' The *cameriera* not only displayed absolute ignorance on all the subjects in which she declared herself a proficient, but turned out to be one of the most disreputable characters in the town from which we took her. The lady who had recommended her, when remonstrated with, merely said, 'What would you have? They are all bad characters.' Having dismissed Maria, we concentrated our attention on the young peasant. She was intelligent, and could learn everything except civilization, but she was a barbarian whom nothing could tame. In vain we gave her shoes and stockings. She never would keep them on for five minutes together. In vain did we attempt to teach her to modify her language, or to treat us with any sort of respect. One day she flatly refused to do any more work, so had to be dismissed. She departed barefoot and rejoicing to the wretched home whence we took her, and where she and her sixteen brothers and sisters had never by any chance had enough to eat.

"Next we tried a *protégée* of the nuns. The best pupil in a convent instituted for the benefit of foundlings was confided to our care. Concetta had never been outside convent walls. All she had learnt of a practical nature was the art of embroidery, in which certainly she excelled; but then we did not want embroidery, and we did want the beds made, and the rooms swept and dusted. It was again a case of raw material to be worked upon. We hoped to be more successful this time. The girl was remarkably clever and not intractable. She soon learnt to be useful, and after sundry gentle hints discovered besides that it was not the correct thing to come into the sitting-room of an evening and join in the conversation, squatting on the floor, and that, however amiable might be the inclination to take me round the waist and embrace me, it should be restrained. My husband thought it his duty to let her know that the pope does not sleep on straw, and is not in a state of actual starvation. '*Dunque come Vittorio!*' was her astonished exclamation, when the beauty and luxuries of the Vatican and the state which still surrounds Pio Nono were described to her. 'And they persuaded me to send him all the money I earned by my embroidery! It was too bad.' These lessons were only too well learnt. Con-

cetta's sentiments towards the well-meaning nuns who had brought her up underwent a change, and the good ladies were destined to be cruelly disappointed in their best pupil. She left us just as we were beginning to rely upon her services, to place herself in the town. Soon after we heard of her dismissal in disgrace for having concealed a young man in a cupboard. Such was the result of the convent training!

"It would be impossible for me to enumerate all our disastrous experiences in the matter of servants, or how many we tried in the course of two years. The worst we were obliged to dismiss, and the better ones would not stay even for triple the usual wages in a place where they could get no amusement. They left us always at the most inconvenient time, and at a moment's notice. Why they could not simply give warning, and leave at the end of a month, or of a fortnight, we never could discover, but for some inscrutable reason their departure was either the result of a laborious intrigue, or what appeared to be a sudden panic. This last mode of proceeding is so well known in the country as to be called a *capriccio*.

"The ingenuity displayed in concocting a plausible excuse for immediate departure was sometimes remarkable. Marietta or Teresina would suddenly appear on the scene with red eyes, dishevelled hair, and every symptom of distraction. In her hand an open letter. 'Signor! Signora!' she exclaims, sinking on her knees before us. 'Behold this letter! What is to become of me?' The letter, all blotched and scrawled, written evidently in haste and grief, is to implore Marietta, in pathetic terms, to hasten at once to her stricken mother or dying father. She must depart instantly! Of course she will come back again. 'Oh, yes, to-morrow.' She is so sorry to leave us even for a moment; she loves us so; and kissing us on both cheeks (my husband's sex does not exclude him from this style of salute on solemn occasions), she goes off in the wagon which has been waiting for her in the turn of the road, and by which her carefully-packed trunk has been conveyed to the station the day before. Another favorite device is an impatient lover. A letter is produced from the ardent young man, declaring that he can wait no longer. His beloved Lucia or Chiara must fix the wedding-day. Smiles and blushes are the stage business this time. She hopes she has given satisfaction, would not for the world leave us, but Giuseppe is so press-

ing, and they have waited seven years, and so on. She is quite prepared to state his age, profession, the name of his maternal grandfather, or any other piece of information that may be required concerning Giuseppe; but when we make any attempt to ascertain the truth of these glib statements, we find that the person concerning whom we have heard so much, and whose letter we have read, never existed at all. Nothing daunted, Lucia then declares that if he never existed he must cruelly have deceived her, and she must immediately go in search of him — whereupon she departs. This style of leave-taking is irritating, but at least there is a certain amount of warning. It is more embarrassing to wake up one morning and find that you have not been called because your housemaid has been taken with a *capriccio* and has disappeared in the middle of the night, or to be in the middle of a fortnightly wash and see your laundress running down the road with her bundle under her arm, leaving the clothes in soak. It is awkward, too, when you are very hungry, and want to know why dinner is not ready, to be told that the cook has been missing some time, and it is supposed that she has run away. When the wet nurse is taken with a *capriccio*, and leaves the baby crying for its food, the situation is something more than awkward.

"Having made the discovery that *capriccios* usually occurred immediately after the monthly wages had been paid, it struck us that it might be better to pay the servants quarterly. The result of this experiment was that for three months we got on without the usual casualties, but at the end of that time there was such a general flight that we were obliged to harness the pony-carriage and drive twenty miles to the nearest habitable hotel, where we remained some time before we could again muster an establishment. We were not alone in our misfortunes. Our neighbors condoled with us, but assured us that we were no worse off than they. One of our friends was driving his own carriage from one town to another, with a servant behind; when he arrived at his destination, and looked round for the man to take the horses round to the stable, he discovered that the rogue had slipped out behind and returned to his native village, which they had passed on the way." These are but a few anecdotes of one family's experiences, but may serve to show that English servants are at least not worse than those of other countries.

From The Leisure Hour.

A CIRCASSIAN SCOTCHMAN.

IN the recently published work on Russia, by Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace (Cassell), is the following curious account of an old Scottish settlement:—

“As an instance of the ethnological curiosities which the traveller may stumble upon unawares in this curious region, I may mention a strange acquaintance I made when travelling on the great plain which stretches from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian. One day I accidentally noticed on my travelling-map the name ‘Shotlánskaya Kolóniya’ (Scottish Colony) near the celebrated baths of Piatigorsk. I was at that moment in Stavropol, a town about eighty miles to the north, and could not gain any satisfactory information as to what this colony was. Some well-informed people assured me that it really was what its name implied, whilst others asserted as confidently that it was simply a small German settlement. To decide the matter I determined to visit the place myself, though it did not lie in my intended route, and I accordingly found myself one morning in the village in question. The first inhabitants whom I encountered were unmistakably German, and they professed to know nothing about the existence of Scotchmen in the locality, either at the present or in former times. This was disappointing, and I was about to turn away and drive off, when a young man, who proved to be the schoolmaster, came up, and on hearing what I desired, advised me to consult an old Circassian who lived at the end of the village, and was well acquainted with local antiquities. On proceeding to the house indicated, I found a venerable old man, with fine, regular features of the Circassian type, coal-black sparkling eyes, and a long, grey beard that would have done honor to a patriarch. To him I explained briefly, in Russian, the object of my visit, and asked whether he knew of any Scotchmen in the district.

“‘And why do you wish to know?’ he replied, in Russian, fixing me with his keen eyes.

“‘Because I am myself a Scotchman, and hoped to find fellow-countrymen here.’

“Let the reader imagine my astonishment when, in reply to this, he answered, in genuine broad Scotch, ‘Eh, man, I’m a Scotchman tae! My name is John Abercrombie. Did ye never hear tell o’

John Abercrombie, the famous Edinburgh doctor?’

“I was fairly puzzled by this extraordinary declaration. Dr. Abercrombie’s name was familiar to me as that of a medical practitioner and writer on psychology, but I knew that he was long since dead. When I had recovered a little from my surprise, I ventured to remark to the enigmatical personage before me that, though his tongue was certainly Scotch, his face was as certainly Circassian.

“‘Weel, weel,’ he replied, evidently enjoying my look of mystification, ‘you’re no’ far wrang. I’m a Circassian Scotchman!’

“This extraordinary admission did not diminish my perplexity, so I begged him to be more explicit, and he at once complied with my request. His long story may be told in a few words:—

“In the first years of the present century a band of Scotch missionaries came to Russia for the purpose of converting the Circassian tribes, and received from the emperor Alexander I. a large grant of land in this place, which was then on the frontier of the empire. Here they founded a mission, and began the work; but they soon discovered that the surrounding population were not idolaters, but Mussulmans, and consequently impervious to Christianity. In this difficulty they fell on the happy idea of buying Circassian children from their parents and bringing them up as Christians. One of these children, purchased about the year 1806, was a little boy called Teoona. As he had been purchased with money subscribed by Dr. Abercrombie, he had received in baptism that gentleman’s name, and he considered himself the foster-son of his benefactor. Here was the explanation of the mystery.

“Teoona, *alias* Mr. Abercrombie, was a man of more than average intelligence. Besides his native tongue, he spoke English, German, and Russian perfectly; and he assured me that he knew several other languages equally well. His life had been devoted to missionary work, and especially to translating and printing the Scriptures. He had labored first in Astrakhan, then for four years and a half in Persia—in the service of the Bâle mission—and afterwards for six years in Siberia.

“The Scottish mission was suppressed by the emperor Nicholas about the year 1835, and all the missionaries except two returned home. The son of one of these two (Galloway) is the only genuine Scotchman remaining. Of the ‘Circassian

Scotchmen,' there are several, most of whom have married Germans. The other inhabitants are German colonists from the province of Sarátot, and German is the language commonly spoken in the village."

From The Economist.
THE TRANSVAAL.

THE news of the annexation of the Transvaal republic has been an unpleasant surprise to the people of this country, who desire no additions to the colonial empire, and certainly none accomplished by violence or menaces. Yet it is evident that Lord Carnarvon will be able to show good cause for the trust which he reposed in Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and his acquiescence in the "spirited" policy of the latter. When challenged in the House of Lords on Monday night, by Lord Kimberley, the secretary of state briefly answered that he had no official information relating to Sir T. Shepstone's action, except a telegram from Sir Bartle Frere, announcing the proclamation of the Transvaal as British territory; but he added that he had complete confidence in Sir T. Shepstone's discretion, and would be prepared, unless further details unexpectedly changed his opinion, to support the proceedings of the British envoy. Lord Carnarvon emphatically declared that the danger of a native war was of the very gravest kind, and that the anarchy in the Transvaal, which the government at Pretoria were wholly incapable of quelling, was certain to provoke a Zulu invasion. These are questions which must be left to the decision of experts; probably there are not three men in south Africa, and certainly there are not three in this country, whose opinion would be worth weighing for an instant against Sir T. Shepstone's. Since he has pronounced annexation to be necessary to the safety of the whole of civilized south Africa, we have nothing to do but to support his energetic action. The risks of disregarding his advice would be altogether too serious to be encountered. A native war would imperil populations and interests, in comparison with which the claims of a few thousand Boers to independence do not deserve a thought. Nay, in the interests of the Boers themselves, the removal of the incompetent government at Pretoria is expedient, for their lives as well as their liberties, not to speak of their prerogatives as a ruling race, would be swept away by

a torrent of armed savagery if the hostility of the Zulus were allowed to work its will upon the bankrupt and broken State now brought under the authority of the British crown. We had hoped that the Boers would be brought to see this themselves, and would have hastened to accept the liberal terms of confederation which Sir T. Shepstone was empowered to offer them. But their refusal left no other course open to those who are responsible for the peace of south Africa except that taken by the British envoy on the 12th of April last. The annexation of the Transvaal will probably be followed very quickly by the voluntary entrance of the Orange Free State into the proposed confederation. The South-African Bill is therefore being pushed forward rapidly by the government. It passed through committee on Monday night, and will, no doubt, reach the House of Commons before the Whitsuntide recess.

The territory which has now been united to the empire is equal in area to a second-rate continental state; it contains one hundred and fourteen thousand square miles, according to the official statistics, but its boundaries on every side, except the south, are in a very indeterminate condition. The white population is reckoned, by President Burgers, to be fifty thousand, of whom more than half are Boers, but this is probably a great exaggeration. The German missionaries, who have contributed some interesting information on the subject to geographical publications in Germany, estimate the white population at twenty-five or thirty thousand souls, and the natives as from a quarter to half a million. The gold-fields, mainly Lydenburg, have attracted a great many adventurers from the neighboring British colonies, and in the towns what little trade exists is in the hands of British subjects. The Boers have done little to develop the splendid natural resources of the country. Agriculture is in a very backward condition, for the Dutch take more willingly to a purely pastoral life. The mineral wealth of the country has scarcely been touched; coal of excellent quality has been discovered in the mountain district which divides the head-waters of the Orange River from those of the Limpopo. Copper and lead, zinc, graphite, nickel, and cobalt have also been discovered, and in a few places have been worked. But the gold fields have hitherto monopolized all the enterprise that has been turned towards the Transvaal. The trade in ostrich feathers is

lucrative and increasing, but cattle-breeding is the staple industry of the country. There is some exportation also of wool, butter, ivory, leather, and tobacco; but the entire commerce inwards and outwards of the Transvaal has probably never reached a quarter of a million sterling per annum. The finances of the republic had lately fallen into terrible disorder, and the exhaustion of the treasury is so complete, that the payment of the *employés* in the government offices and of the police has been, since the beginning of the year, an impossibility. In 1872 the public income was thirty-six thousand pounds, and the expenditure a little less. The public debt was then only sixty thousand pounds, secured by a mortgage of State lands; but the Transvaal has since borrowed heavily, especially in Belgium and Holland. President Burgers came to Europe a couple of years ago to raise a loan of three hundred thousand pounds, ostensibly for the construction of a railway to Delagoa Bay; he actually raised ninety thousand pounds, but no account has been published of the manner in which this sum was expended. It is only certain that the railway has not been begun. The Portuguese government have granted the Transvaal freedom of trade with Delagoa Bay, but the district between the Transvaal frontier and the coast is rendered almost impassable for wagons by the presence of the tsetse fly, so fatal to draught cattle of every kind. If railway communication with the sea were established, we might expect a rapid development of the natural wealth of the Transvaal. At present, communication either with Natal or with the Cape Colony is impeded by the difficulty of transport, which the Boers, always jealous of foreign intrusion, have not been anxious to remove.

From The Leisure Hour.

KIDNAPPING A SLOTH.

WHEN I first went to live at Larangeiras, which is a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, one of my especial pets was a young sloth. Rather a curious favorite, you may say; but the fact was, that I had heard several travellers deny the possibility of rearing a sloth to recognize and become familiar with you, and I had a fancy to try the experiment for myself.

At first (as might be expected) my native friends made great fun of the idea, and were always asking how my pupil was get-

ting on, and whether I had not better send him to school, now that he was getting too big for a private tutor. However, I stuck to my own way, like a true Englishman, and in course of time the beast got to know me quite well. Many a time, when I was sitting reading in the garden, under the shade of my favorite palm-tree, I would be startled by feeling a huge hairy paw passed inquiringly along the back of my neck, and, turning round, find myself face to face with Senhor Melhado, as I had named him, in compliment to a very take-it-easy neighbor of mine.

These reminders, I must confess, generally meant getting a bit of sugarcane or a sup of molasses, for he was a shocking "sweet-tooth." When we sat eating our sugarcane on the verandah, in the cool of the evening, he used to come for *his* piece as regularly as the clock struck; and whenever he had misbehaved himself, I used to punish him by giving him none. Having got his education to this point, I began to think whether I could not carry it further still, when lo! one fine morning my pet was nowhere to be found.

This discovery was not made till after I had started for the city as usual; but my black retainers were naturally dismayed at a catastrophe the whole blame of which would evidently fall upon *them*. Moreover, the garden being entirely surrounded by a high wall, and all the trees standing well back from it, it was difficult to imagine how he could have got out. The whole affair had quite an air of witchcraft; and (as is wont to be the case in a public crisis) a great deal was said, and nothing done.

Now, it happened that this same difficulty of getting out was Mr. Sloth's special grievance; for, although one might have thought that long walks were not much in *his* line, he had a great hankering to know what lay on the other side of that wall. And so, one morning, as if on purpose to gratify him, while he was sitting disconsolate upon a projecting bough, there came sliding up over the top of the wall, right towards him, the end of a pole, long, strong, and well-smoothed as heart of sloth could wish.

Slowly and heavily, one after another, the huge clumsy paws fastened upon this unexpected windfall. But, alas! for the poor beast, he had no sooner trusted himself to his new perch than he discovered that there was a black man in ambush underneath it; and before he could collect his scattered ideas, he found himself whisked up and marched away down the street, to the cry of "*Preguiça! boa pre-*

guica! Quem quer comprar!" (Sloth! good sloth! Who'll buy?)

Meanwhile, I, little dreaming of what had befallen my poor favorite, was riding leisurely along the great road leading from the suburb of Lorangeiras to the city, when I suddenly discovered that I had forgotten some papers which I wanted. To save time, I went back by a short cut through some of the by-streets, and it was just as well that I did, for I suddenly encountered a sloth tied by his claws to a pole, and looking very much ashamed of himself; and in this disconsolate captive

I recognized, to my no small amazement, my own cherished pupil, Senhor Melhado!

In an instant I was off my horse, and pounced upon the thief, who loudly protested his innocence. A crowd gathered, and there was a great hue-and-cry; but my recognition of the sloth — and, better still, *his* recognition of *me* — carried the day, and my black friend, seeing the case going against him, abandoned the booty and took to his heels. The delight of my household at the prodigal's return may be imagined; and I think the lesson must have done him good, for he never broke bounds again.

D. KER.

In the current number of *Mind*, Mr. G. H. Lewes gives briefly what seems to be one of the chief positions taken by him in his new volume "The Physical Basis of Mind." He finds that according to usage the word "consciousness" is equivalent to sentience or feeling; that it is also used in a special sense as signifying that we not only feel, but feel or are conscious that we feel. Now Mr. Lewes holds that every neural process implies sensibility, indeed *is* feeling or consciousness in the general sense of that term; accordingly consciousness, sentience — these neural processes may be said to have "various modes and degrees, such as perception, ideation, emotion, volition, which may be conscious, sub-conscious, or unconscious." In the last sentence the word "unconscious" describes a mode or degree of sentience which has not given rise to consciousness in the special sense, and Mr. Lewes contends that the word "unconscious" ought to be confined to this usage, that in strictness we should not speak of unconsciousness outside the sphere of sentience. He then proceeds to argue that to describe a neural process as a mere series of physical changes is to say that "organic processes suddenly cease to be organic and become purely physical by a slight change in their *relative* position in the consensus." The matter of fact of which Mr. Lewes has to persuade his readers is, that "the reflex mechanism necessarily involves sensibility," that a neural process is a feeling.

In a recent communication to the Belgian Academy, M. van Monckhoven describes some improvements in the photographic reproduc-

tion of ultra-violet spectra of gases. He employs two large Geissler tubes placed parallel and communicating together by a capillary tube at right angles to them. The spectro-scope consists of three 60° prisms of Iceland spar, cut so that the bisector plane of each of their dihedral angles is parallel to the optic axis of the crystal. With such prisms the ordinary and extraordinary spectra do not encroach on one another. The axis of the capillary tube is then made to coincide exactly with that of the collimator of the spectro-scope, and the intensity of the light which can be utilized during passage of the current from a Ruhmkorff coil, is found to be very much greater than if the tube were placed, as usual, perpendicularly to the axis of the apparatus. The author recommends using a plate of quartz in place of one of the large tubes of glass, so as to prevent too great absorption of rays of high refrangibility. To give an idea of the exactness with which even the most refrangible bright lines are reproduced, M. van Monckhoven presented three plates representing the solar spectrum, the bright lines of hydrogen combined with those of aluminium (of which the electrodes were formed), and the bright lines of a solar protuberance.

THE foundation of a permanent station for help to wrecked vessels on Novaya Zemlya is now in way of execution. We hope that the station will also be used for taking regular meteorological observations. An Eskimo family, which has already wintered for two years on the island, will remain there permanently, and be supplied by the Russian government with all necessaries. Nature.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

SLEEP here in peace !
 To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee ;
 No mortal sound again from rest shall wake thee ;
 No fever-thirst, no grief that needs assuaging,
 No tempest-burst, above thy head loud-raging.
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
 No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning
 shining,
 No more the glory of the day's declining ;
 No more the night that stoops serene above
 thee,
 Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love
 thee.
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
 Unknown to thee the spring will come with
 blessing,
 The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing ;
 Unknown will come the autumn rich and mel-
 low,
 Sprinkling thy couch with foliage golden-
 yellow.
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
 This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,
 Where she has garnered up our dear departed ;
 The prattling babe, the wife, the old man
 hoary,
 The tired of human life, the crowned with
 glory.
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
 This is the gate for thee to walks immortal ;
 This is the entrance to the pearly portal ;
 The pathway trod by saints and sages olden,
 Whose feet now walk Jerusalem the golden !
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
 For not on *earth* shall be man's rest eternal,
 Faith's morn shall come ! Each setting sun
 diurnal,
 Each human sleeping, and each human waking,
 Hastens the day that shall on earth be break-
 ing.
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
 Faith's morn shall come when he, our Lord
 and Maker,
 Shall claim his own that slumber in God's-
 acre ;
 When he who once for man Death's anguish
 tasted
 Shall show Death's gloomy realm despoiled
 and wasted.
 Sleep here in peace !

Transcript.

J. E. RANKIN.

QUESTION.

BLOSSOMS were on the apple-trees ;
 The birds were humming in the air ;
 Nature concerted harmonies
 To rob the world of care ;
 Down by the meadow stream, we two
 Saw the white clouds their shadow cast
 Along the distant mountains blue,
 And dream-like as the past.

We two ! Ah, that was years ago ;
 We thought the two would pass away,
 And that but one the years would show ;
 We thought the gods would play
 Wild songs of melody divine,
 To make the future bright and fair ;
 And that the sun of joy would shine
 All times and everywhere.

Just as a million souls have thought !
 There came a day when tears were shed ;
 And one the world's mad struggle sought,
 And one pined to the dead ;
 He longed for fame, that kept in sight
 Yet ever seemed to miss his grasp ;
 And she lost all life's hope and light,
 Striving his hand to clasp.

Well, it was years ago, I said ;
 The stream is there ; the blossoms flush
 The trees with glory ; she is dead.
 The bees — they do not hush
 Their humming as they seek the sweet ;
 I wonder, though, if we two may,
 As one, in heaven's home love and meet,
 And find a perfect day.

Transcript.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the world-plant's purpose, the
 bright flower,
 The ultimate meaning of the stem and leaves ;
 The spire of the church ; and it receives
 Such lightening calm as comforts, not ag-
 grieves,
 And with it brings the fructifying shower.

Prayer is the hand that catcheth hold on
 peace :
 The living heart of good and nobleness,
 Whose pulses are the measure of the stress
 Wherewith He us doth — we do him — pos-
 sess ;
 When these do fail, our very lives decrease.

Who uses prayer, a friend shall never miss ;
 If he should slip, a timely staff and kind
 Placed in his grasp by hands unseen shall find ;
 Sometimes upon his forehead a soft kiss ;
 And arms cast round him gently from be-
 hind.

Transcript.

H. P. C.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE HOUSE OF FORTESCUE.*

THOSE who were so fortunate as to see the very remarkable collection of portraits gathered from the principal country houses of Devonshire and Cornwall, and exhibited at Exeter during the visit of the Archæological Institute to that city in 1873, will hardly have forgotten the earliest picture in the assemblage—the portrait of Henry VI.'s chief justice and chancellor, sent from Castle Hill by his representative and descendant the present Earl Fortescue. The portrait, which seems to have formed one of the wings of an altar-piece, of which Sir John Fortescue may have been the *donatore*, represents him with his hands clasped in prayer. The face is closely shaven, and the hair, cut short in front, falls from under a plain black cap. The face, grave and pleasant, is not that of the old judge who died at the age of ninety, but shows us the laudator of the *leges Angliæ* in his younger days, long before he fought at Towton, or passed across the sea to share the exile of Queen Margaret and her son. The picture was possibly designed by some artist of the school of Mabuse, after an earlier portrait; but however this may be, it remains the only authentic representation of a great man—not the least among those “worthies” of whom Devonshire is so justly proud—and it is impossible to regard it with other than the highest interest. Sir John Fortescue was not the first of his race to distinguish himself, but he is the first whose distinction is still recognized among us—one of the earliest to set forth, in anything like an abstract treatise, the excellence of English law and constitution; quite the first, unless we choose to regard in the same light the “*Tractatus de Legibus*” of Randolph Glanville, the justiciar of Henry II.; † and the

treatise which he composed for the instruction of the young prince who was killed in the fight at Tewksbury may still be read with pleasure and profit. Since his time, the family to which he belonged has thrown out various branches and offsets from the parent stem; and few of the more ancient houses of this country can prove a more undoubted descent, or can point to a greater number of illustrious sons distinguished alike in camp and in court, than this

long-lined race of honored Fortescue.

Its greatest honors (if accession to the ranks of the peerage is thus to be regarded) have been attained in comparatively recent times. The English barony dates from 1746, and the earldom from 1789. In Ireland, the barony, viscounty, and earldom of Clermont were first held by a Fortescue in 1770, and, the titles having become extinct, the barony was revived in 1852, in favor of the present Lord Clermont. But from the time, not long after the Conquest, when we first find them settled in the South Hams of Devon, to the present day, there has hardly been a stirring period in the history of this country during which a Fortescue has not come to the front. It was not, at first, one of the greater or more wealthy houses of England; but “land and beeves” speedily came to the various branches, especially to that which migrated, as the result of a marriage with a great heiress, to the north of Devonshire; and, whatever we may think of the Hastings story, the “posy” of the race, as old Westcote calls it, expresses what is certainly true with regard to such Norman families as that of the Fortescues during the earlier days of their settlement in the west. “*Forte scutum salus ducum.*” The gradual approach of Normans and English after the Conquest was materially influenced, and the final blending of the races was no doubt hastened, by the spreading through the country of these smaller landowners. They were brought into sharper and closer contact with the English than the greater lords, who were seldom for any length of

* 1. *The Works of Sir John Fortescue, Knight, Chief Justice of England and Lord Chancellor to King Henry the Sixth.* Now first collected and arranged by THOMAS (FORTESCUE) LORD CLERMONT. London: Printed for Private Distribution. 1869.

2. *A History of the Family of Fortescue, in all its Branches.* By THOMAS (FORTESCUE) LORD CLERMONT. London: Printed for Private Distribution. 1869.

† Glanville's treatise is, however, of a very different aim and character; nor can the famous “*Dialogus de*

Scaccario” of Richard Fitz-Nigel be compared, in any fair sense, with Fortescue's book.

time in one place. They more speedily adopted old English feelings and sympathies; and the great leaders were indebted to them for much of their best strength during the struggles and the trials which ended in renewing the England of former days, and in welding into one strong-hearted people the conquerors and the conquered.

There are few more interesting books than those which, like the "Lives of the Lindsays" or the delightful "Memorie of the Somervilles" edited by Sir Walter Scott, deal with the history of a single family so far as it can be traced, and enable us to follow (as is almost always possible) the common character and tendencies which, displaying themselves in different fashions and in various proportions, descend through all the generations from the founder—the "Sholto Douglas" who first emerges from the dark—to the many-acred peer or commoner of the present day. There exists, we believe—its whereabouts we do not care to disclose—the pictorial record of a Kentish family, in which, passing from sire to son, its members are represented "in their habits as they lived," taking part in the various events of the centuries to which their respective fates had conducted them. The series begins with the opposition of a valiant chief to the landing of Cæsar—for we are to suppose that the race thus recorded was one to which Derings and Colepepers are of yesterday. But from beginning to end, whether the costume be a "painted vest" won from some "naked Pict," the chain-mail of the crusaders, the ruff and trunk hose of Elizabeth, the flowing periwig and ribbons of the Pepysian era, or the well-powdered Ramillies of the Georgian, the same remarkable nose, and the same countenance of bland, well-satisfied stupidity, distinguish the long procession. On such very marked characteristics as these, whether corporeal or mental, we do not mean to insist, but we do maintain that the general turn and temperament of an ancient house are often, when we have the means of tracing them, not less clearly evident than the likeness which may run through the family portraits in the great gallery. In the beauti-

ful volumes which Lord Clermont has privately printed we have the records of one of the most ancient and honorable houses in England; and we believe that we may trace the same type of character, and that a very high and noble one, showing itself with more or less distinctness, in nearly all its more prominent members. Lord Clermont's memorials of the Fortescues are contained in two very handsome folios, and are enriched with illustrations of all kinds—heraldic and topographical, engravings from authentic portraits, examples of handwriting, and facsimiles of ancient manuscripts. The first volume contains a most careful life of the lord chief justice, whom we regard as displaying the most pronounced type of the family character, together with a complete edition (with English translation) of his works, the "*De Naturâ Legis Naturæ*," the "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," the "*De Dominio Regali et Politico*," and some smaller treatises. In the second volume the history of the family is traced through all its branches, and everything that could be recovered concerning the lives of the more distinguished Fortescues has been collected and preserved. The cost of preparing and of printing two such volumes must have been considerable. The labor was no doubt one of love; yet the mere arrangement of materials so extensive, and gathered from so many quarters, cannot but have taken much time and care, and the power of producing from them a narrative so pleasant and so readable is not given to every writer of family history. The book has not been published; but, with great liberality, copies have been sent to the chief public libraries of the country, so that the valuable results of Lord Clermont's labors are accessible to others besides members of the family, who must necessarily regard them with more interest than the rest of the world.

When we first get clear sight of the Fortescues we find them settled at Wimondeston or Wimpstone, in the parish of Modbury, in South Devon. This is late in the twelfth century; and there exists, or did exist, a confirmation of Wimpstone by King John to a Sir John Fortescue, who, during the troubles of that reign had

been active on the side of the king. At what time the first Fortescue appeared in Devonshire is uncertain. The Domesday Survey gives us no help, and the family tradition, which Lord Clermont pronounces "venerable and almost uniform," can only be taken for what it is worth. This asserts that a certain Richard le Fort, Duke William's cupbearer, fought by the side of his master at Senlac (Hastings), and after the duke had three horses killed under him, protected him with his shield, and thus saved his life. He was thenceforward known as Richard le Fortescu, or "strong shield." * It is true that a Richard le Fort or Forz appears in certain copies of the Battle Abbey Roll, but this tells us little. The tradition adds that this first Fort-escu returned to Normandy, whilst his son, Sir Adam, remained in England, received a grant of Wimpstone, and become founder of the English family. However the truth may be, we have here at any rate a curious and early instance of the continuance of a "by-name" as that of a family. It is found on either side of the Channel. Wimpstone became the cradle of a numerous race. There were Fortescues of Preston, of Spindleston, of Wood, and of Fallapit, all which places lie near together in that part of Devonshire between the Dart and the Yealm; and in Lord Clermont's words, "that retired region must have been almost peopled by families of Fortescues, held together both by neighborhood and frequent intermarriages." In the same manner the Fortescues of Normandy were clustered in a corner of the Côtentin — the cradle of so many Anglo-Norman families — a region of apple-orchards, steep hills, and winding valleys, much like that in which their English cousins increased and prospered. One branch became Seigneurs of St. Evremond — a noticeable name; and another was of St. Marie du Mont. None of their older possessions in South Devon remain to the Fortescues, and

Wimpstone, with the rest of their houses (except Fallapit), has sunk into farms deep set in orchards, showing only by an occasional carved portal or moulded chimney that they have fallen from a higher estate. But in England the old seats were abandoned in order that the family might flourish elsewhere. In Normandy, although the race still exists, and is recognized as "*d'une vieille et bonne noblesse*," it has sunk into poverty, and retains but few records of its former importance. It is remarkable that the shield of arms borne by these Norman Fortescues, although not exactly the same as that of the English house, has so much resemblance to it that it is difficult to suppose but that one must have affected the other.*

Wimpstone itself can never have been a large estate, and the house, at its best, was but small. The life, indeed, in these lesser manor-houses must always have been poor and rough, and the joys of the chase, to which the country lent itself, must have been greatly checked in those early days by the operation of the forest laws. The first Fortescues of Wimpstone can hardly have "roused the red deer from his lair" with half the freedom and delight that their successors enjoyed in more recent times, when "riding to hounds" over the same pleasant hills and uplands. But at the beginning of the fifteenth century, William Fortescue, of Wimpstone, is reported as master of broad lands in various parts of South Devon; and after his death occurs the first offset from the main trunk. His eldest son continued to represent the race at Wimpstone; his second, Sir John, became, through his sons, the founder of at least three distinct houses. He is generally known in the family records as Sir John of Meaux, of which strong place, the capital of the province of La Brie, he was

* It is true that William, at different stages of the battle, had three horses killed under him. The authorities are William of Poitou and William of Malmesbury (quoted by Freeman, "Norm. Conq.," iii. 485); but there is nowhere any record of such an action as that attributed to the "Fort-escu."

* The shield of the English Fortescues is azure, a bend engrailed, argent, between two bendlets, or. That of the Norman Fortescues varies. Guillaume Fortescu, killed at Agincourt, bore argent 3 bends azure. Fortescu, Seigneur de Corainville, has the bends gules. The Sieur de Tailly has the field azure, like that of the English Fortescues, with the bends argent, and Tristain Fortescu of Mesnil-Angot, has the field argent with a single bend azure, thus coming nearest to the English coat.

made captain after it was taken by the English in 1422. Sir John, according to Westcote, was "a worthy and fortunate commander under that terror of France and Mirror of Martialists, Henry V." He fought at Agincourt, where his third son, then a mere youth, was present with him; and where also fought and fell, of course in the French ranks, one of his Norman cousins, Guillaume Fortescue, lord of St. Evremond. Sir John married Eleanor, daughter and heiress of William Norreis of Norreis—a house in the valley of the Avon, at no great distance from Wimpstone. Here, as it seems most probable, their three sons were born, the second of whom was the famous chief justice and chancellor. With the recollection of his life and of his writings full upon us, it is hardly possible to look without much interest on even the comparatively modern walls and roofs of the farm which now represents the ancient dwellings. But the site is the same. The low, green hills sheltered the old house as they shelter its successor; and the river sparkles onward as freshly as when the future lawyer caught (as we take it for granted he did catch) his first trout among its "stickles."

Sir Henry Fortescue, eldest son of the captain of Meaux, became chief justice of Ireland; where, if Fuller is to be trusted, he was "justly of great esteem for his many virtues, especially "for his sincerity in so tempting a place." He seems to have brought back with him into Devonshire a number of Irish retainers; for a bill filed in Chancery in 1431, at the suit of Richard Sackville, complains that "Herry Fortescue, late justice of Ilond," wrongfully dispossessed Sackville and his wife of "land and houssing" at Nethercombe (now Combe in the parish of Holbeton), coming to the house with "grete people of Irysshemen and others in the manore of werre arraied," where Sackville, "hys wyfe, here moder and here children beyng in thair bedde, he brake thair dores and cofres, with horrible gov'naunce (?) crying and shotte," frightened the women out of their wits, and carried off Sackville himself prisoner to Exeter. The whole gives us a curious picture of the lawlessness of the times, and indicates that the justice's many virtues were not inconsistent with an occasional recourse to the strong hand; a result, perhaps, of Irish experiences. The life of his second brother, the English chief justice and chancellor, must be dwelt upon at somewhat greater length.

Sir John Fortescue was born at Norreis

about 1394. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1430 he was made sergeant; and soon afterwards married Isabella Jamyss, of Norton St. Philips in Somersetshire, where the Fortescue arms may still be seen on one of the houses in the village. His practice was large, and his knowledge of English law so conspicuous that, without any intermediate steps, he was raised in 1442 to the high place of lord chief justice. He was an ardent Lancastrian; but this did not interfere with his zeal for truth and justice, and Fuller, comparing him with Chief Justice Markham, his immediate successor, says, "These I may call two chief justices of the chief justices, for their signal integrity; for though the one of them favored the house of Lancaster and the other the house of York in their titles to the crown, both of them favored the house of Justice in matters betwixt party and party." In 1461, after the defeat of the Yorkists at St. Alban's, Fortescue, who had nearly reached his seventieth year, passed with King Henry to the north of England, where they joined the queen and her forces; and in spite of his years the chief justice fought bravely in the terrible battle of Towton—one of the most fatal and destructive that has ever been fought on English soil. The Lancastrians never recovered the loss of this battle. Henry, Margaret, and the young prince fled from York to Berwick, and soon afterwards took refuge with the king of Scots at Edinburgh. Fortescue accompanied them; but not before he had again shown his prowess in two lesser encounters with the Yorkists, at Brauncepeth and at Ryton near Newcastle. Two months after Towton he was superseded as chief justice by King Edward. It must have been at this time that Henry VI. made him his chancellor.* He was with the king and queen in the campaign of Hexham, where the Lancastrians were finally and totally defeated; escaped with Margaret and the prince to the strong fortress of Bamborough, still in the hands of their party; and

* It has been doubted whether Fortescue was ever chancellor within the realm of England, although it is not questioned that he acted as Henry VI.'s chancellor after the flight from Bamborough. But there was a period, after the battle of St. Alban's, during which Henry was still in England, and in possession of some, though but a small part of his dominions. It is probable that at this time Fortescue was created chancellor; "the very presence," as Lord Clermont remarks, "in Henry's retinue of the venerable and famous Lord Chief Justice of England would in itself naturally suggest such an appointment." It is certain also that Henry had a great seal after his expulsion.

sailed thence with them to Flanders. His name, and the name of "Doctor John Morton," afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, occur in the list of these exiles preserved by William of Worcester. They landed at Sluys, and were hospitably received by the Count of Charolais, but soon passed into Lorraine, of which duchy Margaret's father, René of Anjou, was in possession. He assigned them, as a place of retreat, the little town of St. Mighel in the valley of the Meuse; picturesque with strange cylindrical rocks rising above the narrow gorge of the river. There was a castle, in which the English exiles were lodged, and where, two centuries later, Cardinal de Retz wrote some part of his famous memoirs.

For nearly seven years — from the end of 1464 to the beginning of 1471 — Queen Margaret, surrounded by those of the Lancastrian leaders who had fled with, or afterwards joined her, kept her sad state in the castle of St. Mighel. Her father, King René (we all remember the excellent picture of him in Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein"), could do little beyond finding her a shelter. Supplies from other sources were but slender; and it is not surprising to find Chancellor Fortescue (as he must now be called) writing to the Earl of Ormond — "We buthe all, in grete poverte, but yet the quene susteyneth us in mete and drinke, so as we buthe not in extreme necessite. Here highnesse may do no more to us thanne she dothe." Among the English exiles, besides Doctor Morton, were the Dukes of Somerset and of Exeter, and Sir John Courtenay; the two latter, like Fortescue, closely connected with Devonshire. We can but imagine the weary life in a strange land, the anxious waiting for news, and the devices for passing the time to which all must have been reduced. Now and then an attempt was made to enlist the sympathies of the king of France, or of "Portyn-gale" on behalf of the red rose; and Lord Clermont prints for the first time a letter, imploring aid from the latter, who was grandson of Philippa, daughter of

Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster.

This letter, written in the name of the young Prince Edward, was composed by Fortescue, and is rich in high-sounding Latin phrases, with references, after the fashion of the time, to Babylon and Rome, the Scipios and the Fabii, Hercules, Hector, and Achilles. The last words of the letter are "in the bold but unformed writing of the prince;" and a shorter letter

to the Earl of Ormond is entirely written by him. "Writen," it concludes, "at Seynt Mychael in Barr, wt myn awn hand, that ye mey se how gode wrytare I am." Edward was at this time eleven years old. The chancellor must have been seventy-two or three; and the weight of the prince's education fell solely upon him. Fortescue's endeavors were directed towards teaching him the nature of the laws of his country, and fitting him to become king of England. It was for him during the long detention at St. Mighel, that the treatise "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*" was written; and the introduction gives us an interesting picture of the young prince undergoing all the necessary instruction of the *manège*, delighting to back and to rein fierce and unbroken horses, and joining his companions and attendants in the games of mimic war.* An old knight, we are told (*miles quidam grandævus*), chancellor of his father the king of England, seeing all this, took occasion to insist on the advantages of a knowledge of law as well as of arms. Then follows, in the manner of a conversation between the chancellor and the prince, the treatise to which we must presently return.

As the years went on, the hopes of the Lancastrians grew brighter. The Nevilles rose against King Edward; and Warwick, with his son-in-law the Duke of Clarence, took refuge in France, where they were well received by Lewis. At this juncture Fortescue presented to the French king a memoir, in which he refuted (as he considered), the claim of Edward to the crown of England; and afterwards endeavored to alarm Lewis by telling him of King Edward's declared resolution to invade France in person. Warwick and Clarence were accordingly invited to the French court at Amboise. There Queen Margaret, with the young prince and the chancellor Fortescue, joined them; and after some negotiation it was arranged that Prince Edward should marry Warwick's second daughter, the Lady Anne Neville, "which ladie," says Holinshed, "came with her mother into France;" that Clarence and Warwick should endeavor to restore Henry to the throne; and that Lewis should assist them with money and troops. The mar-

* "Princeps ille, mox ut factus est adultus, militari se totum contulit discipline, et sepe ferocibus et quasi indomitis insedens caballis, eos calcaribus urgens, quandoque lancea, quandoque mucrone, altis quoque instrumentis bellicis, sodales suos, juvenes sibi servientes bellancium more invadere, ferireque, juxta martis gymnasii rudimenta, delectabatur."

riage accordingly took place, some time in the year 1470. Warwick landed in England unopposed by Edward, who fled to Holland; and (Oct. 6, 1470) King Henry was released from the Tower and replaced on the throne. It was, as we know, a brief triumph. Edward returned. Clarence went over to him with twelve thousand men; and on Easter Sunday (April 14, 1471) the two armies met at Barnet, where the Lancastrians were entirely defeated, and Warwick himself was killed. It was on this same Easter Sunday that Margaret and the prince, attended by Sir John Fortescue, landed at Weymouth after a voyage of three weeks. They knew nothing of the return of Edward, and the sudden news of the fatal battle must have been overwhelming. Fortescue at first advised a return to France. But troops came up from the western counties, where the Lancastrians were still powerful; and they marched without opposition to Tewkesbury, where they encountered the army of King Edward. The result need hardly be told. "There was slain Prince Edward, crying on the Duke of Clarence, his brother-in-law, for help." Queen Margaret, with the Lady Anne, were made prisoners; and among the "men of name who were taken and not slain," is included Sir John Fortescue, who appeared in arms for the last time on this bloody field.

His imprisonment was not a long one. Henry VI. was murdered in the Tower the night before Edward's return from Tewkesbury. The prince was dead; and the house of York had now nothing to fear from the few remaining adherents of that of Lancaster. Fortescue was accordingly released; but ordered, as it would seem, to remain at Ebrington, a manor near Campden in Gloucestershire, of which he had bought the reversion in 1457. On his attainder, Ebrington had been granted to Sir John Brugge, who died in possession of it, shortly before the battle of Tewkesbury. It was then re-granted to Fortescue, and has ever since remained in the family. The first Earl Fortescue was also created (1789) Viscount Ebrington; and that title is accordingly now borne by the eldest son of the house.

The full pardon of Sir John Fortescue was bestowed by the advice of the Yorkist chief justice Billing. But it was only granted on the condition that he should put forth a new treatise to refute that which he had before composed, proving the right of the house of Lancaster to the

throne. This he was compelled to do, using devices at which he must himself have smiled, to explain away his former arguments. For the rest of his life he remained quietly at Ebrington, where he died, as the local tradition asserts, at the age of ninety, leaving, in Lord Campbell's words, "a great and venerable name to his posterity and his country." He was buried in the village church, which closely adjoins the old manor-house, and stands like that on high ground, overlooking a quiet country, broken into low green hills, on the extreme north-eastern border of Gloucestershire. The manor-house, as it now exists, is perhaps of the seventeenth century; but it contains more ancient portions; and let its date be what it may, the figure which fills the "mind's eye" of the wanderer who finds his way to Ebrington is that of the *miles grandævus*, the aged chancellor, whose "good white head," before it found its final resting-place, experienced so great and so sudden changes of fortune. The effigy on his tomb represents him in the scarlet robes, ermine tippet, and coif of a judge. This is to all appearance of his own time or but little later. On the wall above is a tablet with a long Latin inscription, placed there in 1677 by Colonel Robert Fortescue, who was then owner of the property. Within the last few years the whole has been restored and newly painted; perhaps a necessary precaution, although the feeling of grey antiquity is thus somewhat rudely disturbed.*

The two really important treatises of Fortescue which remain to us are the "*De Naturâ Legis Naturæ*" and the "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," and of these the latter is by far the best. Both seem to have been written for the benefit, present or prospective, of the unfortunate Prince Edward; the former during the chancellor's stay at Edinburgh after Towton; the latter at Saint Mighel. The real object of the former was to set forth the natural rights, as Fortescue considered them, of the house of Lancaster to the throne. That of the latter is much wider and more remarkable. The main object of the writer is to contrast the fundamental principles of the common law of England with those of the civil law, mainly as he found them exemplified in France.

* There had been an earlier "restoration." Colonel Fortescue of Filleigh bequeaths (1677) "fifty or sixty pounds to be employed by my trustees in the new polishing and adorning the monument in the parish church of Ebrington, of Sir John Fortescue, Knight, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, my worthy and renowned ancestor."

The king of England, he maintains, is a "*rex politicè regens*" — a king whose power is not absolute, since he can neither impose taxes nor make laws without the consent of Parliament; and the liberties of the subject, as he goes on to insist, are maintained more completely than in any other kingdom by that trial by jury which in Fortescue's time had been fully developed into its modern form. The historical arguments, throughout the treatise, are curious enough. What is now England, we are told, had never been otherwise ruled than by a constitutional king (*rex politicus*): Under Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans the same rule prevailed. Whatever the race and whoever the kings, the country was always ruled by the same customs—an abiding proof of their excellence. Even the Romans, who imposed their own laws on the rest of the world, recognized the ancient customs of Britain.* The origin of a *rex politicus*, so far as this country is concerned, is found in Brutus of Troy, whom his followers, when they landed on the shore of Britain, chose for their king, but retained a share of the power in their own hands. As a Devonshire man, Fortescue was not likely to forget that the "landing of Brutus" had long been traditionally fixed at Totness, in his own county, and at no great distance from his birth-place. But Brutus was the recognized *fundator Angliæ* among the lawyers of his time, just as St. Alban is hailed as the *protomartyr Anglorum*; and this strange confusion of races, and mixture of truth with legend, in no way detract from the real value of the treatise. Very interesting notices of the condition of England, of the schools of law then existing in London, and of the manners and society of the age, occur more or less incidentally; and if we are to accept as a faithful picture the description of the classes from whom English juries were made up,† we must believe that the golden age of plenty and of comfort which Mr.

Froude assigns to the earlier years of Henry VIII., had at that time been long established. How far the Wars of the Roses interfered with this true well-being of the people is a question to which Fortescue's book affords no answer. It is probable that they weighed far more heavily on knights and nobles, and on the great landowners, than on the lesser folk of franklins and yeomen.

To Chancellor Fortescue was born but one son, Martin, who died in 1472, before his father, whom however he probably saw restored to Ebrington after his long exile. Martin Fortescue married Elizabeth Denzille, heiress of Filleigh, Weare Giffard, and Buckland-Filleigh, all in North Devon. In that part of the country he became the founder of a new colony of Fortescues; and the house of Castle Hill claims him as its direct ancestor. Little is recorded of him; but he has left one very interesting memorial of himself. He partly rebuilt, and left much in the condition in which we now see it, the manor-house of Weare Giffard, which groups picturesquely with the church and hamlet on the right bank of the Torridge. The house stands low, like many old Devonshire mansions, and the river-meadows eastward lie close under its walls; but the country is so varied with hill and wood, the oaks of all the district are so wide-branched and so venerable, and the whole scene wears so completely the air of that "companionable solitude" which Sidney praises in the "Arcadia," that it is hardly possible to wish it different in any respect from the reality. As was usual with manor-houses of that period, Weare Giffard stood at first within an enclosing wall, fronted by a gate-house. This remains; but the wall itself was destroyed during the troubles of the Civil War, when there was much skirmishing with attacking and defending of houses throughout the neighborhood. The long, low house, with deeply projecting wings and gables, is now open to all the breezes, and the myrtles and evergreens which clothe its walls show how little cause there is, in that sheltered valley, for dreading the attacks of even "winter and rough weather." The hall, still perfect, was built by Martin Fortescue about 1460. Its roof, rich with hammer beams, tracery, cusping, and pendants, is one of the most elaborate and most highly ornamented not only in the county but in England; and over the wide fireplace, which speaks of welcome and of wassail, are the arms of Fortescue, impaling those of Denzille, Weare, and Filleigh. Castle Hill, which represents the Filleigh

* "Et in omnibus nationum harum et regum eorum temporibus, regnum illud eisdem, quibus jam regitur, consuetudinibus continue regulatum est. Que, si optime non extitissent, aliqui regum illorum justitia, ratione, vel affectione concitati eas mutassent, aut omnino delevisent; et maxime Romani, qui legibus suis, quasi totum orbis reliquum judicabant." (Cap. xvii.)

† "Regio enim illa" (Anglia) "ita respersa refertaque est possessoribus terrarum et agrorum, quod in ea villula tam parva reperiri non poterit, in qua non est miles, armiger, vel paterfamilias, qualis ibidem Frankelayn vulgariter nuncupatur, magnis ditatus possessionibus; necnon libere tenentes alii et Valecti plurimi, suis patrimoniiis sufficientes ad faciendum juratum in forma prenotata." (Cap. xxix.) England was, he adds, more a pastoral than an agricultural country. The whole chapter is very noticeable.

also acquired by Martin Fortescue, has long been the principal seat of the family; but the house of Weare Giffard remains the truest memorial of the first Fortescue of North Devon.

To this branch we must return. It will first be well to trace the fortunes of the parent house, and of those offsets from it which were established in the South Hams. Wimpstone remained in direct descent from the earliest Fortescue holder until the beginning of the seventeenth century, but had been "totally alienated" when Westcote wrote in 1630. Its owners seem to have been content to lead the lives of quiet country gentlemen, and left the distinction of the family to younger branches. Of these, the Fortescues of Fallapit are by far the most noticeable. They were descended from that Sir Henry Fortescue, eldest son of Sir John of Meaux, brother of the chancellor, and chief justice of Ireland, whose violent attack on Combe has already been noticed. He married the heiress of Fallapit, and when his direct line in 1595 ended in a daughter, she became the wife of a cousin, and thus continued the line of the Fortescues of Fallapit, now a modern house in the neighborhood of Kingsbridge. They were ardent royalists; and the name of Sir Edmund Fortescue, the defender of the last fort in Devonshire which held out for the king, is still remembered in the west. He died before his father, who had been "in trouble" for the same cause, and was imprisoned for some time in the "Clinke" or Winchester House, in London. Edmund Fortescue must have given proof that he was well fitted for the post, when he was appointed by the king, in 1642, high sheriff of Devonshire. In the same year he was made prisoner, with many others of note, at Modbury, where the royalists had fortified themselves in a strong house of the Champenownes, and were attacked by a body of Parliamentary troops from Plymouth. The prisoners were all despatched by sea from Dartmouth; and a contemporary, writing to his "loving friend," one Master Stock, wishes "a faire wind for these great malignants, to bring them to Winchester House or some such place." Thither Sir Edmund was eventually removed; but he was at first sent to Windsor Castle, where, on the wall of a chamber near the Round Tower, some inscriptions have been found which identify it as the place of his detention. There are the words, "Sir Edmund Fortescue, prisoner in this chamber. The 12th day of Annarie (*sic*), 1642. *Pour le Roy C.*" with

a rude outline of the family arms, the motto, and a second inscription, "Sa. E. F. 1643, 22nd of May." He must have been released soon after this last date; and again joined the royalists in the west, whence "from the army near the rebels in Lostwithiel" he wrote, August 23, 1644, to his friend Colonel Seymour, of Berry Pomeroy. The king was himself at Lostwithiel; and Fortescue, at the request of Seymour, had been pressing for troops to assist in "the redemption of those parts (probably part of Devonshire) from the perjured devils that are now in them." Charles and Lord Hopton denied him, and he continues:—

This made me almost mad, and then having a dish of claret, I heartily chirped your health, and another to the fair lady governess, and then again to the noble governor on top; and after some few rounds, as long as the French spirits lasted, in a merry and undeniable humor I went to Maurice, of whom I had good words and promises, which again was assured me by Wagstaff—one that loves you—and I am confident I shall prevail very speedily for some horse, either Sir Thomas Hele's, or Sir Henry Casey's regiment.

But a few days after this letter was written the king's forces pressed so hard on those of the Earl of Essex that he was forced to embark from Fowey, and so escape to Plymouth. Sir Edmund was no longer needed in Cornwall; and he is next found repairing the fort of Salcombe, which protects the harbor of that name, at no very great distance from Fallapit. For this purpose he had received a commission from Prince Maurice. The fort, which stands on a rock cut off from the mainland at high water, was efficiently repaired, and received the name of Fort Charles. A "true and just particular" of all the "victuallynge" within the place, at the time (Jan. 15, 1645) when Fairfax appeared before it, makes it clear that the "malignants" did not propose to themselves an uncomfortable life within its walls. To say nothing of an ample supply of "hogsheads of beefe and porke," dried whittings, pease, and sides of bacon, there were ten hogsheads of punch, ten tuns of cider, and a butt of sack; besides almonds, lemons, "two cases of bottles full with rare and good strong waters," "twenty pots with sweetmeats, and a great box of all sorts of especially good dry preserves," and "ten rolls of tobacco, being six hundred weight." There was a garrison of sixty-six men, three of whom "ran away." They held out for nearly four months; and on one occasion the leg of the bedstead

on which Fortescue was sleeping was carried away by a shot, so that "he appeared suddenlie among his men in his shirt." Fort Charles was finally surrendered to Colonel Ralph Weldon, on very honorable terms, May 9, 1646. The governor, and all in the fort, had "free liberty to march thence to Fallowpit with there usuall armes, drumes beating and collers flyinge, with bondelars full of powder and muskets apertinable." At the gate-house of Fallapit they "yielded up their arms;" but the great key of the fort was retained by Sir Edmund Fortescue, and long afterwards hung as a trophy in the hall of the mansion. It is still in the possession of his representative. The officers were allowed three months to make their peace with the Parliament or to go beyond seas. Fortescue made the latter choice, and took up his abode at Delft, where he died in the following year. A monument was erected to his memory in the great church at Delft — the same which contains the elaborate memorial of William the Silent and the tomb of Grotius. Lord Clermont gives a facsimile from a very rare print engraved at the Hague shortly before the death of Sir Edmund, which displays his *vera ac viva effigies*. It is a comely, but not very intellectual countenance, with long locks falling on a plain white collar, turned over his armor. The existence of such a print indicates the popularity of Fortescue among his brother cavaliers.

There were others of his family active on the same side; and especially Sir Faithful Fortescue, whose name, from the part which he played in the battle of Edgehill, has received a distinction of somewhat doubtful character. What he did on that occasion is, however, fairly explained by Lord Clermont, whose ancestor he was; and Clarendon, who tells the story, plainly implies (perhaps it was hardly to be expected that he would do otherwise) that Sir Faithful was justified in the course he took. But on this point there will always be a difference of opinion, according as the sympathies of the judge are with the king or with the Parliament. Faithful Fortescue — whose Christian name, an early example of a class which afterwards became frequent, first appears in the family as that of his uncle, born about 1512, and knighted by Elizabeth at Tilbury — was of the Buckland-Filleigh branch, and was educated in the household of his maternal uncle, the first Lord Chichester; one of the many Devonshire men who rose to distinction and to fortune in Ireland, in the latter years of the sixteenth century. A curious

biographical notice of this Lord Chichester, drawn up by his nephew Fortescue, exists, and has been printed at length by Lord Clermont. He was for some years lord deputy of Ireland, and was evidently a man of considerable ability. He was, we are told,

noe very good orator, but had a singular good expression with his pen, sublime and succinkt, according to the subject whereof he wrote and the person to whom. His letters to King James were so acceptable, as he gave him encouragement and command to write often to him; and once, when the king received a letter from him, he gave it to his favorite, Somerset, bidding him learn it without book, saying he had not received such a letter since he was king of England — and the Secretary of State, the Earle Salisbury, and Lords of the Councill, would give the lynes high praise.

All "civill becoming sports, games, and recreations" he loved and encouraged; and when first he went into Ireland he carried with him a certain Bartholomew Fortescue, "one of the best wrestlers in those times." (Wrestling, it may be remembered, was then the great "civill sport" of Devonshire and Cornwall; and a pair of Devonshire wrestlers were once sent up from the west in order that they might display their skill in the presence of Henry VIII.) Lord Chichester procured for himself a considerable estate in Ireland; and his nephew Sir Faithful, who was made by him governor of Carrickfergus, was equally fortunate. He obtained from the crown the grant of a large tract of land in the county of Antrim, which the patent "erects into the manor of Fortescue," a designation still surviving, although the lands have passed from the family. Ireland thus became the permanent home of Sir Faithful Fortescue; who sat once or twice in Dublin parliaments, and who, as the times became more and more troubled, was recognized as a "man of honor and experience," whose support and assistance was of no small value. After the fall of Strafford he is especially recommended by the Parliament to the new lord lieutenant, the Earl of Leicester, and was governor of Drogheda when the rebellion suddenly broke out in the north of Ireland in October 1641. His eldest son died during the siege of that place, and his second was killed by the rebels there. Sir Faithful himself went at once to London, to urge the sending of men and supplies to Ireland; and the necessity was strong enough to compel an agreement between Charles and the Parliament — then all but in arms against each other

— to provide troops for that special service. Thus Sir Faithful, still in England, raised and commanded as colonel the third troop of horse engaged for the Irish expedition, for which the officers were chosen by special commissioners in June 1642, the king consenting to sign their commissions. When the royal standard was raised at Nottingham in August of the same year, this troop of horse, together with a company of foot also raised by Fortescue for the same purpose, were draughted into the army of the Parliament, without any regard to the opinions or inclinations of officers or men. The horse had arrived at Bristol, ready to embark. They were now compelled to march towards Worcestershire, and to join the troops of the Earl of Essex, already pressing, by forced marches, on those of Charles; and in this manner Sir Faithful Fortescue, with his newly-raised regiment, found themselves on October 23 in the plain under Edgehill, arrayed in opposition to the king and, it may well have been, to their own sympathies and affections. What followed was the carrying out of a preconcerted arrangement between Fortescue and his men. The fight, as we know, began about three in the afternoon, when the guns of the Parliamentary army opened from their right flank. Prince Rupert, with his cavalry, was stationed on the king's extreme right, high on the ridge of Edgehill, above the little village of Radway. The descent is short but very steep. The royal horse had reached the plain in order, and were advancing against the enemy's left wing, in which Fortescue and his troop had their place, when, in Clarendon's words, "his whole troop advanced from the gross of their horse, and discharging all their pistols on the ground, within little more than carabine shot of his own body, presented himself and his troop to Prince Rupert, and immediately, with his Highness, charged the enemy." The desertion entirely confused the Parliamentarians. Their left wing broke, and fled before Rupert's troopers, and the pursuit lasted across the open fields for nearly three miles, as far as the town of Kineton, where Rupert allowed himself to be detained for an hour in plundering the baggage of Essex's soldiers, which had been left in the streets; a delay which was fatal to the real success of the king's army. Fortescue, it is said, contrived before the beginning of the fight to send his cornet, who seems to have been his own son Thomas, to announce his intention to Prince Rupert. However that may have

been, his action was a surprise to Rupert's officers; and, again to quote Clarendon, his men "had not as good fortune as they deserved; for by the negligence of not throwing away their orange-tawney scarfs, which they all wore as the Earl of Essex's colours, . . . many of them, not fewer than seventeen or eighteen, were suddenly killed by those to whom they had joined themselves."

After Edgehill, Fortescue remained with the army, and was with the king for some time in Oxford. In 1646 he appears again in Ireland. He was afterwards imprisoned by the Parliament in the castles of Carnarvon and Denbigh, but must have been released before 1651, in which year he was with Charles II. in Scotland, and we recognize him among the "strangers that followit and dependit on the king," as recorded in Nichol's "Diary," although his name is there Scotticized into "Sir Faithful Faskie." It is pleasant to find that on the restoration Charles did not forget the old soldier who had been so truly "faithful" to his father. His age was now nearly eighty. If he recovered his estates in the north of Ireland, it was to find them neglected and half ruined; and the governorship of Carrickfergus, which was restored to him, must have been welcome. He remained himself with the court, and was named a gentleman of the privy chamber. When the plague, in 1665, drove from London all who could leave it, Fortescue went to the Isle of Wight, where in May of the following year he died in the manor-house of Bowcombe, about a mile from Carisbrook. He was buried either in Carisbrook church or churchyard. In 1866, a tablet, recording his name and services, was placed by Lord Clermont, "his eldest male representative," in the chancel of the church there.

The Fortescues of Buckland-Filleigh and of Fallapit became united by the marriage, in 1709, of William Fortescue of Buckland and Mary Fortescue of Fallapit, co-heiress of her father. This is the William Fortescue to whom Pope addresses his imitation of the first satire of Horace:—

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and
free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

Fortescue was at first of the Middle, and afterwards of the Inner Temple. His intimacy and correspondence with Pope had already begun in 1714, and lasted

until the death of the poet in 1744. But it is evident that he lived in the society of the most eminent "wits of the day; and his own vein of humor is preserved to us in his contribution to "Martinus Scriblerus"—the report of the case of "Stradling versus Stiles, or the Pyed Horses"—in which was debated the will of "Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swale Dale, fast by the river Swale," who left to his much-honored and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling "all my black and white horses." It appeared that the testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed horses. "The debate, therefore, was whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed horses by virtue of the said bequest." There was much argument on either side. Finally, "*Le court fuit longement en doubt de c'est matter; et après grand deliberation eu, judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.*" There followed a "motion in arrest of judgment, that the pyed horses were mares; and therefore an inspection was prayed. "*Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.*" William Fortescue, of whom there is a good portrait by Hudson, in his robes of office, and who had the family features strongly marked, became a baron of the exchequer in 1736, was removed to the Common Pleas in 1738, and in 1741 exchanged his seat on the bench for the more agreeable post of master of the rolls. In that office he died in 1749, and was buried in the Rolls Chapel. There is a brief notice of his household in a letter written by Horace Walpole to Mann in 1743: "I am just come tired from a family dinner at the Master of the Rolls; but I will write to you, though my head aches with maiden sisters' healths, forms, and Devonshire, and Norfolk." The wit of the Master (Jervas has the expression "*ridente Fortescuvio*") belonged to an earlier generation than Walpole's, and was, perhaps, hardly appreciated by him; and to the then youthful and fastidious Londoner, Devonshire was a region even more barbarous than his paternal Norfolk. It was certainly never forgotten by the master of the rolls. He spent his vacations at Buckland or at Fallapit. "May all happiness wait on Buckland and Fallapit," writes Pope in one of his letters; and in another he says:—

I have seen your family twice; once at Mr. Jervas's, and last night at home. They are all well, except a little cold which Miss Fortescue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week seen Buckland with pleasure, and in

a state of improvement; and that you will see Fallapit with the same. Twitnam is very cold these easterly winds; but I presume they do not blow in the happy regions of Devonshire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promises fruits not too early. I am building a stone obelisk, making two new ovens and stoves, and a hot-house for ananas, of which I hope you will taste this year.

Again we have, in a much earlier letter, written in 1724:—

Gay is at Bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your services, and Marblehill waits only for its roof, the rest finished. The little Prince William [this was the future hero of Culloden] wants Miss Fortescue, or to say truth, anybody else that will play with him. You say nothing at what time we may expect you here. I wish it soon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you that there is one Devonshire man not honest; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have discarded him. "*Auri sacra fames*" is his crime—a crime common to the greatest and meanest, if anyway in power, or too much in trust. . . . Adieu! God bless you; an ancient and Christian, and therefore an unmodish and unusual salutation.

"Robert" had probably been preferred to Pope's service by Fortescue. The poet's letters are in the hands of the present representative of the master of the rolls, and of the Fortescues of Fallapit. In 1735 we find Pope asking his friend "to send what letters you have been so partial to me as to keep, especially of an early date, before the year 1720." Whether this desire—the nature and object of which are, since the researches of Pope's latest editor, perfectly intelligible—was ever complied with, is uncertain. No letters of Fortescue were found among Pope's papers. Three or four notes of Fortescue to Pope owe their preservation to the fact that their blank sides were used by the latter for rough copies of his "Homer." These are in the British Museum. Lord Clermont prints also a note from Fortescue to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), accompanying the "History of the Sevarambi," a then fashionable "Utopia," the scene of which was laid in America.*

The Fortescues spread so much from the original settlement at Wimpstone, and the various branches became at last so

* "I am, I believe," writes Fortescue, "the only person who thinks it real, . . . and were it not for some few things . . . I should certainly be for taking a voyage thither. Nay, I am so far gone in extravagance, that as this wise people have always persons residing in every country, I hardly see a tall man *in an American dress* but I take him to be one of them." What was the "American dress" of 1726?

numerous and so widely scattered, that it is impossible to follow them in due historical order, and we must sometimes "return on our steps." Old Sir John of Meaux appears always as the patriarch of the house. From his third son, Richard Fortescue, who fell in the first battle of St. Alban's, descended the Fortescues of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, one of whom, Sir John Fortescue of Salden, upheld not unworthily the great legal reputation which had been gained for the house by the chief justice. Sir Richard Fortescue had two sons, both of whom, in accordance with an occasional but very inconvenient fashion of the time, were called John. The younger Sir John became esquire of the body to Edward IV., and sheriff of Cornwall. He it was who received the submission of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, after his capture of St. Michael's Mount. De Vere, who was fortunate enough to escape with life and limb from the field of Barnet, "gate," says Warkworth, "grete good and rychesse, and afterwards came into weste cowntre, and with a sotule poynte of werre gate and enteryd Seynt Michaels Mount in Cornwayle, a strong place and a mygty, and can not be geett yf it be wele vytaled withe a fewe menne to kepe hit." Nevertheless, after a siege of many months, which Fortescue partly directed, the "saide erle was fayne to yelde up the seyde Mount, and put hyme in the kyngis grace." He was sent as a prisoner to the fortress of Hammes in Picardy, where he remained, until, with the captain of Hammes, and Fortescue himself, who had become governor of Calais, he joined Richmond in Paris. Fortescue then remained with Richmond, landed with him at Milford Haven in August 1485, and fought at Bosworth. He married Alice Boleyn, sister of Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Queen Anne Boleyn. The descendants of their eldest son were of Falkborne in Essex; but this branch disappears entirely after the sale of Falkborne to the ancestor of its present owner, about the year 1637. The second son was Adrian Fortescue, whose story is not without interest, and who is regarded as a martyr not only by the Knights of Malta, to which body he belonged, but by the Church of Rome at large. He married Anne Stonor, who afterwards became heiress of her paternal estate, Stonor, near Henley in Oxfordshire. "The Mansion Place," so Leland described it, "standeth clymbing on an hille, and hathe two courtes builded with timbar, bryke, and flynte." Here Sir

Adrian, who was made a Knight of the Bath on the creation of Henry (VIII.), Prince of Wales, for the most part lived. In 1518 his wife died at Stonor, and was buried first at Pyrton, near Shirburn; then, seven years afterwards, her body was removed to the church of the priory of Bisham in Berkshire, where her ancestors the Nevilles, with the "king-maker" among them, had been laid; and finally, when the priory was dissolved in 1538, Sir Adrian, whose heart was not in the new order of things, again removed the body to the church of Brightwell, not far from Stonor. It is in the arrangements for his wife's burial—accounts of which have fortunately been preserved—that we first recognize the religious zeal of Sir Adrian, and his devotion to the forms and offices of the Church. The first burial, and those that followed, took place by night. The coffin was carried in its "herse" (that is, with its protecting canopy), on a horse-litter, surrounded and followed by a great body of torch-bearers, and attended by no less than six hundred and fifty-six poor persons, each of whom received a penny dole. At each church passed on the way the corpse was met with lighted tapers and chanting of dirges, and at Bisham forty-two priests assisted at the mass. A very stately tomb, made by the "marblars of Corff" (workers of the Purbeck stone) was erected at Bisham. The "costes of the dener at the beryng" are carefully noted; and we learn that "ij befes and ix mottions" cost sixty shillings, "xv pygges" seven shillings and a penny, and "iiij calvys" twelve shillings, with wine, ale, bread, "conys" and "capons" in due proportion. The vicar's deputy had an "ambelyng nagge" for the "mortuary," after the "month's mind." The accounts from which these particulars are extracted cover a period of many years, and are unusually curious. We learn, amongst other things, that presents of game sent to distant friends were not then, any more than at present, always the result of the sender's own "sport." "Item, paid for vj woodcokkes sent to Mr. B. with a fatt capon, two shillings and eight pence."

Sir Adrian was actively engaged in the French wars of Henry VIII. He had been present, still young, in the Therouenne and Tournay expedition, and in 1520 he was called upon to attend the queen during the interview of the English and French monarchs on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." This was a perilous honor, since all who appeared on this occasion were expected to display great

splendor, and many, in Shakespeare's words,

brake their backs
With laying manors on them.

Sir Adrian is directed "not only to put yourself in arreadiness with the number of ten tall personages well and conveniently apparelled for this purpose to pass with you over the sea, but also in such wise to appoint yourself in apparel as to your degree, the honor of us and this our realm appertaineth." He had afterwards, in 1528, to find another "company of ten persons, footmen, archers, and others," to join Lord Sandys in the march of Calais. But a warlike and bustling life seems hardly to have suited him so well as the quiet of his houses at Shirburn and Stonor, with his books about him, and leisure for study. He copied with his own hand the treatise of the chancellor, his great-uncle, "On Absolute and Limited Monarchy;" adding at the end of the volume a curious collection of proverbs and moral sentences. And a still more curious relic of him is described in Nichol's "History of Leicestershire." On the back of the title-page of a Sarum missal he copies "An order and form of bydding of bedys by the Kings Commandment. A. Domini 1539." But the words in which the king is recognized as "supreme hede immediately under God of the sprualtie and teporalitie of the Church of England," are dashed through with the pen. When this was done Sir Adrian Fortescue had for some time (since 1532) been enrolled among the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, a society famous for its attachment to the Holy See, and especially bound to assist in extirpating heresy in all its shapes. In 1534 the order was abolished in England by act of Parliament. This was the year when Henry broke openly with Rome, and we find Sir Adrian, suspected no doubt as a Knight of St. John, committed for some time "to the Knight-Marshall's ward at Woodstock," apparently on his refusal or hesitation to acknowledge the king as supreme head of the Church. He was released under the general pardon late in the autumn of the same year; but his troubles on the score of religion were not over. He was attainted in the spring of 1539, on what ground is not certain, but there is no evidence that he was in any way concerned in "endeavoring to raise rebellion," the accusation which Burnet brings against him. There can be little real doubt that his crime consisted in a steady refusal to admit the king's spiritual

supremacy; and he must thus be included in the list of sufferers, among whom More and Fisher hold the chief places of honor. Hall has the following brief notice in his chronicle: "Sir Adrian Foskew and Sir Thomas Dingley, Knight of St. John's, were, the tenth day of July, beheaded." The day of his execution (but fixed by them on the 8th of July) is still observed by the Knights of St. John at Malta. There are two pictures of him in the great church at Valetta; and a third, which has more the appearance of a portrait, in the Collegio de San Paolo at Rabato, near Citta Vecchia in the same island. The two first are by the Cavalier Mattias Preti, called *il Calabrese*, who lived at Malta between 1670 and 1699. Lord Clermont gives plates of both, engraved after careful copies. They are compositions rather than representations after the life, and the head in both is far too youthful and too Italianized to be a portrait. In the best, which is on canvas, Sir Adrian kneels at a sort of altar, whilst a heavenly light is diffused over the figure from above, and at the side a boy angel holds the palm of martyrdom. The picture at Rabato is said to be (in its upper part) an exact copy of a much earlier one at Madrid, and has much more the appearance of a possible likeness. The fine head is surrounded by a halo of sanctity. The hands are bound in front with a cord, the left hand holding a cross. A short sword or executioner's knife is placed under the chin, as though severing the head, and the blood falls over the cloak, on which appears the white cross of the Knights of St. John.

Sir Adrian Fortescue married, secondly, a daughter of Sir William Rede. Their eldest son, John, was six years old when his father was beheaded. In 1552 he was "restored in blood" by act of Parliament, so as to remove the effects of the attainder. His mother, as the widow of a martyr, had been much honored by Queen Mary; and John Fortescue, possibly assisted by his own relation to her through the Boleyns, was soon after his "restoration," chosen to be preceptor to the princess Elizabeth. He was much trusted and consulted by her, and immediately on her accession to the throne Fortescue was named master or keeper of the great wardrobe. This was an office of dignity and antiquity. The residence belonging to it was in the Blackfriars, and the "Great Wardrobe" served as a depository for records, as well as for (in Fuller's words) "the ancient clothes of our English kings, which they wore on great festivals." He

still, and for some time afterwards, continued to direct the queen's studies; and was thus, as Lloyd quaintly remarks in his "State Worthies," "the one whom she trusted with the ornaments of her soul and body." It is clear that John Fortescue had none of his father's scruples, and that he accepted the religious changes of the time either from conviction, or from the peculiar intellectual indifference which characterized the age, and of which the queen herself was the great example. His younger brother Anthony was differently constituted. He became a leading conspirator of the Poles in their plot against Elizabeth, and his escape with imprisonment, instead of losing his head, has been generally attributed to Sir John's intercession with his royal mistress. His devotion to her interests was great, and he was always in high favor, but it was not until late in the queen's reign that he rose to great office, and on the death of Sir William Mildmay in 1589, became chancellor of the exchequer. He was at once made a privy counsellor, and two years afterwards was knighted — an honor which at that time was not lightly bestowed or lightly esteemed. As chancellor he was concerned in most public transactions, and there is but one opinion among the writers of his time as to his great patriotism and integrity. He is the "*vir integer*" of Camden; and Lloyd, quoting Camden's words, tells us that Queen Elizabeth declared that "two men outdid her expectations — Fortescue for integrity, and Walsingham for subtlety and officious services." The motto of his house is thus referred to by one Thomas Newton, in 1589: —

Scutum forte tuis cum sis fulcrumque Britan-
nis,
Conveniens certe nomen et omen habes.

A few of Sir John Fortescue's letters are preserved. One, addressed to Lord Burghley in 1592, refers to a book which of late years has received considerable attention — the "libel," as Fortescue calls it, printed at Cologne in 1585, by Doctor Nicholas Sandars, and entitled "*De Origine et Progressu Schismatis Anglicani*." Sandars, among other statements, insists that Anne Boleyn was actually the child of Henry VIII., who sent Sir Thomas Boleyn on an embassy to France, and in his absence became the father of Anne. Fortescue refutes this libel by an appeal to dates. The French embassy was despatched in 1520. The king was married to Anne Boleyn in November 1532. "So

that the shameless lying of this libellour is most apparent; for her majesties" (Queen Elizabeth's) "birth was in anno Domini 1533, and then her mother shuld have ben but thirteen yere old at hir byrthe." Fortescue's judgment on matters of more practical importance than this was frequently sought for by Lord Burghley; and the favor of one so well considered at court was not to be disregarded. There is a curious instance of this "consideration" in the Sidney letters. Whyte, the correspondent of Sir Robert Sidney, then in the Low Countries, writes in April 1600: "Sir John Fortescue, understanding that there are two ships laden with spice come from China to Middleburgh, is very desirous to have ten pounds of that ginger they bring. If your lordship please to provide it, I see it will be very well taken."

Shortly before the death of Elizabeth, Fortescue, we are told, "speaking with a dear friend of his own of the weakness of the time, said that his comfort was that he was old and weak as the time itself, being born in the same year with the queen." He looked with some apprehension to the coming of James into England, and to his probable importation of needy Scots; and clearly desired, as Osborne writes in his "Memoirs," that "in regard of the known feud between the nations English and Scotch, the king might be obliged to articles" binding him to certain conditions. This was the aim of Raleigh and Cobham; but in whatever manner Fortescue put forth his opinion he avoided the displeasure under which the others fell, although he was not continued in the office of chancellor of the exchequer. He received, however, other marks of James's favor. The king visited him, first at his house at Hendon, and afterwards at Salden, on the occasion of his joining the queen, Anne of Denmark, who followed him into England after a short delay. They met (June 27, 1603) at Sir George Fermor's seat of Easton Neston, and after dinner rode together to Salden, where they were entertained for several days in great state and splendor. Sir John afterwards took some part in public affairs, and sat in James's first Parliament as member for Middlesex; but his health had for some time been failing, and he died in December 1607. One or two of his speeches in Parliament and elsewhere have been preserved. They abound in classical quotations, after the fashion of the time and beyond it. Fortescue was, however, no ordinary scholar, as might have been expected from his having been appointed to

direct the studies of Elizabeth. He was one of those who assisted Sir Thomas Bodley—for whom, as a Devonshire man, he may be supposed to have had some kindness—with books for his great library at Oxford; and he was accordingly “received with all imaginable respect when he went to visit that library.”

The house of Salden, which Sir John Fortescue built soon after he had acquired the estate, at an early period of his career, was of brick and stone, and a grand example of an Elizabethan mansion. It seems to have displayed, like Burghley or Hatfield, a certain mixture of Italian renaissance with the gables and mouldings of the native Tudor. There was an alabaster chimney-piece in the gallery chamber, “greatly admired for its curious workmanship;” and the windows were filled with stained glass representing the many quarterings of the Fortescues, and the shields of houses in any way allied to them. It is sad to write of it in the past tense; but Salden is one of the numerous houses of that period which have been completely swept away, leaving nothing but broken ground with a garden terrace or a venerable yew-tree to mark the site of what was once the glory of an entire district. The house stood on a rising ground, overlooking far and wide the rich and wooded country of northern Buckinghamshire. There are some traces of the bowling-green, where it is said that one of the Fortescues was killed by the stroke of a ball; and the field below it is known as the “Beggar’s Mead,” since it was there that the broken meat from the house was every day distributed among the poor. Indeed the hospitality and “large house-keeping” of Sir John Fortescue were well represented by his successors, one, or more, of whom were, it is said, in the habit of giving half-a-crown to every poor person of the parish they encountered. Principles of political economy were ill understood in those days, and the parish, it may be, was not very thickly peopled. The last male descendant of Queen Elizabeth’s Sir John died in 1729. Salden then passed to two distant cousins, the house itself, strangely enough, being allotted half to one share, and half to the other. It was then sold “to a joiner,” and pulled down. In the gallery, according to Brown Willis, who has preserved the inscription under it, hung the portrait of Sir John Fortescue the founder. This has disappeared altogether, and no trace of its fate has been recovered. No copy and no other portrait exist, so far as can be ascer-

tained; and we are thus left without knowledge of the “*vera effigies*” of one who was certainly not the least distinguished among the “statesmen old” who in “bearded majesty” surrounded the queen of lion port. On his monument in Mursley Church there are kneeling figures of Sir John and his wife Cecily, daughter of Sir Edmund Ashfield of Tottenhoe; but these can hardly be portraits. The funeral of Fortescue was directed by William Camden, as Clarencieux king-at-arms, who in his “Annals of Elizabeth,” acknowledges the assistance he had received from “*Joannes Fortescuus, qui mihi hæc scribenti in nonnullis lumen porrexerat.*” The chancel of Mursley has of late been rebuilt; but this monument, and the yet more stately tomb of Sir Francis Fortescue, son and successor of Sir John, have been duly restored and replaced by the care of Lord Clermont.

Of the domestic life of Sir John Fortescue at Salden we know very little beyond the fact that his house was one of extreme hospitality. We have no such an edifying “book of charges” as that of his father, Sir Adrian. But among the “Domestic” State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth is preserved a very curious series, giving us the history of a lively quarrel between Fortescue and his neighbor Lord Grey of Wilton, and illustrating one side, at least, of his country life. Lord Grey was the owner of Whaddon Hall, where Elizabeth had visited him, and was keeper of the adjoining district of Whaddon Chase, which bordered on the lands of Salden, over which Fortescue had obtained a right of free warren. Before this, as it appears, the keepers of the chase had been in the habit of following their game over Salden. Fortescue, “in the Chamber of Presence at Westminster,” complained to Lord Grey that his servants would not recognize the change of right at Salden, but insisted on breaking the new hedges and enclosures. “My lord therewith in a choller said, ‘Tush, a lord in your teeth, I will hunt it and it shall be hunted, spite of all you can do.’” At a second meeting things went on a little more smoothly, and Fortescue, at Lord Grey’s request, promised that “he would not be an ill neighbor to the game.” After his return to Salden, however, Fortescue found that the keepers of the chase kept to their bounds no better than before, to the injury of his own “warren game, partridges, pheasant, hare, and conies.” There were sundry skirmishes; and on one occasion, according to Lord Grey’s

deposition, Fortescue himself, with a company of men carrying bows and staves, came on the keepers who were hunting on the Salden side of the hedge, "bestowed on them divers blows," and then "espying a boy who was with them, and who had before angered him, he did fall to him, and having beaten him well, did command his men to take and hold him, whilst he might cut his points to whip him." The boy and the rest escaped at that time. "So," writes my Lord Grey, "ended this day's *pagen*" (pageant). But the ill blood on either side was not lessened; and the following night, "at twelve of the clocke, I," deposes Fortescue, "being in bed, and in sleepe," one Savage, ranger of the chase, came on the Salden land, "bringing with him fifteen other persons, with bows, forest-bills, and long picked staffs. They having cast off hounds, blowing horns, and making hallooing and loud cry, began their hunting, shogging down to the wood close, where, in the gully between both woods, my servants overtook them." These were Fortescue's men, who had been roused by the noise, and who came prepared for a fray. They were not disappointed. "Many arrows were shot, as well forked-heads as other. Bartelmew Cornish" was wounded "in the thigh with an arrow, and in the head with a forest-bill;" Savage was "stricken down and taken," and four others of Lord Grey's men "were very evil hurt, and one to the death, as since is fallen out." This seems to have brought the affair to a crisis. Many of the rioters were imprisoned, but only for a time, and Lord Grey made a complaint to the Privy Council that although "he had sought redress of so heynous a fact as the killing," he had been ordered by their lordships to let the matter alone; "and to see mine adversary so much favored in an evil cause, and myself, in seeking of justice, so lightly accounted of, besides the wrong doth bring no small grief unto me." Accordingly, he sought "justice" with his own hand. In November 1573 he and Fortescue were both in London. Lord Grey knew that Fortescue would pass under Temple Bar about ten o'clock on a certain morning. He waited for his appearance in "the shop of one Lewes, a crossbow-maker," and disposed his twelve serving-men "divided on every side of the street." After Fortescue had passed, Lord Grey, coming behind with a crab-tree truncheon, "strake me on the head," says the other in his complaint to the Council, "so sore that I was astounded and fell from my horse, saying,

as the standers-by do report, 'You have spoiled me.' Whereunto he answered, 'Nay, villain, I will have my pennyworth of thee; thou shalt not scape so.' " There was a fight. The servants on either side set on each other, and there would have been loss of life "if the rescue of the street had not been." Unfortunately this is the last of the papers. We do not know in what manner Fortescue was avenged, and although we find Lord Grey in the Fleet Prison soon afterwards, it does not appear on what charge he had been placed there. A letter "from the Fleete," addressed by him to Lord Burghley, may possibly refer to this matter. In it he says: "It is not to be doubted but that Fortescue will inform anything for the bettering of his right and obtaining of his will, if words, however strained, may serve the turn." The whole story is curious, since it shows us that a quarrel, arising out of rights of "sporting," was in Elizabeth's days very much the same, "with a difference," as it might be now; and from the picture it affords of such a disturbance as would have been quite in place at that time in the High Street of Edinburgh, but which we should hardly have expected to encounter under the shadow of Temple Bar.

We return to the Irish Fortescues, whose several branches sprang from Sir Faithful, the Cavalier of Edgehill. His grandson, William of Newragh, was the father of Thomas Fortescue, who formed the beautiful domains of Clermont Park and of Ravensdale (both in County Louth), on which are now the principal seats of his representative, the present Lord Clermont. Arthur Young, travelling through Ireland in 1776, describes the situation of Ravensdale as "very romantic, on the side of a mountain, with fine woods hanging on every side, with the lawn beautifully scattered with trees spreading into them, and a pretty river winding through the vale. Beautiful in itself, but trebly so on information that before he fixed there it was all wide waste."

His eldest son, William Henry, became Earl of Clermont,* and was an original Knight of St. Patrick on the institution of that order in 1783. Lord Clermont gives an engraving from what appears to be a fine portrait of the earl by Hudson, the

* He was raised to the Irish peerage May 26, 1770, as Baron Clermont. In 1776 he was created Viscount and Baron Clermont, with (as he had no son) a special remainder to his brother; and in 1777 he became Earl of Clermont. His frequent visits to France probably suggested the name of his title.

master of Sir Joshua. He was, we are told, a first-rate shot, and is appropriately represented carrying a gun and caressing a pointer. He once, we are told, "for a wager killed in one day in Doneweale Wood, on Lord Farnham's estate in Carvan, fifty brace of woodcocks, shooting with a single-barrelled and of course 'flint' gun. Having missed every shot before breakfast, from the excessive kicking of the gun, he then, by the advice of the late Earl of Enniskillen, who was present, padded his coat-sleeve, and in a few hours killed his hundred birds." This is the Lord Clermont of whom Sir Nathaniel Wraxall gives an amusing sketch in his "Memoirs," and of whom he says that he had never "known a man more fitted for a companion of kings and queens." It is true that "nature had formed his person in an elegant mould," but Sir Nathaniel's ideal of a royal companion would hardly perhaps be accepted at present.

Such [he says] was Lord Clermont's passion for the turf, that when menaced by his father to be disinherited if he did not quit Newmarket, he refused, preferring rather to incur the severest attacks of paternal indignation than to renounce his favorite amusement. His understanding was of the common order; but though his whole life had been passed in the sports of the field or among jockeys, yet he wanted not refinement; and he used to shelter himself under Horace's "*sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum*," when justifying his ardor for races.

At his house in Berkeley Square the Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor. Lord Clermont lived much with Charles Fox; and, says Wraxall, "I well remember an extraordinary bet which he made with Fox and Lord Foley, for a hundred guineas; namely, that he would find a heifer which should eat twenty stone of turnips in twenty-four hours. He won the wager." Of his wife, Frances, daughter of General Murray, of Monaghan, there is a beautiful portrait by Reynolds. She, too, is duly noticed in the pages of Wraxall; and was, as he tells us, an enthusiastic defender of the French queen Marie Antoinette, at whose court she was a great favorite.

The earldom became extinct on the death of this first Lord Clermont in 1806. The viscounty descended to his nephew, son of his younger brother, who had inherited Ravensdale Park. This nephew died unmarried in 1829, leaving by will his estates in the first place to his only

nephew, Sir Harry Goodricke, of Ribston in Yorkshire, with remainder to the heirs issue of Colonel Fortescue, of Dromiskin, who represented the elder line in descent from Sir Faithful of the Civil Wars. Sir Harry Goodricke, well known in the sporting circles of his day, died unmarried in 1833; and the estates then passed to Thomas, son of Colonel Fortescue, of Dromiskin. In 1852 a revival was made in his favor of the barony of Clermont, with remainder to his only brother. It is to Lord Clermont that we are indebted for the exhaustive history of the Fortescues which we have been considering in the present article. How earnestly the true interests of Ireland — agricultural, educational, political — have been supported and advanced by him and by his younger brother, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, created Lord Carlingford in 1847, this is hardly the place to set forth; but the pages which at some future time a competent hand will be called on to append to Lord Clermont's volume, will not be the least interesting or important within its covers. We should add that in 1866 Lord Clermont was created a peer of Great Britain.

Another Irish peerage was created in 1746, in favor of John Fortescue, descended from a younger son of Fortescue of Filleigh — now Castle Hill. He was a distinguished lawyer, and became a judge successively in the Courts of Exchequer, King's Bench, and Common Pleas. "In consideration of his merits and services" he was created a peer of Ireland, with the title of Baron Fortescue of Credan, the name of a headland on the eastern shore of Waterford harbor, which formed part of his wife's estate. She was the eldest daughter, and eventually the heiress, of Henry Aland, of Waterford. This Lord Fortescue was, for his time, a good Saxon scholar, and held in great regard the works of his famous ancestor, the chancellor. He was distinguished by a very prominent and remarkable nose — a feature which in all the Fortescue portraits is decidedly pronounced. In the case of Lord Fortescue of Credan it is said to have resembled the trunk of an elephant. On one occasion he remarked from the bench to the counsel who was pleading, "Brother, you are handling this case in a very lame manner." "Oh no, my lord," was the reply; "have patience with me, and I will make it as plain as the nose in your lordship's face." The barony descended to his only son, who never married. The Irish estates passed to Lord Fortescue of

Castle Hill, whose descendant still holds them.

The Fortescues of Castle Hill represent, as we have said, John, the eldest son of Martin Fortescue, heir and only son of Henry VI.'s chancellor. Martin, with the heiress of Denzille, acquired the estates of Weare Giffard and Filleigh — now Castle Hill. He died before the chancellor; and his son John succeeded not only to his mother's estates, but to those of his grandfather, Ebrington, in Gloucestershire, and Combe, in South Devon. The earlier Fortescues of this descent lived much at Weare Giffard, and there is an elaborate monument in the church there in which two generations are represented, the last date being 1637. But there had always been a residence at Filleigh (not the same place, it must be remembered, as Buckland-Filleigh, the home of William Fortescue, often mentioned in Pope's letters); and there was born, about 1717, Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, who married in 1742 the first Lord Lyttleton, distinguished, in Lord Clermont's words, "as an historian, poet, statesman, and Christian philosopher." The wedded happiness of Lord and Lady Lyttleton became almost proverbial; but it was as brief as it was unusual. She died in 1746, and was celebrated by her husband in a "Monody," which was once better known than at present. The inscriptions, in Latin and English, on her monument in Hagley Church, were also written by Lord Lyttleton.

In favor of Hugh Fortescue, brother of this Lady Lyttleton, the barony of Clinton was called out of the abeyance in which it had fallen in 1692. This was in right of his mother. Lord Clinton was much about the court of George I.; and George II., in 1746, created him Baron Fortescue of Castle Hill, and Earl Clinton. It was this Lord Clinton who changed the name of the old house from Filleigh to Castle Hill, and almost rebuilt it. At his death the earldom of Clinton became extinct. The Clinton barony passed to his sister Margaret, and afterwards quite away from the Fortescues. Hugh, third Baron Fortescue, was, in 1789, created Viscount Ebrington, and Earl Fortescue. He died at Castle Hill in 1841, "at the venerable age of eighty-eight years, during fifty-five of which he had been a member of the House of Lords."

Of his son, the second earl, more must be said. Throughout his long career (he came into public life very early in the present century, and died in 1861) he was an eminently consistent politician, and did

excellent service to the party which he followed as much from personal conviction as from hereditary principle. He was especially active and influential during the great Reform agitation. In September 1831, Macaulay, writing to his sister, observes that "he had been moving heaven and earth to render it certain that if our ministers are so foolish as to resign in the event of a defeat in the Lords, the Commons may be firm and united." "I think," he continues, "that I have arranged a plan which will secure a bold and instant declaration on our part if necessary. Lord Ebrington is the man whom I have in my eye as our leader. I have had much conversation with him, and with several of our leading county members. They are all staunch; and I will answer for this — that if the ministers should throw us over, we will be ready to defend ourselves." * Lord Ebrington was at this time member for Tavistock, which he had represented since 1820; and this mention of him by Macaulay is sufficient proof of the high estimation in which he was held by his friends, and of their perfect confidence in him. It was indeed on a motion of Lord Ebrington's that the House of Commons passed the vote of confidence in Lord Grey's government after it had resigned, which caused their immediate resumption of office to carry the Reform Bill. Firm, severely honorable, consistent, kindly — there have been few nobler and yet more unpretentious characters than that of the late Earl Fortescue. After the passing of the Reform Bill he sat as member for North Devon until 1839, when (as yet Lord Ebrington) he was called to the Upper House in his father's barony of Fortescue in order that he might go to Ireland as lord lieutenant. He remained there until Sir Robert Peel's accession to power in 1841, and in the same year succeeded his father in the earldom. He was already lord lieutenant and "vice admiral" of Devon; and his work in his own county as an earnest patron of improvements in agriculture, as a zealous promoter of education, and as a "binder together" of various social classes, had been, and continued to be, of the highest value. He was, it need hardly be said, the recognized leader of the Liberal party in Devonshire. Many important changes are due to him; the most important, perhaps, was made in the conduct of the county business, which had hitherto been managed and discussed by the justices as

* Life of Lord Macaulay, vol. i., pp. 193-4.

they sat over their wine after dinner. Lord Fortescue carried his motion at quarter sessions for the transaction of all such business in public; and the practice, very soon afterwards, was made by Parliament compulsory in all other counties, after the example of Devonshire. We must not, however, dwell further on a life of which the records speak for themselves, but which could not be passed over here, if only because it illustrates so strongly and decidedly the family character of the Fortescues. A statue, by Stephens, of this second earl has been erected within the Castle Yard at Exeter—a memorial, as the inscription runs, “marking the love of friends, and the respect of all.” “Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” have, indeed, never been wanting to a family, which through many long ages has always shown itself worthy of the position it has filled.

It would be interesting, had we the means of doing so, to compare Castle Hill, the present “chief place” of the Fortescues in Devonshire, with their cradle at Wimpstone. But we know nothing of the latter house before it sank into a farm; and all that is certain about it is that it was never of any great architectural importance. This indeed can hardly be said of Castle Hill; and judging from a “North Prospect” which Lord Clermont reproduces from an old engraving, the house, before Lord Clinton altered it, had more character, with its steep roof and “lucarnes,” than it possesses now. Its size and extent, however, give it a certain dignity; and it has lost nothing of the character given to it in the days of James I. by Risdon, who declares that “the frankness of the housekeeper there confirmeth the welcome of friends.” The situation, in a broken, wooded country, under the heights of Exmoor, is delightful, and the large park is finely wooded. Evergreens of great size and age flourish in the grounds; and the hall bears witness to the neighborhood of the old royal forest—the only corner of England in which the red deer remain in a perfectly wild state. Many a noble pair of antlers is here preserved, with the date and particulars of the chase duly recorded at the base.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
“MALCOLM,” ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE PEACEMAKER.

THE heroes of Scaurnose expected a renewal of the attack, and in greater force, the next day, and made their preparations accordingly, strengthening every weak point around the village. They were put in great heart by Malcolm's espousal of their cause, as they considered his punishment of the factor; but most of them set it down in their wisdom as resulting from the popular condemnation of his previous supineness. It did not therefore add greatly to his influence with them. When he would have prevailed upon them to allow Blue Peter to depart, arguing that they had less right to prevent than the factor had to compel him, they once more turned upon him: what right had he to dictate to them? he did not belong to Scaurnose. He reasoned with them that the factor, although he had not justice, had law on his side, and could turn out whom he pleased. They said, “Let him try it!” He told them that they had given great provocation, for he knew that the men they had assaulted came surveying for a harbor, and that they ought at least to make some apology for having maltreated them. It was all useless: that was the women's doing, they said; besides, they did not believe him; and if what he said was true, what was the thing to them, seeing they were all under notice to leave? Malcolm said that perhaps an apology would be accepted. They told him if he did not take himself off they would serve him as he had served the factor. Finding expostulation a failure, therefore, he begged Joseph and Annie to settle themselves again as comfortably as they could, and left them.

Contrary to the expectation of all, however, and considerably to the disappointment of the party of Dubs, Fite Folep and the rest, the next day was as peaceful as if Scaurnose had been a halcyon nest floating on the summer waves; and it was soon reported that in consequence of the punishment he had received from Malcolm the factor was far too ill to be troublesome to any but his wife. This was true, but, severe as his chastisement was, it was not severe enough to have had any such consequences but for his late growing habit of drinking whiskey. As it was, fever had followed upon the combination of bodily

and mental suffering. But already it had wrought this good in him, that he was far more keenly aware of the brutality of the offence of which he had been guilty than he would otherwise have been all his life through. To his wife, who first learned the reason of Malcolm's treatment of him from his delirious talk in the night, it did not, circumstances considered, appear an enormity, and her indignation with the avenger of it, whom she had all but hated before, was furious. Malcolm, on his part, was greatly concerned to hear the result of his severity. He refrained, however, from calling to inquire, knowing it would be interpreted as an insult, not accepted as a sign of sympathy. He went to the doctor instead, who, to his consternation, looked very serious at first. But when he learned all about the affair, he changed his view considerably, and condescended to give good hopes of his coming through, even adding that it would lengthen his life by twenty years if it broke him of his habits of whiskey-drinking and rage.

And now Malcolm had a little time of leisure, which he put to the best possible use in strengthening his relations with the fishers. For he had nothing to do about the house except look after Kelpie; and Florimel, as if determined to make him feel that he was less to her than before, much as she used to enjoy seeing him sit his mare, never took him out with her — always Stoa. He resolved therefore, seeing he must yet delay action a while in the hope of the appearance of Lenorme, to go out as in the old days after the herring, both for the sake of splicing, if possible, what strands had been broken between him and the fishers, and of renewing for himself the delights of elemental conflict. With these views he hired himself to the Partan, whose boat's crew was short-handed. And now, night after night, he revelled in the old pleasure, enhanced by so many months of deprivation. Joy itself seemed embodied in the wind blowing on him out of the misty infinite while his boat rocked and swung on the waters, hanging between two worlds — that in which the wind blew, and that other dark-swaying mystery whereinto the nets to which it was tied went away down and down, gathering the harvest of the ocean. It was as if nature called up all her motherhood to greet and embrace her long-absent son. When it came on to blow hard, as it did once and again during those summer nights, instead of making him feel small and weak in the midst of the storming forces, it gave him a glorious sense of power and uncon-

querable life. And when his watch was out, and the boat lay quiet, like a horse tethered and asleep in his clover-field, he too would fall asleep with a sense of simultaneously deepening and vanishing delight such as he had not at all in other conditions experienced. Ever since the poison had got into his system, and crept where it yet lay lurking in hidden corners and crannies, a noise at night would on shore startle him awake, and set his heart beating hard; but no loudest sea-noise ever woke him: the stronger the wind flapped its wings around him, the deeper he slept. When a comrade called him by name he was up at once and wide awake.

It answered also all his hopes in regard to his companions and the fisher-folk generally. Those who had really known him found the same old Malcolm, and those who had doubted him soon began to see that at least he had lost nothing in courage or skill or good-will: ere long he was even a greater favorite than before. On his part, he learned to understand far better the nature of his people, as well as the individual characters of them, for his long (but not too long) absence and return enabled him to regard them with unaccustomed, and therefore in some respects more discriminating, eyes.

Duncan's former dwelling happening to be then occupied by a lonely woman, Malcolm made arrangements with her to take them both in; so that in relation to his grandfather too something very much like the old life returned for a time — with this difference, that Duncan soon began to check himself as often as the name of his hate with its accompanying curse rose to his lips.

The factor continued very ill. He had sunk into a low state, in which his former indulgence was greatly against him. Every night the fever returned, and at length his wife was worn out with watching and waiting upon him.

And every morning Lizzy Findlay without fail called to inquire how Mr. Crathie had spent the night. To the last, while quarrelling with every one of her neighbors with whom he had anything to do, he had continued kind to her, and she was more grateful than one in other trouble than hers could have understood. But she did not know that an element in the origination of his kindness was the belief that it was by Malcolm she had been wronged and forsaken.

Again and again she had offered, in the humblest manner, to ease his wife's burden by sitting with him at night; and at last,

finding she could hold up no longer, Mrs. Crathie consented. But even after a week she found herself still unable to resume the watching, and so, night after night, resting at home during a part of the day, Lizzy sat by the sleeping factor, and when he woke ministered to him like a daughter. Nor did even her mother object, for sickness is a wondrous reconciler. Little did the factor suspect, however, that it was partly for Malcolm's sake she nursed him, anxious to shield the youth from any possible consequences of his righteous vengeance.

While their persecutor lay thus, gradually everything at Scaurnose, and consequently at the Seaton, lapsed into its old way, and the summer of such content as before they had possessed returned to the fishers. I fear it would have proved hard for some of them, had they made effort in that direction, to join in the prayer — if prayer it may be called — put up in church for him every Sunday. What a fearful canopy the prayers that do not get beyond the atmosphere would make if they turned brown with age! Having so lately seen the factor going about like a maniac, raving at this piece of damage and that heap of dirt, the few fishers present could never help smiling when Mr. Cairns prayed for him as "the servant of God and his Church now lying grievously afflicted — persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Having found the fitting phrases, he seldom varied them.

Through her sorrow Lizzy had grown tender, as through her shame she had grown wise. That the factor had been much in the wrong only rendered her anxious sympathy the more eager to serve him. Knowing so well what it was to have done wrong, she was pitiful over him, and her ministrations were none the less devoted that she knew exactly how Malcolm thought and felt about him; for the affair having taken place in open village and wide field and in the light of mid-day, and having been reported by eye-witnesses many, was everywhere perfectly known, and Malcolm therefore talked of it freely to his friends — among them both to Lizzy and her mother.

Sickness sometimes works marvellous changes, and the most marvellous on persons who to the ordinary observer seem the least liable to change. Much apparent steadfastness of nature, however, is but sluggishness, and comes from incapacity to generate change or contribute toward personal growth; and it follows that those whose nature is such can as

little prevent or retard any change that has its initiative beyond them. The men who impress the world as the mightiest are those often who *can* the least — never those who can the most in their natural kingdom; generally those whose frontiers lie openest to the inroads of temptation, whose atmosphere is most subject to moody changes and passionate convulsions, who, while perhaps they can whisper laws to a hemisphere, can utter no decree of smallest potency as to how things shall be within themselves. Place Alexander *ille magnus* beside Malcolm's friend Epictetus, *ille servorum servus* — take his crutch from the slave and set the hero upon his Bucephalus, but set them alone and in a desert — which will prove the great man? which the unchangeable? The question being what the man himself shall or shall not be, shall or shall not feel, shall or shall not recognize as of himself and troubling the motions of his being, Alexander will prove a mere earth-bubble, Epictetus a cavern in which pulses the tide of the eternal and infinite Sea.

But then first when the false strength of the self-imagined great man is gone, when the want or the sickness has weakened the self-assertion which is so often mistaken for strength of individuality, when the occupations in which he formerly found a comfortable consciousness of being have lost their interest, his ambitions their glow and his consolations their color, when suffering has wasted away those upper strata of his factitious consciousness, and laid bare the lower, simpler, truer deeps, of which he has never known or has forgotten the existence, then there is a hope of his commencing a new and real life. Powers then, even powers within himself, of which he knew nothing, begin to assert themselves, and the man commonly reported to possess a strong will is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. This factor, this man of business, this despiser of humbug, to whom the scruples of a sensitive conscience were a contempt, would now lie awake in the night and weep. "Ah!" I hear it answered, "but that was the weakness caused by his illness." True; but what then had become of his strength? And was it all weakness? What if this weakness was itself a sign of returning life, not of advancing death — of the dawn of a new and genuine strength? For he wept because in the visions of his troubled brain he saw once more the cottage of his father the shepherd, with all its store of

lovely nothings round which the nimbus of sanctity had gathered while he thought not of them; wept over the memory of that moment of delight when his mother kissed him for parting with his willow whistle to the sister who cried for it: he cried now in his turn, after five-and-fifty years, for not yet had the little fact done with him, nor yet had the kiss of his mother lost its power on the man; wept over the sale of the pet lamb, though he had himself sold thousands of lambs since; wept over even that bush of dusty miller by the door, like the one he trampled under his horse's feet in the little yard at Scaurnose that horrible day. And oh that nest of wild bees with its combs of honey unspeakable! He used to laugh and sing then: he laughed still sometimes—he could hear how he laughed, and it sounded frightful—but he never sang. Were the tears that honored such childish memories all of weakness? Was it cause of regret that he had not been wicked enough to have become impregnable to such foolish trifles? Unable to mount a horse, unable to give an order, not caring even for his toddy, he was left at the mercy of his fundamentals: his childhood came up and claimed him, and he found the childish things he had put away better than the manly things he had adopted. It is one thing for Saint Paul and another for Mr. Worldly Wiseman to put away childish things. The ways they do it, and the things they substitute, are both so different! And now first to me, whose weakness it is to love life more than manners, and men more than their portraits, the man begins to grow interesting. Picture the dawn of innocence on a dull, whiskey-drinking, commonplace soul, stained by self-indulgence and distorted by injustice! Unspeakably more interesting and lovely is to me such a dawn than the honeymoon of the most passionate of lovers, except indeed I know them such lovers that their love will outlast all the moons.

"I'm a poor creature, Lizzy," he said, turning his heavy face one midnight toward the girl as she sat half-dozing, ready to start awake.

"God comfort ye, sir!" said the girl.

"He'll take good care of that," returned the factor. "What did I ever do to deserve it? There's that MacPhail, now—to think of *him*! Didn't I do what man could for him? Didn't I keep him about the place when all the rest were dismissed? Didn't I give him the key of the library, that he might read and improve his mind? And look what comes of it!"

"Ye mean, sir," said Lizzy, quite innocently, "'at that's the w'y ye ha'e dune wi' God, an' sae he winna heed ye?"

The factor had meant nothing in the least like it. He had merely been talking as the imps of suggestion tossed up. His logic was as sick and helpless as himself. So at that he held his peace, stung in his pride at least—perhaps in his conscience too, only he was not prepared to be rebuked by a girl like her, who had—Well, he must let it pass: how much better was he himself?

But Lizzy was loyal: she could not hear him speak so of Malcolm and hold her peace as if she agreed in his condemnation. "Ye'll ken Ma'colm better some day, sir," she said.

"Well, Lizzy," returned the sick man, in a tone that but for feebleness would have been indignant, "I have heard a good deal of the way women *will* stand up for men that have treated them cruelly, but you to stand up for *him* passes!"

"He's the best friend I ever had," said Lizzy.

"Girl! how can you sit there, and tell me so to my face?" cried the factor, his voice strengthened by the righteousness of the reproof it bore. "If it were not the dead of the night——"

"I tell ye naething but the trowth, sir," said Lizzy, as the contingent threat died away. "But ye maun lie still or I maun gang for the mistress. Gien ye be the waur the morn, it'll be a' my wyte, 'cause I cudna bide to hear sic things said o' Ma'colm."

"Do ye mean to tell me," persisted her charge, heedless of her expostulation, "that the fellow who brought you to disgrace, and left you with a child you could ill provide for—and I well know never sent you a penny all the time he was away, whatever he may have done now—is the best friend you ever had?"

"Noo God forgie ye, Maister Crathie, for threipin' sic a thing!" cried Lizzy, rising as if she would leave him. "Ma'colm MacPhail's as clear o' ony sin like mine as my wee bairnie itself."

"Do ye daur tell *me* he's no the father o' that same, lass?"

"No; nor never will be the father o' ony bairn whose mither's no his wife!" said Lizzy, with burning cheeks but resolute voice.

The factor, who had risen on his elbow to look her in the face, fell back in silence, and neither of them spoke for what seemed to the watcher a long time. When she ventured to look at him, he was asleep.

He lay in one of those troubled slumbers into which weakness and exhaustion will sometimes pass very suddenly; and in that slumber he had a dream which he never forgot. He thought he had risen from his grave with an awful sound in his ears, and knew he was wanted at the judgment-seat. But he did not want to go, therefore crept into the porch of the church and hoped to be forgotten. But suddenly an angel appeared with a flaming sword, and drove him out of the churchyard away to Scaurnose, where the Judge was sitting. And as he fled in terror before the angel he fell, and the angel came and stood over him, and his sword flashed torture into his bones, but he could not and dared not rise. At last, summoning all his strength, he looked up at him and cried out, "Sir, hae mercy, for God's sake!" Instantly all the flames drew back into the sword, and the blade dropped, burning like a brand from the hilt, which the angel threw away. And lo! it was Malcolm MacPhail, and he was stooping to raise him. With that he awoke, and there was Lizzy looking down on him anxiously. "What are you looking like that for?" he asked crossly.

She did not like to tell him that she had been alarmed by his dropping asleep, and in her confusion she fell back on the last subject. "There maun be some mistak, Mr. Crathie," she said. "I wuss ye wad tell me what gars ye hate Ma'colm MacPhail as ye du."

The factor, although he seemed to himself to know well enough, was yet a little puzzled how to commence his reply; and therewith a process began that presently turned into something with which never in his life before had his inward parts been acquainted—a sort of self-examination, to wit. He said to himself, partly in the desire to justify his present dislike—he would not call it hate, as Lizzy did—that he used to get on with the lad well enough, and had never taken offence at his freedoms, making no doubt his manner came out of his blood, and he could not help it, being a chip of the old block; but when he ran away with the marquis's boat, and went to the marchioness and told her lies against him, then what could he do but—dislike him?

Arrived at this point, he opened his mouth and gave the substance of what preceded it for answer to Lizzy's question. But she replied at once: "Nobody 'ill gar me believe, sir, 'at Ma'colm MacPhail ever tellt a lee again' you or onybody. I dinna believe he ever tellt a lee in 's life. Jist ye exem' him weel anent it, sir. An' for

the boat, nae doobt it was makin' free to tak it; but ye ken, sir, 'at hoo he was maister o' the same. It was in his chairge, an' ye ken little aboot boats yersel' or the sailin' o' them, sir."

"But it was me that engaged him again after all the servants at the House had been dismissed: he was *my* servant."

"That maks the thing luik waur, nae doobt," allowed Lizzy, with something of cunning. "Hoo was 't 'at he cam to du 't ava' (*of all at all*), sir? Can ye min'?" she pursued.

"I discharged him."

"An' what for, gien I may mak bold to speir, sir?" she went on.

"For insolence."

"Wad ye tell me hoo he answert ye? Dinna think me meddlin', sir: I'm clear certain there's been some mistak. Ye cudna be sae guid to me an' be ill to him, ohn some mistak."

It was consoling to the conscience of the factor, in regard of his behavior to the two women, to hear his own praise for kindness from a woman's lips. He took no offence, therefore, at her persistent questioning, but told her as well and as truly as he could remember, with no more than the all but unavoidable exaggeration with which feeling *will* color fact, the whole passage between Malcolm and himself concerning the sale of Kelpie, and closed with an appeal to the judgment of his listener, in which he confidently anticipated her verdict: "A most ridic'ulous thing! ye can see yersel' as weel's onybody, Lizzy. An' sic a thing to ca' an honest man like mysel' a hypocreet for! ha! ha! ha! There's no a bairn atween John o' Groat's an' the Lan's En' disna ken 'at the seller o' a horse is b'un' to reese (*extol*) him, an' the buyer to tak care o' himsel'. I'll no say it's jist allooable to tell a doonricht lee, but ye may come full nearer till't in horse-dealin', ohn sinned, nor in ony ither kin' o' merchandeze. It's like luve an' war, in baith which, it's weel kenned, a' thing's fair. The saw sud rin, *Luve an' war an' horse-dealin'*.—Div-na ye see, Lizzy?"

But Lizzy did not answer, and the factor, hearing a stifled sob, started to his elbow.

"Lie still, sir!" said Lizzy. "It's naething. I was only jist thinkin' 'at that wad be the w'y 'at the father o' my bairn rizzoned wi' himsel' whan he lee'd to me."

"Hey!" said the astonished factor, and in his turn held his peace, trying to think.

Now, Lizzy for the last few months had been going to school—the same school

with Malcolm, open to all comers — the only school where one is sure to be led in the direction of wisdom — and there she had been learning to some purpose, as plainly appeared before she had done with the factor.

"Whase kirk are ye elder o', Maister Crathie?" she asked presently.

"Ow, the Kirk o' Scotlan', of coorse," answered the patient, in some surprise at her ignorance.

"Ay, ay," returned Lizzy; "but whase aucht (*owning, property*) is 't?"

"Ow, whase but the Redeemer's?"

"An' div ye think, Mr. Crathie, 'at gien Jesus Christ had had a horse to sell, he wad hae hidden frae him 'at wad buy ae hair o' a fau't 'at the beast hed? Wad he no hae dune till's neiper as he wad hae his neiper du to him?"

"Lassie! lassie! tak care hoo ye even *him* to sic-like as *hiz* (*us*). What wad *he* hae to du wi' horseflesh?"

Lizzy held her peace. Here was no room for argument. He had flung the door of his conscience in the face of her who woke it. But it was too late, for the word was in already. Oh that false reverence which men substitute for adoring obedience, and wherewith they reprove the childlike spirit that does not know another kingdom than that of God and that of mammon! God never gave man thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the son of God would have done it.

But, I say, the word was in, and, partly no doubt from its following so close upon the dream the factor had had, was potent in its operation. He fell a-thinking, and a-thinking more honestly than he had thought for many a day. And presently it was revealed to him that, if he were in the horse-market wanting to buy, and a man there who had to sell said to him, "He wadna du for you, sir: ye wad be tired o' 'im in a week," he would never remark, "What a fool the fellow is!" but, "Weel, noo, I ca' that neiborly!" He did not get quite so far just then as to see that every man to whom he might want to sell a horse was as much his neighbor as his own brother; nor, indeed, if he had got as far, would it have indicated much progress in honesty, seeing he would at any time, when needful and possible, have cheated that brother in the matter of a horse as certainly as he would a Patagonian or Chinaman. But the warped glass of a bad maxim had at least been cracked in his window.

The peacemaker sat in silence the rest

of the night, but the factor's sleep was broken, and at times he wandered. He was not so well the next day, and his wife, gathering that Lizzy had been talking, and herself feeling better, would not allow her to sit up with him any more.

Days and days passed, and still Malcolm had no word from Lenorme, and was getting hopeless in respect to that quarter of possible aid. But so long as Florimel could content herself with the quiet of Lossie House, there was time to wait, he said to himself. She was not idle, and that was promising. Every day she rode out with Stoa. Now and then she would make a call in the neighborhood, and, apparently to trouble Malcolm, took care to let him know that on one of these occasions her call had been upon Mrs. Stewart. One thing he did feel was, that she made no renewal of her friendship with his grandfather: she had, alas! outgrown the girlish fancy. Poor Duncan took it much to heart. She saw more of the minister and his wife — who both flattered her — than anybody else, and was expecting the arrival of Lady Bellair and Lord Liftore with the utmost impatience. They, for their part, were making the journey by the easiest possible stages, tacking and veering, and visiting every one of their friends that lay between London and Lossie: they thought to give Florimel the little lesson that, though they accepted her invitation, they had plenty of friends in the world besides her ladyship, and were not dying to see her.

One evening Malcolm, as he left the grounds of Mr. Morrison, on whom he had been calling, saw a travelling-carriage pass toward Portlossie, and something liker fear laid hold of his heart than he had ever felt except when Florimel and he on the night of the storm took her father for Lord Gernon the wizard. As soon as he reached certain available fields, he sent Kelpie tearing across them, dodged through a fir wood, and came out on the road half a mile in front of the carriage: as again it passed him he saw that his fears were facts, for in it sat the bold-faced countess and the mean-hearted lord. Something *must* be done at last, and until it was done good watch must be kept.

I must here note that during this time of hoping and waiting Malcolm had attended to another matter of importance. Over every element influencing his life, his family, his dependants, his property, he desired to possess a lawful, honest command: where he had to render account he would be head. Therefore,

through Mr. Soutar's London agent, to whom he sent up Davy, and whom he brought acquainted with Merton and his former landlady at the curiosity-shop, he had discovered a good deal about Mrs. Catanach from her London associates, among them the herb-doctor and his little boy who had watched Davy; and he had now almost completed an outline of evidence which, grounded on that of Rose, might be used against Mrs. Catanach at any moment. He had also set inquiries on foot in the track of Caley's antecedents, and had discovered more than the acquaintance between her and Mrs. Catanach. Also he had arranged that Hodges, the man who had lost his leg through his cruelty to Kelpie, should leave for Duff Harbor as soon as possible after his discharge from the hospital. He was determined to crush the evil powers which had been ravaging his little world.

CHAPTER LX.

AN OFFERING.

CLEMENTINA was always ready to accord any reasonable request Florimel could make of her; but her letter lifted such a weight from her heart and life that she would now have done whatever she desired, reasonable or unreasonable, provided only it was honest. She had no difficulty in accepting Florimel's explanation that her sudden disappearance was but a breaking of the social jail, the flight of the weary bird from its foreign cage back to the country of its nest; and that same morning she called upon Demon. The hound, feared and neglected, was rejoiced to see her, came when she called him, and received her caresses: there was no ground for dreading his company. It was a long journey, but if it had been across a desert instead of through her own country, the hope that lay at the end of it would have made it more than pleasant. She, as well as Lady Bellair, had friends upon the way, but no desire either to lengthen the journey or shorten its tedium by visiting them.

The letter would have found her at Wastbeach instead of London had not the society and instructions of the school-master detained her a willing prisoner to its heat and glare and dust. Him only in all London must she see to bid good-bye. To Camden Town therefore she went that same evening, when his work would be over for the day. As usual now, she was shown into his room — his only one. As

usual also, she found him poring over his Greek Testament. The gracious, graceful woman looked lovelily strange in that mean chamber — like an opal in a brass ring. There was no such contrast between the room and its occupant. His bodily presence was too weak to "stick fiery off" from its surroundings, and to the eye that saw through the bodily presence to the inherent grandeur, that grandeur suggested no discrepancy, being of the kind that lifts everything to its own level, casts the mantle of its own radiance around its surroundings. Still, to the eye of love and reverence it was not pleasant to see him in such *entourage*, and now that Clementina was going to leave him, the ministering spirit that dwelt in the woman was troubled.

"Ah!" he said, and rose as she entered, "this is then the angel of my deliverance!" But with such a smile he did not look as if he had much to be delivered from. "You see," he went on, "old man as I am, and peaceful, the summer will lay hold upon me. She stretches out a long arm into this desert of houses and stones, and sets me longing after the green fields and the living air — it seems dead here — and the face of God, as much as one may behold of the Infinite through the revealing veil of earth and sky and sea. Shall I confess my weakness, my poverty of spirit, my covetousness after the visual? I was even getting a little tired of that glorious God and man lover, Saul of Tarsus: no, not of him, never of *him*, only of his shadow in his words. Yet perhaps — yes, I think so — it is God alone of whom a man can never get tired. Well, no matter: tired I was, when lo! here comes my pupil, with more of God in her face than all the worlds and their skies he ever made."

"I would my heart were as full of him too, then, sir," answered Clementina. "But if I am anything of a comfort to you, I am more than glad; therefore the more sorry to tell you that I am going to leave you, though for a little while only, I trust."

"You do not take me by surprise, my lady. I have of course been looking forward for some time to my loss and your gain. The world is full of little deaths — deaths of all sorts and sizes, rather let me say. For this one I was prepared. The good summer-land calls you to its bosom, and you must go,"

"Come with me," cried Clementina, her eyes eager with the light of the sudden thought, while her heart reproached her

grievously that only now first had it come to her.

"A man must not leave the most irksome work for the most peaceful pleasure," answered the schoolmaster. "I am able to live—yes, and do my work—without you, my lady," he added with a smile, "though I shall miss you sorely."

"But you do not know where I want you to come," she said.

"What difference can that make, my lady, except indeed in the amount of pleasure to be refused, seeing this is not a matter of choice? I must be with the children whom I have engaged to teach, and whose parents pay me for my labor—not with those who, besides, can do well without me."

"I cannot, sir—not for long at least."

"What! not with Malcolm to supply my place?"

Clementina blushed, but only like a white rose. She did not turn her head aside; she did not lower their lids to veil the light she felt mount into her eyes; she looked him gently in the face as before, and her aspect of entreaty did not change. "Ah! do not be unkind, master," she said.

"Unkind!" he repeated. "You know I am not. I have more kindness in my heart than my lips can tell. You do not know, you could not yet imagine, the half of what I hope of and for and from you."

"I *am* going to see Malcolm," she said with a little sigh. "That is, I am going to visit Lady Lossie at her place in Scotland—your own old home, where so many must love you. *Can't* you come? I shall be travelling alone, quite alone, except my servants."

A shadow came over the schoolmaster's face: "You do not *think*, my lady, or you would not press me. It pains me that you do not see at once it would be dishonest to go without timely notice to my pupils, and to the public too. But, beyond that quite, I never do anything of myself. I go not where I wish, but where I seem to be called or sent. I never even wish much, except when I pray to Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. After what he wants to give me I am wishing all day long. I used to build many castles, not without a beauty of their own—that was when I had less understanding—now I leave them to God to build for me: he does it better, and they last longer. See now, this very hour, when I needed help, could I have contrived a more lovely annihilation of the monotony that threatened to invade my weary spirit than this inroad of light in the person of my Lady Clemen-

tina? Nor will he allow me to get over-wearyed with vain efforts. I do not think he will keep me here long, for I find I cannot do much for these children. They are but some of his many pagans—not yet quite ready to receive Christianity, I think—not like children with some of the old seeds of the truth buried in them, that want to be turned up nearer to the light. This ministration I take to be more for my good than theirs—a little trial of faith and patience for me—a stony corner of the lovely valley of humiliation to cross. True, I *might* be happier where I could hear the larks, but I do not know that anywhere have I been more peaceful than in this little room, on which I see you so often cast round your eyes curiously, perhaps pitifully, my lady."

"It is not at all a fit place for *you*," said Clementina with a touch of indignation.

"Softly, my lady, lest, without knowing it, your love should make you sin. Who set thee, I pray, for a guardian angel over my welfare? I could scarce have a lovelier, true; but where is thy brevet? No, my lady: it is a greater than thou that sets me the bounds of my habitation. Perhaps He may give me a palace one day. If I might choose, it would be things that belong to a cottage—the whiteness and the greenness and the sweet odors of cleanliness. But the Father has decreed for his children that they shall know the thing that is neither their ideal nor his. Who can imagine how in this respect things looked to our Lord when he came and found so little faith on the earth? But perhaps, my lady, you would not pity my present condition so much if you had seen the cottage in which I was born, and where my father and mother loved each other, and died happier than on their wedding day. There I was happy too until their loving ambition decreed that I should be a scholar and a clergyman. Not before then did I ever know anything worthy the name of trouble. A little cold and a little hunger at times, and not a little restlessness always, was all. But then—ah, then my troubles began. Yet God, who bringeth light out of darkness, hath brought good even out of my weakness and presumption and half-unconscious falsehood. When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning, as I purpose."

"Then God be with thee! He *is* with thee, only my prayer is that thou mayst know it. He is with me, and I know it. He does not find this chamber too mean or dingy or unclean to let me know him near me in it."

"Tell me one thing before I go," said Clementina: "are we not commanded to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ? I read it to-day."

"Then why ask me?"

"For another question: does not that involve the command to those who have burdens that they should allow others to bear them?"

"Surely, my lady. But *I* have no burden to let you bear."

"Why should I have everything and you nothing? Answer me that."

"My lady, I have millions more than you, for I have been gathering the crumbs under my Master's table for thirty years."

"You are a king," answered Clementina. "But a king needs a handmaiden somewhere in his house: that let *me* be in yours. No, I will be proud, and assert my rights: I am your daughter. If I am not, why am I here? Do you not remember telling me that the adoption of God meant a closer relation than any other fatherhood, even his own first fatherhood, could signify? You cannot cast me off if you would. Why should you be poor when I am rich? You *are* poor: you cannot deny it," she concluded with a serious playfulness.

"I will not deny my privileges," said the schoolmaster, with a smile such as might have acknowledged the possession of some exquisite and envied rarity.

"I believe," insisted Clementina, "you are just as poor as the apostle Paul when he sat down to make a tent, or as our Lord himself after he gave up carpentering."

"You are wrong there, my lady. I am not so poor as they must often have been."

"But I don't know how long I may be away, and you may fall ill, or—or—see some—some book you want very much, or——"

"I never do," said the schoolmaster.

"What! never see a book you want to have?"

"No, not now. I have my Greek Testament, my Plato, and my Shakespeare, and one or two little books besides whose wisdom I have not yet quite exhausted."

"I can't bear it!" cried Clementina, almost on the point of weeping. "You will not let me near you. You put out an arm as long as the summer's, and push me away from you. *Let me be your servant.*" As she spoke she rose, and walking softly up to him where he sat, kneeled at his knees and held out suppliantly a little bag of white silk tied with crimson. "Take it—father," she said, hesitating, and bring-

ing the word out with an effort: "take your daughter's offering—a poor thing to show her love, but something to ease her heart."

He took it, and weighed it up and down in his hand with an amused smile, but his eyes full of tears. It was heavy. He opened it. A chair was within his reach: he emptied it on the seat of it, and laughed with merry delight as its contents came tumbling out. "I never saw so much gold in my life if it were all taken together," he said. "What beautiful stuff it is! But I don't want it, my dear. It would but trouble me." And as he spoke he began to put it in the bag again. "You will want it for your journey," he said.

"I have plenty in my reticule," she answered. "That is a mere nothing to what I could have to-morrow morning for writing a cheque. I am afraid I am very rich. It is such a shame! But I can't well help it. You must teach me how to become poor. Tell me true: how much money have you?" She said this with such an earnest look of simple love that the schoolmaster made haste to rise that he might conceal his growing emotion.

"Rise, my dear lady," he said as he rose himself, "and I will show you." He gave her his hand, and she obeyed, but troubled and disappointed, and so stood looking after him while he went to a drawer. Thence, searching in a corner of it, he brought a half-sovereign, a few shillings, and some coppers, and held them out to her on his hand with the smile of one who had proved his point. "There!" he said, "do you think Paul would have stopped preaching to make a tent so long as he had as much as that in his pocket? I shall have more on Saturday, and I always carry a month's rent in my good old watch, for which I never had much use, and now have less than ever."

Clementina had been struggling with herself, now she burst into tears.

"Why, what a misspending of precious sorrow!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Do you think because a man has not a gold-mine he must die of hunger? I once heard of a sparrow that never had a worm left for the morrow, and died a happy death notwithstanding." As he spoke he took her handkerchief from her hand and dried her tears with it. But he had enough ado to keep his own back. "Because I won't take a bagful of gold from you when I don't want it," he went on, "do you think I should let myself starve without coming to you? I promise you I will let you know—come to you if I can

— the moment I get too hungry to do my work well and have no money left. Should I think it a disgrace to take money from *you*? That would show a poverty of spirit such as I hope never to fall into. My *sole* reason for refusing now is that I do not need it."

But for all his loving words and assurances Clementina could not stay her tears. She was not ready to weep, but now her eyes were as a fountain.

"See, then, for your tears are hard to bear, my daughter," he said, "I will take one of these golden ministers, and if it has flown from me ere you come, seeing that, like the raven, it will not return if once I let it go, I will ask you for another. It *may* be God's will that you should feed me for a time."

"Like one of Elijah's ravens," said Clementina, with an attempted laugh that was really a sob.

"Like a dove whose wings are covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold," said the schoolmaster.

A moment of silence followed, broken only by Clementina's failures in quieting herself.

"To me," he resumed, "the sweetest fountain of money is the hand of love, but a man has no right to take it from that fountain except he is in want of it. I am not. True, I go somewhat bare, my lady; but what is that when my Lord would have it so?"

He opened again the bag, and slowly, reverentially indeed, drew from it one of the new sovereigns with which it was filled. He put it in a waistcoat pocket and laid the bag on the table.

"But your clothes are shabby, sir," said Clementina, looking at him with a sad little shake of the head.

"Are they?" he returned, and looked down at his lower garments, reddening and anxious. "I did not think they were more than a little rubbed, but they shine somewhat," he said. "They are indeed polished by use," he went on with a troubled little laugh: "but they have no holes yet—at least none that are visible," he corrected. "If you tell me, my lady, if you honestly tell me, that my garments"—and he looked at the sleeve of his coat, drawing back his head from it to see it better—"are unsightly, I will take of your money and buy me a new suit." Over his coat-sleeve he regarded her, questioning.

"Everything about you is beautiful," she burst out. "You want nothing but a body that lets the light through." She

took the hand still raised in his survey of his sleeve, pressed it to her lips, and walked with even more than her wonted state slowly from the room.

He took the bag of gold from the table and followed her down the stair. Her chariot was waiting her at the door. He handed her in, and laid the bag on the little seat in front.

"Will you tell him to drive home?" she said with a firm voice, and a smile which if any one care to understand let him read Spenser's fortieth sonnet. And so they parted. The coachman took the queer, shabby, un-London-like man for a fortune-teller his lady was in the habit of consulting, and paid homage to his power with the handle of his whip as he drove away. The schoolmaster returned to his room—not to his Plato, not even to Saul of Tarsus, but to the Lord himself.

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MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON AND LADY
MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

BY P. Q. KEEGAN, LL.D.

THE materials from which we may glean the character of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, are scattered up and down a brief account of her life written by herself; and the indications which that remarkable production furnishes are most pointed and interesting. She was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower of London, a man of good general ability, benevolence, trustworthiness, piety, and practical aptitude. Her mother, according to the daughter's account, was a woman of practical ability and steady piety. Her parents, from an early age, spared no cost to improve on her education. At four years of age, she could read English perfectly, and was characterized by the possession of a retentive memory. When she was only seven years old she was intently occupied with the acquisition of languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework. Of these she avers that she absolutely hated the needle, that she profited very little by her tuitions in music and dancing, never practising them but when her masters were with her. She despised playing with other children, and seemed, in short, quite averse to everything but her book. "Every moment," she says, "I could steal from my play I would employ on any book I could find when my own were locked up from me." Mean-

while, moreover, she was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly she applied herself to it, and to practise it as she was taught it. She used to exhort her mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourse to good subjects.

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson was a woman of a decidedly grave and serious turn of mind. The love of knowledge and of truth, the desire of real merit, the sense of security from remote evils, modesty — these were the emotions which ruled over her spirit, these it was that guided and piloted her general conduct, and to whose empire she owned unswerving allegiance. The steadiness of conduct, the sense of order, the fidelity, and the respect for authority which such an exalted sovereignty ordains instilled her with a feeling of patriotism and of public honor, not superficial by any means, but deeply ingrained and thoroughly well-founded.

In interpreting this part of Mrs. Hutchinson's character, we clearly perceive the deep shadow cast down by the age in which she lived. Her husband was a Roundhead of the time of Charles I. and Cromwell, and her own sympathies were strongly enlisted in the republican cause which then sprung up — the cause, viz., of the prudential, nervous stability of the sterling-hearted, though Puritanized, middle and lower classes of England, against the crack-brained vivacity, the over-demonstrative, open-handed frivolity and thoughtlessness, and the immorality of the court. The English Reformation, however mischievous in other respects, seemed to bear at least this one good fruit — viz., it rendered the English people more prudent and self-controlled, more capable of seeing into the distant future, so as to take all means, measures, and precautions requisite to the establishment of a popular government upon an immovable foundation; in short, it rendered the English nation more capable than heretofore of governing itself and all others of Celtic complexion. Doubtless Magna Charta and other valuable privileges and immunities were granted to the commonalty in old Catholic times; but all such donations and franchises seem to have been imparted amid the sounds of mirth and revelry. The Englishmen of those old times were steady, inflexible, and brave; but we suspect they were too merry and laughter-loving, too fond of lingering and dangling at the surface of things rather than descending to the bottom; and consequently their political

constitution was built upon a sandy foundation, and awaited only the rude breath of a Henry VIII. to crumble to atoms.

Oliver Cromwell, no doubt, may be regarded as the fittest aspirant and the worthiest recipient of English national liberty. Moreover (throwing out of view his duplicity, ambition, etc.) he may be regarded as a true type of the English national character. The comparative impiety of our days probably hinders us from perceiving this fact so clearly as we might have done two hundred years ago — *i.e.*, at a period when the doctrines and practices of Christianity were more deeply incorporated into the tissue of household existence, than they are at present. He was a man, as everybody knows, of singular capacity. He had that steady prudence, that far-sighted view of things, that marvellous grasp of the means requisite to accomplish desired ends, which alone would stamp him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. His intellectual powers were not perhaps remarkably vigorous; his morality wandered about amid the labyrinthian passages of the Bible, seeking in vain for a firm and steadfast seat; and his conduct with respect to the murder of Charles I. was infamous and abominable.

Minor and less conspicuous developments of the character now sketched, contributed therewith to overturn the ancient sovereignty of England, and to establish upon its ruins, as upon an immovable basis, the fabric of English popular liberty. Never was there a time when the prudent-minded characteristics of the Saxon race were so powerfully developed, or so conspicuously displayed; and the prevailing condition of social life and manners borrowed its hues from the predominant circumstance. We may observe, that the large and respectable body of the country gentlemen stood foremost amongst the ranks of the commonalty, as distinguished from the aristocracy; and it was from this body, that the vast majority of the people derived their habits, their prejudices, and their religious and political opinions. This majority were ingrained with Puritan principles, and these views operated upon their minds and conduct in such a manner, as to produce the characteristic of deep thought, steady enthusiasm, and self-command. We do not believe that the stern gloom, the blighting asceticism, the rigid morosity wherewith the career of the Roundheads has been commonly associated, were generally predominant amongst that class of men. Some

prominent force-of-character fanatics, showing or rather shadowing forth amongst their fellows, have been seized upon (as by Scott, for instance, in "Old Mortality"), and held up as typical specimens of their class; but there is every reason to suppose that these instances were merely exceptional.

Nevertheless, we are constrained to think that the Puritans were not kind-hearted as a rule, but rather selfish. They carried about with them opinions regarding certain harmless amusements (such as theatre-going, card-playing, etc.), which would, if expressed in our day, be provocative of laughter. Nevertheless, we need not pretend that sports, in the ordinary sense of the word, were not commonly practised during the Puritan *régime*. The pastime of angling, in particular, must, we think, have had many devotees at that time. Izaak Walton's old treatise on this subject was extensively patronized, no less than five editions having been called for in the course of his life. The piscatorial sport, by reason of its comparative quietude and melancholy, was admirably suited to the Roundhead character; and hence, in the opening chapters of the aforesaid book, we find an able and eloquent defence and recommendation thereof; and throughout those pages, too, we may glean the true relation of the Puritan spirit to the sportive side of human nature. Therein we may learn that all dissipation that did not extravagantly ruffle, excite, or exhaust the animal spirits, was perfectly compatible with the orthodox Roundhead doctrine on this point. Effervescence of animal spirits, on the other hand, was regarded as part and parcel, a sign and index of the crazy temperament, of the man barely fit to take care of himself — of the irreligious, the profligate man.

The literature of the Commonwealth period throws manifold rays of light upon the character of the men whose thoughts and feelings it expressed. The style wherein it was couched was lofty, classical, pedantic, and, though frequently diffuse and deficient in smoothness and ease, it was commonly adorned with profuse and glowing imagery. There was an almost universal prevalence of analogical, metaphorical expression. Men did not express themselves so directly and plainly as at present; they borrowed illustrations of their subject-matter from all natural objects; in fact, they seemed to view everything by the light of simile. Truly there was at this time, an extraordinary development of that department of the intellect,

of that power of association whereby like suggests like amid a crowd of diverse objects. The extensive Bible-reading then prevalent probably contributed to deepen and extend this native tendency of the intellectual forces. We observe it beautifully displayed in the magnificently embroidered prose of Milton. We trace it, too, in the writings of Mrs. Hutchinson, as, for instance, in the following passages: Speaking of her own birth, she says, "It was not in the midnight of Popery, nor in the dawn of the gospel's restored day, when lights and shades were blended and almost undistinguished, but when the sun of truth was exalted in his progress and hastening towards a meridian glory."

Of her husband she affirms, that "his soul ever reigned as king in the internal throne, and never was captive to his senses; religion and reason, its two favored councillors, took order that all the passions, kept within their just bounds, there did him good service, and furthered the public weal."

We do not often encounter such elaborately wrought, poetical strains of writing as these, throughout the literary productions of the female mind; and the foregoing instance thereof may, therefore, be regarded as indicative of the masculine force of intellect which this lady possessed. The very circumstance itself, that she should have written a lengthy memoir, embracing several historical events, and indicating, as it does, very considerable powers of judging men and things, demonstrates beyond a doubt the intellectual calibre of her mind, and the preponderance of the intellectual over the emotional department thereof. Nevertheless, the character of the times she lived in must be taken into account; for we know that, in a subsequent age, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a woman of probably equal intellectual strength and attainments, mainly occupied her literary talents with descriptions of her own personal pleasures, or of the objects and persons encountered during her travels; she even did not disdain to retail the latest scandal.

We do not hear that Mrs. Hutchinson was skilled in music, in painting, or in any of the fine arts, properly so called, although no doubt she had a taste for them. She seems to have been destitute of that peculiar Celtic nervous acuteness or excitability, which is apparently indispensable to such artistic talent; and this being the case, her sociable proclivities, how-

ever liberally implanted by nature, must have been more or less checked in growth and development. But she indubitably possessed an unusually retentive memory, and a keen, discriminative judgment, that cast a serenity over her life, and induced her to be prudent and sober-minded, and thus rendered her eminently sane and properly conducted. Nevertheless, in spite of this grave and sober steadfastness of demeanor, in spite of this moral propriety of at least her public conduct, it reflects no great credit on the social character of this lady, that she was so much disposed to despise playing with other children, and that she tired the more with more grave instructions than their mothers, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when she entertained herself with older company. We confess that, regard it as we may, this is a feature in the character of this remarkable woman that we cannot esteem. The child who would be guilty of such conduct in the present day, would be most deservedly unpopular, and would even, we suspect, be considered as tinged with insanity. She certainly would not be liked in any degree by her playmates and schoolfellows; and after a time, she would be probably shunned and ignored by them, as well as by the more penetrating among her elders. It may be averred in her defence, that she was very young at the time when such disagreeable traits were exhibited, but our own experience of such matters has invariably pointed to the conclusion that the *native disposition* of individuals is as clearly reflected, in fact more so, in their general deportment when they are young in years, as when the mantle of age has fallen on their shoulders.

The fulsome praise, too, which she so lavishly showers on the character and qualities of her father, her mother, and her husband, simply because their good points happened to be somewhat similar to those possessed by herself, suggests the idea that she would have been as equally prepared to heap censure and reproach upon individuals of a more sprightly and vivacious disposition, however good and irreproachable their conduct in other respects might have been. We fear that her experience of human nature was not sufficiently extensive to enable her to pierce through the veil which invariably covers the actions of men, hiding from obtuse mortal ken their intrinsic good or evil, morality or depravity.

Ours is not the age competent to produce another Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson; for sage and sober thoughtfulness, and steady

self-command, not being the general characteristics of the race of men now in existence, are not now reflected by the clear, sheeny waters of woman's heart. Men nowadays are for the most part too much given to frivolity of all kinds, to feel disposed to patronize exhibitions of sobriety of conduct, or studious habits in women. Let the men be only more plentifully endowed with thoughtfulness, steady enthusiasm in religion, and in such other matters as are ancillary to their eternal welfare; let them be prudent, and hold the coursers of their inclinations well in hand; let them eschew, or at least considerably moderate, their habits of drinking, smoking, betting, and general fast living; and then we shall be blessed with a more staid and sober-minded order of women.

Mrs. Hutchinson's father occupied a high social position, and that circumstance contributed, with the undoubted respectability of his character, to render the daughter comparatively heedless as to popular opinion. Wherefore free scope was furnished for the development and display of her innate powers and capacities. She cared not whether she was contemptuously called a blue-stocking or a bookworm. Her spirit had not been reared amid an environment of vivacious, unsteady, effervescent Celts, whose *quasi* sharpness and insolent effrontery would serve to cry her down to all the world. She was reared amid a company of sane and sober-minded men, whose passions, although enthusiastic regarding certain matters, did not habitually outstrip either their judgment or their self-control. Women generally submit to be cherished, guided, and developed by those of the stronger sex. If the men do not encourage the development of literary tastes and habits amongst women, we may rest assured that very few shoots from the tree of feminine scholarship will ever take root in the social evil. But if, on the other hand, men sympathize with demonstrations of feminine genius, talent, or learning, perhaps we shall, in the course of time, witness developments of those mental qualities unsurpassed by anything the world has hitherto seen.

The stability of Mrs. Hutchinson's mind, the absence of vanity and ostentation, contributed with her masculine force of intellect, her prudence and self-control, to render her singularly endowed with practical capacities. The clouds rolled away before her penetrating gaze, when once it was directed towards futurity. She was instinctively conscious of the means requisite to accomplish whatever ends she

had in view, and she did not shrink from taking advantage of this useful knowledge. She possessed much kind-heartedness. After an attack by some of the royalist soldiery upon the town of Nottingham, the wounded of her own party were brought in to her, and she dressed their wounds, some of which were dangerous, with such success, that they were all cured in convenient time. Afterwards, and in spite of bigoted expostulation, she proceeded to bind up and dress the wounds of three prisoners that had been captured from the enemy. During the period of her husband's unjust imprisonment, too, she frequently solaced him by her presence, and labored assiduously by eloquent appeals for his release.

But her consciousness of her own talents and good qualities saturated her mind with a profound sense of her intellectual superiority and righteous conduct. All must admit that this woman was proud. We do not hear that she was popular; we do not find her name in the common records of the time when she flourished. Something internal seemed perpetually to whisper to her that her religious and other opinions were founded on the rock of truth itself, and that her actions were commonly, if not invariably, the emanation of a most infallibly directed conscience. Thence we may trace the rise of a somewhat exalted self-conceit, and of a stubborn opiniativeness, which seem, in the sublunary condition of the human soul, to be at least very frequent attendants upon individuals of a recognized intellectual or moral calibre.

Let us now turn over the annals of English political events, till we come to the place where the transactions of the first quarter of the eighteenth century are related, *i.e.*, about sixty years after the Cromwellian rebellion, or about the time when George I. ascended the throne. Here we shall observe a completely different picture from what we have been hitherto contemplating. The face of society had changed, exhibiting more gaudy hues, and more diversified features than of yore. The fire and smoke of political contention—an unseemly sight in England—had cleared away, and the liberties of the nation seemed finally established upon an immovable foundation. The unsightly scaffolding, which of old had deformed, while no doubt it somewhat promoted the building up of the fabric of the constitution, was now entirely removed, so that the noble edifice itself shone forth in bright, unsullied splendor. Neverthe-

less, the hereditary aristocracy of the kingdom had not been overthrown. England, accepting the well-known common sense, and the subdued, properly regulated love of power of her nobility as guarantees of safety from further aggression by them upon her dearly cherished liberties, permitted that high order of men to remain, probably on the principle that they, being free-born and vested with no objectionable privileges, had as good a right to exist as anybody else.

But, notwithstanding these political ameliorations, a broad chasm still subsisted between the court, including the nobility on the one hand, and the mighty mass of the commonalty on the other. The former of these was the central fountain of patronage. He who was talented and accomplished, and wished to unmask his light to the world, must first unseal the waters of that fountain, ere the products of his powers could be diffused throughout the provinces of society at large. The seeds of genius could never spring forth and be developed in the sight of men, until they had been previously irrigated and refreshed by the sparkling waters of aristocratic patronage. That eminent literary pioneer, Dr. Johnson, had not yet arrived upon the scene to clear away obstructions, and the rays of popular influence were as yet too weak to exert much beneficial influence upon the tender plant.

An idiosyncrasy as to tastes, habits, and manners, characterized the upper ten at this remarkable period. The reign of Charles I. had been one of comparative quietude in the moral world; but when Charles II. ascended the throne, the hellhounds of vice and immorality were freely let loose upon aristocratic society, and they rampaged about with a fury and perversity that set all the frowns of public opinion at defiance. It was this depraved nobility that constituted the reading class of the community; and the literature which pandered to their epicurean tastes was necessarily immoral, and, though brilliant and felicitous in respect of expression, it was yet poor and vile in respect of thought. Men gambled and patronized brutal sports, and swore continually, retailed scandal, attended immoral plays, and in general conducted themselves as if the coursers of their sensual passions had galloped madly away with their conscience and their self-command. "No more gloomy Puritanism here;" no practical belief in the Christian doctrines as to a future state of reward and punishment.

No stability of nervous element, but rather universal effervescence thereof; no exertion of intellect, but insane careering of passion; no practical ability, but rather a reckless squandering of time and talents upon a slavish subservience to brutal passions. No solemn and serious musing, and inward contemplation; no religious devotion, or fortification of the will against the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil — nothing but the most complete gratification of the lowest, most degrading passions of the soul. Demonstrations of the serious side of human nature, such, for instance, as profound scholarship, piety, sane or moral conduct, were cried down, jeered at, treated with the utmost scorn.

The whole programme of the foregoing iniquitous transactions were, be it remembered, performed openly, outwardly, without the fear of censure, or of the forfeit of reputation. Truly could Lady Mary Wortley Montagu affirm of the society of her time, that "the world was entirely *révenue de bagatelle*; and honor, virtue, reputation, etc., which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbons. Matrimony is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows."

Such was the general character of the social world at the period when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu flourished. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in the year 1690. Like Mrs. Hutchinson, she was taught Latin at an early age. She was versed, too, in the Greek and French languages, and in history, and preserved throughout her life an unquenchable love of study. But while she recommended the perusal of books, and powerfully advocated the diffusion of learning, she did not overlook the claims of the needle and of drawing upon the female attention. She considered that it was "as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as it was for a man not to know how to use a sword." She was once extremely fond of drawing, so that when her father turned off her drawing-master, on account of the weakness in the eyes which her practice in that art occasioned, she felt greatly mortified. She was also able to dance well, having, as she records in one of her letters, been able to teach the Viennese some new country-dances, they *only* knowing half-a-dozen, which they had been practising over and again, during a period of some fifty years.

Even as a clever and beautiful child, she

had been introduced into society, and thus at an early period of life she was furnished with adequate opportunities for the development of that power of observing character, and of that sound penetration, for which she was afterwards so eminently distinguished. This circumstance, too, laid the foundations of that predilection for effervescent amusements, and of that vivacity, wit, lively imagination, and love of anecdote, which breathe everywhere through her inimitable correspondence. Undoubtedly the lady was of a gay, light, sportive, rather than of a sombre and serious temperament. Her intellectual calibre, her education, and her high social position considerably modified the vivacious display; but we have no hesitation in pronouncing Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to have been a woman of large general energy, which was habitually displayed by fits and starts, rather continuously, vehemently rather than moderately. But, however we may assign the relation which her activity bore to her emotions, we are constrained to think, that her thoughts and inclinations leaned towards the sportive and the gay, rather than towards the sober and the sedate. She disliked sorrow, and expressly maintained, in one of her letters, that sorrow for the dead was the vainest form of feeling. On another occasion, she expressed her conviction to a friend, that the best thing to be done, on awaking in the morning, was to think on what will most divert the mind. Most people like to offer up a prayer at that period of the day.

One of the consequences of the possession of this sportive temperament was, that the current of her ideas ran blithely and freely. In imagination, she was competent to paint in brilliant and lively colors the scenes whereon her senses had previously dwelt. But an examination of her famous correspondence will reveal to us most clearly the powers of this department of her wonderful mind. It is impossible to admire too much the grace, ease, and liveliness that breathe through these charming letters. The idiomatic purity and simplicity of the language attests, in conjunction with these qualities, the fundamental simplicity of the lady's character. A thread of sound English sense, too, seems to be carried through the whole literary product, and seems to be the principal prop whereby it is supported. But she makes no moral remarks, indulges in no devotional raptures, is rarely or ever figurative or eloquent in expression, never proclaims her admiration of a human be-

ing, except as regards some very frivolous or superficial quality, such as the power of making oneself agreeable, etc. She regarded men and things with an eye of hatred rather than of love, with a view to laugh and sneer rather than to admire and be edified. She was not ashamed to declare that very few shared her esteem; and her experience of the world imbued her with the opinion that three out of every four persons were fools. Yet, notwithstanding this contempt for her species, the current of public sentiment bore her away at times, alas! too frequently, from the resting-places of moral propriety, and compelled her to cleave to what was customary rather than to what was ethically correct.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Letters" attest that she had read extensively, and that she was endowed with a ready and retentive memory. Unlike many other women, she could reason and draw inferences too, thereby indicating the possession of the powers of comparison and judgment. She not only noted the more conspicuous colors, forms, relative disposition, etc. of the objects which passed under her review, and derived a certain amount of sensuous gratification therefrom, all of which Madame de Sévigné undoubtedly could do: but the tendency of her mind also induced her to compare and contrast one object with another, to note their agreements and disagreements in various respects, etc.—a tendency which Madame de Sévigné undoubtedly seldom or never exhibited. She possessed no such inheritance of genius, properly so called, as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson; she could not discern identity amid a vast, distracting congregation of differences; but she was unquestionably a woman far removed from any disposition to gossip, when it was more proper and expedient for her to indulge in serious intellectual conversation. It is difficult to reconcile the admirable common sense and extensive reading which are displayed in her "Letters," with the sportive vivacity, the half-playful sarcasm which so frequently brighten the surface of the current of her thoughts. The former qualities indicate intellectual calibre and strength of will; the latter, a susceptibility to, and intensity of emotion; and it is but rarely, indeed, that these mental characteristics ever meet and unite in the same individual. But however this may be, it is undoubted that her powers of intellect restrained the impetuosity of her feelings much more effectually than her conscience did. There were

many admirable qualities about this woman. She was no fool, neither was she a madwoman. It is a pity that some efficient religious system did not seize her soul in its powerful grasp, and forcibly, though by every proper method, reinstate her conscience upon its throne, and compel the other moving powers to recognize it as their supreme and everlasting ruler.

Do not all our most exalted feelings indulge the hope, that this beautiful and accomplished woman might be the heroine of some thrilling romantic adventure, that she might be loved, courted, and revered with steadfast fervor? What agency was it, then, that caused her to be married at the age of twenty-two, to a grave and saturnine diplomatist, whom she did not love, and who probably felt as little romantic sentiment for her? What was it that chilled the life-springs of her heart, rendering them cold and stagnant, instead of warm and vivacious? The reign of Charles II., while it raised sensuality to a white heat, had blasted for ages the more refined, exalted, God-like appetencies of the human spirit!

On examining the heart of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we shall find it to be cold, lifeless, unimpressionable. The beams of love played not there, and the clouds of hate found repose in consequence. She held romantic sentimentality in contempt. She felt little respect for any one.

In one of her letters addressed to her intended husband, on the prospect of her union, she thus expresses herself: "I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complacent and easy, but never what is fond, in me." Many of her later letters are freighted with a cargo of the grossest scandal. Indeed, the general tone of her correspondence, from first to last, is never pitched morally high. No doubt evil communications corrupt good manners, but then a person of her intellectual calibre and accomplishments, of her Teutonic common sense and moderation of passion, ought to have risen superior to the situation, and proved a pattern, instead of a mean and despicable copy. Towards the close of her career, she exhibited such a contempt for and indifference to the world, as amounted to positive misanthropy. She declares of the people whom she met at this time, that they made no more impression on her mind than the figures of the tapestry while they were before her eyes. "I know one," she says, "is clothed in blue, and another in red; but

out of sight, they are so entirely out of memory, that I hardly remember whether they are tall or short."

It would appear that this lady was proud rather than vain, although no doubt she seems to have possessed a considerable love of distinction. We may admit that she was not a selfish woman, in the proper sense of that term; that is to say, her love and deference for her own feelings and inclinations did not overbalance her respect for, and sympathy with, the feelings and inclinations of the generality of her neighbors. We have never heard that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was what is styled a popular person. The charms of her person and the brilliancy of her wit must have drawn a long train of admirers; but whether she was ever really loved and respected is, to say the least, doubtful. We know that she enjoyed the little friendship of the Kitcat Club, by whom she was elected a *toast*, but it is very problematical if she ever actually secured to her allegiance what Aristotle styles a friend "for virtue's sake." The lady may not have been habitually actuated by views of interest, or have employed art or deceit in the acquirement of what she desired. Probably she entertained too exalted an opinion of her own merits, etc., to condescend to use such methods of practising upon people whom she despised. Thus the pride of the Saxon was intimately interwoven in her spirit, with the insensibility to tenderness of the Celt.

It is commonly maintained that the typical Celt is a much more tender-hearted, sympathetic individual, than the typical Saxon; but we do not feel disposed to adhere to that view of the matter. Whence does the recognized hypocrisy of the Celtic race spring? How does it come to pass that marriage for love is so rare in France and in Ireland? Is not the display that attends the gratification of the love of excitement, and the love of ostentation, and even the love of the beautiful, nearly akin to that which indicates the emotion of tenderness? and consequently, may it not be readily induced to usurp the signal-station of the latter emotion? We firmly believe, and would stoutly maintain, that levity, wit, love of society and amusement, as distinguished from honor, sobriety, and love of study and solitude, are rarely if ever to be found in the same ranks with genuine tenderness. A most remarkable illustration of this remark is exhibited by the lady whose character we are now engaged in elucidating.

No feature in the character of Lady

Mary Montagu is so luminous and prominent, none has been so universally admitted as her almost utter destitution of tenderness and sympathy. In this most important respect she was broadly distinguished from her great sister of the seventeenth century, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson. The latter lady unequivocally evinced a romantic though suppressed sensibility. We peruse her own account of her husband's courtship of her, with unfeigned delight. Strange it is, that amid the gloom and darkness of the Puritan *régime*, the cheery light of chivalric love should break unrestrainedly in, and spread its rays abroad, as if it was no unwelcome visitor! But in the reigns of Anne and George I., this resplendent sun never rose above the horizon: the aspect of the social world was too rough and turbulent to permit it to drink in health and edification from its gorgeous display of living beauties.

It is in respect of the ingredient of love and sympathy that we trace the most fundamental discrimination in the moral equipments of the distinguished ladies now under review. Their love of knowledge and truth was perhaps co-equal in intensity; their practical abilities were nearly on a par; but Mrs. Hutchinson could love and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of her fellowmen, while Lady Mary Montagu could not. The one was delicate in feeling, reserved, and modest, the other was egotistical, indelicate, audacious, and even indecent, at least in expression; the one possessed genuine tenderness and romantic sensibility, the other was cold and malevolent, disposed to laugh, and jeer, and hate. In the case of the duke's daughter, a brisk current of liveliness, gracefulness, ease, underran her misanthropic feelings; in the case of the knight's daughter, long trains of solemn musing and devotional rapture attended upon her labors and her hopes. The amiable, attractive qualities of the former were all posted on the exterior, thus accommodating the obtuse, unpenetrating glance of aristocratic society; those of the latter were situated in the interior, and being more firmly established and solidly built, secured the attention of temperate, all-penetrating spirits. The qualities of the republican lady are at the root of conscientiousness and religious devotion, in short, of a properly governed head and heart; those of the aristocratic lady constitute the foundation of irreligion and immorality, in short, of a badly governed head and heart.

A more serious and fundamental differ-

ence than that now specified, cannot be discovered throughout the area of human character; and if we admit, as is generally done, that the general tone manifested, and the species of topics discussed, throughout the literary productions of these celebrated women, may be regarded as well-polished mirrors, wherein we may discern the social condition of England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries respectively, we must inevitably pronounce these periods to have been at the opposite poles of moral propriety. We cannot aver that the moral tone of the Commonwealth period was exalted and edifying, without at the same time, implicitly affirming the opposite of the morality of the era of Anne and the first two Georges. If the Puritan *régime* was of such a character as to liberally implant the seeds of morality and religion in the soul, shall we not denominate it good, proper, edifying? If, on the other hand, the Georgian epoch succeeded in scattering the blossoms of devotion and virtue, so that no fruit could ever emanate thereout, shall we not stigmatize it as villanous and ignoble? Let us never overlook the circumstance, that in the early period the dregs of English society were vigorously stirred up, and floated temporarily on the surface. The voice of the people then spoke in thunder; and Oliver Cromwell only accomplished in the political world what John Wesley, a century afterwards, accomplished in the religious world. The eloquent exhortations of this eminent divine were the reverberations of the English national heart—the fierce and terrible rebound from a condition of moral turpitude wholly foreign to the Teutonic spirit, and reflecting the utmost discredit on the heads and hearts of those who basely submitted to its galling chains. The religious system which Wesley founded may yet burn in the hearts of Englishmen, long after the overgrown and overwrought edifice of the Established Church has crumbled into atoms.

To sum up, in order to pass judgment, let us especially dwell upon the following important facts; viz., in the case of Mrs. Hutchinson, we observe one who was rather sound within than beautiful without—with little aristocratic feeling yet with vast pride, with an original sensibility to all powerful emotions, yet with a sober behavior, with strong sense and prudence, but with little artistic talent or taste or sociability. In the case of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we have a lady more showy without than solid within—with

beauty and accomplishments yet without romantic love, with little sensibility to any emotion, yet with considerable wit and vivacity of deportment and giddy immorality of conduct, with considerable sense yet with great artistic talent and sociable proclivity. In the former case, the current of animal energy was too stinted and dull; in the latter case, it was too prodigal and vivacious. A happy medium between these two, is perhaps the indispensable requisite of a sound mind in a sound body.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PAULINE.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER XI.

"AHA, RALPH! RUN YOU TO EARTH AT LAST!"

THE person from whom this salutation proceeded, was a tall young man, with fair hair, a clean shaven cheek, and a lint-white moustache falling straight down from the upper lip, in the narrowest possible arch.

Simultaneously with his "Aha, Ralph!" another voice said, playfully, and with a slightly foreign accent, "How do you do, Blondell?"

This speaker was a short man, with an ugly, clever, meditative face; a face from which you might gather that he to whom it belonged could, in the common phrase, do anything he chose, and also that what he chose to do would not always bear investigation.

The countenances of both gentlemen wore a cheerful expression, denoting that they had come, not because they expected their arrival would be welcome, but because they were morally sure it would not,—a conviction which, when it is to the taste of the individuals concerned, imparts a delightfully piquant flavor to the otherwise commonplace event.

The look of amazement deepening into disgust upon Blondell's face, the broken ejaculation which escaped his lips, were compensation for all they had undergone to find him,—and apparently it was not a little.

"We hear of you at Oban," said the little man. "We hear you are in this dize-trick. To-day we are at Staffa, at Iona, and we see you with our own eyes. We see your yacht, your beautiful sails, your charming company on board—we see all

this so nise, and so — what you call it? — tantalizing? is that it, the word? We see —”

“How on earth did you see all this?” broke out Blundell, staring from one to the other.

“Do I not tell you? We are in that steamboat which did pass you, two — three hours ago. Oh, we have glasses, and we see it all! But we come not at you. The captain, he is a brute, he will not put us off. So then, we must go back with him, and get out when we tock — what is the name?” turning to his companion.

“Oh, shut up!” replied the other. “Ralph, old chap,” looking towards Elsie, who had risen and drawn back on their approach, “we did not expect to find the company still here; you will hardly have room to lodge us if you have a party.”

“Miss Calverley is going ashore in the boat that brought you here; at least I presume you came in my boat?”

“Oh yes, certain,” resumed the little man. “We see the boat from the shore; we think they fish, and they come when we call. We cry ‘Halloo! Halloo! —’”

“I say, aren’t you glad to see us?” interrupted the other, with an expressive smile. “Try to say so, if you can, just for civility’s sake, you know.”

“Shot if I am!” retorted Blundell, the first gleam of good-humor appearing in his face. “We are not victualled for cannibals. But” — lower — “wait till I see them off. Here, Tom! you remember Chaworth? Now, look sharp, or you won’t get over the rocks to-night! Now, Miss Calverley.”

“Thank him for the sail, quick!” exhorted Tom, as Elsie in silence took her seat in the boat.

Then, looking up, as they let go, he called out, cheerily, “You’ll all come up to-morrow, — won’t you?”

“Who are they, Tom?” asked his cousin, as soon as they were out of hearing.

“That tall one with the moustache was Chaworth. You have heard me talk of him before. I don’t know who the other was. How queer of Blundell not to tell us he was expecting them to-night!”

“Perhaps they came before they were due,” said Elsie, who had good reason for the supposition. “How much pleasanter it is to-night than it has been all day! Listen to the corncrakes!”

Going home, she took his arm; she even asked for it. “Tom, I am still giddy — I can’t walk properly; let me take hold of you.”

Poor Tom! As she said it, there came wafted towards them the bitter scent of the bog-myrtle bruised beneath their feet; and all his life afterwards he remembered that perfume.

For some minutes after the boat left, there was silence on the Juanita’s deck. It was broken by the German, saying softly to himself, with a series of running nods towards the retreating figures, —

“Yes, yes; that is ve-rie nise.”

“Rather a mistake — wasn’t it?” said Chaworth, in his hearty way. “Awfully sorry, you know. We shouldn’t have done it upon any account, if we had had the slightest idea; should we, Heinsicht? Don’t bear malice, old fellow.”

A face of wood could not have remained more immovable than did that of the man under scrutiny.

Adroit evasion, as much as sharp repartee, would have been useless. The face said, “You know so much, which I can’t help; but just find out some more, will you?”

“And what am I to do with you, since you are here?” said Blundell, at last, beginning to recover. “Where are your traps?”

“At Oban; at the big place there. We have only come down upon you for the night. We sha’n’t trouble you further.”

Chaworth stroked his moustache ceremoniously as he spoke, and slightly drew himself up. It was enough. The arrow found its mark. “*Trouble me?*” said his friend, quite kindly. “Don’t be a fool, Jack.”

Thus conquered, Blundell became at once the docile and attentive host.

In person he bustled over the arrangement of their quarters, and the preparations for their entertainment; as much, it seemed, in atonement for his previous want of hospitality, as in excuse for it.

It was but a bit of a place, he hoped they would be comfortable, but it was their own doing, etc., etc. But it ended with this: whatever he had, they were welcome to share.

The other two, for their part, spared no pains to maintain the good-will at length excited.

They ate vigorously, drank with moderation, and on Blundell’s excusing himself from joining them on deck afterwards, on the plea that he had given up smoking, and had letters to write, appeared to be not only sensible of the evil effects of cigars, but to be on the point of giving them up themselves.

The letters to be written resolved them-

selves into one short note; and in two minutes he had dashed off the first page.

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY, — The friends for whom I have been waiting so long, having at length made their appearance —"

Here he stopped to blot, before turning the leaf; and on reading over what he had written, in order to catch up the thread on the other side, suddenly tore the sheet in pieces. "No; hang it! I won't go, throwing a lie behind me!"

Second note: —

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY, — My friends who arrived unexpectedly last night are anxious to be off early to-morrow morning, so —"

"Why, this is as bad as the other! What *am* I to say? A fellow must make some excuse."

The few bald lines which finally found their way to the breakfast-table at Gourloch ran as follows: —

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY, — Tom will have told you of the arrival of my friends last night. We are taking advantage of the fair breeze to be off early to-morrow, so I am afraid I shall not be able to call and thank you for all your kind hospitality. Should we pass here on our way south, I hope to find you still at Gourloch. With kind remembrances to all your circle, believe me yours truly,

"R. BLUNDELL."

"When did this come?" inquired the lady to whom it was addressed, as she lifted it from her plate.

"It was handed into the ludge a while ago, my leddy," replied Davie, hovering about to hear if anything particular were contained in the epistle. Lady Calverley looked at the envelope with curious indecision, and after several minutes' delay, inquired, absently, —

"This morning?"

"This mornin' or last night — naeboddy said."

"What does he say?" cried Tom, impatiently.

Elsie, in startled silence, thought she knew. Pauline *did* know.

From her lattice window she had seen the white sails hoisted as the dawn was breaking — had seen the vessel glide swiftly past over a grey sea, whose waves were washing the rocks — had seen it become a mere speck upon the water, then turn a point, and vanish; and an hour

after, there still knelt in the same place a motionless figure, whose face was turned upwards.

"What does he say, Aunt Ella?" demanded Tom, for the second time.

"Oh, read it for yourself, my dear," replied she, finding it easier to give this answer than any other, and beginning to play nervously with her cups and saucers as she spoke. "There is very little in it."

Tom seized the note.

"It cannot be *that*, then," thought Elsie; and Pauline troubled herself very little as to what it was. She could guess.

"Cool, that!" said Tom, and read it a second time with the provoking slowness common to his sex.

Then he indorsed the idea. "I call that uncommonly cool!"

No message to him! No notice of his invitation! No pretext for a departure so sudden! Such conduct merited but one epithet — it was "cool."

Just as if they were not good enough for his friends! No doubt the other fellow was some swell; but Chaworth — Chaworth had always been as jolly to him as possible; and, in fact, he had been forecasting to Elsie on their walk home the fun they would all have together.

It was a sad home-thrust to the self-complacency of early manhood, and Tom, in his vexation, thought not of the feelings of others. This was well.

The color which flooded and then fled from Elsie's cheek, the dilation of her eye, and the broken murmur which fell from her lips, were unmarked by any but Pauline.

Lady Calverley gave her whole attention to the tea-tray, making a hasty assault on the cups. Her niece was dear to her as a daughter, and with all the nobility of love, she would not look upon her in what might prove a moment to be forgotten.

The cream and sugar were put in all wrong; but with an easy air she dispensed her cups, nor took heed whether the slim fingers on her right hand trembled when stretched out, or no. Nor will we.

But Pauline, apart from her own feelings, was sorely troubled about her little cousin.

After the first shock, which had nearly discovered the state of her heart to all present, Elsie's pride rallied, and bore her up.

She went through her duties punctiliously, omitted nothing, neglected nothing, and was so gentle and considerate towards Tom, that he instinctively felt there was something wrong.

"What is the matter with. Elsie, Pauline? Is she not well?"

"She has a headache to-day, I know," replied his sister.

"So have I. There is 'fire in the air,' as Alistair says. I wish it would come here, and clear away those yellow clouds. Elsie," as she entered, "I'll tell you what you'll do for your headache. Come out and sit under the sycamore, and" — great effort of the mind — "I'll read to you."

"May I come too?" said Pauline, afraid that the scheme would end in disappointment — Elsie being inattentive, Tom chagrined.

The disappointment, however, was of another kind. Elsie, too anxious to please, missed the mark. She liked it very much *indeed* — would like to have more, and then — made some excuse to slip away.

"There *is* something wrong about her," said Tom. "I say, look here" — turning his head aside, and looking at the sea.

"Is she — thinking — about *him*?"

Now for it, Pauline!

How can she shelter Elsie, comfort Tom, speak the truth, and reveal nothing? She hesitated, casting about in her mind for some way out of the slough of perplexity.

"She is, then?" said Tom.

His husky voice spoke volumes.

"Tom," said she, with her arm round his neck, and her cheek laid on his curls, "never mind her now. She is so young, and she has never seen anybody. Don't think any more about it. But be to her just as you used to be, and don't — try to — to please her *too* much."

"Have I done that?" said he, lifting his head, amazed.

"I think so, sometimes. Let her alone now. She will care for you some day."

"Are you a prophet, Pauline?"

"Yes, I am going to be a prophet for you."

"What a shame it was!" broke out Tom, after a long silence. "He was always making up to *you* —" He stopped short.

The arm round his neck pressed it a little tighter, but nothing was said.

"I say, he isn't worth caring twopence about."

"Never mind him, dear."

"You have been awfully good," continued Tom, brokenly. "I didn't know — I never thought — somehow I forgot you. But you are not bothering after him, are you?"

She had borne much, but this from Tom — from her rough-and-ready jocund

brother — was the soft sun-touch upon ice, and her lip began to quiver like an infant's ere it cries.

Tom looked hastily round, and rose with a sense of awe.

He had never kissed his sister spontaneously in his life; but now, as he passed, he rubbed something into her face, and though it was only his ear and a portion of his cheek, she understood.

Then he went off by himself, whilst she remained behind, for each was best alone.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PROCESS.

A SILENT sea, a becalmed vessel, and two men lying on its deck smoking.

"I have not yet made up my mind," said Heinsicht.

Blundell. — "You mean to make it up before you die, I suppose?"

"I suppose, yes."

"Otherwise you will have to make it up pretty sharp afterwards."

"Bah! there is no creed in heaven."

"Don't trouble yourself as to what there is in heaven, my friend, — *you* won't be there."

"*Teufel!* What you mean?" exclaimed the German, angrily.

"That's about it. Ask him. He'll tell you. Do you imagine he means to let you off after you have had all your share of the bargain? Nothing of the sort. All you have to do is to go on the way you're going, and you will walk to the devil as straight as any fellow ever did in this world."

"You English!" broke out the German, passionately. "That is so like you, with your cold-hearted, steeff, supercilious speech! You have no minds, no — no perception; you are as hard and dry as these boards. *This* is right, and *that* is wrong; and this you must do, or you must not do. You always want to dominate. It is a crime, a — a wickedness to think for one's self. In Germany we say, I go my way, you go yours; both are good; we will meet at the end. Here it is, if you go not my way you go to the devil. I hate this narrow, this *thin* talk. It is only for a woman, who will do what her priest tells her. I would not make my life like yours for great worlds. I would sooner be dead."

"I did not mean to offend you, Heinsicht; we are both saying what we think, you know."

"You do *not* think, that is it. You are saying what is told you; what you think you *must* say. And why? Because you

have been ill; you have had the — what is it? — the nightmare. You will get better; you will shake it off. Who would be frightened into believing what his reason refuses? That is childish."

"I believe you are right. My reason has certainly not had much voice in the matter."

"Why," continued Heinsicht, pursuing his advantage, "listen to this. Look upon me. In Germany I am a very good Lutheran; in Italy I am a Catholic; here I am anything. I meet with very good people, very *nice* people, everywhere. I enjoy my life. I take all that is good, and trouble myself not more. But you, you are sombre, *misanthrope*, miserable. You take no wine, no beer; you go to no little parities; you have no books, no pictures, and you make yourself as unheppy as you can. You tell me I am to go to the devil. I say, you have gone to the devil already."

"Humph!" said Blundell, thoughtfully. After a pause, he added, "Heinsicht, did you ever see a man die?"

"If I had not," replied his companion, "that would be a strange thing. Seen it? Yes. Once, twice, hondreds of times."

"In the war, I suppose; but I mean in cold blood."

"Yes, I tell you, yes. What then?"

"When your own turn might be the next?"

"And this," said Heinsicht, with immeasurable contempt — "this is what a man comes to when he is aff — raid! This is what has taken the life — the — the ghost out of a man thirty years of age! He has had one little sight of danger, and he runs away from all his friends —"

"Confound you!"

"Ah! take care. You most not say the naughty words. They are bad, ve-rie bad. You most take care, such care, for you have your salvation to accomplish. Are you sure now, quite sure, Blondell, that the little smoke, the cigar, does not make all wrong? You had given it up a month ago, you know."

"What has that fool been jabbering about now?" inquired Chaworth, with a glance at his friend's face, as he met him turning away. "He grows to be a nuisance."

"I am the fool to let him jabber."

"Are you going below?"

"Yes."

"You have been at it again," said Chaworth, seating himself in the vacant place, with a look of displeasure; "you know the sort of temper he has, and you haven't

the sense to let him alone. What is the use of going about making yourself disagreeable?"

The German smiled.

"It's so confoundedly unpleasant to be always having you two fighting," continued Chaworth. "If there's one thing I hate, it is to be with fellows who are always putting each other's backs up."

"I say nothing. It is not my fault."

"You have the most infernal way of saying nothing that ever man had. What is it about now?"

"Oh, we talk," said Heinsicht, complacently; "we talk, and compare. I give him a little of what you call chaff, and he does not like it. He is difficult to please. But listen" — here he puffed out a long, slow stream of vapor before proceeding — "listen, Chaworth; it is all to the good. To-day he is angry, to-morrow he is sorry; again he is angry, and again sorry. Through it all the words remain. He is coming to himself."

As usual, the quarrel was patched up, and the three continued together, cruising among the northern islands of the west coast, until the latter end of October, when a long spell of bad weather made them begin to weary of the monotony of their life.

"Jack," said Blundell, one day, when he and his old friend were by themselves; "what do you suppose those people at Gourloch think of me?"

"It is difficult to divine people's thoughts," replied Jack; "I never can be sure of my own."

"It was very bad, you know."

"I can quite believe it."

"It was the oddest thing your turning up just when you did. Five minutes later and I stood committed. Poor little thing! She was an uncommonly pretty girl, I can tell you."

"You are not quite come to matrimony yet, old fellow. But, however, if you had cared in the least about it, you could hardly have done better. A Scotch moor for the autumn months would not be a bad thing — not by any means," cocking his head sagaciously upon one side. "If you think of it, we could call on our way back. You left that open, you remember."

"What should you say," replied Blundell, with rather a foolish smile, "if it proved to be the other one I went back to see?"

"I should say," replied Jack, coolly, "that it was very like you."

"Like me! How?"

"Knocking down your own schemes is

an amusement you have been addicted to all your life."

"There was no scheme in the matter. It was simply this — they came in my way, and I had nothing else to do. Going about by one's self without a soul to speak to —"

"Your own fault, all the same," observed his friend.

"Well," assented Blundell, "you know how it was."

"I say," he broke out, after a pause, "you have not been talking about it to Heinsicht, have you?"

"Who—I? I talk to a beastly German! I say, let us get rid of him. He had too much again last night."

"What did you bring him down upon us for? I never could endure the brute."

"Neither could I." Chaworth knocked the ashes off his cigar. "Let's kick him overboard."

"I'll tell you what, Jack. We'll leave the yacht to find her own way back to Southampton, and you and I will be off to Paris."

"Done with you. And what about *der Deutsche*?"

"You ship him; I can't. Make up some excuse, and you and I will have our things packed, and be off to-morrow."

Accordingly, Blundell was arranging his papers in the saloon, with an open portmanteau by his side, when "Yaha! yaho! I thought it was a toad!"—came from the inner cabin; and Jack, dancing out upon bare toes, dangled into his face a soft shapeless mass, which he held suspended, apparently by the legs.

"What on earth have you got there?"

"Here, take it!" cried the apparition.

"Get out!" responded the other, drawing back, hastily. "What is it?"

It was a dead rose—a rose which, from pressure and want of air, had not shrivelled up, but was a sodden, discolored pulp.

"What is it, then?" said Heinsicht, inquisitively, the noise having drawn him from his retreat. As he spoke he stretched forward a nose, which was ugly with the obtrusive, aggressive ugliness which Germany alone is capable of producing. A nose which had swept outward with a rush, and hesitated, before deciding upon the upward movement which it had finally adopted. "What is then the toad?" said he.

Blundell had turned away, as if annoyed by the interruption.

"What a confounded row to make about nothing!"

"Where did you find it?" continued Heinsicht, looking from one to the other.

"It found me, I can tell you," said Jack. "I was going to bed, having nothing else to do, and in the dark I trod upon the beggar. Here, Ralph, it's for you."

"Ah!" said Heinsicht, drawing in his breath, as a closer inspection revealed to him the nature of the supposed toad. "I see now. It is a little relic, a treasure. It has fallen into the wrong hands, Blundell. You must take it, and keep it, and wear it here—here," touching his breast as he spoke. "That is where a lady's tokens should be laid."

"Who mentioned a lady?" said Blundell, keeping his temper with an evident effort. "Have you never seen me with a rose in my buttonhole? I say, I have got a lot of work to do to-night; just go off, and leave me alone, like good fellows."

It was past midnight ere the work was finished, and he went on deck for a breath of fresh air before turning in for the night.

A scene of wild and solemn beauty awaited him there.

They had anchored in a narrow basin whose waters were seldom ruffled, and whose depths of shade were at this time rendered still more intense, by the single broad streak of silver which shot across the opening.

All around, giant mountains, sunk in their endless lethargy, rose into an empty moonlit heaven. Parts of them, ghostly in their brightness, stood out to view, but the greater portion was a vast, indistinguishable mass, without form and void.

No living thing stirred on land or sea. Not a sound vibrated on the ear.

The solitary beholder of this sublime spectacle, Blundell, was not of a nature to view it with indifference.

It was at this midnight hour, when free from the observation of his companions, that he had of late sought, at times, to recall the feelings which had influenced him so powerfully a few months before.

The suspicion that he was no longer impressed as he had formerly been by the remembrance of the appalling scene, with which he had been wont to feed his imagination, had changed into a certainty. He had used it as the most potent means of exciting his fading energies into a fresh maintenance of the new life he desired to lead. It had palled at length, and every time he would have tried the effect anew, it had proved to be the weaker.

So great had been the first shock, that by one mighty upheaval it had torn up the old life by the roots.

Then the empty heart, swept and garnished, remained vacant, with the door open. And now, alas! the banished spirit was on the watch, eager to regain his lost possession.

"It has been no fault of mine," and then followed the bitter cry, the amazing accusation of the man yielding up the mastery, "*It was God's fault who sent those men here!*"

The struggle was at an end; he was vanquished. Before he went to sleep, he softly undid the little window, picked up the rose, and let it float away upon the water.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST PLUNGE.

Fog, and mist, and rain,
Dark, and sad, and grey,
Floating over the quiet land —
Oh, dull November day!

Fear, and doubt, and care,
Dark, and sad, and grey,
My misty thoughts are ta'en from you,
Oh, dull November day!

THERE are certain mornings in the year, on which it seems appropriate and natural to hear of a misfortune.

On such a day the leaves are dropping from the trees, the wind moans dismally, over the plains there hangs a dense white veil, the heavens above are dark, and the air is chill. Almost *any* event would be welcomed — almost *anything* of any kind, to stir up, were it even to wrath, the stagnant pool of commonplace, which engulfs life for the time being. The postman has been.

Has he indeed? You turn your eyes from side to side — your anxious, longing, letter-loving eyes, and they see nothing. Stay, you are wrong: there is one poor, ill-favored, thin, blue, marrowless epistle; it lies on your own plate.

Is that *all*?

Yea, verily. Toss it aside, throw it from you — it is a delusion, an impostor, a bill.

Nay, but in that letter lies your fate, dear reader: lower your scornful, discontented eyelids; give, I pray you, one glance, and think it not too small a matter for your notice.

Therein — you start! Your lips open! Your eyes dilate!

Now, what is the meaning of this? What has caused that sudden flush, followed by so deadly a pallor? Why that trembling hand, that sinking into the chair

by your side, that blank, unresponsive gaze? Are you stricken deaf and dumb? Is there a ringing in your ears, a rushing at your heart — a lightning-flash of perception that, one minute before, you had been happy?

And the letter is so short. It only contains the negative you had taught yourself to believe would never come; the failure that, with your talents and influence, had seemed to be out of the question; the death-blow to expectation, long as your life; or the curt statement, that a little toy you had amused yourself with had not turned out as well as had been expected.

Some such trifle. And at length you find a mask wherewith to smile and repel intrusion — or, it may be, only breath to wonder and weep; and through November to come, when the sky is grim, and the earth is dank, and the wind howls, you will sigh and whisper, "It happened on just such a day as this!"

So perchance will sigh Pauline, when the ills of poverty have come home to her, and she has learned to know something of its stern pressure. When that uninteresting envelope had been opened, and the few lines perused which conveyed the intelligence that she and Tom were penniless, the brave girl had made light of the matter. If Tom, she said, could be brought not to mind — if he would lay his shoulder to the wheel, and work as a man should — it would signify little to either of them that they must from henceforth forego the luxuries, and confine their wishes to the necessities, of life. Neither of them cared for luxuries — they had no expensive habits — they would manage excellently. She was only sorry that so much had been said about a trouble which was really not worth the sympathy expended upon it.

Poor, simple, grandiloquent Pauline!

What she would have done without the shelter offered by her father's sister, Mrs. Wyndham, it would be impossible to say; and yet she could hardly be prevailed upon to accept it.

Why should she not be allowed to stay and make a home for Tom in London, where his guardians had, with some difficulty, secured for him a place in a counting-house? Tom's poor lodging would be lonely and dull. It was only when she had been made to understand that her brother might be absolutely hampered instead of benefited by such an arrangement, that she could be brought to abandon it.

So she is to live with Mrs. Wyndham.

Nothing of this relation has hitherto been mentioned. To her niece she is

almost a stranger, their paths in life having lain in different directions; and Pauline's remembrance of her, if not altogether flattering, is indistinct. At present, the lady is staying with the Jermyns at Harmony Court, in B—shire. The river is sweeping along in flood under the windows; the meadows beyond are one vast swamp; and the clouds, yet heavy with rain to come, move solemnly over the sky, and close in the prospect.

Mrs. Wyndham looks out of the low, folding windows, and shudders; but the Grange, of which she has lately concluded a purchase, is not yet ready for her reception, and she has been unable to resist the entreaties of her dear sister-in-law and good husband, and the sweet girls, to come to them in the mean time.

"They had *so* enjoyed her last visit in the summer," writes Mrs. Jermyn, "that although they have *nothing* to offer — no amusements, no company, no *sunshine* even — still they cannot but hope that dear Camilla will *take pity* upon *them*, and will allow them to look forward to the *great pleasure* of seeing her. They must indeed confess that the country is sadly destitute of *charms* at this time of year. They cannot compete with Brighton; and if Brighton is their dear Camilla's choice, they certainly ought not to *complain* although they should hardly be able to forbear feeling *disappointment*."

This excellently rounded period, with a good deal more of the same sort, hints, cajoleries, and insinuations, was exactly suited to the person for whom it was intended.

Mrs. Wyndham's good-nature, which was her strongest, and her vanity which was her weakest, point, were alike flattered. With all her inclinations, and the greater part of her worldly goods, in Brighton, she consented to quit the cheerful, noisy, tempting streets, with their daily variety of congenial bustle, and immure herself in a dull country-house, at the bidding of relations who themselves allowed that there was no excuse for the unreasonableness of their request.

Why such a request had been made we may be permitted to wonder.

To Mrs. Wyndham it was naturally a simple one. Which of us foolish ones is amazed at any anxiety for our presence? We are not dull, or frivolous, or empty-headed to ourselves. We are not, in our own eyes, ordinary-looking men and women, whose appearance to a stranger is so uninteresting, that the infirmity or defect we feel so keenly and take such pains to

conceal, is passed over by him, unnoticed.

Look at that little man smiling to himself in the corner. Having been told to look at him, you see that he is there, and that he has red whiskers and a brown greatcoat. But how fussy was that little man over the cut and color of that greatcoat, before it was made to his satisfaction! How particular that his brown necktie — *you* would not even know that he had on a brown necktie — should match it in shade! There is the finger of a brown kid glove peeping from his pocket! And his stick has a silver band, with his initials thereon engraved; and his hat is some wonderful hat, and his boots are some wonderful boots, and everything about him is chosen with care and pains, for he is the centre of lifelong devotion and occupation to one human being — himself.

Your cousin Angeline is a nonentity, and a troublesome creature to boot. Nobody cares to have her for their guest, and it is with difficulty you extract from the head of the house the invitation, which duty alone prompts you to send her. But Angeline, unconscious and important, looks at it differently. She is doubtful about accepting, does not send a decided negative (for which you would be thankful), but will reply in a few days. She hopes she *may* be able to come, only she has so many engagements, and having postponed other invitations, she would not like anybody to be hurt. May she leave it an open question? Would it be inconvenient if she were to offer herself by-and-by? She will consult the others, and see what they say, etc., etc., etc., to the tune of three sheets of a letter, all about this momentous question.

Listen to the narrator of an anecdote. How often he has been called "My dear fellow," by the great man whom the anecdote is about! How earnestly has his opinion been sought, and how authoritatively has he laid down the law, in reply! One marvels at the deference paid to such a weakling — until one remembers that the weakling is the speaker. Even as you look upon him, he beholds your gaze, and metamorphoses it. He is his own centre of all things. The universe moves around him.

Mrs. Wyndham, as we have said, saw nothing extraordinary in her sister-in-law's letter, nothing to wonder at, that a little fidgety, twaddling woman, encumbered with fancies, whims, likings, and dislikings, destitute of resources, and dependent on those around her for amusement, should be eagerly solicited to become a member

of a quiet family party. A few plaintive regrets she gave to Brighton, and set forth to gratify the praiseworthy desire.

Harmony Court had been intended for a purely summer residence by its first proprietor, a man of refined tastes, and delicate health, who passed the autumn and winter months in a warm climate, returning to England towards the latter end of May. At that season of the year, he found a perfect paradise of repose in the long, low building, nestling amid its creepers, and was accustomed, when absent, to recall with delight its velvet lawn, swept by the weeping ash and willow, its cool colonnade of roses, its sparkling river, and bell-tongued nightingales.

But Mr. Jermyn, the next possessor of the property, was unfortunately not able to preserve the charming picture, complete, in his mind. He had stretched a point to buy the place, and, having bought it, he meant to live at it. He had neither the means nor the inclination to move his family from one spot to another; and accordingly Harmony Court, exulted in from May to October, had to be endured from October to May.

Mrs. Jermyn, indeed, had the usual ladylike excuses of her doctor, her dentist, or her dressmaker, always ready, when a run up to town was felt to be desirable; and invitations for Charlotte and Minnie were usually accepted; but still there was ample experience to be had by all, that the most beauteous and bewitching retreat in the "leafy month of June," is commonly the most unwholesome and unlovely in the leafless month of November.

It is at this most doleful season of the year, however, that Mrs. Wyndham has been persuaded to transfer herself and her belongings to B——shire, in which, during her summer infatuation, she had purchased a comfortable residence, within easy distance of the Jermyns. Her stay at Harmony Court has been prolonged from one week to another, and still the Grange is not ready, and still Mrs. Jermyn presses her not to leave them. Pauline shall be made welcome also—there is room, abundance of room; and accordingly Pauline is expected upon the afternoon on which we now take up our tale.

The ladies are sipping their tea in the drawing-room. Mrs. Jermyn, stout and fair, with rather too much cap on her head, and rather more than enough smile on her face, lounges in the easy-chair by the fire. By the table are the two daughters of the house—Charlotte, tall, talkative, clever; Minnie, ordinary.

Mrs. Wyndham in the armchair opposite, toys with the screen which her still delicate complexion renders necessary, if she is to enjoy dear Selina's charming fire. The lace at the back of her little head is costly, diamonds sparkle on her fingers, and everything about her is rich and valuable.

Perhaps we may now suspect why she is invariably "dear Camilla," and "your dear aunt," and "our dear guest," in Mrs. Jermyn's lips; and why it is only when mamma's back is turned, and papa's too, that Charlotte Jermyn crouches down to half her height, and minces about the room, simpering and grimacing, talking nonsense in a finely accentuated voice, and cackling a little artificial laugh.

How angry mamma would be if she knew!

It is very wrong, very *undutiful*, to laugh at one's own relations. It is extremely *absurd* to lie at the catch for small defects. So kind, so indulgent an aunt! What would Charlotte and Minnie do without Aunt Camilla, who treats them as if they were her *own* children, and takes them to town, and makes them all those *beautiful* presents? She hopes that none of *her* children will ever be found *ungrateful*. She cannot answer for others; Camilla of course knows best about her own relations, but—and the head is shaken portentously.

They are discussing the new arrangement, you understand; and Charlotte has been incautious.

Mamma cannot conceive what she means, is really astonished that a daughter of hers should be found wanting in *respect*. She considers that Pauline is quite in luck, quite *in luck* to find such a charming home. After such a sad misfortune, such a miserable business altogether, to have fallen on her feet as she has! No hardships, no privations, only the kindest and most *generous* of relations waiting to receive her with open arms!

"And kill her in a week!" breaks out the rebellious daughter. "You need not look so indignant, mamma. She will do it with the best intentions. Oh, yes: she will call her 'my dear,' and 'my love,' and beg her to take care of her health, and insist on her going out every day in the carriage, and not walking too far, and not reading too much, and not doing anything else in the world than sitting by her side, listening to her ceaseless clatter, clatter, clatter from morning till night."

"Charlotte! I—— We were just having a little discussion about your do-

mestic affairs, Camilla," explains Mrs. Jermyn, as her sister-in-law's entrance rather alters the nature of that discussion, and annihilates the response she had begun. "Minnie, a footstool for your aunt. Cold, dear? A little shawl for your shoulders? Minnie will fetch one in a moment. What were we saying? Oh, it was about your future inmate at the Grange. I only hope, my dear, that it will not be too much for you; the charge, I mean, the complete *charge* of a great girl like that! And such a risk as living together always is! You must let us know—that we shall *insist* upon—if it does not answer, and some other plan must be adopted. We shall feel ourselves responsible for the comfort of the Grange, as it was *we* who introduced you to the neighborhood."

Mrs. Wyndham has had this fact impressed upon her memory rather oftener than she cares for, already; but she is in the habit of considering Selina a good creature, and makes allowance for her anxiety on a point where anxiety cannot but be flattering.

Mrs. Jermyn runs on. "It ought to be considered in the light of a *trial*, not to be *permanent*, unless all goes on smoothly. If it suits, well. If not, dear, you *promise* to take us into confidence?"

Selina is really *too* kind. Of course it is a *risk*, and Mrs. Wyndham cannot but feel *nervous*; but still, what else *could* she do? She could not allow the poor dear child to *starve*, and her own *nearest* relation too, her dear *brother's* child.

Camilla is not to be outdone on her own special ground; when these two get together, every second word is accentuated.

"I suppose," responds Mrs. Jermyn, wincing a little under the last observation, "that she has not been much out into the world—that she is little more than a great girl?"

"As tall as Charlotte, my love, and looks older, if anything. Dark-haired people always do look old. That, you know, is proverbial. It is we blondes who keep our youth, I can tell you," proclaims the faded beauty. "We cannot look old if we would. As Colonel Grafton said to me the other day, 'My dear madam,' he said, 'you cannot look old if you would!'"

Mrs. Jermyn protests that the colonel is right. Her dear sister does not look with in *years* of her age, though indeed what that age may be she cannot pretend to *guess*, for she vows she cannot believe, and does not believe, what the family date tells. "Charlotte, your aunt will take an-

other cup of tea. Oh, pray! My dear Camilla, *you* need not be afraid of *embonpoint*."

"*Embonpoint!* now really!" The screen is thrown playfully forward in the direction of the other armchair.

"But it must be half, and half only, then," suffering her cup to be taken. "Just because your mamma presses me. Now, dear Selina, are you sure, quite, absolutely *sure* that it will not inconvenience you to have Pauline? Not in the *least*?"

"A pleasure, dear—a *pleasure*."

"You are so hospitable. For one week, then; our workmen promise to be gone in one week."

"And if they are not, Camilla, so much the better." And so on, and so on.

Into the midst of all this steps Pauline, with a cold, quiet face. Effusive greetings, embraces, questions, and hubbub follow.

"Self-possessed," comments a certain pair of searching eyes; "decidedly self-possessed. That sort of manner seldom takes. But she is one of the handsomest girls I have ever seen." Aloud, Mrs. Jermyn is saying pleasantly, "Now I think our traveller would like to take off her warm things, and have a rest before dinner. Would you not, Pauline—am I to call you Pauline? We are very nearly relations, you know, and now we are going to be neighbors as well. You must feel this room hot after coming in from the open air. Charlotte will show you your room, my dear, and I hope it will be comfortable. I think I must stay by the fire-side and nurse my cold, as we are engaged to dine out to-morrow evening."

The last announcement was made with a little air that would at once have conveyed to an initiated ear that the dining out referred to was not an ordinary event in the household; but it was lost on Pauline.

With a polite hope that the lady would soon be better, she followed Charlotte, and was ushered up-stairs.

"Good-looking! No, I don't call her so very good-looking! What do you say, Charlotte?" Mrs. Wyndham is peevishly exclaiming, as Charlotte re-enters the drawing-room. "Anybody looks well coming in out of the fresh air, among such a set of pasty faces as we have got. What have we all been about, moping indoors the whole afternoon? Why don't you girls go out? I have a great mind to take a turn myself. But no, I should certainly catch cold in this dreadful fog. Ah! what a climate it is! And what a situation you have got here, my dear children! I

trust I shall be fit for Sir John's dinner-party. I am beginning to cough already."

"Put a little coal on the fire, Charlotte," suggests her mother. "Why did you come down so soon, my love?"

"I did not know I was to stay, mamma."

"Could you not have given her some little help? She has no maid, you know, and with all her things to unpack——"

"I will go back again by-and-by. She did not want me just now, I am sure."

"Let the poor thing alone, can't you?" mutters Charlotte, under her breath.

So Pauline is left with the letter in her hand, which had waited for her on the drawing-room mantelpiece since the day before.

It is from Tom, who is staying with some friends in the north. He is going to London to begin his work there, in a few days. Meantime they are having good sport, and there is a houseful of people, and it is very jolly.

All this his sister reads musingly; but she comes to a part by-and-by on which her eyes fasten, and a keen, eager look darts into her face. This dies away, and, with dropping eyelids, there follows the sob, and cry, "If I had only been sent anywhere——anywhere else!"

There is a tap at the door, her hands unclasp, she tries to look composed, and turns away her head. "Come in." The accents are stiff and uninviting, and Charlotte is more convinced than ever that her errand will be unwelcome.

"I came to help you to unpack," replies the intruder, ungraciously. "Can I——" But here she catches sight of the beautiful young face, which had lately seemed to them all so cold and proud, now flushed, and quivering in pain, and it is, "Oh, do let me stay, dear! I like to be with you, and I am so glad you came," followed by a warm, honestly affectionate kiss, that finds its way to the heart at once.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE KITCHEN AND THE CELLAR.*

It is now more than forty years ago since a writer in this review discoursed,

* 1. *Le Livre de Cuisine*. Par Jules Gouffé, comprenant la "Cuisine de Ménage" et la "Grande Cuisine," avec 25 planches imprimées en chromolithographie, et 161 vignettes sur bois. Paris, 1867.

2. *L'Art de la Cuisine Française au Dix-neuvième Siècle*. Traité élémentaire et pratique, suivi de dissertations Culinaires et Gastronomiques, utiles aux

with a perfect knowledge of the subject, on the science with which a dinner should be served and the art with which it should be eaten.* The popularity which his remarks obtained, when separately published under the title of "The Art of Dining," proved that that generation appreciated his summary of the laws of gastronomical observation in relation to their food and wines. Would that it were in our power to say that there has been since that day real progress as well in that art as in the science of cookery in England! It would be unreasonable to expect that material prosperity should bring in its train the plain and simple refinement of taste due to other conditions than those of mere wealth.

Our present object being entirely practical, we do not propose to go into the history of cookery. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to do so; for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to improve on the general sketch, given by the author of "The Art of Dining," of the history of cookery from the earliest period up to 1789; and his account of the celebrated cooks of the Empire and the Restoration is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the subject.

A glance at the present state of gastronomical science will show us that the French, while still very perfect in it, are scarcely on a par with their forefathers of the period of the Restoration; nor shall we accept the Café Anglais, the Café Voisin, good as its cellar is, still less the Maison Dorée of the present day, in place of the Frères Provençaux, Philippe's, and

progrès de cet Art. Par M. Antonin Carême. Paris, 1833.

3. *Modern Domestic Cookery*. By a Lady. A new edition, based on the Work of Mrs. Rundell. 245th Thousand. London, 1865.

4. *Cuisine de Tous les Pays: Etudes Cosmopolites, avec 220 dessins composés pour la démonstration*. Par Urbain Dubois, chef de cuisine de leurs Majestés Royales de Prusse. Paris, 1868.

5. *Cosmopolitan Cookery. Popular Studies, with 310 Drawings*. By Urbain Dubois. London, 1870.

6. *Gastronomy as a Fine Art, or the Science of Good Living. A Translation of the "Physiologie du Goût" of Brillat-Savarin*. By R. E. Anderson, M.A. London, 1877.

7. *Buckmaster's Cookery: being an abridgement of some of the Lectures delivered in the Cookery School at the International Exhibition for 1873 and 1874; together with a collection of approved Recipes and Menus*. London.

8. *The Art of Dining; or Gastronomy and Gastronomers*. New Edition. London, 1853.

9. *Report on Cheap Wines*. By Dr. Druitt. London, 1873.

10. *The Third Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the National Training School for Cookery, for the year ending 31st March, 1876*.

* See Quarterly Review article on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," in July 1835, and article on Mr. Walker's "Original," in February, 1836.

Véfour's of the past. If we turn northward to Belgium we shall find much that is good in cooking and eating known, if not universally practised, whilst in reference to wine the Belgians surpass all other countries in their intimate acquaintance with, and accurate knowledge of the best vintages of Burgundy. In Great Britain we may hope that we are on the path of progress, some elements of race not unfavorable to gastronomical observation at times appearing in our strange mixture of Teutonic with other blood.

The wealth of America brings in its train some new recipes in the preparation of oysters and lobsters, and its indigenous birds offer to the *gourmet* a new subject for discourse, and fresh test for the faculties he possesses.

Passing again northward, we find the whole science ruthlessly ignored by the pure Teutonic race of the German Empire; * and if gastronomy has not vainly claimed its due consideration in the empire of the Cossacks, it is rather because the Russians have had immense advantages by the importation of French artists at astounding prices; and in their rivalry with Western civilization, have introduced the certain advantages of croquettes with *julienne* soup; while they serve in their truly hospitable fashion that noble fish, the sterlet, in a form and with a sauce that we rarely meet with elsewhere. Nor is their caviare to be overlooked, although in western Europe we rarely find it, as with them, of that pale green color which denotes an absence of salt. South and eastward we come upon remnants of the Teutonic race mixed up with Czech and Slavonic blood, and in consequence we find that singular view of gastronomic philosophy which obtains in Vienna, where people will neither dine at the right hour, eat dishes in their right places, nor insist on their cooks roasting in place of baking meats.

In Italy there was once a better state of science, but if it has retrograded, there are still hopes for a land where simple delicate forms of flour present models to the world; where tomatoes are indigenous, and rice has its cooks.

Let us add, that the science is not absolutely ignored in Turkey, nor looked upon as a vain and foolish thing in China and Japan. This generalization leaves untouched the position of the science in Spain, Portugal, our colonies, and the

lands outside Russia, where live the great Slavonic brotherhood. With these last, the imitative faculties promise a better future knowledge than will probably be the lot of the Spaniard, wrapped up in the dignified conceit of an aged people; or of our own colonists, the offspring of a race traditionally wedded to strong gravy soup, smoke-grilled chops, and plain boiled vegetables.

If we attempt to review the present aspect of gastronomical science, we must also take some note of drinking, and consider, too curiously perhaps for some, whether the prevalent notions about wines, what their quality should be, and when they are drunk, are based on sound principles. And however firmly convinced we may be that our views are sound, we readily admit that there is no infallibility in dogmas directed against other people's stomachs, and their habits of eating and drinking. Have we not the example of Brillat-Savarin in the neglect by the French of some of his most earnestly-insisted-on precepts? What did that eminent man say with reference to the use of the rinsing-glass after dinner? that it was "useless, indecent, and disgusting;" and who that has travelled has not known that sickening five minutes after dinner where the use of it obtains, and which, if universal, would make us seem to descend rather than advance in the refinements of civilized life? After Brillat-Savarin's efforts, how shall a humble writer hope to persuade Englishmen that they do not know what soup is, and that they rest in profound error in their abuse of champagne? The most to be hoped for is that further gastronomical observation will be encouraged, and that, the votaries of the science being multiplied, general ignorance will eventually be leavened; for we think that none will dispute that there is a decided lack of gastronomical knowledge amongst our countrymen. We well remember the indignation with which a friend, an M.P., in whose eyes dining is an art, after the precepts of the author of "The Art of Dining," and cooking an exact science, after the manner of Carême, recounted the fatal want of observation on the part of a common friend, whom we will call Brown. Brown was staying at Spa, at the same hotel as the M.P., and had been invited to join a party for a trip to that charming little spot, Chaudefontaine, where they were to dine. On his return, the M.P. cross-examined him as to the bill of fare, the wines, etc. The *menu* was tolerably well described, but on the subject of drink

* We must accept, however, the once free city of Hamburg, where one Wilkins, a restaurateur, formerly had a dwelling-place.

Brown declared that they had had "champagne and claret, or something." "Now," observed our friend, "we all know that the party was under the direction of that best of judges of good liquor, Sir H. E.; and any man with the slightest knowledge of the district, and a feeling for art-dining, is aware that the commonest hotels abound in good Burgundy, and that no man of the baronet's experience would think of ordering claret in the Wallon country, if his guests were not absolutely averse to Burgundy."*

Of one thing we may be sure, no British restaurateur will help the public to a knowledge of the art of dining. Individually or collectively they may run up piles of buildings, and tempt a *clientèle* by the cleanliness and beauty of their mural decoration; but when it comes to a question of food, even supposing the quality to be moderately good, every difficulty will be thrown in the way of a man and his wife, or brother and sister, to dine modestly, but with variety. For those who are not gourmands it is probable that one portion of soup and one of fish would suffice for two, but here the restaurateur (at least one that we could name), steps in and says, "You shall not have less than two portions, although one may suffice you: you shall pay me double for having placed before you what you don't want." Of course these men know their own business and the nature of their customers, but they must not come to us for a character as assistants in the great science under notice. At one or two good-class restaurants in the West End they still keep up the old French tradition of allowing you to order just so many portions for so many people as may please you, the only true method of permitting a varied repast at a moderate price.

Let us premise that, if we may seem to extol certain forms and methods of cooking as practised in France, it should be understood that this is far from supporting the introduction of what is known as French cookery into England. Hitherto what has been imported is practically a

good deal of cook's French, in the shape of titles to indifferent imitations of good dishes. Against these the Englishman naturally protests; and, as a rule, the manager of his household has yet to learn that in a French *cuisine bourgeoise* no shams are indulged in, and that simplicity and economy reign where we have waste and the master's despair.

The gastronomical observer, to be useful, need not trouble himself to examine how a great banquet should be prepared; that is the business of a *chef*. What he may inquire about should be, what are the elements in the cooking for a private household in France or elsewhere which can be imported with advantage into the English household?

We begin with what should form the beginning of every dinner, namely, soup. Our first observation addressed to our countrywomen who sway in the kitchen would be that, putting aside *purées* of peas, carrot, hare, grouse, etc., and speaking of cheap every-day refreshing soups, the liquid whereof they are made should be regarded as the vehicle for applying to the palate certain herbal flavors, a strengthening and nutritious vehicle if you will, but still a vehicle. A strong gravy-soup, the delight of the British cook, kills all herbal flavor, and if the palate is to be considered at all, it may be counted a sound gastronomical axiom that flavor and not sustenance is the first consideration at the beginning of a sound, well-ordered repast. The herbal flavors may vary; they may be derived from fresh vegetables in the spring-time passing under the title *à la jardinière*, from the cabbage and carrot as in the *croûte au pot*, or from the mixture made by the sage inventor of the *julienne* soup.

Strictly speaking, for the purposes of culinary education we must go, as Mr. Buckmaster has done in his lectures, to the *pot au feu* which Gouffé calls *l'âme de la cuisine de ménage*; but as we are now referring to the constituents of a dinner, let us see how *julienne*, the type of herbal soups, should be prepared, and compare it with the accepted *julienne* of clubs, restaurants, and cooks who prepare dinners for London parties. The cook, who knows his business, will take carrots, the red part only, turnips, celery, leeks, onions, cabbage, lettuce, sorrel, and chervil, in quantities proportionate to the number of persons he has to serve, and he will cut them up very small and thin. In France a special cutter is sold at the ironmongers' for the purpose. He will then pass the onions

* It may be useful to the traveller abroad to know that nowhere is Burgundy to be obtained in such perfection as in the Wallon district of Belgium, comprising Liège, Namur, Spa, Dinant, etc. At little hostelrys in remote districts in the Ardennes you will get Burgundy that would be of value at great banquets in London. For some reason the climate and cellars of this district suit the wine, and the people have the sense to lay down enough of it. If the traveller's peregrinations take him towards Mons, Charleroi, or Valenciennes in France, he will be wise to ask for still red champagne, a delicate, fine wine, worthy of grave sipping and steady reflective observation.

and leeks over the fire, with a good-sized piece of butter. He will next throw all the rest of the vegetables, cut up as above, into boiling water and let them rest there five minutes, after which he will place them on a strainer to drip. When the water is drained off, he will add the onions and leeks, and put all in a saucepan (a copper one), add a little sugar and some butter, pour over them a little *bouillon* or soup, and proceed to *cook* them, by allowing them gently to simmer for a couple of hours when, being well cooked and tender, the *bouillon* or *consommé* (which should assimilate to a weak beef-tea) may be added and the soup served.

Gouffé differs somewhat from this formula, which was given us by Dubost Frères, the well-known restaurateurs in Brussels, who have since disposed of their business. Gouffé directs you to let your *consommé* simmer, with the herbs in it, for three hours, merely adding some lettuce and sorrel, chopped up ten minutes before serving. But we think he is inconsistent with previous precepts, for in his opening remarks about *bouillon* he insists that vegetables should not be left in it longer than necessary for their being cooked. We should add that *consommé* is a more expensive thing to make than *bouillon*, which is the base of it. Gouffé, for instance, directs a proportion of about six pounds of beef, four of veal, and two fowls to simmer four hours in seven litres of *bouillon* to arrive at a good *consommé*. Whatever formula may be adopted for the liquid, provided it is light and delicate, we would have it regarded simply as a vehicle for herbal flavor. Contrast a soup made as above with the English *julienne* soup, where hard slices of uncooked carrots are left to take their chance in a gravy that has a flavor of nothing but coarse meat, and you have a comparison which must perforce lead to gastronomical observation. You may prefer the strong gravy, but in that case your palate is at fault, and you cannot understand herbal flavor. This observation, however, affecting as it does the science of the cook and the art of the diner, would not be just without the accompanying remark; that to buy at the London greengrocers' good fresh young vegetables is not such an easy matter, and that, to make a reform, it is necessary that the market-gardener should aid by cultivating and bringing to Covent Garden what is young and tender in vegetable life, and not old carrots and dry turnips. Still, in the country this excuse for the cook will not serve, and that a clean

herbal soup is possible at an English hotel many of the travellers by the winter coach to St. Alban's ('75-'76) had the satisfaction of finding after their pleasant outward drive.

If we were called on to give instances of the difficulty of getting *julienne* soup in London, it would only be necessary to name certain clubs where *chefs hors ligne* will give you a *bouillabaisse*, or a pepper-pot, *quenelles de cailles aux truffes*, or a crab curry in perfection, but scarcely ever succeed, probably on account of the market-gardener, in presenting you with the true *julienne* soup we have spoken of.

We are aware that our recipe fails in that it does not provide the exact weight of vegetables to the proportion of *consommé*. M. Dubost (who, by the way, had a collection of china and bric-à-brac, well worth the attention of the connoisseur) assumed, no doubt, that a *chef* with any knowledge of his business would always fairly proportion all that enters into a *julienne* soup, but to the English cook we would suggest just six times the quantity of vegetables she is accustomed to provide for the soup in question.

If we pass from the making of herbal soup to a consideration of the *batterie de cuisine* placed at the disposition of English cooks in modest English households, we shall be compelled to observe a fatal absence of copper. Those bright stew-pans with our neighbors form a refreshing sight to the *gourmet*, however modest the *ménage*. Just as we succeed well in boiling potatoes by means of a quick, roaring fire applied to an iron saucepan, which communicates the heat to the water quickly, so we fail in *sauté*-ing young potatoes, because for that we want a moderate fire and a copper saucepan, which communicates the heat slowly; in other words, an arrangement that does not readily burn the contents, which with an iron saucepan, in the absence of care, would be the case.

And here it is only just that we should draw attention to Gouffé, his plates, and his woodcuts. Of course, there is very little that is absolutely new in matters of recipes for dishes, but Gouffé has availed himself of chromo-lithography and a good wood-engraver to bring home to us some precepts that ought to receive attention. Note particularly the design for a range, p. 23, fig. 16, where we have a roasting arrangement carefully out of the way, while still under the supervision of the cook; and the proper design for a charcoal grilling apparatus, which would meet a want greatly felt amongst those who love

a clean grill. Throughout his work it will be observed that Gouffé inclines to well-tinned copper saucepans, whilst not absolutely discarding tinned-iron pans, and at the same time he sets his face against the simple cast-iron pans and the earthenware vases that have for so long maintained their place in many French households.

Returning to the grilling apparatus in fig. 16 of Gouffé's work, we shall possibly surprise many by avowing that, in our opinion, the French beat us as much in this respect as in many others. That they succeed in soups, sauces, and *entrées*, is undoubted, and copper saucepans go for much therein; but for the *cuisine bourgeoise* (household cooking) we should indicate grilling as the point where they are more entirely successful than we are. Here charcoal or *braise* (a form of charcoal), as the fuel, gives the French cook an advantage. It enables him to serve up fish, flesh, and fowl, cleanly grilled, not smoke-flavored, and the sauce, if sauce there be, has nothing to interfere with its due appreciation. The English cook, as a rule, appeals to the frying-pan* and produces her cutlets, often sodden, and generally tasteless, with small idea that meat and its flavor is one thing, and the sauce appropriate to it another.† When cutlets have been cooked in this fashion, the tenant of the dining-room learns that delicate tender mutton exists no more; leather, for all practical purpose of taste, might replace it. Yet how could we expect an English cook with the ordinary coal-fuel range to have a bright fire just ready for grilling at the moment when the *entrée* of cutlets should be served? The charcoal or *braise* embers, being a contrivance apart, are, with a slight use of the bellows, always ready for the grill. Speaking not dogmatically, but with conviction, we place charcoal or *braise*, as a grilling element, as of the first necessity in a range where due justice is to be done by the cook. Nor can

* "As frying properly in fat is of much importance and of constant use, no pains should be spared in thoroughly understanding it. If you attempt to fry at too low a temperature, or allow the temperature to fall more than five degrees, the things are not fried but soaked and soddened, and of a dirty-white color. If the temperature is too high, then the thing is charred, burnt, and blackened, but not fried." (Buckmaster, p. 112.) To much useful information on this head given in the above, we may add that beef-fat is better for frying white-bait than lard. Mr. Buckmaster says as much, though not in special terms: "Lard is the fat generally used for frying, but it is liable to leave an unpleasant flavor after it." (P. 109.) It may also be added, that biscuit-powder is infinitely better than bread-crumbs to *paner* cutlets.

† In Gouffé's work, the percentage of dishes (fish, flesh, and fowl), the ingredients of which pass over the grill, is double that in a recent English cookery-book.

we believe that this suggestion is one necessarily attended with inordinate expense. It sufficeth to put — if Gouffé's plan above mentioned is attended with difficulty — in modern close ranges a fifteen-inch square grate, sunk some three inches below the level of the top, with a regulator for the draft from without, so that the charcoal or *braise* shall burn freely; and we venture to say that the cost of the charcoal will be saved in the butcher's bill, to say nothing of the temper of the master, suffering under the infliction of meat wrongfully bedabbled in cinders and begrimed with coal-smoke! Let it be taken as a gastronomical observation of supreme importance to the seeker after culinary truth, that the eminence of French cookery does not lie solely in soups or sauces; but in the cleanliness with which fish, flesh, and fowl are grilled, aided by the perfectly-made sauces, separately cooked, with which such flesh and fowl are served. Not, however, that bread-crumbed cutlets are always out of place, but that the importance of clean grilling should be more clearly recognized. And let no one here cite the advantage of Dutch ovens, or similar contrivances, for avoiding the coal-smoke. They are aids to the idle, but fail in the essential application of direct heat and oxygen to the meat. Of course clubs and large establishments can afford to keep a coke-grill constantly going, and to them coke is cheaper, and, well kept up, as effective as charcoal; but in the small establishment the cook, seeking to grill, is confined to her coal-fire, and such use as she may make of it.

In many small details, also, the *batterie de cuisine* supplied to the English cook is wanting; principally, we fancy, in the small tools for cutting up vegetables and herbs, slicing spinach, cucumbers, etc. In how many kitchens do you find a salamander, that excellent French invention for browning a dish without putting it into the oven, in order to obtain the same result at the price of its juices being dried up? It is true that this implement, being heavy, suggests sometimes to an ignorant kitchen-maid that it must be there for the purpose of breaking coal; but does not ignorance, in some form or other, often try our patience, and are we thereby to be discouraged?

Touching the general question of butcher's meat, something must be said, though with the full knowledge that it will be without effect in England. The *Chateaubriand*, the *entrecôte*, and the *filet mignon* (of mutton), with other forms, are all

due to the more enlarged sympathies of the French butcher for what is perfect. We must entirely change the mode of cutting up the carcase before we can arrive at the same perfection in form of meat purchasable, and as that is hopeless, so is it useless to insist further on the subject on behalf of the public. To the country gentleman only, who may have some control over the village butcher, we may remark that very clear-colored plates are sold in France at a moderate price, guided by which an intelligent and willing man might easily produce the desired forms of beef, veal, and mutton.

And here, again, it will not be out of place to refer to Gouffé. By bringing chromo-lithography to aid him, he has given us two plates (II. and III.), which are quite unique on this important question of quality, not form, of meat. Had he extended the idea to the interesting question of herbs he would have rendered us, though, perhaps, not his countrymen, an important service. The fact is, French cooks and French gardeners know what herbs for cooking are. A friend of ours happened to be in a country-house the other day where there was much show, little science, and a large garden kept up at great expense. At luncheon he volunteered to make a fresh salad, and forthwith proceeded to the garden to gather his materials. He desired lettuce, chervil, tarragon, and borage. The first he found; of the others the head-gardener knew nothing!

M. Jules Gouffé, all-knowing, has not known enough; he has not been acquainted with the ignorance of our gardeners and our cooks.

Having passed the stage of soup, there is not much of importance to be said until we come to the vegetables. The fish in England is infinitely better in quality and better cooked* than can be obtained elsewhere. There may be special dishes, such as *sole à la Normande* or the Marseillaise dish of *bouillabaisse*, immortalized by Thackeray, worthy of consideration, but they are not essential to the *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, the rather because the constituents of this last cannot be obtained in perfection, save on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Of roast meat, be it beef or mutton, we can hold our own with any nation; and boiled potatoes are, for reasons connected with our extravagant use of fuel, and our

* A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fish is boiled is scarcely sufficiently insisted on in English cookery-books.

iron saucepans, our *spécialité*. But when we come to vegetables in general, we find ourselves, by old tradition, cut off from some of the most economical tasty *plats* the French housewife will give us. Celery with us is rarely cooked, *cardons à la moëlle* are unknown, and the same with *aubergines farcies*; and *jets d'houblon aux œufs pochés*, one of the *primeurs* in early spring, may be looked for in vain at an English table. Perhaps the market-gardener is at fault here too. In any case, we do not get them; nor will untravelled English understand that a vegetable should be served, if cooked, as a *plat*, to be criticised gastronomically by itself, and not as a concomitant or accident, if we may so express it, to more solid food. Game, again, is so admirably served at English tables, that there are few new ideas to import in reference to it. And yet there is a bird abroad of which we should like to know something more. We have never found it on an English table, and but once was it on our path in culinary delectation abroad, and then we passed it over (possibly in error), supposing it to vary but little from its English prototype. We allude to the Bohemian pheasant. We understand, on good authority, that this bird is fat, which our English pheasant rarely is; and not dry, which ours often is. A friend who has some shooting at Boar-stall (traditionally connected with Edward the Confessor and Charles I.), on the borders of Oxfordshire, has introduced this peculiar bird into his preserves; but so far as any extra flavor goes, he tells us that he is not able to certify to it. Possibly the food in the forests of Bohemia may produce different results. That it is a recognized delicacy, and commands a high price (20s. a pair) in Berlin, is undoubted. Our friend, somewhat cynical, but possibly correct, says that the fatness of pheasants depends on the method of feeding them; in fact, he assimilates them to plain fowls. If so, we desire all proprietors of pheasants to attend to their wants, in the interest of the gastronomical observer.

If, after all, one is obliged to admit that in science below stairs, and in art in the dining-room, the English are wanting, how trifling is the addition required to put the English family dinner on a level with the *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, which delights the foreign *gourmet*! Rather better-grown vegetables from the market-gardener; a habit of really cooking them on the part of the cook; a weakening of the strong gravy-soup, so that their herbal flavor shall not be overpowered; a grate of charcoal,

whereby viands may be cleanly grilled, and some small instructions as to how vegetable *plats* may be properly served, and with the best fish and mutton in the world, the English can give a really refined dinner. For we beg to remind the reader, a banquet is not necessarily a refined repast; and *côtelettes à la réforme, riz de veau à la St. Cloud, vol-au-vent à la financière*, although all good in their way, do not form the real groundwork for gastronomical observation. This must lie for every-day work in simple herbal soups, clean-cooked meat, and delicate vegetable *plats* that afford room for extracting the subtle essence of the garden, a subtle essence that should arrive at our palate by herbs also, herbs that are too much undervalued by the English cook. Parsley, thyme, balm, marjoram, rosemary, rue, pennyroyal, bay-leaf, chervil, garlic, shalots, truffles, morels, of all should she make the acquaintance, although to be strictly correct, these last come under the head of onions and roots rather than of herbs. Mr. Buckmaster insists upon their use, and the necessity of knowing all about them; and, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that M. Gouffé did not illustrate them, instead of giving us such utterly useless plates (among much that is admirable) as those devoted to the arrangement of cray-fish, the nature of a dessert-dish, a composition of game (frontispiece), or a *filet de bœuf à la jardinière*, about all of which the instructed desire to know nothing, whilst to the ignorant they convey few ideas.

We have up to the present moment referred to Gouffé, of the French school, and to Mr. Buckmaster, who gave some lectures in 1873-74 at the International Exhibition. The first is an artist, in many things above criticism; but we do not hesitate to say that the latter has given one direction in his recipe for *pot au feu* which overrides M. Gouffé. He says, in his "precautions," "Do not boil." Gouffé at one point says, "Boil." We understand him to mean only for the purpose of taking off the scum, but in the mean time is not the meat ruined? What Mr. Buckmaster says, he says clearly, although from the stores of his mind there is yet much unwritten. Had he continued, he might perhaps have put in print those two recipes which we learnt through a friend from a French *chef*, to wit, that a lump of bread about the size of a French billiard-ball tied up in a *linen* bag, and inserted in the pot which boils greens, will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable odor to the regions above;

the other, that a lump of bread stuck on the end of one of those pointed knives used in the French kitchen will prevent your eyes being affected, if you are peeling onions with the said knife.

And beyond the operations in the kitchen, a great interest attaches to the store-room and the larder. There are *hors d'œuvre*, cold as well as hot, about which much may be said, some being at their best in one season, some at another. Cheeses, again, present an endless field of observation for the gastronomer, although, perchance, he may end by finding few planets in that orbit. Some man addicted to this preparation of milk declared that after once tasting, we think it was either Mont d'Or or Strachino, he wandered about Europe after a phantom cheese. If we recollect rightly, he avowed that a good Camembert had a ghostly resemblance to it; but if we mistake not, he had not made the acquaintance of Malakoff, a cream-cheese fabricated in Normandy. Certain it is that Strachino is too rare; and as for Camembert, the curious thing is that you meet with it in far better condition in London or Brussels than in Paris. As to our old English cheeses, Stilton, Cheshire, North Wilts, say even that goodly cream-cheese that in the days of our youth we tasted somewhere near Fountain's Abbey, where are they? Do large dealers buy them up for St. Petersburg and Moscow *marchands de comestibles* who are regardless of price? We cannot deny that we have met with them in those cities far better in quality than such as we have chanced to buy in the best shops in London.

Forget not too, O learner in this field of knowledge! to pick up any happy thoughts that may occur to your host after you are seated; such, for instance, as that which occurred to a well-known artist of our acquaintance. He had invited a friend to a beef-steak at the A-Club. The steak was served, when he bethought him to inquire, *sotto voce*, if there was a clove of garlic in the house. There was; it was brought; he simply passed the knife through it, nothing more, and surprised his guest with the most delicate form of that unique flavor which the prince of the onion family can alone give.

Before we pass on to the consideration of wines, we think that something more than a slight reference should be made to an institution that has sprung up of late years, one calculated to do an unmixed good to our people, whether at home or in the colonies; we mean the National

Training School for Cookery. There is scarcely anything the Englishman likes so well as facts, and, doubtful about the future, he will hesitate to permit an idea to take root with him unless it is backed up by something like success. To such we call attention to the last report of the executive committee of this school. It is not brilliant; it does not show that those who first started it have made either renown or money; but it shows that very serious ignorance amongst many classes is being lessened by the persistent efforts of a few gentlemen and a sensible staff. In any case, the good they have done cannot be measured by their report, because they can give no account of the unceasing spread of interest in this art from the pupil-teacher to the pupil in London and the local schools, and from pupils to pupils' friends and acquaintances. In the twelve-month ending the 31st of March, 1876, fifteen hundred and three pupils passed through the school, twelve gained diplomas as teachers, and nineteen more were in training for that state of life. We understand that the report for the present year will show an increase of something like four hundred, seventeen hundred and thirty-four pupils having passed for the first ten months, of whom fifty-four have gained diplomas as teachers.

The number of local schools has increased from eight in 1876 to twenty-nine at the present time.

There are now at work the following classes.

(a) Those who learn practically cleanliness, which is of the first importance in cookery, and attend practical demonstrations.

(b) A practical kitchen, where students themselves practise cooking suitable for families which spend from 20s. to 100s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(c) An artisan kitchen, where students especially intended as teachers practise cooking for artisan families which spend from 7s. to 20s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(d) A course of practical teaching for students who are in training as teachers.

When we had the pleasure of visiting the school a few weeks ago, without any notice on our part, we found in the artisan kitchen a dozen young girls who had been brought from ward schools in the City by the past and present masters of the Cooks' Company, at the expense of the latter. They were being taught by a most intelligent and energetic young lady. In the

demonstration kitchen we found a number of ladies taking notes of the practical lessons most lucidly given by one of the staff; and in the practice kitchen we saw many estimable as well as charming young ladies, some qualifying themselves as teachers, others to be something better than the lazy delights of their present or future homes. Cleanliness—a most important element in the kitchen—seemed to be practised everywhere. The girls brought in by the liberality of the Cook's Company were, at this their twelfth lesson, already competing for practice with each other in the composition of many sensible household dishes, and what they had prepared was to our taste excellent. The course of practical training for the teachers appears to be most complete in form, though scarcely long enough in practice; and the only criticism on the methods pursued we should venture to offer is that they should not keep the knowledge that may be imparted entirely within the limits of what they can do at the schools with its means and appliances. For instance, they make a most excellent and clear consommé on economical principles, that is, they manage without the chicken. But many of that bevy of fair girls will have the management of households where the cost of a fowl would not be a question. It is a pity that these should go away with the idea that they have attained perfection in a consommé, which we know cannot be done without the use of fowls. As the views of the executive committee were not explained to us on this point, we write rather suggestively than critically. To us it seems that the best means of making important dishes should be pointed out, although it might be a useless extravagance to attempt to prepare them practically at the school. We may also remark that receipts do not mean recipes. Strict English is essential in a national school.

It is very fortunate that, at last, the importance of cookery in education has been acknowledged in the revised and re-revised code, but the lords of the committee of council on education might well be asked to assist the National School of Cookery by some further practical steps in the same direction. We do not say that we should go so far as the executive committee in asking that it should be recognized by the State, if by that is meant a demand for a subsidy; but we do most thoroughly endorse their claim to train teachers for the use of the council on education at such rate of fees as shall assist in the current

expenses, and encourage the executive committee to pursue their good work. Some one, at any rate, must produce these teachers, whether it be in music or cookery; and if this school does its work well, as, indeed, we think it does, they have a fair claim to be the means whereby sound principles of cooking shall be spread over the country. On one point we certainly think the executive committee of this school are right to insist that, in place of the annual grant of 4s. per scholar, now offered in the revised code for food and clothing combined, the grant may be divided into two equal parts, giving 2s. for each subject, and that a specially qualified inspector should be appointed to look to the interests of cooking. Indeed, the moment you admit that cooking is essential to the true education of an Englishwoman,* that moment you create the necessity for qualities in an inspector not always found (with a present exception in the London district) in clever Oxford and Cambridge men; and with a division in the grant we should be inclined to beg their lordships to consider whether a young girl should not go through her course of cookery in her last year instead of in the first year of the fourth standard. Much technical knowledge picked up at the age of twelve and thirteen, and not kept up, is forgotten at fifteen or sixteen; and it would be of infinite advantage to a young girl thrown on her own resources, and wishing perhaps to go into service, to be able to say, even at that age, to a lady seeking help, "I have come straight out of the cookery classes." If we might venture to throw out another suggestion to their lordships in the interest of cooking, it would be that twenty lessons of three hours each would do more for a girl than the very bare limit of "two hours a week, and forty hours in the year." The result of many dishes cannot be given in two hours; and if we were to judge by the young girls sent by the Cooks' Company from the ward schools, who managed to have a three hours' lesson, we should deem that it was not school-work from their point of view, but a very pleasant occupation. Such girls will turn out good cooks.

The Cooks' Company, although not a rich corporation, have come forward in this matter in a practical fashion demanding every acknowledgment. Nor must the praiseworthy action of the council of the Society of Arts be overlooked, for they

* Since this was in type we understand that the School Board of Aberdeen have memorialized their lordships in the sense of these observations.

have given during the last two years five free scholarships of 10*l.* 10*s.* each to be competed for, and we commend the idea to those wealthy persons who desire to perpetuate their name by a most practical form of benevolence — a cosmopolitan benevolence that tends to the comfort and well-being, not to say civilization, of the English race.

We have criticised freely English cooking, and we have pursued, in a line which ought to satisfy any friend of reform, the shortcomings amongst us; but we do not ignore the thoroughly good and quaintly superb simplicity of dinners sent up from time to time in this country. A friend of ours was returning from Paris with two young companions (so many years ago that they made the journey to Calais by *diligence*) and when at Dover they got into a railway carriage with an elderly gentleman. The talk turned much on the restaurants they had visited, to which the elder one listened long and with much patience. At length he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am going to have a dinner to-night that no restaurateur in Paris can beat, and it is thoroughly English." Our friends opened their eyes and their ears, fresh as they were from the Frères Provençaux and Philippe's. "I am going, gentlemen, to have simply four dishes, not one of which could you get in perfection in Paris; to wit, turtle-soup, turbot and lobster sauce, a haunch of venison, and a grouse!" Our friends, young as they were, had the good taste to incline their heads before the mention of such a truly royal repast. We use the term royal advisedly, for we understand that a certain personage, whose example must always do much in this kingdom, persistently sets his face against elaborate and vulgar *menus*.

Passing now to matters of libation, we must, as in the case of soups, go to France, or rather to the mode of living there, with a *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, if we would be instructed what we should drink at dinner. We except breakfast, even a French one, *à la fourchette*; for hath not Brillat-Savarin given his fiat in favor of tea, and can there be a cleaner, wholesomer drink, if you like it, in the wide world? But, for dinner, if we would keep our palate clean, let us stick to Bordeaux or Burgundy, with or without water, according to its quality; water for the lower, absence of it for the higher growths. Of course, for those who think that strong gravy or mock-turtle, and hot sherry or Cette Madeira form a fitting beginning for their repast, gastronomical observation of this

kind is thrown away. It is delicate flavor in soup that makes Bordeaux possible; and when the palate has not been destroyed by fiery sherry, a glass of Lafitte or Chambertin can be as well appreciated with a saddle of mutton, as after dinner with the olives. If you insist on white wine, take Sauterne of a low growth (the higher growths, like Château d'Yquem, are only fit, like Rauenthalerberg, for dessert), or Chablis, if Burgundy is your drink for the day. Never put Bordeaux and Burgundy on the table the same day; they are distinct classes of wine, and are to be sipped on different days of the week. It is one of the gravest errors, due to the passion for thick soups, fiery sherry, and hot sauces, that good wine (by good we mean first and second growth clarets) cannot be appreciated until after dinner. As a gastronomical (drinking) observation, it may be taken that the universal introduction of red wines during dinner is as important for the improvement of the palate as the amelioration of soups.

Red wines should always be taken out of the cellar, and kept in the kitchen or butler's pantry some hours before they are drunk. They should never be placed before the fire, but allowed to become warm gradually. The temperature of the wine should be as nearly as possible the temperature of the dining-room. In a French family with which we were acquainted, it was the practice to take from the cellar every Monday morning the Bordeaux required for the week's consumption, and to keep it in a cupboard in the *salle-à-manger*, so that the family might have on Sunday their wine in the most perfect condition. How often do we find on English tables the finer growths of claret unfit to drink, simply because they have been brought from the cellar only an hour or two before dinner, and then left in a cold place, or exposed to a draught! Clarets of a third, or even a fourth growth, judiciously warmed, will taste infinitely better than the finest Château-Lafitte, or Château-Margaux taken directly from even the best cellar. These remarks apply especially to red wines of the Bordeaux district. Belgian connoisseurs do not approve of bringing up Burgundy from its cellar (the temperature of which should be low) until shortly before use. We have heard Englishmen dispute this view in favor of greater warmth, but we think the Belgians know too much about this wine not to have their opinions treated with great respect. Burgundy, indeed, is so delicate a wine that an experiment, in bottling some

from the same cask into clear and opaque bottles, and putting them in the same dark cellar, proved that a marked difference was presented at the end of a twelvemonth as against the clear bottles.

"Here is an article called 'Champagne as a Social Farce,'" said a friend, glancing superficially at the list of contents of a magazine one day. Alas! on examining it we found that as a social *force* was the use of this liquid to be praised instead of, as we had hoped, deprecated. It was a paper addressing itself to prove that Britons require vinous carbonic acid to make them cheerful; as if some generations, comprising some tolerably good names on the roll of intellect, had not passed through life without obtaining their ideas from this frothy liquid! When champagne was first brought into use it was a sweet, luscious wine, fit and agreeable to be taken, as it ought to be taken, when an *entremet*, also sweet, renders the palate less observant of its saccharine quality, but utterly nauseous when drunk with leg of mutton. Then came the cry for a dry and drier wine; and as the liquor is as much fabricated as soda-water, and as little natural, the wine-merchants were not slow to accommodate their customers with a wine which, analyzed, is pretty much this — a poor, thin, white wine, impregnated with "fixed air," and sometimes a good, more often a very bad and inferior, *liqueur*. The well-known Brussels restaurateur, already quoted, gave to it (the English mark) the appropriate title of "*grog mousseux*," sparkling grog; and we are told to regard it as a necessity for social liveliness, and a youngster from Eton, whom you invite to dinner, thinks himself badly used if he does not get it! But with champagne, as in everything connected with taste, we act as though no permanent rules of art existed. We catch by a fluke of fashion some truths, which vulgarity, the imitator of fashion, seizes and distorts. In one age classical architecture is the rage, and leaves us some few exquisite monuments, much that is bad, and Grecian porticoes sadly out of place; then the mediæval fashion overtakes us, and, after giving us many fine examples of what is true and beautiful, lands us in a fog of unmeaning shapes, and, because it is the fashion, pervades our furniture until purity of form ceases to exist. In wines, providence presents us with a good article, fashion brings it into vogue, and vulgarity debases it, until we arrive at an unwholesome drug under the name of champagne. After a generation of stomachs have been

ruined, and the prevalent fashion of early and perpetual pick-me-ups (due in a large measure to over-night absorption of "*grog mousseux*") has been recognized by the faculty as fatal to our physique, fashion will change; it will become vulgar to give champagne, and the stomachs of Englishmen shall again have some peace, and their palate be encouraged towards rightful drinks.

And it is not in the unnatural quality of champagne that we find the only effects of fashion. Sherry is manipulated abroad and at home. This is what an ex-wine-merchant, who established a firm by the delicacy of his palate, says in a letter to us on the subject:—

During my long experience I found that a "run" upon any particular wine, or class of wine, generally followed the introduction of something superior to the ordinary "wines of commerce."

For example; within the last thirty years repeated attempts have been made to form a pure taste for sherry amongst connoisseurs, who could afford to pay for what they could appreciate. This could of course only be done by importing very old and valuable wine with the smallest possible amount of brandy. For such wines I, and of course very many other wine-merchants, have paid 150*l.* to 200*l.* per butt in Cadiz Bay. Of course such wines soon gained a reputation amongst the class of consumers for whom they were intended; and then, also of course, attempts were made by a host of wine-merchants to introduce a *similar* wine for general consumption. This led to every possible system of adulteration, because the wine in its genuine state was far too costly for any such purpose. Thus from time to time newspapers were full of advertisements about "Natural Sherry," or some other name given to a cheap imitation of a costly, pure, and delicious wine. At one time I remember an advertisement of "Naked Sherry" at 30*s.* per dozen, about which I made a sorry joke. I was asked why it was so called, and I said because no *decent* wine could be sold at the price. All that I have said about sherry applies to most other wines, perhaps more particularly to champagne. Really *dry* champagne, I mean genuinely dry wine, can only be had when a vintage has been exceptionally fine. In such rare cases the wine can be prepared with scarcely any admixture of liqueurs, whereas in ordinary vintages the wine *en brut* is not only unpalatable, but absolutely nauseous. Now, as very fine vintages do not frequently occur, *pure* dry champagne is a very costly beverage. Notwithstanding this, according to the advertisements, and to wine-merchants' circulars, you may have champagne dry or sweet, year after year, at the same price. Create a demand for anything, and there will be a supply. The supply of genuine wine, as of every other article of consumption, is not

unlimited; and the increased demand for cheap wines can only be met by deception and fraud.

As to the attempts of certain analysts to describe in scientific terms the value of a wine, they are more than futile, they are pernicious, because they lead the ignorant astray. "Bouquet," as well as alcohol, has something to do with the quality of a wine. Both may be added in place of being natural. Sometimes a connoisseur in Bordeaux will be offered in a restaurant a wine redolent of the violet flavor peculiar to some wines of a good growth in the Gironde. He notices on the wine-carte that the price is a third of what he would pay a respectable wine-merchant for such wine, and if he drinks a fair bottle of it he learns on the morrow that the nose has deceived the stomach.

What future and increased knowledge of methods of analysis may do as to "bouquet" is a separate question. At present, by the lights we have, a knowledge of the trade, and a certain respectability on the part of its members, will be a greater guarantee to the seeker after good wine than any number of laboratories, used too often more in the interests of advertising firms than in the interests of the seeker after exact palate and stomach value.

In "*Le Cuisinier Royal*," by Viart, *homme de bouche*, Paris, 1837, there is to be found, as an appendix to the fifteenth edition, a "Notice on Wines," by M. Pierrhugues, the king's butler, and the order of serving them, by Grignon, one of the well-known restaurateurs of that day. We observe that it has been copied without acknowledgment by the authoress of the "*Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise*," Paris, 1869, so we presume that in French eyes it is deemed of some worth. We merely refer the curious reader to it, preferring to take as our guide the instructive "Essay on Cheap Wines," by our own countryman, Dr. Druitt, whose professional science and clean palate have enabled him to give us invaluable wine-truths. It is true that we are at issue with Dr. Druitt as to the good or bad, or, as he puts it, indifferent matter of drinking many varieties of wine at the same repast, because we consider it decidedly injurious; but with this exception, and some slight allusion to a frequently careless composition in a literary sense, we can freely endorse the views of the learned doctor. Rarely has so much useful and trustworthy information on the known wines of commerce been given to the public in so compendious a form. We would particularly recommend to our

readers his remarks on Bordeaux and sherry:—

It will be a good day for the morals, health, and intellectual development of the English when every decent person shall on all hospitable occasions be able to produce a bottle of wine and discuss its *flavor*, instead of, as at present, glorying in the *strength* of his potations. One thing that would go with the greater use of Bordeaux wine would be the custom of drinking it in its proper place *during dinner* as a refreshing and appetizing draught, to entice the languid palate to demand an additional slice of mutton.

Now for *sherry*, under which term are included, in popular language, all the white wines which come from Spain, and others like them. Monotony and base servile imitation are the curse of English life. . . . The fish, entrées, etc., must be accompanied with the inevitable sherry. All the fun, and the fragrance, the gratified sense of novelty, the curiosity as to the great political and social fortunes of our colonies, which would be excited by handing round a bottle of white Auldana; all the sympathy for our dear neighbors which would be excited by the taste of Meursault Blanc; all the respect for the Germans which would follow a sip of Hochheimer; all the hopes and fears felt for the Austrian empire, which would go round with the generous Vöslau, are smothered by the monotony of the *banal* sherry. When people are doing the serious act of dining, they should do it, and think about it, and talk about it; but to talk there must be novelty, not one dull perpetual round, and sherry gives rise to no ideas. England will never be merry again whilst it sticks to so sad a drink.

The best account of sherry is that given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Import Duties on Wines in 1852, by Dr. Gorman, physician to the late British Factory at Cadiz, long a resident in Spain. He says that no natural sherry comes to this country; it is all mixed and brandied. The quantity of proof spirit which good pure sherry contains by nature is twenty-four per cent., possibly thirty. The less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine, the more brandy is there added to it to preserve it. Yet let it never be forgotten, Dr. Gorman added, "*It is not necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country.*"

All this and much more that Dr. Druitt has said is pleasing and trustworthy, because there is little appearance of a wine-merchant's element in the background. We will add only one more extract in reference to the flavor and odor of wines:—

The organs of taste and smell stand as sen-

tinels to watch the approaches to the stomach, and to warn us whether our food and drink are fit to be admitted or not. There are some articles respecting which these organs are not entirely to be relied upon; but certainly as regards wine, the effects of wine on the palate are known with exactitude, and the palate is able to distinguish wines which are wholesome from those that are not.

Let us observe that *touch* is common to all parts of the body in greater or less degree, but is especially acute in the finger-tips, lips, and tongue. This takes cognisance of certain qualities, such as hot and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, and the like. *Taste* is a more delicate sense, and distinguishes properties such as sweet, sour, bitter, and salt, together with a thousand other varieties which have no name, though we well know them when presented to us.

There is a third sense which recognizes odors, and upon which they particularly operate, of course I mean the nose. Now everything that is tasted must affect the sense of touch, and the union of both touch and taste may be essential to perfect enjoyment; thus, the crispness or flabbiness of a biscuit may make a great difference. Just so the union of smell with taste is essential for the enjoyment of wine. And here let us say, that everything that is smelled can be tasted, though not everything that is tasted can be smelled. The body of wine affects both senses (pp. 28, 29).

To this we may add Brillat-Savarin's definition: "Without a sense of smell complete tasting cannot exist. Smell and taste are one sense where the mouth is the laboratory and the nose the chimney, or, to speak more exactly, one is good for tasting what can be touched, the other for tasting the gases." Now a strong stomach cannot appreciate the bad effect of a mixture of wines; and however fine the nasal sensibility of an individual, it is impossible to detect the value of a succession of different kinds of bouquet. Our own views are that Chablis or a low growth of Sauterne may be permitted with oysters; a good quality of Lower Burgundy or a *grand ordinaire* of Bordeaux to begin the repast; but the moment you get to a point in the feast where a higher quality of wine is permitted, you should, with any regard to the stomach or the palate, stick to the same class of wine.

Not the least important element in a well-ordered repast is the coffee, which should complete it. It is very easy but not altogether just to condemn the methods of making it practised in England, and impute to them the only cause for our finding it bad here. Opinions may differ as to whether we do or do not find the several varieties of the berry, Mocha, Bourbon,

Martinique, etc., which are mixed together in a French household, or by the tradesmen who sell them. What we maintain to be necessary as a first step towards a perfect beverage is fresh roasting *at home*. We should then find a very indifferent coffee-berry produce a very refreshing cup. We should get the true aroma. It would appear that, in the early part of the last century, coffee was not only ground but roasted by the ladies, as we gather from the lines of Pope in "The Rape of the Lock:" —

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,

The *berries crackle* and the mill turns round.

Upon which Mr. Elwin adds the following note: "There was a sideboard of coffee," says Pope, in his letter describing Swift's mode of life at Letcombe, in 1714, 'which the dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for that purpose.' " *

Until lately we were not aware that a roasting-machine for household use was on sale in England, but on passing down Oxford Street and Holborn we met with two kinds, similar in principle to one which we had ourselves suggested to a Parisian ironmonger before the war, *i.e.*, the use of clockwork to turn the barrel, so that a cook's time may be saved and no berries burnt. Those we have seen do not appear quite suited for a kitchen, but a slight addition would easily adapt them to that kind of range.

One observation, not altogether known, may be added: coffee made with Schwalheim water is superior to that made with any other, due probably to the extracting power of the alkali held in solution therein, and it might be worth while testing Apollinaris or Taunus water in like manner. Also let us note that since the war, coffee, as served at the *cafés* in Paris, has much fallen off, in consequence, mainly, of the use of chicory. For our own part we never, during the Second Empire, considered it exceptionally fine and pure, save at the Café du Cardinal at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. It was only in private houses that one could be secure of the genuine flavor.

In the simplicity of tea-making it is only necessary to insist on water boiling at the moment it is poured on the tea: but we came upon some remarks in a modern cookery-book against which we would beg to protest. The writer begins by saying that a silver or metal teapot draws out the

strength and fragrance more readily than one of earthenware, a point on which we opine the heathen Chinese would differ; nor, if we recollect right, would that interesting paper by Mr. Savile Lumley, when secretary to the legation at St. Petersburg, on the tea-houses frequented by the *ishvoshniks* or droshky-drivers, support such a view; and the said *ishvoshniks* are great connoisseurs in that beverage. The writer of the said cookery-book goes on to say that you may half fill the pot with boiling water, and if the tea be of very fine quality, you may let it stand ten minutes (!) before filling up. Now there was one Ellis, who had some reputation in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill in the matter of food and drink — to be plain, for the information of the youngest generation, he owned the Star and Garter there — and his view about tea was that you lost the aroma and gained less valuable properties for all the time beyond one minute that you let it stand. We can quote no higher authority for our own most persistent view on this question.

The hours at which repasts are taken are too much at the caprice of fashion in England to admit of any hope that reason will be heard on the subject. Some day fashion will permit us to have our mid-day breakfast or luncheon, and fall to our dinner with no jaded appetite at six or seven o'clock. On sanitary grounds nothing will ever surpass the Frenchman's regulation of his meals — a light breakfast in his bedroom at eight A.M., a serious breakfast from eleven to noon, and a dinner from six to eight, according to his occupations for the evening. To insist any more on this would be to attempt the codification of laws that will never be codified or if codified never carried out, save subserviently to the reigning fashion.

We will close these remarks by referring once more to two of the works at the head of this article. Gouffé's is eminently practical, and adapted to the use of man or woman who likes to go sometimes into the kitchen and converse courteously with the artist. Dubois' "Cosmopolitan Cookery" has some admirable recipes, *e.g.*, salmon cutlets, *sauce des gourmets*, page eighty-three of the English edition, and his list of *menus* are worth attention. Gouffé, by the way, expressly declines to give a list, for reasons stated (p. 336). Among Dubois' menus may be noted one (p. xvii.) for ten guests, served at Nauheim (1867) by Cogery, who now keeps a restaurant at Nice; p. xxi., one for forty guests, served by the same artist at Hel-

* Elwin's "Pope," vol. ii., p. 163.

singfors, where good judgment is united to simplicity; p. xxvi., one for fifty guests, served by Ripé (1867) to Prince (then Count) Bismarck, a menu where we observe the Bohemian pheasant, already referred to; and p. xxii., a very good menu for twelve persons, served by Blanchet at the Yorkshire Club, no date given. But, even after thus referring to them as deserving attention, we are bound to say that they are generally overloaded, and we opine there are few diners-out who would not be thankful to see on their plate less elaborate menus.

It proves the fallibility of cooks, even so great as one who has been *chef* to the king of Prussia, when we find M. Urbain Dubois in his recipe for plum-pudding omit the essential ingredient of bread-crumbs! Gouffé does not commit this grave error.

In the matter of English cookery-books adapted to private families, few surpass that excellent work by Mrs. Rundell, of which, with some little revision and the addition of truly colored plates, Mr. Murray might surely give us another edition. Its excellence consists in that it is a manual for the household as well as a guide in the kitchen, but we are bound to say it is lamentably deficient where it attempts to instruct us in French cookery.

We ought not to conclude this review, devoted to simplicity in cooking, eating, and drinking, without a reference to condiments under various names of this and that sauce, many of which are admirable when used in their right places. We take it that the *dernier mot* as between French and English *gourmets*, neither of them addicted to the dishes of a City alderman, would be, on the part of the second, "Are not our manufactured sauces admirable?" On the part of the first—"Are they not too pungent, and do you not ask them to do the work of flavor which ought to be the business of the cook?"

The finest of them all is rather based on simple mushroom ketchup than on Indian herbs, but it is scarcely the most popular, and those members of the medical profession who prescribe for dyspeptic individuals have as great an interest in columns of advertisements, for which in the end the purchaser pays, as even the adventurous manufacturers who fabricate sauces from the recipe of this or that nobleman. Still, let the best of them be accepted as adjuncts to a broiled bone at two A.M., without admitting the propriety of their position on the dinner-table.

Simple salt, and vegetable combinations that have been made with it, is worth some further comment. Salt is used at once too much and too little in English kitchens; too much, when by orders of the landlord (like the bad brandy in the sauces at suburban hotels of reputation) it is to excite a desire for drink on the part of the guest; too little when in the case of a grilled beefsteak the cook forgets that salt combines during the process of cooking more effectively in its coarse kitchen form.*

The combination of salt with herbs has notably succeeded in two instances, and it is reserved for the future to borrow from what is known, and combine more delicate, and yet more delicate, forms. We allude to known combinations in speaking of that composed of the Chili bean rubbed up with salt, to which the maker has given the name of Oriental salt, a condiment that has the flavor without the extreme pungency of cayenne, and would be an admirable substitute for it in that much-ill-used incentive to drink called devilled whitebait. Another useful combination is that of celery-seed and salt, sold by a well-known Italian warehouseman. On the table each must stand on its own merits in reference to the guest's taste; neither to be insisted on indiscriminately, but each in turn especially adapted to soup, fish, roast, and *relevé*, cheese, or a salad.

This, to conclude, is the sum of gastronomical observation which appear to us as most worthy of reflection by those who would see the English *cuisine* raised to a higher level, and who desire that the younger generation may at least have a palate.

1. Herbal flavor is to be desired in soups, and increased knowledge on the part of cooks of the various kinds and qualities of herbs and roots.

2. The *batterie de cuisine* should be improved by an increased number of copper vessels, and by the use of the salamander and smaller implements for cutting, scooping, and otherwise arranging vegetables. Moreover, the use of charcoal should be established.

3. The use of more butter and less lard should be encouraged.

4. The market-gardener should learn that he has duties to fulfil.

5. Red wines should be the rule and not the exception at dinner, and champagne, if served at all, should be served with the sweets and not with the mutton.

* *Poulet au gros sel* is too little known in England.

6. Coffee should be made from different varieties of the berry and, if possible, should be roasted at home, certainly always ground there.

7. Fashion should permit us to adopt more sensible hours for our meals.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS RETURN.

IT was with a buoyant sense of work well done that Balfour, on a certain Saturday morning, got into a Hansom and left Piccadilly for Victoria Station. He had telegraphed to Lady Sylvia to drive over from the Lilacs to meet him, and he proposed that now he and she should have a glad holiday time. Would she run down to Brighton for the week preceding Christmas? Would she go over to Paris for the New Year? Or would she prefer to spend both Christmas and New Year among the evergreens of her English home, with visits to neighboring friends, and much excitement about the decoration of the church, and a pleased satisfaction in giving away port wine and flannels to the properly pious poor? Anyhow, he would share in her holiday. He would ride with her, drive with her, walk with her; he would shoot Lord Willowby's rabbits, and have luncheon at the Hall; in the evening, in the warm, hushed room, she would play for him while he smoked, or they would have confidential chatting over the appearance, and circumstances, and dispositions of their friends. What had this tender and beautiful child to do with politics? She herself had shown him what was her true sphere; he would not have that shy and sensitive conscience, that proud, pure spirit, hardened by rude associations. It is true, Balfour had a goodly bundle of papers, reports, and blue-books in his bag. But that was merely for form's sake—a precaution, perhaps, against his having to spend a solitary half-hour after she had gone to bed at nights. There could be no harm, for example, in his putting into shape, for further use, the notes he had made down in Somersetshire, just as occasion offered. But he would not seek the occasion.

And all things combined to make this reunion with his wife a happy one. It was a pleasant omen that, whereas he had left London in a cold grey fog, no sooner had he got away from the great town than he found the country shining in clear sunlight. Snow had fallen over-night; but while the snow in Buckingham Palace Road was trampled into brown mud, here it lay with a soft, white lustre on the silent fields, and the hedges, and the woods. Surely it was only a bridal robe that nature wore on this beautiful morning—a half-transparent robe of pearly white, that caught here and there a pale tint of blue from the clear skies overhead. He had a whole bundle of weekly newspapers, illustrated and otherwise, in the carriage with him, but he never thought of reading. And though the wind was cold, he let it blow freely through the open windows; this was better than hunting through the rookeries of London.

He caught sight of her just as the train was slowing into the station. She was seated high in the phaeton that stood in the roadway, and she was eagerly looking out for him. Her face was flushed a rose-red with the brisk driving through the keen wind; the sunlight touched the firmly-braided masses of her hair and the delicate oval of her cheek; and as he went out of the station-house into the road, the beautiful, tender, grey-blue eyes were lit up by such a smile of gladness as ought to have been sufficient welcome to him.

"Well, old Syllabus," said he, "how have you been? Crying your eyes out?"

"Oh, no; not at all," she said, seriously. "I have been very busy. You will see what I have been doing. And what did you mean by sending the servants down again?"

"I did not want to have you starve, while I had the club to fall back on. Where the ——"

But at this moment the groom appeared, with the packages he had been sent for. Balfour got up beside his wife, and she was about to drive off, when they were accosted by a gentlemanly-looking man who had come out of the station.

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Balfour, I believe?"

"That is my name."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure; but I have an appointment with Lord Willowby—and—and I can't get a fly here——"

"Oh, I'll drive you over," said Balfour, for he happened to be in an excellent humor: had he not been, he would probably have told the stranger where to get a fly

at the village. The stranger got in behind. Perhaps Lady Sylvia would, in other circumstances, have entered into conversation with a gentleman who was a friend of her father's; but there was a primness about his whiskers, and a certain something about his dress and manner, that spoke of the City, and of course she could not tell whether his visit was one of courtesy or of commerce. She continued to talk to her husband, so that neither of the two people behind could overhear.

And Balfour had not the slightest consciousness of caution or restraint in talking to this bright and beautiful young wife of his. It seemed to him quite natural now that he should cease to bother this loving and sensitive companion of his about his anxieties and commonplace labors. He chatted to her about their favorite horses and dogs; he heard what pheasants had been shot in Uphill Wood the day before; he was told what invitations to dinner awaited his assent; and all the while they were cheerfully whirling through the keen, exhilarating air, crossing the broad bars of sunlight on the glittering road, and startling the blackbirds in the hedges, that shook down the powdery snow as they darted into the dense holly-trees.

"You have not told me," said Lady Sylvia, in a somewhat measured tone, though he did not notice that, "whether your visit to Englebury was successful."

"Oh," said he, carelessly, "that was of no importance. Nothing was to be done then. It will be time enough to think of Englebury when the general election comes near."

Instead of Englebury, he began to talk to her about Brighton. He thought they might drop down there for a week before Christmas. He began to tell her of all the people whom he knew who happened to be at Brighton at the moment; it would be a pleasant variety for her; she would meet some charming people.

"No, thank you, Hugh," she said, somewhat coldly; "I don't think I will go down to Brighton at present. But I think you ought to go."

"I?" said he, with a stare of amazement.

"Yes; these people might be of use to you. If a general election is coming on, you cannot tell what influence they might be able to give you."

"My dear child," said he, fairly astonished that she should speak in this hard tone about certain quite innocent people in Brighton, "I don't want to see those

people because they might be of use to me. I wanted you to go down to Brighton merely to please you."

"Thank you, I don't think I can go down to Brighton."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot leave papa at present," she said.

"What's the matter with him?" said Balfour, getting from mystery to mystery.

"I cannot tell you now," she said, in a low voice. "But I don't wish to leave the Lilacs, so long as he is at the Hall; and he has been going very little up to London of late."

"Very well; all right," said Balfour, cheerfully. "If you prefer the Lilacs to Brighton, so do I. I thought it might be a change for you—that was all."

But why should she seem annoyed because he had proposed to take her down to Brighton? And why should she speak spitefully of a number of friends who would have given her a most hearty welcome? Surely all these people could not be in league with the British House of Commons to rob her of her husband.

In any case, Balfour took no heed of these passing fancies of hers. He had registered a mental vow to the effect that, whenever he could not quite understand her, or whenever her wishes clashed with his, he would show an unfailing consideration and kindness towards this tender soul who had placed her whole life in his hands. But that consideration was about to be put to the test of a sharp strain. With some hesitation she informed him, as they drove up to the Hall, that her uncle and aunt were staying there for a day or two. Very well; there was no objection to that. If he had to shake hands with Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe, was there not soap and water at the Lilacs? But Lady Sylvia proceeded to say, with still greater diffidence, that probably they would be down again in about ten days. They had been in the habit of spending Christmas at the Hall; and Johnny and Honoria had come too; so that it was a sort of annual family party. Very well; he had no objection to that either. It was no concern of his where Major Blythe ate his Christmas dinner. But when Lady Sylvia went on to explain—with increasing hesitation—that herself and her husband would be expected to be of this Christmas gathering, Mr. Balfour mentally made use of a phrase which was highly improper. She did not hear it, of course. They drove up to the Hall in silence; and when they got into

the house, Balfour shook hands with Major Blythe with all apparent good-nature.

Lord Willowby had wished the stranger to follow him into the library. In a few moments he returned to the drawing-room. He was obviously greatly disturbed.

"You must excuse me, Sylvia; I cannot possibly go over with you to lunch. I have some business which will detain me half an hour at least—perhaps more. But your uncle and aunt can go with you."

That was the first Balfour had heard of Major Blythe and his wife having been invited to lunch at his house; but had he not sworn to be grandly considerate? He said nothing. Lady Sylvia turned to her two relatives. Now, had Lord Willowby been going over to the Lilacs, his brother might have ventured to accompany him; but Major Blythe scarcely liked the notion of thrusting his head into that lion's den all by himself.

"My dear," said the doughty warrior to his wife, "I think we will leave the young folks to themselves for to-day—if they will kindly excuse us. You know I promised to walk over and see that mare at the farm."

Balfour said nothing at all. He was quite content when he got into the phaeton, his wife once more taking the reins. He bade good-by to Willowby Hall without any pathetic tremor in his voice.

"Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, somewhat timidly, "I think you are prejudiced against my uncle—I am very sorry—"

"I don't look on your uncle," said Balfour, with much coolness, "as being at all necessary to my existence; and I am sure I am not necessary to his. We each of us can get on pretty well without the other."

"But it is dreadful to have members of one family in—in a position of antagonism or dislike to each other," she ventured to say, with her heart beating a trifle more rapidly.

"Well, yes," he said, cheerfully, "I suppose Major Blythe and I are members of the same family, as we are all descended from Adam. If that is what you mean, I admit the relationship; but not

otherwise. Come, Sylvia, let's talk about something else. Have you seen the Von Rosens lately?"

For an instant she hesitated, eager, disappointed, and wistful; but she pulled her courage together, and answered with seeming good-will.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Mr. Von Rosen called yesterday. And the strangest thing has happened. An uncle of his wife has just died in some distant place in America, and has left a large amount of property to Mrs. Von Rosen, on condition she goes out there some time next year, and remains for a year at the house that has been left her. And she is not to take her children with her. Mr. Von Rosen declares she won't go. She won't leave her children for a whole year. They want her to go and live in some desert place just below the Rocky Mountains."

"A desert!" he cried. "Why, don't you know that the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains has been my ideal harbor of refuge, whenever I thought of the two worst chances that can befall one? If I were suddenly made a pauper, I should go out there and get a homestead free from the government, and try my hand at building up my own fortunes. Or if I were suddenly to break down in health, I should make immediately for the high plains of Colorado, where the air is like champagne; and I would become a stock-raiser and a mighty hunter in spite of all the bronchitis or consumption that could attack you. Why, I know a lot of fellows out there now—they live the rudest life all day long—riding about the plains to look after their herds, making hunting excursions up into the mountains, and so forth; and in the evening they put on dress coats to dinner, and have music, and try to make themselves believe they are in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Who told her it was a desert?"

"I suppose it would be a desert to her without her children," said Lady Sylvia, simply.

"Then we will go over after lunch and reason with that mad creature," said he. "The notion of throwing away a fortune because she won't go out and live in that splendid climate for a single year!"

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I'M IN THE DARK.

"I'm in the dark!" cried little Josephine,
A saucy maiden of but summers three;
The lamp was out, the grey dawn yet unseen —
"I'm in the dark! I'm in the dark!" said she.

"I'm in the dark!" Yet fear not, little one,
Those are beside thee who for thee would die;
The night, midwinter deep, will soon be gone,
And the glad day stand in the eastern sky.

Light is thy wish, and in that wish we share —
"Light, light, more light!" "O Lord, that I may see!"
Some, for unholy uses make the prayer,
And some, that they the nearer heaven may be.

Some would uplift the curtain of the year,
And clutch its secrets with irreverent hand,
That barn and press may burst with autumn gear,
Or they among earth's foremost princes stand.

And some would lift the veil of flesh, and see
If all be real on the other side,
If truth be spoken of the One in Three,
Or if the seers of Jewry raved and lied.

And some, more happy, of the night complain,
"It is far spent, and yet there is no day;"
Weary and sad they watch the window-pane —
"When will He come? Oh, why so long away?"

"I'm in the dark!" My darling, so are all,
Save those blest spirits who have fought and won;
Light shines upon them there behind the pall,
Light uncreated, brighter than the sun.

"I'm in the dark!" Ah me, that wild lament
Will one day be the ruined spirits' wail,
When all the lamps of love and grace are spent,
And not one ray to pierce hell's awful veil!

Like thine, my child, our terrors and our cares
Are of mere trifles, sickness, want, and pain.
A holier fear, in answer to our prayers,
Give, Lord, and light to make the highway plain;

Light, as we need it, step by step to tread
The road to us allotted, strait and steep,
The thorny waste with cloud and storm o'er-spread,
Then death's drear pass, and heaven's all-crystal keep.

Sunday Magazine. GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

A FEATHER.

"Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the sun:"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

"Only a feather I ask of thee
Fresh from the purer air:"
Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbled in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless
heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For oh! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!
Blackwood's Magazine. J. R. S.

THREE HOUSES.

THREE houses all alike, all piteous
With winking windows and a midday gloom,
All choked with London fog, and hideous
With monster sideboard in the dining-room;
Alike, yet all unlike as blight and bloom.
For the first holds fair lady Gwendoline,
Whom I have never seen;
The second bonnie Kate,
Whom I nor love nor hate;
But the third house holds in its heart for me
My little Dorothy.

My lady, dost thou bind thy bright brown hair,
Or dost thou steal adown the noiseless stair?
Love, thou art in the house, and gazing there
I turn to thee.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

From The Quarterly Review.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHIES.*

HORACE thought that certain poems would be all the better for being withheld from the public for nine years, and Talleyrand extended the period of literary reserve for political memoirs to at least two generations. There was much good sense in both suggestions. Obviously they were aimed neither at true poets, nor at wise biographers. A good poem is good from the first; so is a good biography. For as genius, which in its mood of inspiration puts pregnant thought or true emotion into perfect words, goes to the one, so does that sound judgment, which knows not only what to say, but also — more important still — what *not* to say, go to the other. Could we suppose a happy land, in which the canons of these two excellent judges were enforced, how many books, that are in truth no books, would never see the light!

Adopt Horace's rule, and it is at least possible that the poems of amateurs of the Piso stamp, at the end of the prescribed period, might have lost even for their authors much of their fascination. Misgiving might have taken the place of those raptures of self-gratulation which only poetasters feel. The world might be made richer by one book the less, and the author's friends — and where is the fortunate man who cannot appreciate this boon? — be spared the inward shame of feigning admiration, where they feel only pity or regret.

Again, apply the aphorism of Talleyrand, and see how admirably it would work. After fifty years how very unimportant many matters will appear, which once seemed of portentous moment; how many names be all but forgotten, which in their day were in every man's mouth; how many, whose influence was noiseless but penetrating, have risen into well-deserved prominence! Time, the great winnow, will have cleared away the chaff. The forces which governed events will have made themselves clearly felt, and we shall be able to see all the salient features of a

period now become historical in their true perspective. Above all, by that time the whole truth may be told. The frailties, the follies, the intrigues of statesmen and of kings may be divulged without wounding sensibilities or endangering political relations. The figments of journalism, and the idle and often malignant gossip of social and political busybodies, can then be blown to the winds by the revelation of authentic documents, and the contemporaneous testimony of the chief actors in the great movements of European progress. Disclosures heretofore withheld from motives of self-respect, or forbearance to others, may then with propriety be made, which will place the characters of public men and the course of public events in their true light. The time will have come to demonstrate by such disclosures how true was the saying of M. Van de Weyer, kindest and wisest of scholars and diplomatists, that "*en fait de l'histoire contemporaine, le seul vrai est ce qu'on n'écrit pas.*" Memoirs of the type we have lately had will then shrink to their true proportions. The misrepresentations of ignorance, or passion, or malevolence, will be corrected by authentic evidence; and those who undertake to tell the story either of an individual or of an epoch will know that they do so with the certainty that, unless they take pains to make themselves masters of the facts and documents upon which history must ultimately rest — still more, if they wilfully conceal or misrepresent the materials open to their use — detection and retribution are sure to be both swift and sweeping. Curiosity, especially in an age like ours, when, rather than not be fed at all, it is so constantly content, even in grave matters of State, to be fed and stimulated by fiction, may resent being told that it can scarcely expect to learn the true story of its own times. But the sooner it reconciles itself to the fact, the better; and in doing so, it may assimilate the further useful lesson, not to put its faith too largely in the "own correspondents," or omniscient writers of enterprising journals, but to believe that there are important factors in international policy, of which only the statesmen are cognizant, to whose charge

* *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, 1846-1865.* By the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. Two Vols. London, 1876.

the national interests are for the time entrusted.

The book before us is just one of those which would have profited by the application of the Talleyrand rule. If its author had put it aside for even one generation, we venture to think, it would scarcely have seen the light in its present shape at the end of that period. Much would have been omitted, and probably not a little added. Rash assertions and unjustifiable innuendoes would have disappeared, and some attempt would have been made at a truer estimate of Lord Palmerston and his contemporaries. It is no disparagement to Mr. Ashley to say that Lord Palmerston's reputation would have stood higher than it is now likely to do had Lord Dalling lived to work up the materials which were at Mr. Ashley's disposal, and to complete the biography which he had so well begun. His literary skill, no less than his political experience, must have produced a work of permanent value, as a narrative of important events, and as the record of a very remarkable man. Although bound to Lord Palmerston by the ties of personal gratitude and regard he was by no means blind to his defects. Lord Dalling, too, had been behind the curtain, nay, he had been "a busy actor" in important scenes of the great European drama of his time. He carried within him much of that unwritten knowledge which is essential for the writer of contemporary political history. He knew what topics might or might not be approached without either damage to Lord Palmerston or injustice to those who had had to work with him. He had, moreover, the sense of fairness, instinctive in our leading public men, and only clouded occasionally in the heat of debate or keen party strife, which puts the whole facts of a case frankly and candidly forward, and scorns to snatch a success either by concealment or distortion.

These are the qualities which are eminently requisite for one who has to deal with events still recent, and with men whose pens and tongues are either fettered by official reticence, or who, being dead, may have no "honest chronicler" to take up their defence. Lord Dalling, at least, knew too well what was due to those who

have done their best to serve their country as diplomatists or statesmen, to have given publicity, as Mr. Ashley has done, to documents which impugn their sagacity or statesmanship, without at the same time letting the world know what they had to say for themselves, and had said at the time, in answer to these documents.

It is difficult to imagine any species of revelation more to be deprecated than a one-sided publication, such as we frequently find in these volumes, of those communications, not meant for the public eye, which are constantly passing between ministers at home, or between ministers and our ambassadors at foreign courts. Such a proceeding involves great injustice to individuals, and perverts the sources of history. The despatches printed for Parliament, as all who are in the secrets of official life know, often throw much less light on the matters with which they deal than the communications of the class to which we have referred; but the occasions are rare indeed in which these have been given to the public. The famous correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour with the Foreign Office in 1853, reporting his personal communications with the emperor Nicholas on the subject of Turkey, is an illustration of what we mean. But even this correspondence might probably not have seen the light in 1854, had our government not been absolved from the established rule of silence as to such communications by a public reference in the Russian official journal to what had passed at the interviews between the emperor and our ambassador. This was so obviously published with the imperial sanction, that it was regarded as tantamount to a challenge to produce the correspondence, and made further reticence on the part of the Aberdeen government impossible. The free and cordial interchange of opinion between our representatives and the foreign powers to whom they were accredited, it is obvious, could never be maintained if there did not exist a tacit understanding that the ideas exchanged at their confidential interviews are not to be trumpeted on the housetops, but are only for each the responsible members of our own government. Just so would it in like manner be fatal to

the cordial co-operation of the members of a cabinet, or to the independence of our ambassadors, were they not to feel assured that the sanctity of their private correspondence on the political movements of the day was to be respected. Where events of historical importance are concerned, there will no doubt always come a time when this wise restraint may be cast aside, not only with propriety, but in the essential interests of truth. But that time will, as a rule, not come until those have passed away who would be needlessly wounded by premature disclosures, and, when it does come, the disclosures should at all events be candid and complete, and furnish the means of a conclusive judgment as to the motives and conduct of the persons whom they affect.

It will be an evil day for England if either public men or their biographers should cease to consider themselves bound by the principle we have indicated. In these days of books got up in haste to gratify a morbid appetite for the merely personal incidents of political life, it seems to us not out of place to recall attention to this principle; and we have placed Mr. Ashley's volume at the head of this paper because it has violated the principle in several flagrant instances, with some of which we are enabled by circumstances to deal, in illustration of what we have said.

Mr. Ashley informs us (vol. i., p. 292) that in fostering the French alliance with England in 1851, "one of Lord Palmerston's chief difficulties was the ill-disguised hostility of the British ambassador to the French president." The ambassador in question was Lord Normanby; but if his despatches, public and private, shall ever be given to the world, it will be seen how little this assertion can be justified by their tenor. Up to the period of the *coup d'état*, at least, no man was more zealous in upholding the policy of the prince president. He spoke of that event, and of the incidents of bloodshed and cruelty which accompanied it, in terms worthy of an Englishman, but which appear to have been very unpalatable to Lord Palmerston, bent as he was on upholding the embryo emperor alike through good report and evil. People, we imagine, are by this time

rather tired of hearing of the painful results to which this resolution of Lord Palmerston's led. Whether Lord John Russell was justified or not in severing his connection with a foreign secretary who was obstinately bent upon going his own way, without regard to the opinions either of the chief of the cabinet or of its constituent members, is one of those side issues with which future historians will make very short work, if, indeed, they will deal with it at all. The grievous mortification inflicted on Lord Palmerston was, no doubt, the *teterrima causa* of many a future cabal and struggle, for which the country was not the better. That he should feel it deeply, and resent it as he best might, was natural. But a biographer might fairly be expected to look more dispassionately at the incidents of December, 1851. This much was clear, even before the explanations given, since the publication of these volumes, in Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," that Lord Palmerston had acted in defiance of the line of policy prescribed by a solemn decision of the cabinet. It was scarcely judicious, therefore, in Mr. Ashley to show that he had chosen this moment to rate our ambassador at Paris in language, not often, we should hope, addressed by foreign secretaries to ambassadors, for honestly reporting what he had seen and heard of the outrages which had signalized the *coup d'état*. We take the letter in which he did so, as we find it at page 292 of Mr. Ashley's first volume.

C. G., 6th December, 1851.

MY DEAR NORMANBY,—In times of crisis and on affairs of deep importance, frankness between persons officially acting together becomes a duty, and I feel compelled therefore to say that the tone and substance of your despatches create serious apprehensions in my mind. Events are passing at Paris which must have a most important influence upon the affairs of Europe generally, and upon the interests of this country in particular, and the character of our relations with the French government may be much influenced by the course pursued during the present crisis by the British representative at Paris. The great probability still seems to be, as it has, I think, all along been, that in the conflict of opposing

parties Louis Napoleon would remain master of the field, and it would very much weaken our position at Paris and be detrimental to British interests if Louis Napoleon, when he had achieved a triumph, should have reason to think that during the struggle the British representative took part (I mean by a manifestation of opinion) with his opponents. Now we are entitled to judge of that matter only by your despatches, and I am sure you will forgive me for making some observations on those which we have received this week. Your long despatch of Monday appeared to be a funeral oration over the president, with a passage thrown in as to his intentions to strike a *coup d'état* on a favorable opportunity, as if it were meant to justify the doom which was about to be pronounced upon him by the Burgrave majority. Your despatches since the event of Tuesday have been all hostile to Louis Napoleon, with very little information as to events. One of them consisted chiefly of a dissertation about Kossuth, which would have made a good article in the *Times* a fortnight ago; and another dwells chiefly upon a looking-glass broken in a club-house, and a piece of plaster brought down from a ceiling by musket-shots during the street fights.

Now we know that the diplomatic agents of Austria and Russia called upon the president immediately after his measures of Tuesday morning, and have been profuse in their expressions of approval of his conduct; of course what they admire and applaud is the shutting up of a Parliament House by military force, and probably when Louis Napoleon publishes his new constitution, with an elective popular assembly and senate, etc., they may not think the conclusion as good as the beginning, but still they are making great advances to him; and though we should not wish you to go out of your way to court him, nor to identify us with his measures, it would be very undesirable that he should have any grounds for supposing your sympathies identified with the schemes which were planned for his overthrow, and of the existence of which I apprehend no reasonable doubt can be entertained, though you have not particularly mentioned them of late.

The greater part of the French refugees are gone back from hence to France. Ledru-Rollin, Caussidière, and Louis Blanc, remain here for the present. — Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

No one can read this letter without feeling that it ought never to have seen the light, except with the consent of Lord Normanby or his representatives. Of course such a document could not remain unanswered, and the least that Mr. Ashley should have done in common fairness to Lord Normanby, if he chose to give publicity to an attack of a character so serious, coming from the quarter it did, was to have shown how it was met. He

has not done so; and our readers shall judge by Lord Normanby's reply, which we are enabled to produce, whether it does not place him in a very different light from that thrown upon his conduct by the language of Lord Palmerston.

Paris, 7th December, 1851.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON, — I have received with perfect astonishment your yesterday's letter. It is so different both in its tone towards myself, as well as in the tenor of its opinions from all I have before had from you, that I cannot comprehend its meaning.

I shall endeavor to answer it with the calmness which becomes its probable effect upon our relation with each other, as well as the all-absorbing importance of the events in which we are at present together engaged.

The question between us seems to be twofold; first, whether what is passing here is worthy of approbation, and in the next place the extent to which that approbation, if not felt, should be feigned or disapprobation suppressed.

As to the last, I believe we are both agreed, that for the maintenance of the good relations between the two countries, care should be taken that no disapprobation should be incautiously expressed. Before I conclude this letter, I will prove to you that this condition I have fulfilled. To feign approbation which one does not feel, is of course impossible to the feelings of a gentleman. Then the question remains, to which I should like an answer, "Do you really approve what has taken place?" which is simply this, that a man should deliberately violate the Parliamentary liberties of his country and break the law which he alone is bound to maintain, "*Moi seulement lié par mon serment*;" this without any obvious necessity; on the contrary, weakening thereby the forces of order in their struggle with anarchy. Can it be possible that Walewski is right, and that you have given to this step your cordial approbation?

I believe, if any one in Europe was asked which of us two was most likely to wish the destruction of the revolutionary mania at almost any price, they would rather suppose it would be me, who have had for the last four years such constant experience of the dangers of democracy; and yet your quarrel with me seems to be, that I did not run a race of approval with Hübner and with Kisseleff,* this, even now, after you have seen all the tyranny to which it has necessarily led. You flatter yourself they will be disappointed when he establishes what you called his Popular Elective Assembly. You never allude to his own description of the objects of that assembly, though I have twice called your attention to the contents of his manifesto; but, if you will not read his pamphlet, you must surely know the Constitution of the Year VIII., and remember its history. He may, of course,

* The Austrian and Russian ambassadors at Paris.

change all this plan, but Hübner and Kisseleff are even now believing what he says.

Now I come to my own conduct. You will recollect that you are accusing me of endangering diplomatic relations by imprudence of language — you, who ought to recollect that I have for the four last years contrived to keep on terms of which no one has had to complain with every successive variety of Government; and that up to Monday night last I continued on such terms of confidence with the President, that he gave me personally his pamphlet. You say that you have only a right to judge me by my despatches. I desire, too, if the necessity should ever arise, only to be judged by them; but the Bill of Indictment, which you have attempted to found upon this, so completely fails, that I cannot help recollecting that you have said once or twice latterly, “we hear,” and “they say;” and it is, I am afraid, evident you have imbibed this prejudice from listening to mere hearsay and gossip, which I had a right to expect you would disregard. I have read over again my despatch of Monday, and there is not a word in it which would justify, even in Parliamentary warfare, the interpretation you have put upon it. It had nothing whatever of a funeral oration. It was a *résumé* of events, such as I have often given you before, when it has been very differently received. The President’s time expires in May next; his chance of legal re-election I thought much damaged. The success of a *coup d’état* is always doubtful; and because I speculated upon the possibility of there being hereafter another ruler in France, you say I pronounce “his doom.” If there was any conspiracy, I have never heard of it; I am sure it would have been best for him to let it break out, as it would have been sure to fail, as we saw by the attempt at the Joinville candidature.

The only one phrase which you have been able to extract from all these despatches, written daily, and of course amidst much anxiety, is upon a point which I regret to see you treat with a levity that I cannot share. The subject is the wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life in the late contest; and you are merry about a broken looking-glass, forgetting that a human head, and that of an Englishman, was within a few inches of it. This was given as an instance, among many, that there was not sufficient care taken to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty. My humanity is not local in its character, and what happens at Paris I judge the same as if it were at Pesth or at Naples.

This reminds me, that you say I made a tirade against Kossuth worthy of the *Times*. I made no tirade at all. I only mentioned him incidentally to show, that if any French patriot when liberated (such as Cavaignac, for instance) had a similar reception in England, it would lead to war. You might have recollected, when criticising my despatches, that there is not one of them in which I have not expressed, in the strongest terms, my belief in

Louis Napoleon’s success, and my unvarying wish, *as the question is now engaged*, that his success should be complete.

Now as to language which you seem to suppose I have held, no one can know better than you, that if you fear people are likely to misrepresent you, you had better not see them at all. I have followed this plan. Since Tuesday I have been in no house but my own, have only been twice out on foot, happen to have seen no Frenchmen but Flahault, and just this moment Drouyn de L’Huys. I have received singly, in the course of the morning, all my colleagues who have been in the habit of consulting me, all, in short, except Hübner, Kisseleff, and Antonini; and if, however good friends privately, we are not on that political footing, it is not my fault.

No one can feel more strongly than I do that this is not a time unnecessarily to prolong a controversial correspondence. A quieter moment will come when all this will be matter of very serious consideration for me, and I must reserve the right, in case of necessity hereafter, to make any use I like of this letter; and to ask you again, whether you approve the President’s conduct, approve the step he has taken, and the policy he has proclaimed? — Ever yours,

NORMANBY.

The remainder of this correspondence — for it did not end here — is before us. But we pass from it to more interesting matter with the remark that, whoever may suffer by its publication, it will not be Lord Normanby.

Mr. Evelyn Ashley has published several very characteristic and important letters written by Lord Palmerston on the subject of the Eastern question in 1853. The scope of his own remarks throughout points to his belief that Lord Palmerston alone, of all our statesmen at the time, took a sound view of that question, and of the policy which England ought to have adopted. It was the current theory, as we all remember, of his lordship’s admirers at the time, that if his views had been acted upon, there would have been no war with Russia. This was based on the idea, that if the emperor of Russia had early been told, *more Palmerstoniano*, that if he advanced upon Turkish territory, it would not be the Turks alone, but the English, whom he would have to encounter, he would never have crossed the Pruth, or, having crossed it, would have speedily created some “golden bridge” by which he might have retreated with decorum. What the emperor might or might not have done in such a case, who, that knows the measureless obstinacy and pride which ultimately swept him on to disaster and death, will venture to surmise? A man less passionate and self-

willed might have seen very early in 1853, that the English government had taken up a position which must result in war if he persisted in demands upon Turkey, which they, in common with France, Austria and Prussia, had declared to be untenable. Whether, if he had been told in the brusque language of a Palmerstonian despatch, that he must face this contingency, he would have been more likely to abate the extravagance of his pretensions, or to precipitate the war, which ultimately ensued, has always seemed to us a moot question. At every successive step taken by England and France towards a material support of Turkey the emperor's fury certainly rose; and the policy which dictated the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was not that of a man likely to be awed into pacific measures by any declarations, however explicit, that England and France would support Turkey in meeting force by force.

It was vital for England to carry along with her the three other great powers of Europe in the discussions of 1853 on the Eastern question. Any precipitate action, either single-handed or in concert with France, would have made this impossible. At the very time the disaster at Sinope occurred, we had just succeeded in establishing a complete accord with these powers, and there was still a hope that their united diplomatic action might bring Russia to reason. Lord Palmerston, it appears by Mr. Ashley's book, was impatient of delay. Without absolutely declaring war, he was for sending our fleet into the Black Sea to shut up the Russian fleet in Constantinople, and keep them there until the Russian troops should evacuate the Principalities. Writing to Lord Aberdeen on the 10th of December, 1853, the day before the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was known in England, *and not afterwards, as Mr. Ashley seems to imply*, he says:—

It seems to me that, unless Turkey shall be laid prostrate at the feet of Russia by disasters and war, an event which England and France could not without dishonor permit, no peace can be concluded between the contending parties unless the Emperor consents to evacuate the Principalities, to abandon his demands, and to renounce some of the embarrassing stipulations of former treaties, upon which he has founded the pretensions which have been the cause of existing difficulties.

We must refer to Mr. Ashley's second volume (p. 52), for the remainder of this letter, in which Lord Palmerston advocates his view, that by shutting up the

Russian fleet in Sebastopol, Russia might be forced into terms of peace. Mr. Ashley quotes a few sentences from Lord Aberdeen's reply. We venture to think it would have been fairer to have allowed Lord Aberdeen to put his view of the position in his own words by printing that reply in full. It was as follows, and is not without interest at the present crisis:—

Argyll House, December 13, 1853.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—As I have very recently written to you on the subjects of Eastern affairs, I should not have thought it necessary to trouble you again, had I not imagined that you might have expected an answer to your letter.

I take for granted that we both desire to see the termination of the existing war between Russia and Turkey; but I confess that I am not at present prepared to adopt the mode which you think most likely to restore peace.

You think that the Emperor ought to be made to evacuate the Principalities, to abandon his demands, and to consent to a revision of the treaties between Russia and Turkey.

The first condition will probably offer no difficulty in the way of peace, as the Emperor has repeatedly declared, that he does not desire, or intend, to retain an inch of Turkish territory.

I agree with you that the Emperor ought to be made to abandon all unjust demands. He has already abandoned much, and will probably abandon more. But after the former breach of engagement by the Turks, he has some right to expect a reasonable assurance of a Diplomatic Act against the recurrence of this violation of good faith, as well as that the Greek Christians should be duly protected. This claim has been put forward from the commencement of the negotiations, and to this we have repeatedly advised the Turks to accede, without prejudice to the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

With regard to the third condition, it is vain to expect that Russia will ever agree to the revision of her former treaties with the Porte, unless reduced to the last extremity. And if Omar Pasha, instead of having only crossed the Danube, had advanced to Moscow, such a proposition would scarcely have been entertained. Neither do I see that Europe has any very great interest in procuring such a revision. Peace has been maintained between Russia and the Porte for the last five-and-twenty years, since the Treaty of Adrianople; and, if renewed, it may continue as long. The interpretation of treaties which impose a moral obligation upon one of the parties will always be open to doubt and cavil; but the substitute of the Great Powers in the place of Russia, as you propose, would probably render the execution of such stipulations still more complicated and uncertain.

You admit that, in order to bring the Em-

peror to agree to those terms of peace, it is necessary to exert a considerable pressure upon him. Now what you call a considerable pressure I can only regard as war; and it is a sort of war which I do not think very creditable to the honor and character of this country. If the conduct of Russia has been so injurious to the Porte, and our own interests are so deeply affected as to make us think it necessary to resist her attack, it is not by capturing a few ships, or blockading some port, that we shall best prove our sympathy; but we ought rather at once to declare war, and to make common cause with our ally. We have no treaty engagements with the Porte; and although I do not pretend to say to what extremities we may be driven by the course of events, I do not believe that the people of this country are prepared to make such a sacrifice, or that our national honor and interests are so much concerned as would make it justifiable in us to incur all the risks and horrors of war.

Much as I desire to avoid war, and reluctant as I am to prolong that which already exists between Russia and the Porte by aiming at unattainable conditions of peace, I would not have you imagine that under no circumstances should I be prepared to have recourse to such an alternative. I think that Russia could never be permitted to occupy Constantinople and the Straits of the Dardanelles; and if it became evident that any such intention was entertained, I believe that the interests of this country and of Europe would justify us in resorting at once to the most active hostilities.

Allow me to recall your attention to our actual position with respect to the negotiations for peace. We have just effected the union of the Four Powers, and our cordial concurrence in the steps about to be taken for arriving at this great end. I regard the union as a most important fact, and as calculated essentially to affect our proceedings, whether they terminate in war or in peace. We ought not rashly to endanger the permanence of this European concert; and as the Powers have declared that the integrity of the Turkish territory is an object of general interest, it is to be presumed that they will take such means as may be necessary to secure it. But if, while we have sent pacific overtures to Constantinople, and are endeavoring, as mediators, to establish an armistice between the belligerents, we should ourselves have recourse to acts of direct hostility, we can scarcely expect that our allies would approve of such a decision. I greatly doubt whether the French Government would think it just or honorable to join us in such a course.

Two days before this letter was written, a report of the affair of Sinope had reached England through Vienna. But it was not until the evening of the 13th, and after the letter was written, that our government received official intelligence, which showed that the attack on the Turkish fleet had

been made in deliberate defiance of France and England. This at once altered the whole aspect of affairs. The blood of both countries was up, and to have longer refrained from a decided course of action would have been impossible for any government. Two days afterwards (15th December), Lord Palmerston resigned. Mr. Ashley, with Lord Palmerston's papers at his command, must have known that this resignation had nothing whatever to do with any divergence of views as to our Eastern policy between Lord Palmerston and the rest of the Aberdeen cabinet. He has indeed shown, under Lord Palmerston's own hand ("Life," vol. ii., p. 19), that this was so. The reason, and the only reason, for his taking this step, was, that he could not support a large measure of Parliamentary reform, proposed by Lord Russell, and accepted by the cabinet. But Mr. Ashley, in his desire to claim special praise for Lord Palmerston for a sympathy with the feeling of general indignation excited by the tidings from Sinope, more than insinuates that the reason which he "assigned" for his resignation was not the true one. "The fact is," he writes, "that, as Mr. Kinglake says, he was gifted with the instinct which enables a man to read the heart of a nation, and he felt that the English people would never forgive the ministry if nothing decisive were done after the disasters at Sinope." And, if the fact were so, what should we think of the statesman, who at such a crisis, without waiting to know what his colleagues would do, would have deserted them, and thereby thrown affairs into confusion? Lord Palmerston's worst enemy could bring no severer charge against him. But the fact was precisely as Lord Palmerston himself put it in a letter to a leading member of the government at the time, which Mr. Ashley has no doubt seen, that he would not seem to support a Reform Bill, of which he entirely disapproved — "that, in short, he did not choose to be dragged through the dirt by John Russell."

Mr. Kinglake, in the last edition of his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" (1877), emboldened apparently by the countenance given to his views by Mr. Ashley, goes considerably farther than that gentleman.

Unfortunately,* it happened [he says], though

* Why "unfortunately"? Was Lord Palmerston likely to have raised his voice in the cabinet against the decision to send the combined fleets into the Black Sea? Why, he had been urging this very measure for months, and so lately as the 10th of December, in the letter to Lord Aberdeen above quoted! During the

for reasons which cannot yet be disclosed, that some days before the ill-omened Thursday [the day on which it was resolved to send the combined fleets of England and France into the Black Sea] Lord Palmerston *was driven from office*. Of the justice or propriety of the measure thus taken against him no one can yet be invited to judge, because its grounds are withheld (vol. ii., p. 28).

The statement that Lord Palmerston was "compelled to resign," that he was driven from office, is reiterated in the paragraphs which follow; and of some extraordinary notes, which Mr. Kinglake has subjoined, the following is perhaps the most extraordinary:—

They [the grounds on which Lord Palmerston was driven from office] were even withheld, one may say, from the faithful Baron Stockmar; for the prince's letter to him on the subject was not a real and thorough disclosure. Whether the curious outcry of those days against "Prince Albert's interference" was in any way connected with the transactions above stated I do not undertake to say; but it followed them with a very close step. The outcry was one wrongly, nay, almost absurdly directed, and was utterly silenced upon the meeting of Parliament in 1854 by Lord Aberdeen and other public men, who spoke out with unshrinking clearness upon what seemed until then a tender and delicate subject.

In saying that the outcry was wrongly or absurdly *directed*, I am far from meaning to represent that it was baseless; for I think, on the contrary, that transactions, appearing to have resulted from the hostility of the crown to Lord Palmerston in the five or six middle years of this century, were a very fit subject for Parliamentary inquiry, and in the mean time for that healthy, wise uneasiness which awakens the care of Parliament. What Parliament ought to have asked, and ought to have taken care to learn, was, not whether the prince consort, or any other "private secretary," or friend or courtier, had been giving counsel to the queen, but, *whether any of her Constitutional advisers had been guilty of undue complacency to the crown, or of intriguing against a colleague*.

If the life of the late prince consort in 1853 should be unreservedly imparted to the public, the "grounds" above referred to as wanting will not fail to appear. The December of 1853 was a critical month in the prince consort's political life (*ibid.*, p. 29).

Mr. Kinglake, who is a master of En-

days when he was absent from office, he was in direct communication, as Lord Aberdeen very well knew, with Count Walewski, of whose importunacy in pressing the measure at this critical moment Mr. Kinglake is manifestly well aware, — importunacy which, it is no secret, was so unseemly, as to provoke from the not too impulsive Lord Clarendon language of spirited rebuke.

glish style, usually makes his meaning clear enough, but it would require an *Œdipus* to unravel the mystery of this note. What does it mean? If Mr. Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," touched lightly on the question of Lord Palmerston's sudden resignation in 1853, he probably did so because the event, however curious in itself, had very little bearing upon the story he had to tell. We can quite conceive that in this case, as in many others, he has suppressed very interesting details, solely from considerations of space and due proportion, and not because there was anything to conceal which would in any way have compromised either the crown or the prince consort. His very delicate and difficult task would, we can well imagine, become intolerable to himself, as it would be oppressive to his readers, if he were to go into the ins and outs of every ministerial crisis, or the minute incidents of the story of the causes of the Crimean War, into which Mr. Kinglake has infused the fire, with something of the freedom, of romance. No doubt Mr. Martin has in the case of Lord Palmerston deviated somewhat from this rule; but it is very obvious that he was driven to do so by the indiscretion of Lord Palmerston's biographer. It could not be otherwise than painful to him to have to say unpleasant things of one who enjoyed so great a name among departed statesmen. All good Englishmen must desire to uphold the reputation of our leading public men at its highest level; and that Mr. Martin is strongly influenced by this desire seems very clear from the prevailing spirit of his volumes.

To have passed over in silence the injurious imputations in Mr. Ashley's book, against both the prince consort and the queen, would have been a fatal mistake, for it would have been construed into an admission that they were well-founded. Nevertheless, Mr. Kinglake, like some others of Lord Palmerston's friends, seems to be angry that these imputations have been met by the unanswerable documents in Mr. Martin's last published volume. In no other way can we account for the bitterness with which, in the edition of his history now being published, Mr. Kinglake speaks of the prince consort. In former editions the prince was mentioned with respect, and even with admiration. A well-known paragraph in his first chapter, as just in appreciation of the prince's political position and influence, as it was admirable in expression, has been cancelled; and in its stead, wherever these

are spoken of by Mr. Kinglake, it is that they may be ridiculed or denounced. In what we venture to think doubtful taste, Mr. Kinglake loses no opportunity of sneering at "the two intelligent Germans, the prince consort and the Baron Stockmar" (vol. ii., p. 64, note), and of inviting Mr. Martin to show that the prince did not share the blunders in their Eastern policy with which Mr. Kinglake charges the Aberdeen ministry. Suppose Mr. Martin could show, that, in the instances referred to, the prince (which practically means the queen also) was right, and the government wrong, would he be likely to use his information for such a purpose? It may not have struck Mr. Kinglake, though it certainly could not escape the eye of a writer charged with the responsible task which has been entrusted to Mr. Martin, that to exalt the reputation of the prince at the cost of the responsible advisers of the crown would be an act which the prince would himself have been the first to condemn, and which would be incompatible with Mr. Martin's duty to the sovereign, who has honored him with her confidence.

In the case more immediately before us, we are in a position to show that there is in fact nothing to disclose beyond what is known, and that if Mr. Martin has said so little about it, this was presumably because there was little to say beyond what he has said.

Of this, the correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Lord Aberdeen, which is before us as we write, leaves no room for doubt. Lord Palmerston, as we have said, was hostile to Lord Russell's scheme of reform. The cabinet, as a body, had accepted it. Lord Lansdowne shared many of Lord Palmerston's objections, and to him Lord Palmerston wrote stating his views at great length. He sent a copy of this letter, and of Lord Lansdowne's reply to Lord Aberdeen, on the 10th of December. On the 11th Lord Aberdeen acknowledged the receipt of these papers. "I need scarcely say," he wrote, "that both Lord John and I would greatly rejoice if means could be found to diminish your objections, without impairing the efficient character of the measure. From our recent conversations, however, I cannot feel very sanguine that this would be the case."

On the 14th Lord Aberdeen again wrote:—

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—The objections you have stated to the proposed measure of Parliamentary Reform in your letter to Lans-

downe have now been fully considered by Lord John and by Graham. I have already assured you that a sincere desire existed to meet your views, and, if possible, to obviate your objections; but they appear to be so serious as to strike at the most essential principles of the measure.* Under these circumstances, we fear that it would be impossible to make any such alterations as could be expected to afford you satisfaction. I very much regret the necessity of making this communication to you, although I concur in the propriety of the decision that has been adopted.

Upon receipt of this letter Lord Palmerston sent in his resignation, which was accepted. However embarrassing to the ministry, it did not take them by surprise, knowing what they did of Lord Palmerston's avowed hostility to the principles of the proposed Reform Bill; and the vacant seals were with her Majesty's sanction offered to Sir George Grey. Lord Palmerston had apparently counted on Lord Lansdowne following his example. But however much the veteran statesman disliked Lord John's innovations, he felt that this was not a time to weaken the government by secession, and he announced his intention to remain. By the 17th this decision was known, and immediately afterwards Lord Palmerston let it be understood by his late colleagues, through common friends, that he wished to reconsider the step he had taken. This gave color to the surmise, very generally entertained at the time, that he had hoped, by carrying Lord Lansdowne with him, to break up the ministry, and so to open the way for his own ambitious aims at the premiership. As it was, he found himself standing alone, having thrown himself out of office upon grounds that would expose him to the condemnation of his Radical admirers. Seeking to damage Lord Aberdeen, he had only damaged himself.

It was clearly of moment to Lord Palmerston's political position, that he should retrieve his blunder as rapidly as possible. Without seeming himself to initiate a movement to this end, it was not difficult to arrange for its being pushed by others. Accordingly negotiations with a view to his resumption of his place at the Home Office were pressed upon the leaders of the cabinet by influential members of the

* It is important to bear these words in mind, with reference to Lord Palmerston's statement in the letter to be presently quoted, that he had all along "*acquiesced in the leading principles on which the proposed measure is founded.*" Lord Aberdeen, with Lord Palmerston's recent letter to Lord Lansdowne fresh in his mind, must have smiled a very sardonic smile as he read these words.

Liberal party. Sir George Grey held back from accepting the offer made to him. It was seen that the loss of so popular a man as Lord Palmerston might be serious to the ministry, at a juncture when the public interests required that the government should be strong in itself and in the confidence of the country. Lord Palmerston withdrew his objections to reform, avowing that he now agreed to the principle of the measure; and the cabinet, not, we believe, without reluctance, agreed to readmit the repentant rebel into its ranks. What ensued is best told in the following correspondence between Lord Aberdeen and himself:—

Carlton Gardens, 23rd December, 1853.

MY DEAR ABERDEEN,—I find by communications which I have received during the last few days from several members of the Government, that I was mistaken in inferring from your letter of the 14th instant, that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of these details would be listened to.

I am informed, on the contrary, that the whole arrangement is still open to discussion. Under these circumstances, and acquiescing as I have all along done in the leading principles on which the proposed measure has been founded, I cannot decline to comply with the friendly wish expressed to me on the part of many members of the Government that I should withdraw a resignation which they assure me was founded on a misconception on my part, and therefore my letter to you of the 14th may be considered as cancelled if it should suit your arrangements so to deal with it.*

You will perhaps allow me to add that the decision which I am informed the Cabinet came to yesterday to accede to the proposal of the French Government, whereby the English and French squadrons will have the command of the Black Sea, greatly enters into the

considerations which have led me to address this letter to you.

The Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had a long conversation this morning, has been so good as to undertake to convey this letter to you. — My dear Aberdeen, yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

Argyle House, 24th December, 1853.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—As I had communicated your resignation of office to the Queen, I thought it right to take her Majesty's pleasure before answering your letter received this morning.

I confess that I cannot well understand how you should infer from my letter of the 14th instant, that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of these details would be listened to; as you were yourself a member of a committee which had not completed its deliberations, when by your letter to me of the 10th instant you expressed very decided opinions adverse to all the leading provisions of the proposed measure. However, I wish to say no more upon that which you allow to have been a misconception on your part, and I very readily agree to consider your letter of the 14th as cancelled.

Although not connected with the cause of your resignation, I am glad to find that you approve of a recent decision of the Cabinet with respect to the British and French fleets adopted in your absence. I feel assured you will have learned with pleasure that whether absent or present the Government are duly careful to preserve from injury the interests and dignity of the country. — Ever truly yours,

ABERDEEN.

With these letters before us, what becomes of Mr. Kinglake's mysterious innuendoes about Lord Palmerston's having been "driven from office"? about disclosures being withheld? about intrigues by colleagues, acting from "undue complacency to the crown"? and about "December, 1853, being a critical month in the prince consort's life"? Mr. Kinglake is a man of too high honor to make any statement which he does not believe to be true; but he should be well assured of his ground before putting forward insinuations so serious. It is not merely that they affect the reputation of statesmen, most of whom are silent in the grave; they impugn the conduct of the sovereign, whose eyes they may never reach, and who, at all events, cannot descend into the arena of controversy to refute them. Why, if the charges which Mr. Kinglake hints were true, did Lord Palmerston never bring them to the proof in his life, when those whom he accuses in letters printed by Mr. Ashley of "conspiracy," domestic and foreign, against him, would have been

* Mr. Kinglake asks (vol. ii., p. 30, note), "In the midst of those anxious December days when England was fast driving towards war, how came it to happen that a 'difference' on the then flat subject of poor old 'Reform' was so used as to become the means of driving Lord Palmerston from office? *That*," he adds, "is the step of which I say in the text, that the grounds are withheld." Common sense asks, if Lord Palmerston, to use his own words cited above, "acquiesced in the leading principles" of the proposed Reform Bill, how could that measure have been used as "the means of driving him from office"? Lord John Russell was the father of the measure, but no one of all the members of the cabinet was sorer than he at Lord Palmerston's desertion of his colleagues. Mr. Kinglake would apparently have us believe that Lord John, or Sir James Graham, or Lord Aberdeen, or some other cabinet minister, out of "undue complacency to the crown"—we suppose—"brandished" the question of what places should be disfranchised, and to which other places the vacant seats should be given, "in such a way as to compel Lord Palmerston to retire from the government." If the grounds for such a belief are "withheld," may this not be because they do not exist?

able to meet him face to face? If he never did so, is it too much to assume that he knew that such charges, though they might be insinuated by his devotees in irresponsible newspapers, or expressed in private letters of his own, which, we may feel very sure, were never meant to see the light, must have been confuted with disgrace to their author, if he had thrown down the gauntlet of open defiance? It is one of the mischiefs of crude and rash biographies, like this before us, that they make suggestions such as those of Mr. Kinglake possible, where even ordinary care on the biographer's part in sifting, and ordinary candor in arguing from, the evidence of authentic documents, must have made them absolutely impossible.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PAULINE.

BLUNDELLS AYE.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOT'S REVELATIONS.

Children and fools speak the truth.

CHARLOTTE JERMYN was in every respect the antipodes of her mother. She was a bluff, downright girl, whose sterling qualities could not fail to meet with a certain amount of appreciation; but, as these were unhappily accompanied by a deficiency in the charms of grace and refinement, they were robbed of the outward garb of attractiveness; and, although possessed of more than one friend, she had never had a lover.

This gave her no uneasiness. She was willing to please, and be pleased; but she could exist without admiration — she only exacted amusement.

The follies of her aunt were tolerated with cheerful equanimity, as long as they appealed to her sense of humor, and as long as she could put an end to the entertainment at any moment she chose, by leaving the room. But to be tied down to Mrs. Wyndham's presence for the greater portion of every day of her life, would have been to her too irksome an existence to have been borne.

Hence the sympathy for Pauline, the unguarded expression of which drew forth her mother's rebuke in the last chapter.

Mrs. Jermyn was as sincere in the administration of that rebuke as a perfectly insincere woman can be, when speaking without reserve or restraint.

As she expatiated upon Miss La Sarte's good fortune in finding such a home, at a time when a home of any sort was sorely needed, she felt strong in the power of truth. She did, in reality, covet the position she extolled. Not, however, on account of the advantages it openly offered, not because of the domestic happiness and the affectionate welcome, on which her eloquence expended itself with fullest unction; these, we may safely aver, did not excite her envy.

But the secret office of Mrs. Wyndham's flatterer and sycophant was one she would gladly have filled, either in person or by proxy.

On this she had counted in the first delightful triumph consequent on the purchase of the Grange. To have Camilla at their very door; to have brought her there themselves; to behold her admired and caressed, a woman of consequence in the neighborhood, and yet admitting none to her confidence but her *own relations*, one or other of whom would be invariably by her side; this was what her prophetic vision had unfolded to Mrs. Jermyn's eyes, and she had been intoxicated by the prospect.

The future acquaintances, parties, furniture, and equipages of her sister-in-law formed endless matter for conjecture or affirmation, and more than one half-hour had been spent in calculating on the probability of Camilla's preferring gold to silver lace on her coachman's hat.

Sir John Finch had gold, Major Soames had silver. Camilla would certainly be oftener driven over to Finch Hall than to the major's cottage. Consequently, as variety is pleasant, Mrs. Jermyn would have preferred silver, but she had a conviction that Camilla would select gold.

This was, however, only a pleasurable meditation — there was no one real drawback to her flutter of excitement and happy anticipation.

Time drew on, and the unfortunate lady stood on the very brink of the exquisite mirage, when it suddenly became dim and blurred.

This was Pauline's doing.

Good heavens! a niece, and a La Sarte, coming to divert the reflected glory of the Grange from falling on Harmony Court! An interloper, a mischief-maker, one of Camilla's blood and race, with claims upon her superior to those of the Jermyns, stepping in between the two!

Naturally Camilla would incline towards one of her own family, if only for pride's sake (tacitly admitting the La Sartes' right

to precedence), and the new-comer, an artful, Frenchified girl, would spare no pains to improve her opportunity.

Pauline was to be regularly domesticated at the Grange, would take the bottom of the table, act, in a manner, as hostess when the Jermyns came over, — the Jermyns, who had looked upon the Grange as little less than their own, — and would, in a word, completely unseat Charlotte and Minnie from the niche to which their fond mother had in her dreams elected them.

With difficulty she had commanded her countenance and her voice when informed of the downfall of her hopes.

She had entreated her sister-in-law to reconsider the matter, had pointed out with considerable fertility of imagination the evils likely to ensue from the proposed amalgamation; but she could do no more: even she had not dared to suggest to Mrs. Wyndham that a daughter of the house of La Sarte should take steps towards providing for her own maintenance.

At such a proposal, Camilla's eye would have flashed.

For a vain woman, she was curiously proud; and Mrs. Jermyn knew that on any point relating to family dignity, she must touch with extreme delicacy and caution.

She had therefore been compelled to confine herself to affectionate condolences and ingenious prognostications of mischief.

On the other hand, a few lines from Mrs. Wyndham's brother had settled the question. "I have done my best for Tom, and of course you will take his sister."

Mrs. Jermyn felt that "of course" as her death-warrant, and gave up the contest.

"So then, my love, it really is *to be*, and we must all hope it will turn out for the best," she had cried, trying hard to wring a smile out of her blank face.

"When a thing is once *decided* upon, Camilla, you are too good a creature to think of *drawing back*."

Camilla was — too good or too dense. She did not follow the idea thus slipped in edgeways. And that effort had been Mrs. Jermyn's final one.

Her *bête noire* has now actually arrived, and the inaugural ceremony has taken place under her own roof.

The next morning, Pauline having driven out with her aunt, a little episode takes place in the breakfast-room. All the other ladies are gathered there, when the

door opens, and Dot, an inquisitive eight-year-old piece of precocity, spoilt by her mother, and snubbed by her sisters, strolls idly in.

Instantly there is a lull in the conversation, for experience has warned all present that Dot is not a safe listener. Mamma returns to the account-book on the table before her, Charlotte takes up her work, and Minnie goes away. This is hard on Dot, who is instantly possessed of a raging desire to know the extent of her deprivation. "What is it all about?" peevishly demands the innocent. "What are you all talking about? I know you were talking, for I heard you outside, and you stopped when I came in. You never tell me anything."

Charlotte. — "Get away, child. You shouldn't listen, and then you wouldn't know whether you were told or not."

Dot. — "I did not listen, I only *heard*. I'll listen next time though, and *you* won't know whether I'm there or not."

"You will only get punished, you stupid little thing. Why are you not at your lessons?"

"Mademoiselle is not coming to-day. She has a headache."

"Well, go to the schoolroom, then. We can't have you here."

"You are always sending me away," whimpers the child. "Mayn't I stay, mamma? Mayn't I stay?"

An uplifted pen, enjoining silence, is her only answer; whilst mamma's lips move, in silent addition of figures that will not balance correctly.

Accordingly there breaks forth imperious whine No. 2. "Mayn't I stay, mamma?"

"Stay? Yes, poor child! why not?" The sum is finished, and noted down. "Stay if you like," replies Mrs. Jermyn, cheerfully.

"Oh, of course she may stay, and of course she may do whatever she likes, and pry into everything, and carry tales, and make mischief, as she always does!" exclaims the sister, disrespectfully. "But I, for one, decline to be pried into. I sha'n't stay if she does."

"Charlotte is so cross to me, mamma," from the plaintiff.

"Charlotte, how can you be so cross to the poor child? What harm is she doing you? And don't you see she is not well?"

Exit Charlotte without reply. Dot, briskly, "What is it about, mamma?"

"About, my dear?"

"It's about Pauline, I know, for I heard

them say her name. What is it about her and Aunt Camilla? Do tell me, mamma. You might tell me."

"Oh, never mind, my dear. Little girls can't be told everything."

"But I want to know, mamma, and I won't tell anybody else. Do say, mamma. Mamma, do say."

"My dear, poor Pauline has lost all her money, and kind Aunt Camilla is going to take her to live at the Grange. That is all."

"But why are you *sorry* that she is come? Why did you say you wished to goodness that she had been sent anywhere else? I *heard* you say that, mamma." And with the words the small cunning eyes (apparently a pair of her own, made down for Dot) search her through and through.

"How did you know I was speaking of Pauline, child? You should not fasten down to any particular person half a sentence that your ears happen to catch when you are coming into a room. The greatest mistakes in the world are made in that way," cleverly observes mamma, with an impressive air.

"Oh, but I *heard* you say Pauline." Dot nods her head to enforce the emphasis. "So there wasn't *any* mistake. And I know I *don't* make mistakes; I *never* do. I heard you say it quite distinctly; and I want to know why? Because it's funny" (mysteriously) "that somebody else wishes the very same thing, and he wrote it, too."

"Who wrote it? What do you mean? Wrote it to you?"

"Oh no; to her—to Pauline. He wrote, or she wrote—somebody wrote; but you tell me first, and then I will tell you."

"What am I to tell you, silly one? You know all I said, it seems, already. But, Dot, remember, that if you repeat it to any one—sisters, or Aunt Camilla, or *any one*—I shall be very, very greatly ill-pleased indeed. It would be most unkind, most *unfeeling* to say it again. Remember that. If I thought I could not trust you, I should never have told you now."

"You never did tell me, mamma. You didn't tell me a thing. I heard it all for myself, and the other one too, and I want to know *why*?"

A labored explanation, and then, "What do you mean about the other one? It was odd of Pauline to read out her letter to a child like you."

"Oh, she didn't read it," Dot candidly allows. "I read it."

"You? How did you read it?"

"I read it, because I found it. I found it in her room, under the dressing-table, when you were all at dinner. And I gave it to her afterwards."

"Oh, Dot, for shame! To read people's letters, and then come and tell what was in them! Never do that again, my dear; it is a very naughty thing to do."

"It was only a little bit, mamma" (slightly abashed). "It was only because it was about Mr. Blundell; and Roberts says he thinks Mr. Blundell is to come back to-day, and that we shall not be allowed to go through the farm any more. We do like to go through the farm so much, and he has been away so long. I wonder why he should come back at all."

"You are making some mistake, child. It could not be the same Mr. Blundell; or you have read the name wrong. Pauline is not likely to know anything about this Mr. Blundell."

"Somebody knows, who wrote the letter. Who was it wrote the letter?"

"Her brother—her brother, dear," impatiently.

"He knows, then. He called him Blundell; and oh, I am sure it was our *very own* Mr. Blundell, because the letter *said* he was coming back, and Roberts said so too!"

"And was this all? I really think, Dot, you ought to tell me all you read—though I don't approve of your reading it, mind, and you must never do such a thing again—but you had better tell me now what you can remember, just that I may show you what a silly little head you have got to take up such fancies."

"I didn't take up fancies." Dot grows sullen. "I saw it, and I am sure I was right. It said he was on his way to Blundellsaye—oh, *there*! It said *Blundellsaye*, so of course it was him——"

"He, dear, not 'him.'" Mrs. Jermyn corrects, coolly; but in reality she is impressed. "And what besides, Dot?"

"Oh, just that. And then directly after—because I was reading that, and I *saw* just below—'I wish you had been sent anywhere else.' And I did not read any more—not a word. I wonder why he wished Pauline had been sent anywhere else? She has not been sent to Blundellsaye!"

"William," said Mrs. Jermyn, carelessly addressing her husband, at the luncheon-table, and choosing a pause, when her

words could not but be heard by every one at table, "did you know that Mr. Blundell returns home to-day? I daresay we shall meet him to-night at Finch Hall."

The moment for the remark was carefully chosen, and she was inclined to think she had done well in making it.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF HIM!

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us.
To see oursels as ithers see us!

It is half past six o'clock in the evening, and the dressing-bell has rung at Finch Hall.

Can there be a greater bore among bores than the dressing-bell? Imagine the bore magnified to its greatest degree. Picture to yourself a blazing fire to be left behind; a newspaper, still unread, to be abandoned; a bundle of aching limbs to be forced up-stairs, and the prospect of transferring the same to fresh garments in the cool atmosphere of a November evening, and you may perhaps arouse in your bosom, if it is a pitiful one, some sense of compassion for young Dolly Finch, who, left by himself in the library at the close of a hard day's hunting, sunk in the depths of an armchair, and full of weary comfort, was just dropping off into a gentle doze when he was sharply aroused by the unwelcome summons.

Dolly was the sworn enemy of bells in general, and of this imperious courtyard bell—this harsh, noisy, inexorable clang-clang—in particular.

It never found him ready. It never found him ashamed.

According to his mood, he regarded it with indifference or disgust.

The present was an evening for indifference. There was nobody by to order him off; he sputtered a sleepy execration, blinked his eyelids, frowned, and looked straight in front of him.

All was peaceful again, and the flickering firelight wooed his outraged feelings to forgetfulness. His head drooped forward, and hung upon his breast.

Anon he heard the sweet music of the hounds, and the patter of hoofs. Now he is sailing over an empty field, the fox well in sight. He loses her! He clears a fence! Hi, he is down! Some one is pulling him from under the horse, shaking him, shouting in his ears with a voice like a trumpet. He starts to his feet, and manfully grasps—the armchair!

By his side stands his father, observing,

with a gentle yawn, "Wake up, Dolly. Time to dress."

Heavily sighed poor Dolly now.

There would be no further respite. He is still in pink; his boots were splashed, and his cap and whip lay on the floor by his side.

He must go, of course. Of course. He *is* going. He is only waiting a moment. Where is his cap? Eh? The voice growing ever more and more inarticulate.

"Dolly, Dolly, Dolly! Time to dress, you know."

"All right, sir," with another sigh. "Lots of time."

"Not such lots, I can tell you. It is, by me, let me see—it only wants a quarter now. And there are some people coming to dinner, you know."

"I'll be ready," creeping to the front of the chair, in preparation for the effort of rising. "I don't take any time."

"Well, you had better be as quick as you can. I went down to the farm just now," continued Sir John, "and —"

"Oh, I forgot," broke in Dolly, calling his wits together. "I meant to tell you, Benson says we sha'n't get those oats. Ralph Blundell's come back."

"I was going to tell you that. I passed him outside the gate just now."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Oh, I gave him a sort of nod. There were half-a-dozen of them in the drag—as disreputable-looking a set as usual. That one with the long moustache, he was there. What do you call him? Harcourt? Chaworth—that's it. He was facing me. Blundell was driving, and that young cousin of his, Wilmot Blundell's son, whom I suppose he has undertaken to lead to the dogs as fast as it can be done, was on the box beside him."

"I hope you were not rude to him, sir?"

"I was not *rude* to him. I don't know what you mean by being *rude* to him. I just gave him a nod like this," repeating the performance. "I did not take off my hat, and salaam down to the ground before him—if you mean that."

Whether he meant that or not, Dolly did not explain. He was silent, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and after a few moments thus passed, the father continued, bringing his eyebrows together, and scanning his son's countenance as he spoke, "You are not intending to call there, I suppose?"

"I must, some time or other. You won't; and if neither of us went, it would look so abominably uncivil."

"What do we care if it does look un-

civil? We have no particular need to show civility to a man who is the pest of the neighborhood."

"I must just call," said Dolly with decision. "Don't ask him here, unless you like. But everybody will call."

"You will do as you please, of course. You usually do. But I shall have nothing to say to him."

"I cannot imagine why you should make it a personal matter, sir. He has never done you any harm that you know of."

"He won't do *me* any harm, I'll take very good care of that. I'm not likely to be harmed; but there are those who are, and not very far off either. I won't have you making a friend of that man, Dolly; so you need not think of it."

"Making a friend of him, because I leave a card!"

"Ay, making a friend of him. That will be the next thing. You will meet him with the hounds, and you will be invited to Blundellsaye, and you will go wherever he asks you, and do whatever he tells you——"

"A precious fool you make me out!" broke forth Dolly, never more indignant than at a hint of this kind.

"Fool enough, if anybody asks you to play the fool," unhesitatingly rejoined his father.

"Do you think I have no mind of my own, sir?"

"Mind of your own? No. If you have any mind of your own, it is kept for your mother, and sisters, and me. For the rest, anybody may pull you about with a string."

This was too much—the young man flushed with passion.

"That's a nice sort of thing to say to a fellow! It's a beastly shame to say such a thing!"

He rose to go, and the father's heart smote him.

"Well, Dolly, it was. I ask your pardon, and let me see I was wrong as soon as you can. I don't wish to see a son of mine tied to his mother's apron-string any more than you do. Choose your friends, bring them here, and so long as they are respectable, and gentlemen, they shall always have a welcome. But take my advice—it is only my *advice*, mind—and have nothing to do with Ralph Blundell."

Blundell's reappearance was commented upon at the dinner-table that evening, with the alacrity a new topic must ever inspire.

There was a large party, but although Mrs. Jermyn had opined that he would be

present, none of the others had expected for a moment to meet him. It was years since he had been seen at Finch Hall, where sobriety and decorum had always prevailed, and where an irregular life was less likely to meet with toleration than at any other house in the neighborhood.

Nevertheless the event was interesting, even to the hosts. They knew Ralph Blundell, and had done so since his boyhood. Lady Finch asked after him in a maternally sad voice. She could not help feeling grieved whenever she looked across to that deserted, lonely house. She remembered the two brothers, such fine, manly boys, always together, and so fond of each other, that you never saw them apart.

Their poor mother was so proud of them! She used to say her sons were better to her than any daughter could have been. As long as she lived, everything had gone on smoothly at Blundellsaye. The poor young men! They had been left so entirely without restraint afterwards, that one ought to have the deepest pity for them,—one ought to make the greatest allowances.

The gentle creature being well out of her husband's hearing gave free vent to the feelings her compassionate nature prompted.

At the other end of the table, the tone adopted towards the same subject was different.

Had there not been something strange about Ralph Blundell lately? What was it? Had he been off his head? Had he never been at Blundellsaye since his brother's death? Where had he been? Was he all right now?

It was not without emotion that Pauline heard the name bandied from one to the other.

There was no need for her to speak. No one imagined that a stranger could have any remark to make on a subject that had so purely local an interest. They did not trouble her with it; but adapting himself to her presumed taste, a little man on her left hand, who had been appealed to as an authority more than once, thus addressed her,—

"And I suppose croquet is quite discarded for lawn-tennis now?"

"I suppose so," said she, absently.

"Are you a great player?"

"A—a what?"

"A great lawn-tennis player. The ladies about here are uncommonly good at it."

"Are they? Which?"

He stared a little. "Oh, that one in pink down there, is one of our best hands. She and her sister play splendidly. It is the greatest fun in the world having one of them for your partner; you have nothing to do but to stand still with your bat in your hand, and let her run about! You are sure to win."

A sympathetic smile disguised her inattention, and he proceeded easily.

"I don't say I'm a good player, you know; I don't say that. I never can hit the balls when there are a lot of people about, and everybody seems in a fuss and bustle. I can play splendidly by myself. At least I could, if it weren't for that nuisance of a net. Don't you think the net is a nuisance? I don't see but that we should do just as well without it. No one wants a game to be such desperately hard work."

"No, certainly," replied she, catching the last sentence.

"I often go out and have a round when there is nobody by," he continued, confidentially, "and I hit every time. 'Pon my word I do. I never miss. People say to me sometimes at parties, 'Fennel, how on earth don't you play better? You are always at it.' But they never see me when I am by myself, you know. It puts me out playing with other people."

"Yes?"

"It was just the same at croquet. I could play it splendidly, if I was let alone; but people used to get in one's way so awfully. And then I never could find my ball, for somebody always must needs send it somewhere just when it was wanted! I used to say to the people, 'My good people, if you would only have the goodness to let me alone, I could get through my hoops well enough; but it is so confoundedly disagreeable to be interfered with at every moment.' Just when all the world is standing looking on at one part of the ground, you know, to have to go running about all over the place in search of your ball! It really is too bad, sometimes! I used to get awfully sat upon at croquet, Miss La Sarte. 'Pon my word I did."

"That is over now—isn't it?" She tried to speak pleasantly, tried to smile, and do her part as became a well-mannered young woman; but it was hard work, for reasons not difficult to imagine.

He was satisfied, however, and recommenced. "It is one comfort that there are such a lot of balls at lawn-tennis."

"Yes—there are—there ought to be a number always."

"Only nobody seems to care how they send a ball at you. It is up about your ears all in a moment, before you know it's off. And then they—they expect you to send it back again, you know," to Charlotte Jermyn, on his other side.

"Do they? Actually?" said she.

"They ought to send it fair—oughtn't they? They ought to give a fellow a chance of seeing it coming towards him, instead of whizzing it over the net, within an inch of the top. I always send my balls a good long way up. There is nothing more stupid than people trying to show off, and making themselves disagreeable. Especially in a game."

"Who was it now, Mr. Fennel? Somebody has been maltreating you, I know."

But Mr. Fennel was prudent, and would not reveal his persecutors.

He had no desire to converse with Charlotte, and had already begun to be fascinated by the fair lady on his right hand, wherefore he turned again to her. So far, he certainly could not be said to have gained much of her attention; but attributing this to maidenly bashfulness, he essayed to overcome it.

Pauline had been silent, thinking on what she had heard before this chatterer began.

She had half expected to meet Blundell himself this evening. She had almost looked forward to the meeting, so strong was her resolution to face him with the same smile wherewith she had bidden him "good-bye," to chat with him easily, answer his questions with indifference, and recall reminiscences with spirit.

It had been a relief to find the party complete without him; but, perhaps, it had been something of a disappointment also.

She was so anxious to test her courage; nay, more, to prove to him that if he had suspected, if he ever could have suspected—pshaw! suspected what? Was it likely that he would for a moment contemplate such an absurdity, as that there had been found, not *one*, but *two*—two, so inordinately simple as to mistake the meaning of a few common compliments?

For Elsie, poor impulsive child—for a girl of seventeen, who had seen nobody, and had been nowhere, it was a trifle; but for *her*, in all the dignity of her twenty-one years—she could but blush to think of it!

Well, she would stand before him now, and let her face dare him to imagine anything so wild and fabulous.

Oh, how nicely she would talk about

their pleasant meeting, their charming sail, the fine weather which had preceded his stay, and which had returned to them immediately after his departure! She would not make the two years which had passed since they met, excuse for any lapse of memory. Rather, she would have it all fresh before her (as indeed it was). She would playfully assure him, that, whatever he might have done, they had good cause to remember his visit. He had inflicted on them too many stay-at-home afternoons. Never before or since had such rain been seen at Gourloch, and he had taken it away with him when he went. He was undoubtedly the "Flying Dutchman."

After this neat and happy opening, to all of which he would of course make suitable rejoinders—they could slide into an easy vein. Conventional topics would follow, and the worst would be over.

They might meet afterwards, as often as a small neighborhood rendered probable; she would not care.

"Do you hunt at all?" said Mr. Fennel. He had finished his *pâté*, and was unwilling to remain longer silent. The *pâté* had claimed his attention at the moment when he was turning from Charlotte to Pauline, and he had found it good.

Pauline started. Why could he not let her alone, this little rabbit-faced man, with his head half under the table?

"No, I don't," she replied, snappishly.

"Do you"—slowly—"skate?"

"No."

"Oh?"

A pause, in which, "Oh dear, Mr. Jermyn, I had never heard that before!" "Did you know the Boorhams, Lady Finch?" "Miss Willoughby says the hounds were quite at fault." "Ha! ha! ha! Did you hear that, major?" were audible in bass and treble notes up and down the table.

Pauline had a moment's respite. Then, "Why don't you hunt?" resumed the little man by her side.

"I don't think I care for it."

"But you could, if you tried. That's to say unless you are nervous. It won't do to be nervous, you know; but I am sure," with his little eyes bent tenderly upon her—"I am sure that *you* are not nervous, Miss La Sarte?"

Whether or not, he was never fated to learn. A loud, passionate voice had risen above the others, and the broken utterances, audible to all at the lower end of the table, had deafened Pauline's ear to his tasteless prattle. The speaker was Sir John Finch. "He is a disgrace to the

neighborhood! That is what I think, and I don't care who hears me! What are you knocking me under the table for?" in an angry aside to his son (whom a disarrangement of the dinner-table had placed by his side). "I *will* say what I think in my own house."

"Do be quiet, sir, for your own sake." Dolly's still lower reply was just heard, and no more. He was red with vexation, and hung his head over the plate before him.

"For *my* sake? For *whose* sake?" cried the old man, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands, and glaring from side to side. "It is not for *my* sake, I can tell you. Tchick! let me alone, can't you? I say, I am sorry he has ever come back; and I hope, whatever other people may do, that no son of mine——"

"Major Soames," said Dolly, loudly, "were you—ah—did you, ah—how did you get out of that slough after all? It was rather a nasty place to get into, wasn't it?"

But of whom had they been talking? Who was it the father would keep from his son? For whose return was he sorry?

Do what she would, Pauline could not rid herself of the foolish idea, that if a name had been mentioned, it would have been that of Blundell.

Absurd, was it not? So absurd as to rouse her indignation. Supposing that it *had* been, what then was the meaning of it? He might indeed—she could not say—she supposed it was not unlikely that at one time or other of his life he had not been all he ought to be. He had lived as other men of the world live.

It was sad, of course—terribly sad. But the follies of youth, renounced and forsaken, were they to be held over him for the term of his life?

He was no longer very young, he had spoken of them with repugnance, with resolution to . . . "But I suppose you like dancing?" The voice was that of her tormentor. He had still hope; the persistent little countenance shone with a new inspiration. She did not hunt; she did not skate; she responded but coldly to suggestions of lawn-tennis, and once-honored croquet: but dancing! he had about hit it now. Every girl in her heart liked dancing.

"Surely you like dancing, Miss La Sarte?"

"I *hate* it," said Pauline.

Charlotte Jermyn, on his other side, laughed aloud.

"Why do you not try to find out my

tastes, Mr. Fennel? I hunt, and I skate, and I dance; and you have never so much as taken the pains to ask me if I do or not."

"Because — because I know you do, Miss Jermyn. And I couldn't ask you when I knew it already — could I, now? Besides, where would be the use? You are rather sharp upon me now, you are indeed."

"Oh, that was it, was it? But then, when you have once ascertained what Miss La Sarte's inclinations tend to, will you never speak to her afterwards, either? Because, if that is to be the way, I can tell you at once, to save all further trouble on your part. I will furnish you with a complete list of her likings and dislikings, — the dislikings will swell the list considerably, judging from to-night's experience. Now, will you accept my offer? It is very good-natured of me to make it; and I only behave so generously to you out of consideration for the valiant efforts you have been making all through dinner, and for the scanty success with which they have been rewarded. Now you shall have time and peace to enjoy your olives. You don't really care for talking, I know, though you are such a good talker."

The little man saw he was laughed at, and his eyes shot fire.

"When I do talk, Miss Jermyn, I like, if you please, to choose whom I will talk to."

Saying which he turned his shoulder upon her.

Charlotte colored with mortification. She knew the man to be a fool, and had not been by any means delighted to find herself conducted by him to the dining-room; but she had not chosen to be neglected, even by Mr. Fennel.

On her other hand sat a silent, heavily-consuming old gentleman, with whom a few remarks between the courses were all that was attainable.

She had not come to the party to sit without uttering a word. She had not argued with Minnie for the right of being the Miss Jermyn included in the invitation, for this. Nor had her pink dress been hurried home from the dressmaker, for this. Nor had the first camellia of the season been ruthlessly abstracted from the greenhouse to adorn her hair, for this.

It was rather an event for the Jermyns to dine at Finch Hall, and Charlotte had come prepared to enjoy her evening after a downright, thoroughgoing, robust fashion. The beauty and grace of brown-

haired Pauline did not cost her honest heart a pang. She meant to talk, and laugh, and have great fun. So she had told Minnie to whom the fun would be rehearsed in due time, and who was even now contemplating it, as, Cinderella-like, she spent her lonely evening by the school-room fire.

Alas, for the subject of her visions! Poor Charlotte! When the little worm on whom she had been trampling turned upon her she was dumb. She was astounded, and in a manner shipwrecked. She knew of no navigation which would enable her to steer out of such waters.

That he should dare! *He!* Little Fennel, whom all his neighbors laughed at, and made game of!

And she had rather liked to be on good terms with Little Fennel, too; for Little Fennel went everywhere and knew everybody, and the Jermyns were not exactly at home in the society to which they were suffered occasionally to gain admittance.

Very few cards had been left at Harmony Court when it first passed into the hands of the retired attorney; and it had required patience, tact, and time to place the family on the desired level where they now stood, but stood, as it were, on the outside edge.

Little Fennel, contemptible Little Fennel, stood upon this level, firmly established upon both his feet.

He was in the very heart and core of that society, into which they could penetrate no deeper than the rind. He belonged to it by right, knew its customs, used its shibboleths. He was present, invariably present, at those cosy, informal reunions, reports of which chilled the Jermyns' ears; and on the more public occasions, at gatherings from which it would have been a slight to exclude them, Charlotte, standing awkwardly alone, or grasping at the passing salutations of such acquaintances as she possessed, had often been well-pleased to see one whom she could address with any degree of familiarity.

She had been wont to play upon his weakness, to amuse him with her chatter, and to amuse every one else by the audacity with which she bantered him, and the skill wherewith she ministered to his vanity and his credulity.

She had carried this too far. She had been more completely put down than she had ever been in her life before, and that by the last person in the world from whom such a rebuff might have been expected.

In silence, therefore, she drew on her gloves, and followed the other ladies to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A TERRIBLE MAN.

"CHARLOTTE, my love, do come and look at these *beautiful* prints."

Mrs. Jermyn, trying hard to keep her footing on the outer edge of the level before alluded to, was painfully aware of what a narrow and uncomfortable edge it was.

She, too, had had her vexations in the dining-room. Her petty pride had been wounded. No precedence had been given to her.

This, to a nature which loved to dwell on trifles, which made much of small distinctions, meant a great deal.

Undoubtedly, she argued, Mrs. Wyndham had been something above her husband in the social scale; but Mr. Wyndham had been Mrs. Jermyn's brother, and his widow need not have been placed so very much above his sister. There was Camilla escorted in by a general, and there was Mr. Jermyn's wife left to his aide-de-camp.

Camilla smiling and jubilant; Camilla chattering like a magpie; Camilla joked about *liqueur*!

No one had encouraged Mrs. Jermyn's chatter, and her aide-de-camp, unjust youth, had been sulky. There had been defaulters,—a note had been handed in just before dinner,—and in the consequent readjustment of the table, he felt that he had suffered. Lady Finch had not been happy in her selection.

Nor had the unfortunate lady, on whom his spleen vented itself, the comfort of perceiving the rest of her family fare better.

She had noted the neglect of her daughter, whose clouded brow openly betrayed it. As to her husband, provocation in that quarter was chiefly confined to the fact, that, whilst of no importance to anybody, he appeared well satisfied to be ignored.

Impatiently she waited for the move, but her expectation that a change of scene would produce happier results seemed in danger of remaining unfulfilled.

Lady Finch escorted two young mothers up-stairs to see Juliet's baby—her own first grandchild. Juliet adhered to Miss La Sarte, the sweet stranger-looking girl. Mrs. Wyndham and the general's wife

comfortably filled the sofa in the chimney-corner; and the Jermyns were again left out in the cold.

"Are they not *exquisite*?"

Charlotte had obeyed the call, and the appeal to her taste was made as she stood by her mother's chair. Mrs. Jermyn was sinking under the weight of an enormous folio, which with one hand she endeavored to prevent sliding off her knee, the other being occupied with her coffee-cup.

"There was one a few pages back," continued she, "with such a *lovely* light upon it; I think it must have been a Turner. Not that one—no, that was not it; it was not so far back as that."

"Oh, bother the book!" exclaimed her unsympathizing companion. "You will let it fall, mamma, or spill your coffee, or something. What made you take up such a great lumbering thing?"

"My dear! *Lumbering*? It is rather heavy; but it is a most *magnificent* volume; and you know how *devoted* I am to pictures of all kinds."

"Photographs will do, then. Here, take this instead," said Charlotte, handing her an album. "Give me that mountain of a book. It was never meant to be taken off the table."

"Perhaps one could *enjoy* it better there." Mrs. Jermyn still persevered in her pleased and interested smile. "Perhaps a little thing like this is more easily held. Thank you, Charlotte; now we can look them over nicely together. Who is this, I wonder?"

"No one you are in the least likely to know, mamma. Pass on, or we shall be all night about it."

"How impatient you are, my dear! Oh, there is dear Lady Finch! How very *delightfully* good that is! Herself, exactly as she looked at dinner! And Sir John! Capital! Nothing could be more—Dear me! is it Sir John? Look, Charlotte. Dress does alter one so! It—"

"Would never turn that old gentleman into Sir John Finch," said Charlotte, with an irrepressible laugh. "Mamma, how can you be so—Don't you see his hat, and his stockings, if you look at nothing else? That is the old dean, Lady Finch's father, who is over eighty. No more like Sir John than I am!"

"People do get so sadly abused in photographs!" murmured her mother, apologetically. "I thought it was not *very* like; but still—Oh! who are you, my dear?" to a little girl who had entered meanwhile, and was shyly passing up the room. "Come and speak to me," con-

tinued Mrs. Jermyn, in her most inviting accents, "and" (inevitable demand) "tell me your name."

The child came reluctantly.

"Well," said the lady, with a smile, "what is it?"

"Marianne."

"Oh! Marianne. And whose little girl are you? Which of these ladies is your mamma?"

"She is not here. I have come with Aunt Louisa. Please let me go to her."

"Aunt Louisa? Which is she?" Lady Finch with her party having reappeared, there was a little gathering on the hearth-rug.

"She is behind them," said the child, readily. "And she looked to me to come, just now." There was no detaining Marianne; and Mrs. Jermyn had again to fall back upon her daughter.

"I thought she could hardly be a *grand-child*," she began. "I could not fancy Lady Finch with a granddaughter of that age — could you? Charlotte," with a quick change of voice, "Charlotte."

"Well, mamma?"

"Stoop down a little. You can be bending over the book. Don't you think that your and Minnie's white silks would make up into something like that?"

"Lady Finch is speaking to you, mamma."

Caught at the single moment when she was off her guard, Mrs. Jermyn felt that hers was a cruel case. She had been practising smiles and pretty speeches for the best part of half an hour, and after all her semblance of being pleasantly and profitably occupied, she had been detected in the indecorum of whispering to her daughter, and Lady Finch, evidently with a feeling of apology for past neglect, was hoping that she was not cold, and begging her to come nearer the fire.

After this she could not well plead the absorbing interest of the photograph-book. People don't whisper, and nod, and stare in another direction, if the mind is centred on photographs before them.

"She was obliged to rise without referring to her employment — and in rising to show, not more alacrity than she *felt*, but more than she wished to appear to feel.

Anything, however, was preferable to being excluded from the charmed circle; and a little attention for the rest of the evening went far towards consoling her for the mortifications she had undergone at its commencement.

No such mortifications had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Wyndham; and accordingly

she was in high good-humor with the whole entertainment.

The company was charming, the decorations beautiful, and the dinner excellent. She did not know when she had had so pleasant an evening.

"Pauline, my love," cried she, on the following day, "you made a perfect sensation! You did indeed! What did *you* think, Selina? Am I not right in saying so? And I can tell you, my dears, that there were one or two *partis* present, who were quite unexceptionable, *quite*."

"Mr. Fennel, for instance," said Charlotte, whom a night's rest had so completely restored to serenity that she was disposed to look upon her past discomfiture in the light of a jest. "Mr. Fennel is a *parti* after your own heart, Aunt Camilla. His attentions were quite unequivocal, *quite*. A charming young man, I can assure you. And he had neither eyes nor ears — neither *eyes* nor *ears* — for anybody in the room, but the *one*, the very particular *one*, you know. He has the *savoir faire* to perfection, he has indeed. And *that*, so few young men have —"

"Charlotte, you make my head ache," frowned her mother, as the mimicry grew too obvious. "You permit no one to speak but yourself."

"Oh, don't say that, mamma, for I was just going to tell you all about it. You can have no idea of the efforts I made to gain a little, a very little, share of his attention, but it was of no use. 'Pon my word it wasn't!" sliding into the Fennel voice. "I don't say he is much of a companion, you know — I don't say that. But still, it is rather a nuisance to have nobody to talk to at all; don't you think so? I can talk splendidly by myself, if I am only let alone, but it puts one out so when there are a lot of people all talking at the same time. Especially if there's nobody talking to me. One can't exactly go on talking to one's self at a party, can one?"

Pauline could not but laugh.

"Confess that was good," cried Charlotte, in her own natural manner, "and it will recompense me for all I underwent. You know how much that was."

"What are you talking about, my dear?" interposed Mrs. Wyndham, taking all in good part. "I don't quite understand. Mr. Fennel was not rude to you, I hope? He appeared to me to be an agreeable young man, and he was really extremely kind and civil about the Grange. He tells me he will be almost our next neighbor. He is going to call. So are the Finches,

and Major Soames. It seems to me *everybody* is going to call. I foresee we shall be quite *besieged*, Pauline — I do indeed."

"You had better not let them all in at once," said Charlotte, mischievously, "or they may do as the besiegers sometimes did of old, turn upon each other. Admit them one by one, Aunt Camilla, 'on approbation,' as the shopmen say."

"Are *all* to be admitted — all, without exception, dear?" Mrs. Jermyn was looking significantly at her sister as she spoke, and the look evidently recalled something to Mrs. Wyndham's remembrance.

"What do you say, Pauline? Shall it be a fair field and no favor? Are we to extend our gracious permission to all, even to this terrible Mr. Blundell?"

"Mr. Blundell!" said Pauline, with a little start.

"Perhaps Pauline may not like to hear him called 'terrible,'" said Mrs. Jermyn. "Did you not say he was a friend, my dear?"

She had not said it, but this escaped the girl. She was upset all in a moment, and her color went and came, as she answered, stammering, "Of Tom's, yes. I have only met him once, some years ago."

"So you see he may not be 'terrible' at all!" cried Mrs. Jermyn, gaily. "Do you know he is going to be your next neighbor?"

Pauline made no reply.

"For my part, I love a 'terrible' man," babbled Mrs. Wyndham. "And to confess the truth, the man whom I am warned to barricade my doors against, is the very man whom I should like of all others to open them to."

"My dear Camilla!" But Mrs. Jermyn laughed. By this time Pauline was ready to speak, and there was something she wished to say.

"Mr. Blundell was very kind to Tom when he was a schoolboy, and afterwards I met him at my aunt's, Lady Calverley's. We all liked him very much then. Is there any reason why he — is there anything against him?" she asked, plainly, and then her heart beat with the consciousness of having put a great, simple question.

"Oh *dear*, no," exclaimed Mrs. Jermyn, fervently. "At least I cannot imagine that there is. You did not hear anything, did you? If there had been anything detrimental to him to be said, it would certainly have been mentioned at Finch Hall. Mr. Blundell is a little talked about in some quarters, but there cannot be anything *really* of any *consequence* against his character, or Sir John, who is *such* a good

judge, and *such* a particular man in every respect, would have been sure to know."

Mrs. Wyndham stared.

How odd! Had Selina really missed that scene at dinner, heard nothing of that little ebullition between Sir John and his son, all about this very Mr. Blundell? So outspoken as Sir John had been! so loud and noisy about it! Mrs. Wyndham thought that nobody present could by any chance have escaped hearing him.

Dear! Did Camilla really mean it? When, how, and where was it? Mrs. Jermyn could hardly believe such a thing. What? Sir John so determined against him? So resolved to have no intercourse? Was Camilla *sure* about it? How *extraordinary*! There must really be something more — more — there must, she was afraid, be *some* truth in the reports spread abroad, which, for her part, she had always, hitherto so *strenuously* refused to believe.

Then she looked her desire for more.

Mrs. Wyndham had only been waiting for a pause, and was ready to strike in immediately.

She could not understand how Selina had not *heard* him. Selina was certainly not too far off. Every one round had listened. Pauline had, surely, observed the scene? — had noticed how annoyed young Mr. Finch had been, and how he had done his best to keep his father quiet?

Yes, Pauline allowed, she had. And Pauline had an intuition, amounting to a certainty, that so also had the lady opposite her.

Why Mrs. Jermyn should care to conceal that such was the case she could not conjecture, but of the fact she was certain.

For ends of her own, she was making use of what had escaped from an incautious old man in a fit of ill-temper.

Was Pauline going to be so imposed upon? She dissolved the whole testimony in her scorn, and threw it over.

From The Fortnightly Review.
BARRY CORNWALL.*

OF all men in the world the biographer of Lamb deserved to be fortunate in his own biographer, and the volume before us, fragmentary as it is, conveys a complete impression of the charm which the compiler has felt. We hardly know Mr. Procter when we have read it, but we

* Bryan Walter Procter (Barry Cornwall). G. Bell and Sons.

know why he was loved by all who knew him. The book is full, one might say, of the perfume of a flower which has bloomed its time, and it is rather a gain than a loss that there is no print of the discolored petals on the leaves. If one wishes to see how the dead flower looked in the keen air that killed it, one must turn to Miss Martineau, who made Procter the subject of one of the shrewdest and not the least kindly of her sketches. At first it looks as if it were her talent to pick out the facts of the poet's personality, while it was C. P.'s talent to explain facts away; but after all it is C. P. who leaves the impression of a character which might be conceived as a whole. This is the more important because Mr. Procter, like Lamb, originally owed his place in the literary world quite as much to his personality as to his talent. Lamb's personality had a piquancy which can be explained, but Mr. Procter's charm, though as genuine and as potent, was more indefinite:

"His small figure, his head not remarkable for much beside its expression of intelligent and warm good-will, and its singular likeness to that of Sir Walter Scott; his conversation, which had little decision or 'point' in the ordinary sense, and often dwelt on truths which a novelty-loving society banishes from its repertory as truisms, never disturbed the effect, in any assemblage, of his real distinction. His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous than the wit, philosophy, and assurance of others. When such a man expressed himself more or less truthfully in a series of gracious poems, of which he alone of all his circle did not seem proud, it naturally followed that all who knew him were eager to declare and extend the credit and honor to which he had aspired with so much simplicity, and which he bore with so entire an absence of self-assertion. The tradition of such a character has the power of lingering in the world even when the life has been so uneventful as to leave little scope for biography and even for anecdote. And the writings which are the outcome of that character are floated down by such tradition to a posterity which might never have heard of them but for this proof of their genuineness."

That is true, and admirable, and generous, and yet it points to another point of view. Observe that the system of female kinship is limitation: the chief lesson of the lives of Byron, or Shelley, or Burns, is how much their inspiration cost; but we do not admire the inspiration less

because it was visibly at the cost of the life. Their greatness is such that we feel judgment to be an impertinence; it is only of smaller men that the observation holds good. "Their ways cast suspicion on their works, and the reputation of a man of genius who lacks in his life the courage or the habits of his inspiration may suffer for generations, or even forever, if his biography happens to have been such or so written as to go down to posterity with his truer self."

Mr. Procter's life did honor to his poetry, and is in a way in harmony with it; but it is the harmony of contrast, the harmony of the leaf and the flower, one might almost say the harmony of the ashes and the flame. Here, too, we are reminded of Scott, whose practical life as lawyer and laird, with its eager bustle of practical cheerfulness, contrasts oddly with the sentimental regret for the past, on whose ruins he throve; as Mr. Procter's idealism in verse, with its alternations of romantic grace and wilful exaltation, contrasts with the cautious prudence and refinement of his life. Of course if we knew Mr. Procter as well as we know Scott, we should see that the life had its romantic, perhaps even its wilful, element, too. Only with Scott the turn of the homely, practical element came first; with Mr. Procter the turn of the romantic element came earlier, in the long interval between boyhood and middle age. Another difference is that in Scott's large nature there was room for both at once. One side might be more conspicuous at one time and another at another time, but both were always there. The contrast forces itself upon us more in a nature of narrower range, less massive and less complex, and proves perplexing from its very simplicity. The poetry of Barry Cornwall is the record of the extravagances of one who was habitually sober, the audacities of one who was habitually cautious, the eloquence of one who was habitually reserved. And yet there is no inconsistency, the contrasted elements heighten and sustain each other. It is a mistake to suppose that the only way to make the most of what we value in life is to concentrate ourselves upon it. Labor heightens the zest of a holiday, and a holiday restores the energy of the laborer; there is a reaction after a fit of high spirits, but there is a reaction from depression too. The reason that most of us fear to abandon ourselves to the natural alternation of our moods and desires, as we abandon ourselves to the natural alter-

nation of cloud and sunshine, day and night, is that we are not disinterested and free: our appetites and theories chain us to a treadmill which we must go on mounting as long as we can, because we know that we shall lose our footing, and be crushed at last. Such unity as our lives attain is due to the pursuit of a purpose, the carrying out of a doctrine in season and out of season: the unity of a life like Mr. Procter's, serene and beautiful even on "the woeful threshold of age," where he had to linger so long, is due to the spontaneous nobility of mind which never forgot its innate generosity, delicacy, and uprightness, in converse with nature as with men, with books and the world, but gave their due to all.

He came of a good stock, of a family of farmers which had held their own in Yorkshire or Cumberland—he never knew which—for three hundred years or more without producing anybody distinguished, and rather ashamed than otherwise of the one period when their line was crossed by a strain of indisputable gentry. His father was one of several children—"the best among the males." Perhaps this was the reason why he came up to London to seek his fortune; he found it rather than made it, and when he had found it he "subsided into a private station where he lived unoccupied and independent for many years. He possessed," his son says, "the most uncompromising honesty I ever met with. My mother was simply the kindest and tenderest mother in the world."

In his autobiography, which does not go beyond his twentieth year, he dwells with predilection on everything that can be made to show himself in a commonplace light. He was really a singular and precocious child, with a touch of something out of the common in his quality from the first, and yet neither then nor afterwards was his mental stature much above the common. At five he knew nothing beyond his letters, or a little easy reading acquired mainly from a Bible full of pictures; but for a year past he had, as we learn on the authority of his mother, preferred books to everything, and could hardly be got to leave them for his meals. His senses, he says, were attracted by the scent of the violet, the April grass, and the flowers; he heard noises in the winds and the running river; otherwise he marched quietly onwards in the great crowds of human life with his undiscovered destiny before him. The sign of that destiny showed itself in the childish love, whose story is told in

the beautiful essay on the death of friends. In the height of his passion he was sent to school; he tells us little of himself or of what he learnt there, but much of a charming, kindhearted *emigré*, M. Molière, who was one of the masters, who was fond of mignonette and myrtle, and denied himself even these pleasures for the sake of charity. At thirteen he went to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Peel and Byron, and he once promised to pay Peel half a crown to do an imposition for him. He did not admire the studies of the place; and the levelling character of public school discipline told upon him to the full. "The daily task, the daily meal, the regular hours of sleep and exercise, or idleness, were all sufficient in themselves for me. I had nothing of that feverish unwholesome temperament which opens the scholar into worlds beyond his reach, and which is sometimes called genius; not much even of that vigorous ambition which tempts him into the accessible region just above him; yet I was not without daring." In fact he was rather celebrated for his boxing, and liked in after years to recollect that he had beaten boys bigger than himself.

It was in the vacations in the country, which he spent mostly at the house of his mother's uncle, that his individuality nourished itself: he fancied that a raven haunted him; some things which were beautiful, and many things which were terrible, operated very sensibly upon him; he began to dream and to recollect his dreams, and strove to discover their meaning and origin. A healthier influence was that of a servant, the daughter of a man who had failed in a profession or business. She knew Richardson and Fielding well, and told him stories out of them, and taught him to worship Shakespeare, whose works he bought with the first money he got, and entered into a world beyond his own: it is characteristic that he did not attempt to carry on his Shakespearian studies at Harrow. He left there at eighteen, and was articled to Mr. Atherton, a solicitor at Calne, where he spent two of the most fruitful years of his life. He learned to think and feel, and there was nothing to interrupt him: he was attached to Mr. Atherton, but not to his profession, which only influenced him by setting him to brood on all the difficulties and intricacies of life. In his autobiography he makes light of the doubts and change of opinion which at the time he dignified with the name of speculations, and it is, perhaps, to be wished, that people whose in-

dividual opinions are of less value than Mr. Procter's, were as far from the pretension of idealizing them. Country life told favorably upon susceptibilities which he regarded as more important: he fell in and out of love, and cultivated his imagination, and even began to write verses.

About 1807, at the age of twenty, he came to London to live, and for the first eight years he seems to have been sufficiently occupied with living. He did not work at his profession; he can hardly be said to have worked at literature: oddly enough, it was his acquaintance with three literary men whom he could hardly admire, that first made him aware that he too was capable of literature. He had no ambition, and a great awe for authorship in the abstract; but when this awe was worn away by experience, he was attracted by a refined amusement which lay within his reach. In 1815, he began to contribute poetry to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1816 his father died and left him what seems to have been a handsome independence for a bachelor, which he enjoyed without impairing it, though some temporary embarrassment connected with his partnership with a solicitor of the name of Slaney made him, about 1821, dependent upon his literary earnings, to his great disgust. He kept a hunter, he took boxing lessons from Cribb, he went to the theatre. In his youth, he says himself, he had some courage and some activity. These years of freedom and enjoyment were also the years in which he made his mark as a poet: the "Dramatic Scenes," "Marcian Colonna," the "Sicilian Story," "Mirandola, a Tragedy," and "The Flood of Thesaly," all appeared between the years 1819 and 1823. Then, too, he laid the foundation of the lyrical collection which was published in 1832 and continued to receive additions for many years. One almost fancies that the Barry Cornwall of those years was the true Procter, and that then his life and imagination were of a piece, and that the irony, now paradoxical and now pathetic, of the later years, was due to the contrast between the old life and the new—the true self flashing through the veil which custom and courtesy and prudence had woven over it. Mr. Procter wrote a poem in the manner of "Beppo," and there is a whole side of his poetry which reminds us of Byron; only in him the revolt, natural to a simple, vivid spirit in its hours of exaltation against second-hand systems of doctrine and proprieties of conduct, was not inflamed by a morbid organization or poisoned by personal excess. It may be

doubted whether he had force enough to sustain him in his revolt; and the temper of rebellious scorn was subdued by the influence of a dutiful and prosperous life, till his best friends doubted whether it was more than a poetical caprice, just as he doubted himself whether Godwin's magnanimity had any existence except on paper.

It is noticeable that he seems to have thought "Don Juan" was Byron's great poem. Perhaps its realism attracted him: one can fancy his disliking the rather rhetorical mysticism of "Childe Harold," and the rather theatrical heroism of "The Giaour" and "The Corsair." He had the sense of measure and of sanity, if not exactly of reality; he disliked what was vast and vague and pretentious. He was capable, which Stothard was not, of a genuine imaginative sympathy with passion; but subject to this limitation we might adopt the biographer's graceful parallel between them. "In their characters, even more than in their works, there is a quality rarely found elsewhere, except in sensitive, single-hearted (and slightly 'spoilt') children; children who are confident of their company, and have not been laughed or frightened out of knowing and speaking their own minds. These alone express themselves with such directness, concreteness, and naïve limitation; often attaining, in their artlessness, to humor, wit, and grace which are the artist's envy. The greatest point of resemblance between Stothard and the poet is that last named—a narrow limitation of the sphere of thought and feeling; a sort of voluntary ignoring of all that might clash with or contradict the habitual mood or idea." "Stothard and Mr. Procter are alike chargeable with sometimes giving the effect of hard outlines where no outlines really exist; and this through no incapacity of touch, but by an artistic idiosyncrasy; an insistence on the beloved limitations; a protest against the vastness, variety and inscrutability of fact."

In Mr. Procter's case the protest was accentuated by his innate energetic right-mindedness. "Few men surpassed him in the unpretentious and untalkative wisdom and fidelity of a right direction of heart and mind." And for this very reason he had a curious dread and distrust of public opinion, which is always too noisy to be quite sincere, and is always insisting on more than it really wants, and pretending to more than it really has. Those who have the power of being leaders without the vocation of being martyrs, make the

most of it as a boisterous approximation to truth; but it presents itself as a hypocritical tyranny to simpler, perhaps finer, natures, who ask only to lead their own lives, do their own duty, and take their own pleasure.

At the time we are speaking of public opinion was divided against itself, it was the opinion of a party, and for this reason Mr. Procter feared it the more; he had a sort of feeling that unless he kept clear of party warfare, party spirit would crush him as he believed it had crushed Hazlitt, whose clearness and precision and robust sincerity were very attractive to him. He was fond in his old age of dwelling on his own freedom from party connection (though *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* long insisted on abusing him as a Whig), and believed that it was to this that he owed his free intercourse with all the literary men of his day; which was really the reward of his talent for exquisite hospitality and his entire freedom from self-assertion.

But though he saw the whole literary movement of his day and sympathized with it, his own place in it is very definite. He belongs to the group of Leigh Hunt and Lamb and Keats: Leigh Hunt influenced him as an example; Lamb influenced him as a guide in the wide field of Elizabethan drama. One cannot say that either he or Keats influenced each other; but there is a real analogy in their method, and in their dependence upon the literature which they studied. Keats, of course, is incomparably the most fertile and splendid of the two; but, except in his odes and sonnets and the ballad of "La Belle Dame sans Merci," Keats never mastered his materials, while Mr. Procter, who did not begin to write till he was eight-and-twenty, is always thoroughly workmanlike, and the union of purity and delicacy, with masculine sanity and vigor, is always attractive. Like Keats Mr. Procter sometimes touches Shelley, as in the "Journal of the Sun" which the editor has printed, on the side where Shelley touches Greece, and Byron on the side where Byron touches Ariosto, and one might add this is not the most valuable side of Keats or Barry Cornwall. And with all his manliness there is an element of unreality in Barry Cornwall which there is not in Keats. Keats wrote of what he imagined, though his imagination was colored by his reading. Barry Cornwall's imagination was not so rich. He wrote of what he read and felt, without having seen or known. So far as his reading fed feeling which found itself a musical expression, he was justified in the

gentle contempt he entertained for the tendencies of a later school, with whom reading sometimes serves to feed nothing better than a cold, fanciful precision of detail; but after all he stops short of real insight. It is not that by choice or by defect of power he has to subordinate force and truth of detail to general harmony and richness of effect: it is that in the narrative poems, at any rate, he has no first-hand grasp upon nature and fact at all. He gets his effects, which are really rich and harmonious, by combination and reflection out of the second-hand impressions which he has retained from reading.

His dramatic works are of a higher order. Lamb said of the "Dramatic Scenes" that there was not one of them that he would not have placed in his collection if he had found it in one of the Garrick plays at the British Museum. And though this praise has its limits, it is not at all too high. The scenes Lamb extracted from the ancient drama are commonly much better than the plays they are taken from. The plays are alive, but as wholes they are not for the most part delightful. Barry Cornwall's "Dramatic Scenes" are delightful if we will take them for what they are; without asking if they too might not have been enshrined in live coherent plays. There is one sort of romanticism which finds the fresher air and brighter light it longs for in old books, as another finds it in old life; and for romanticists of the first sort Barry Cornwall seized and reproduced the charm of the gracious pathos and nobility of the Elizabethan, or rather Jacobean, drama, with as much mastery as Scott, on a larger scale, seized and reproduced the charm of the picturesqueness and generosity of Border and Highland life. Every nation which is fortunate enough to possess a classical drama inherits from it a school of classical acting, and this school in turn propagates a longer or shorter succession of acting plays, with classical pretensions, which perhaps in a period of literary revival may possess genuine literary merit. "Mirandola" was so good and succeeded so well that, as late as 1844, Mr. Carlyle, among others, was still pressing the author to persist in the career of dramatist, which he had long abandoned. According to the author's own account it was a very hurried and imperfect production. "Had I taken pains I could have made a much more sterling thing; but I wished for its representation, and there were so many authors struggling for the same object that I had not firmness to resist the opportunity that was

opened to me through the kindness of Mr. Macready to offer it to the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. I allowed the play to appear, while I was conscious of its many shortcomings. The toil of placing a tragedy or comedy on the stage (apart from the trouble of writing it) is sufficient to daunt most men from repeating the experiment. Without doubt, the activity and kindness of Mr. Macready, and the general good-will of the actors, saved me from much trouble, and from many rebuffs. The tragedy was acted for sixteen nights; it produced, including the copyright, £630; and then passed away (with other temporary matters) into the region of the moths."

"*Mirandola*" was performed in 1821. In that year the author became engaged to Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu by her first husband. Considering the way in which he spoke of his most considerable literary effort, it is anything but strange that his marriage in 1825 should have been the close of his literary career. Literature had been the pastime of his leisure, when leisure had been the whole of his life; he had neither strength nor ambition to pursue it in the intervals of business. And he turned to his business of conveyancing with an ardent appetite which left few intervals, as men often do who take up practical life late, and find they are still in time to succeed. Apparently the sense of having got hold of reality at last, just before a man's power is over, is one of the keenest enjoyments there is. Mrs. Procter says her husband never expressed so much satisfaction at any literary success as when the solicitor on the opposite side employed him because he admired his work. He took many pupils—Eliot Warburton and Kinglake among them. He sat up two nights a week to work, and lived to reflect, that if in all labor there is profit, this too is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Here are two stanzas from "*Labor Improbis*," published for the first time in the work before us:—

In the morn are dreams of labor,
Labor still till set of sun;
Evening comes with scanty respite,
Night—and not one good is won.
Formal phrases!—barren figures!
Sentence such as steam might turn!
What, from such laborious trifling,
Can the human creature learn?

I remember hopeful visions
Since that time have fled away—
When wild autumn brought its leisure,
And the sunshine summer day;

Now unseen the river wandereth,
And the stars shine on their way;
Flowers may bloom, but I, poor laborer,
With the worn-out year decay.

One notices that what he regrets is liberty to enjoy nature rather than liberty to cultivate art. Long ago he had defended poetry on the ground that it helps better than most things to keep us near our ideal; but after all, people come nearer their ideal in a really happy marriage. Mr. Procter's marriage must have been very happy; and busy as he was, a really tuneful nature can always find space for song. Mr. Procter agreed with most of his friends in regarding the "English Lyrics," as the most permanent portion of his work. He differed from them, characteristically, in doubting whether they would really last. He rather overrated the power of fashion, and thought it hard to believe that any author could be classical when the sale began to fall off; he thought he had lived to see the end of even Wordsworth's day. Even the editor feels a need of reassuring himself against his author's self-distrust: he fortifies his own judgment with the testimonies of Landor and Mr. Swinburne; but there is really no need to go beyond the unbroken consent of the *literati* of fifty years. The interest of the "Dramatic Scenes" is purely literary, and though it is probable that good judges here and there will always be found to rate their literary merit as high as that of the "English Lyrics," the time has come when they have decidedly more interest for literati than for cultivated men at large. And the "English Lyrics" appeal to all cultivated men, and as literati are men too, they appeal more readily than the "Dramatic Scenes" even to literati.

It is easier to feel the charm of the "English Lyrics" than to define it. We know approximately what Burns is admired for, or what Shelley is admired for. We know the sort of grace which seemed admirable in Moore, or, to come to a later reputation, we know what is the attraction of the "Legends and Lyrics" of Barry Cornwall's own daughter, which it seems now are selling better than any poetry but Mr. Tennyson's. But when we try to appraise the "English Lyrics," it seems hard at first to get beyond praise that would do for anybody. When we have said that the sense and feeling and tune are thoroughly good and manly, and that the metre and finish are quite good enough, we have said no more than we might fairly say of any creditable *fiasco* of a personal friend. That is clearly not an adequate account to

give of poetry which a whole generation of intelligent readers, including many like Miss Martineau, who were not easily moved, found the most moving poetry of the time. Perhaps we come a little nearer when we notice that one of the most individual traits of Mr. Procter's lyrics is a hearty æsthetic appreciation of horseflesh and wine. When we remember how sober he was in the actual enjoyment of both, his praise of them takes the character of an escapade, and this character seems in a way to fit his lyrics as a whole, and to account for the attractiveness they have for earnest and intelligent readers in a community which is getting more complex rather than more perfect. Such readers are repelled by a systematic revolt against what is indispensable, or a systematic pursuit of what is unattainable, but a short sincere musical cry interprets and relieves their passing moods of personal discontent, and the deeper undercurrent of social dissatisfaction that runs through most generous lives.

One of Mr. Procter's few irrepressible convictions was that the inequalities of an old civilization were too iniquitous to be borne without relieving them, and he quite consistently exhorted the community in verse to wholesale almsgiving, while in prose he wanted the few, who found it almost as hard as he did to be callous to distress, not to impoverish themselves to relieve the ratepayers. His own generosity took the form of secret and delicate assistance to the temporary distresses of people of his own condition. The editor has told the secret of an unasked loan of this kind to a friend whose wife was saved by the timely help, although Mr. Procter's own income had been largely reduced by his relievency from the Commission of Lunacy. In such cases he was always willing to act on the maxim *qui prête donne*, but it did not raise his opinion of human nature to find the maxim generally taken for granted by those he helped. There are plenty of useless people in the world who never get any good luck or deserve any, and hardly know a happy day, and yet when they excite themselves over human life in general, they say, as sincerely as they can say anything, how fine and admirable they think it all. Mr. Procter's life was full of good luck till he was over seventy, and full of good deeds till the last, and yet, whenever he got excited over human life as a whole, he always thought it a poor, sorry, contemptible thing, and said so with emphasis.

The literary character of the "English

Lyrics" is as composite as that of the other poems. As Lord Jeffrey says in the admirable review of the "Sicilian Story," from which the editor has quoted largely, there are echoes of the Cavalier poets of the usurpation; the terrible verses on the Burial Club in 1839, now printed for the first time, seem to owe their motive to Dickens; but the manner is almost an anticipation of the imitators of Browning. "The Hebrew Priest's Song" reads almost like a very early work of Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Procter was too sure of perception for a critic, who had best not be much wiser than the public, so that he can sit down with them to analyze and feel his way, and we probably lost little by his being too busy to respond to Jeffrey's endeavors to secure him for the staff of the *Edinburgh*. But the few fragmentary recollections of contemporaries, mostly written down after he was seventy-eight, deepen the regret which the classical life of Lamb, published when he was seventy-seven, left behind, that he did not put a complete account of his literary souvenirs on record. Now and then, as in the case of Carlyle (from whom there is a beautiful letter on the life of Lamb), Mr. Procter's judgment is too straightforward to be suggestive, but in a hundred pages, more or less, there are not a few stories as good as this of Rogers. Mr. Wordsworth was breakfasting with him one morning, he said, but he was much beyond the appointed time, and excused himself by stating that he and a friend had been to see Coleridge, who had detained them by one continuous flow of talk. "How was it you called so early upon him?" inquired Rogers. "Oh!" said Wordsworth, "we are going to dine with him this evening, and——" "And," said Rogers, taking up the sentence, "you wanted to take the sting out of him beforehand."

There is more than one appreciation as rare and gentle as this of Leigh Hunt. "He saw hosts of writers, of less ability than himself, outstripping him on the road to future success, yet I never heard from him a word that could be construed into jealousy or envy, not even a murmur. This might have arisen partly from a want of susceptibility in his constitution, not altogether from that stern power of self-conquest which enables some men to subdue the rebellious instincts which give rise to envious passions. . . . He had no vanity, in the usually accepted sense of the word, I mean, that he had not that exclusive vanity which rejects all things beyond

self. He gave as well as received, no man more willingly. He accepted praise less as a mark of respect from others than as a delight of which all are entitled to partake, such as spring weather, the scent of flowers, or the flavor of wine. It is difficult to explain this; it was like an absorbing property in the surface of the skin. Its possessor enjoys pleasure almost involuntarily, whilst another of colder or harder temperament is insensible to it."

When Mr. Procter spoke of pleasure, he spoke of what he knew. He had said long ago, "If life itself were not a pleasure, the utility even of its necessities might very well be questioned." He is almost a unique example of one who without a touch of baseness deliberately and consistently preferred enjoyment to activity.

G. A. SIMCOX.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOW I CAUGHT MY FIRST SALMON: A CANADIAN SKETCH.

DEAR N., — If you can tear yourself away from the Washington belles, I shall be very glad if you will pay me a long visit at Burnlands, and I will try and put you in the way to become a real fisherman. —

Yours truly,

G. S.

Now, was an offer of this kind acceptable or not?

To consider the question mathematically, let the three following postulates be granted, as mankind's old enemy Euclid would have said: —

Let it be granted that the place of my temporary sojourn was Washington, U.S.

Let it be granted that the thermometer stood at 100° in the sun, for there was no shade for it to stand in, and that the air had become so thoroughly baked through that the nights were hotter than the days: further, that the Washington belles alluded to by S. had ceded their places to half-a-dozen perspiring Beckys and Dinahs of an undoubted age, who were the sole representatives of Mother Eve in the American metropolis; and last and pleasantest assumption, let it be granted that I, spoilt child of fortune, happened to have £50 loose at my bankers.

The veriest dolt that ever blundered across the *pons asinorum* can divine the nature of the reply I returned to my Montreal friend's kind invitation, and can picture to himself the glee with which on July 1st I embarked on the New York and

Washington Air Line on my way to the country of the Canucks. The humors (?) of American travel have been so often described by abler pens than mine, that I shall not attempt to reproduce their details — more especially as a residence in the States of some years has stripped the gloss of romance off the main features of "voyaging," viz., candy-eating and expectation. I will therefore draw a veil — a very necessary precaution during summer travelling in America — over the incidents of the journey northwards; and, merely raising it from time to time to decline "dime" novels, veteran oysters, and cheap *sucrerie*, will beg the reader to rejoin me in the hospitable mansion of a Canadian friend, washed, clothed, and in my right mind. Here my host and I discuss cigars and claret punch, salmon and sherry cobbles; and the upshot of our deliberations is the purchase by myself of a ticket on one of the steamers that run daily between Montreal and Quebec. On the following morning I accordingly embark thereon, and have the luck to fall in with the usual *agrémens* of American travel — viz., several pretty young ladies, without incumbrances; by which term I mean parents, *bien entendu*, not children. I have the additional good fortune — for it is, alas! daily becoming rarer, even on the Mississippi — to witness an explosion. Another steamer has presumed to race with the City of —, and our boiler has entered its protest against such audacity. Canadians being a slower-going race than their neighbors of the U.S., none of our party are killed or even injured, with the exception of a young English tourist recently imported — to judge from his toilet, regardless of expense — who leaps overboard promptly to shun the scalding water, and comes in in consequence for a disagreeable amount of cold. However, he is fished out, "not dead, but very wet," the ladies cease praying and the gentlemen swearing — or, by the way, was the reverse the case? — and we await in patience the arrival of a tow-boat. Whilst so doing I have leisure to moralize over the philosophy of the river *habitués*. When the explosion occurred, a young bride, quitting her husband's arm, rushed up to an old priest with whom I had been chatting, and exclaimed, "*Priez, mon père, mais priez donc pour nous — nous mourons tous!*" The good *padre* evinced no inclination to comply with this request, and merely replied, "*Courage, mon enfant! ça arrive tous les jours; il n'y a pas de danger.*" Thus speaking, he would have

renewed his conversation with me, had my stoicism been quite equal to the occasion.

However, the accident delayed us many hours, and we had to pass the night on board our dilapidated vessel, and it was broad daylight when we came in sight of Quebec, the most picturesque town on the western continent. I need not dwell on the beauties of Quebec. To many of your readers they are familiar. To those who have not visited our great colony I will only say, imagine an old French town rising with an almost startling abruptness on the left bank of a broad, deep stream, a stream such as America alone can boast of. For miles along the banks of the St. Lawrence the traveller has seen nothing but wooden shanties, standing amongst semi-cultivated fields. When, too, as in my case, the eye has been fatigued for months by the monotonous regularity of American cities, resembling, with their rectangular and equidistant streets, one of those children's puzzles fitted in piece by piece, and stowed away safely at night in a cardboard box, — then, I say, the voyager coming suddenly on the glittering tin roofs and narrow streets of Quebec, and hearing the *patois* of its inhabitants, may be pardoned in supposing for a moment that some merciful enchanter has spared him the pangs of sea-sickness, and has conveyed him with a stroke of the wand to one of those quaint old Norman or Breton towns, whose picturesque squalor still successfully defies the efforts of the sanitary reformer.

Fortunately for me, the Allan steamer was on the point of leaving for England; and through the courtesy of one of the proprietors of the line I was offered a passage on her down the river as far as Father Point, the spot at which the pilot hands over the charge of the vessel to the regular authorities. By a great piece of good fortune, my host lived within a few miles of the Point; for I can assure my untravelled readers that at the time of which I write — some three or four years only back — when once you wandered from the regular beaten track between city and city, locomotion was difficult, and it was very rarely that the traveller could get within hail of his destination by such commodious means as an ocean steamer; and it was therefore with feelings of much complacency that I commenced the descent of the St. Lawrence — a complacency by no means lessened by the discovery of several friends on board, and carried to an even higher pitch by the recollection of my La Rochefoucauld, and the

application of his celebrated aphorism to the probable difference that would exist in our sensations forty-eight hours later.

Down, still down, the gradually broadening river. First we catch a glimpse of the silver streak which marks the Montmorency Falls, the highest in Canada. Down past Three Rivers, Murray Bay, Cacouna — the fashionable Montreal watering-place; down past the tempting-looking entrance to the Saguenay — name dear to the lovers of the picturesque as well as to the votaries of Izaak Walton; down the river still, through wooded hills, through low-lying banks — there is a monotony about the scenery — holloa! I am getting sleepy. I . . .

"Sorry to lose you, Mr. N., but here we are at Father Point," says a voice in my ear; and I am aroused from a most delightful doze by Captain Brown's hearty voice and shake of the shoulder. Good heavens! where am I? The night is pitch dark, the hour one A.M. Water, water, everywhere. I don't believe it is Father Point. Brown can't tell in the dark. Dash it! I'll go on to England sooner than budge. If I don't actually say all this, at all events these ideas pass rapidly through my brain. However, "needs must" is the rule on board ship. My traps are slung over the side into a little boat that I begin to descry alongside, and, with an adieu to Captain B. — not half so cordial as it would have been had he let me sleep on — I scramble down the side of the "Polynesian," and in a few minutes find myself on shore. My traps are hastily stowed away into a "buckboard" — a species of light cart used by the inhabitants of Lower Canada — and a drive of twenty minutes brings me to Mr. S.'s hospitable mansion; by which high-sounding term, gentle readers, you must understand a small frame-house, originally a farm, but which had been done up and slightly enlarged by my entertainer, to serve as his headquarters during the fishing season.

Regular hours are unknown in these latitudes, especially on Saturday night. People sleep when they like, eat when (and as much as) they like, and rise at the same equally convenient hour. So my kind hostess had taken the trouble to sit up for me, and, after giving me a warm welcome and a cold supper, left me to complete the slumber Captain Brown had so unkindly interrupted.

There being no Episcopalian church within a hundred miles of Burnlands, our religious exercises were scant on the Sabbath. S., as behoved a *paterfamilias*,

read prayers to his domestics, in which duty his amiable daughter most ably assisted him; and I can recommend to any English country host who is anxious to see his guests at morning prayers to allow the young ladies of his establishment to take a prominent part in their conduct. There was an intensity in the manner in which Mlle. declaimed the words "miserable sinners" at the embarrassed coachman, her *vis-à-vis*, that made me feel assured she had detected the wriggling and blushing Jehu greasing the horses' oats or selling their allowance of corn. But fearful of coming in for a share of these personalities, I absorbed myself in prayers for the success of our salmon-fishing on the morrow. Battledore and shuttlecock with the ladies, and a walk with S. round his farm, filled up the day; and the next morning, at an early hour, I found myself, seated with S. in his buckboard, jogging along behind one of those unsurpassable Canadian ponies, whom I will back for endurance against any corresponding quantity of steel and iron. Cob-shaped, about 14.3 in height, these little beasts will go at the rate of seven miles an hour for a whole day, with no other refreshment than a mouthful of hay at the mid-day halt, and occasional go-downs of water at the little brooks that from time to time traverse the road. They never require the whip; the voice guides a good pony entirely. You hear the driver exclaiming, in his Canadian *patois*, "*Ma(r)che, donc, Dandy! ma(r)che donc, mon brave!*" or, if Dandy appear refractory, "*Ma(r)che, Dandy! ma(r)che, vilaine bête! ma(r)che, paresseuse!*"

Thanks to these objurgations, we proceeded successfully, though, our steed being lame, we *only* drove him fifty miles the first day, halting for the night at a French hotel, not, I must own, of the pretensions of the Bristol or Louvre, but, notwithstanding, an establishment where, by dint of using your own knives and forks, and provisions, and by sleeping in your ulster on a chair, very tolerable accommodation was procurable. Nevertheless we did not linger at Madame Brochu's, and at an early hour next morning, "*En route, Dandy,*" was the cry; and a further drive of twenty-five miles through half-cleared, half-burnt woods parallel to the line of the Intercolonial Railway, then in process of construction, brought us to S.'s camp, which was picturesquely situated on the banks of the small river Causapscal, a tributary of my host's river the Metapediac.

Dandy was indulged with a good night's rest; and I may note, *en passant*, that the game little beast completed, on the following day, the whole seventy-five miles' return journey to Burnlands, arriving there, I was subsequently informed, as fresh as paint.

S. and I proceeded to inspect the camp and its occupants, who deserve a few lines of description.

First and foremost Peter presents himself. Peter, an old French *habitant*, *valet de chambre*, bedmaker, tent-pitcher, camp-keeper, and odd-job man in general, with an irrepressible tongue and a taste for stimulants, but a most good-tempered and willing old fellow.

Next came four Indians for poling our canoes, under the headship of a dry old chief named Nowell. A colony of these Indians live in a small village down the Ristigooche River, and hire themselves out to sportsmen during the fishery season.

Last but not least appeared Angus the cook, also a French Canadian *habitant*, and who in every respect may be described as a "very plain" disciple of Soyer. I beg pardon, his language should not come under this category. Anxious to atone for his culinary deficiencies by the fluency of his excuses, Angus had formed the laudable idea of making himself proficient in the native tongue of the *milords* his employers. But English teachers being scarce in the backwoods where he spent the greater part of his life as a trapper, he found himself compelled to resort for instruction to the navvies who were at that time engaged on the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. From them he acquired a stock of phrases which he employed with more zeal than understanding. At least it appeared to me redundant to say, as he invariably did, "By heavens, you fellows! why don't you come to dinner?" or, "D—n it, you fellows, tea's ready!" Angus had no idea of giving offence or taking a liberty, but solemnly assured me he knew that was the usual style of speaking in England; and he utterly repudiated my suggestion that he should adopt some such forms as, "*Messieurs, le dîner est prêt,*" or "*Le thé est servi.*"

After S. had tried his luck ineffectually the next morning in the pools near the camp, he proposed that we should make an expedition up the Causapscal, and try some salmon-pools thirteen or fourteen miles higher up. A keg of salt pork, a little tea, and a big whisky-flask were ac-

cordingly wrapped up in a waterproof sheet; and with this simple baggage we started. S. stowed himself away in one canoe, I embarked in another; and after the difficulties attendant on the stowage of too much leg had been surmounted, old Nowell, the principal Indian, gave the sign, and we started on our upward journey.

A more picturesque voyage it would be difficult to conceive. Our route lay entirely through a virgin forest in the full pride of its summer beauty. Countless maple-trees fringed the banks of the river, which ran (broken here and there into small rapids by the black rocks which projected their heads above the stream), a "silver streak" that would have delighted the heart of the distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer. Not a trace of human life was discernible,—no ugly shanties, or half-cleared fields with the stumps of *quondam* monarchs of the forest sticking mournfully out of the ground, as though entering their silent protest against the desecration of their domain. The axe has not yet penetrated here; and the only visible signs of life were occasional trout leaping at the flies, or a hawk perched on a distant bough, expectant of his prey.

There are many easier tasks in life than a hard day's poling of a canoe against a strong current, and I was not surprised to find old Nowell pretty well played out by the evening. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, even when the beast is an Indian; so we called a halt, hauled the canoes ashore, and commenced our preparations for the night. S. was elected cook, the Indians camp-builders, and I as the greenhorn, had to content myself with the position of odd-job man. My principal task was to collect bundles of the loose cedar-boughs that littered the ground, to form sleeping-couches for the night; and I may observe, *en passant*, that a softer couch never did man sleep on. Whilst engaged in this duty, I had full opportunity to observe the wonderful ingenuity with which the Indians, after felling a few trees, and running up a shed similar to those in use in this country for stowing away farm-wagons, "skinned" one or two large trees, removing the whole of their bark without a fracture, and spreading it, a dew-defying roof, over our heads. A large fire had been kindled in the mean time at the foot of the shed, and I proceeded to proffer my assistance to the cook, whose whole soul was intent on certain experiments connected with our

frying-pan, the upshot of which was to add a new and gratifying aroma to the varied odors of the forest.

There is nothing like a day's work in the open air to facilitate the demolition of pork chops; and the number of times I asked S. for more would have taken Mr. Bumble's breath away. Tobacco followed as a matter of course, and was supplemented by the least taste in life to keep all quiet within. The propriety of turning in for the night was then mooted, and the toilet question discussed—dress or undress. By a majority of two dishabille was voted. But start not, ladies; the sole distinction in the backwoods between full and evening dress consists in the presence or absence of boots—we Sybarites resolving to dispense with them. Accordingly we wrapped our waterproof blankets round us, pillowed our heads on our knapsacks, thrust our feet into the burning logs, and slept the sleep of the just. Towards midnight, however, I awoke to replenish the fire; and seldom have I so deeply regretted my inability to transfer to canvas the scene that presented itself to my eyes. Not a breath of wind stirred amongst the maple and cedar boughs. On three sides of us the forest stretched dark and ghostlike in its stillness, save where the flicker of our camp-fire fitfully illuminated its recesses. At our feet flowed the Causapscah, with a soothing ripple very provocative of slumber. About twenty paces from us our four Indians were grouped around their fire. From time to time one of them would lean back against the tree beneath which he sat and doze off for a few minutes, after which he would resume his pipe and his conversation with his comrades apparently quite refreshed. A modern Indian's only chance of looking picturesque nowadays is by firelight; but seen under this aspect in a Canadian forest at midnight they have still a vestige of Fenimore-Cooperism clinging to their shabby habiliments. I lay for half an hour watching the scene, but sleep ultimately prevailed; and the next thing I remember is feebly protesting against the unnatural doctrine propounded by S., that five A.M. was the proper hour to rise.

A hasty dip in the river qualified me for a breakfast corresponding in quantity and quality to the preceding night's supper; and an hour's canoeing brought us to one of S.'s favorite pools, where he confidently reckoned on securing a fish or two. Our lines were quickly unreeled; and

after balancing myself with great difficulty in my canoe, I gave my line a wild swing, and made my first overture to the unsuspecting salmon of the Causapschal.

The scientific fisherman may perhaps by this time have begun to suspect that the writer of this sketch is no born Izaak Walton, and will perhaps be ill-natured enough to sympathize with the maledictions invoked on my head by my companion, when the heavy plash of my enormous and brilliantly colored fly on the water scared away more than once from his hook an epicurean salmon on the point of yielding to the allurements of a "Jock Scot." For myself, I must own that I commenced to blame the vaulting ambition that had led me to aspire from a float, worm, and a perch, to a reel, fly, and a salmon; and after thrashing the unpropitious stream for the best part of an hour, I laid down my rod, rubbed my aching arms, and dived for my cigar-case. But I had to do with an enthusiast. The clamor raised by my comrade at such unsportsmanlike conduct, his awful threat of publishing to his female belongings this instance of English weakness, roused me to a final effort of despair, and with a mighty heave I succeeded in landing my fly in a promising ripple. The fates were at length propitious. A slight twitch, which was not caused by the current, thrilled through my arm, and a congratulating shout from S. announced that I had hooked my first fish. Now was the time for me to show that an angler, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*. With a refreshing disregard of the *convenances* of the piscatorial art, I reeled up my line at railroad pace; and before the astonished four-pound grilse had time to consider where he would run, he was being dragged out of the water bodily, with as little consideration as would have been shown to a roach. Fortunately old Nowell was ready with the gaff, and relieved my taut line of the responsibility of lifting the prize by main force into the canoe; and my victim was through his agency deposited at my feet. For a moment exultation at my prowess overpowered all other sentiments. Then, reviving to the consideration of mundane affairs, I looked modestly round for applause. Never was man so disappointed. S. reclined in the stern of his canoe with an absolutely stupefied expression of horror on his features. He reminded me of the celebrated American mule-driver, who, when *all* his mules bolted on one occasion, instead of surpassing his usual profane eloquence as had

been expected, looked after them with the remark, "He hadn't words to do justice to the occasion."

Silently did my host motion to me for my rod; silently did he proceed to divest it of its line; with equal taciturnity did he replace it by what appeared to me a mere thread; without a word did he replace the deadly implement in my hand; then he cast a pitying glance at the defunct grilse, and, the sight proving too much even for his iron nerves, remarked, "Good heavens! that I should have lived to see a salmon killed like that! Do you call that fishing? or do you think you catch a salmon like a shark?" With this limited amount of praise, he lit his short pipe, and appeared to meditate on the depravity of human nature in general.

I confess I felt small. At S. himself I dared not look; my eyes travelled furtively towards old Nowell, who, with the stoicism of his race, had relapsed into meditation, presumably over the delights of fire-water. Nevertheless, a guilty conscience whispered to me that it might be that he was regretting the ancient glories of his tribe, and might be thinking how small a loss would be entailed upon humanity were he to take the scalp of such a tailor as myself. Thus in gloomy silence we continued our upward journey.

But youthful spirits are seldom permanently depressed; and even my outraged mentor, after he had finished his pipe and refreshed himself in moderation out of a flask almost equalling the murdered fish in weight, relaxed the severity of his features, and entered into minute details as to the course to be observed should another fish intrust itself to my care. Throughout the remainder of the forenoon, however, we fished unsuccessfully, though gradually nearing the best pool in the river. Towards mid-day a war-whoop from S. announced the discovery of no less a treasure than a bed of wild onions, which did — I certainly must own they did — give a decided relish to our salt pork and doughy bread. After consuming the last root we re-embarked, and three hours' further poling brought us to S.'s favorite pool, which, however, for some time proved blank. But *Salmo ferox* is an individual of sportsmanlike instincts, and whilst declining to bite himself, he delegated the task to a myriad of sand-flies, black flies, red flies, mosquitoes, etc., who, as the day declined, surrounded our canoes and assailed their occupants. Nowell was too nasty (at least I imagine so, for I didn't try) for even a mosquito to tackle; and

S.'s skin was, he philosophically informed me, impervious to any creature that flies. But my case was different; and I wish my worst enemy no greater harm than an hour's exposure at sunset on the pool of which I am writing. After half an hour's torture, my "remains" turned to my host and remarked, "I'm going ashore; I can stand this no longer." "Nonsense," is the unsympathetic reply; "you should take no notice of them." Take no notice of them!!!! I really feel unable to answer S., and, in despair, make a last cast down the stream. A sullen splash follows close to my fly. "By Jove, you've a rise, N.! wait a minute or two, and cast again." I do wait a minute or two, and, like the tailor in the fairy-tale, devote the fleeting moments to summary vengeance on some scores of my winged tormentors. "Seven at a blow," indeed—that was all very well for the mythological snip; but my motto might have stood at a far higher figure. "Now's your time; cast in the same place, and let your fly float a minute or two." I obey orders, and deposit my fly with tolerable accuracy in the spot indicated. Again an electric shock seems to run up my sleeve. I strike, and am conscious that I have a fish fairly hooked. But this is at most but half the battle; he evidently intends to part company, and sets off full tilt down the stream, compelling me to pay out line with reckless prodigality. There is a moment's pause. I have already learned the danger of too slack a line, and reel up hard all. "Look out!" cries S., as a silver body springs high out of the water. The artful beggar means to snap the taut line, as he comes down heavily on the stream. But I have profited by instructions; the point of my rod is lowered, and the danger averted. Off goes my friend in a second rush down stream; a second time does he jump, and a second time does a similar policy baffle his efforts to escape. A few short dashes hither and thither succeed, but his strength appears to me to be already failing, and I venture to give him a little of the butt of my rod, which has hitherto been inartistically and uncomfortably jammed against my own stomach. The fish resents the donation, however, by another rush and another jump, but with no more success than before, and he is now evidently nearly done for. Luckily he is well hooked in the upper jaw, and, taking advantage of his exhaustion, I "coerce" him, as Gladstone would a Turk, and turning his head up stream, I commence the process of "drowning" him.

The end is now very near; for, though he makes one or two game efforts, his strength is gone, and I am able gradually to draw him to the side of the canoe. Old Nowell, over eager, makes a dash with the gaff and misses him; the fish makes a last dart and is off. Shall I lose him? No; he stops, and I reel him in again. Nowell's hand is steadier this time; there is a dash, a splash, and a clean-run 14-pound salmon is added to the occupants of the canoe.

As I rest my aching arms I receive the congratulations of my comrade, of which, on this occasion, he is liberal, and whilst S. takes up his rod again to try his luck, I become again painfully aware of the presence of many winged spectators of my prowess, and ignominiously bolt for the bank, collect a quantity of brush and green wood, build a circle of fire, and, protected by the dense smoke of the damp logs, bid defiance to my persecutors, and wait S.'s ultimate triumphant return with a fish over thirty pounds in weight.

Days spent in salmon-fishing resemble each other so closely, that it is not my desire to weary the reader by a minute description of a fortnight's visit to the backwoods. I will close this sketch with a few words of advice to any one who may thereby be tempted to try his hand at the fascinating pursuit of salmon-fishing. I assume that he knows, or has means of obtaining an introduction to, one or two Canadians or others, lessees of salmon-streams in the Dominion. Amongst our hospitable brethren on the other side the Atlantic, the proverb *Ex uno disce omnes*, or rather *nosce*, prevails; and the traveller, if a gentleman, is sure, when once launched, to be able to obtain fishing invitations to his heart's content. Tent-room he is pretty sure of—all he will require are stout boots, a waterproof blanket, and the smallest possible knapsack to stow away indispensables. The meaning of the latter word should be carefully studied by the travelling Piscator—for he will find the warmth of his welcome increase in proportion as the amount of his *impedimenta* diminishes. He must remember that a night in the woods is always cool—so he should not be misled by the heat of Montreal or Quebec into thinking no warm clothing necessary; but should take a warm flannel shirt or two, and dress in some such stuff as Canadian tweeds, which, combining lightness with warmth, make an excellent costume for the backwoods. Lastly, the traveller must be able to rough it in the matter of food. I fore-

warn him he may have to live for days on salt pork eked out with such fish as he may catch for himself; or if this diet disgusts him, he must take preliminary lessons from a chameleon. In this sort of life, as in most others, a cheery spirit has a great pull; for as the *Times* rarely penetrates to these regions, the sojourners in camp must depend on each other's mental resources for amusement round the evening's camp-fire.

Lastly, *crede experto*, the traveller who thinks of crossing the Atlantic in a misogynistic spirit will do well to stay at home and not expose himself to the inevitable defeat that awaits those who deny the fascinations of the daughters of Columbia and the Dominion. But I venture to think, in conclusion, that any angler who is not daunted by the probabilities above indicated, and who is fortunate enough to find himself on a fine June morning on the bank of a good Canadian salmon-river, will return to England so much enraptured with this species of transatlantic sport, that he will not regret the few minutes he may have wasted over the adventures of his most obedient, humble servant,

VOYAGEUR.

From The Nineteenth Century.
RECENT SCIENCE.

(PROFESSOR HUXLEY has kindly read, and aided the Editor with his advice upon, the following article.)

THAT a comparatively warm climate must have prevailed in the Arctic regions, at a period not very remote geologically, is one of the most interesting conclusions which have been established by the researches of modern geologists. From the abundant remains of plants preserved in rocks occurring in the north of Greenland and in Spitzbergen, the geologist feels warranted in concluding that a luxurious vegetation flourished there during that age of the earth's history known as the Miocene period. Professor Heer, of Zurich, who has spent so much of his life in the study of the Miocene plants of the Swiss beds, has shown beyond question the necessity of admitting that a much less rigorous climate ruled in these high latitudes when they supported a rich Miocene flora of southern type. Not to multiply examples, it may suffice to state that the characters of the fossil plants found at Atanekrdluk in Greenland (70° N. lat.) leave no room to doubt that northern Greenland must have

enjoyed in Miocene times a climate warmer than that at present by at least 30° F. In fact, the Miocene flora of this locality includes several species of oak, poplar, plane, chestnut, and vine, with sequoias akin to the famous mammoth trees of California. On the whole, this flora of Greenland points to a climate which, according to Professor Heer, must have been something like that of the Lake of Geneva at the present day.

Going farther back in geological time, we obtain evidence of a yet warmer climate having prevailed in the Arctic regions. Thus in the Lower Cretaceous period the flora included ferns, cycads, and conifers, resembling species which exist in temperate and even sub-tropical zones. Indeed, Professor Heer concludes that the climate of the Arctic regions, at the beginning of the Cretaceous age, must have resembled the present climate of Egypt or of the Canary Isles. Compelled to accept such conclusions as these, the geologist is puzzled to account for the required climate changes. Attempts to explain the altered conditions by suggesting changes in the relative distribution of land and water have generally been held unequal to the requirements of the case, and most geologists consequently feel bound to seek light from the astronomer.

In a very suggestive address delivered last year by Mr. John Evans, as president of the Geological Society, this subject was discussed at some length.* It is clear that if the position of the earth's poles could be shifted geographically, what is now polar land would be brought down into lower latitudes, and, provided the movement were sufficiently great, our difficulties would be at once got over. Most astronomers, however, following Laplace, have maintained that the position of the axis of the earth's rotation is permanent. But Mr. Evans called attention to a paper, written nearly thirty years ago, by the late Sir J. W. Lubbock, in which the author pointed out the fallacy of some of the assumptions on which astronomers had based their conclusions. He held, indeed, that if from any cause the axis of rotation should not coincide with the axis of figure, the pole of the former would describe a spiral path around the pole of the latter, until the two at length coincided in position. Now geologists can show that the relative position of land and water has

* "Anniversary Address of the President, John Evans, Esq., F.R.S." *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. xxxii., No. 126, May, 1876, p. 53.

constantly been changed during the earth's history; such changes are, in fact, going on at the present day, the surface being upheaved here and depressed there, whilst solid matter is constantly being taken from one part of the surface and transferred to another. The shape of the earth must therefore be subject to variation, and the axis of figure consequently variable in position. But the axis of rotation always tends to coincide with the axis of figure; if, therefore, the former be disturbed, the latter also becomes shifted. Mr. Evans suggested certain modifications in the disposition of land and water — modifications which, though large, were well within the range of geological probabilities — by which he believed that the axis of figure would be displaced 15° or 20° from its present position. Then, having got it into this new direction, it was further assumed that the axis of rotation must ultimately move into coincidence with it. Here, then, was a suggestion by which the difficulties of change of climate in the Arctic regions could easily be removed. It remained, however, for mathematicians to decide whether the position of the earth's poles could be thus easily shifted — to determine, in fact, what amount of displacement would result from the suggested alterations in the configuration of the earth's surface.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Rev. Professor Twisden has taken up Mr. Evans's suggestions, and patiently worked out the problem on the proposed data.* He concludes, however, that the displacement would be so insignificant as not to exceed ten minutes of angle; and that, in order to produce as great a displacement of the earth's axis of figure as 20° , it would be necessary to assume that the elevations and depressions exceeded by many times the height of the highest existing mountains. Such a displacement of the axis of figure could only be effected, he believes, by a transference of matter equal at least to one-sixth of the whole equatorial bulge of the earth. But the transference of even this quantity of matter might take place without producing anything like the required displacement of the axis. Supposing, however, that a deviation of 20° could by any means be effected, the author holds that it would be followed by a sort of tidal movement in the ocean, so enormous that

its greatest height would tend to be about twice the depth of the ocean. It will thus be seen that Professor Twisden's solution of the suggested problem is not very encouraging to geologists. Mr. Evans, however, has pointed out the necessity of treating the globe not as an absolutely solid spheroid, but as having its surface covered to a large extent with water; and not, perhaps, as a rigid solid, but rather as possessing to some extent plasticity or viscosity.

Possibly mathematicians may address themselves to the question in some modified form, from which results may be deduced more comforting to the geologist. It should not be forgotten, indeed, that the subject was ably discussed a few months ago by Mr. George H. Darwin,* whose investigations, not being limited to a single definite problem, were of a general character, and whose results came much nearer to what geologists are seeking. In order to determine the amount of displacement of the earth's poles, it is necessary to ascertain the extent to which our globe may have suffered deformation by upheaval and subsidence during any one geological period. Mr. Darwin is led to conclude that from one-tenth to one-twentieth of the entire surface of the earth may from time to time have undergone elevation and subsidence, and that the greatest vertical amount of rise or fall may be equal to about ten thousand feet. If we suppose that one-twentieth of the earth's surface be elevated to this extent, and an equal area simultaneously depressed, the deflection of the pole will be $1^\circ 46.5m.$; if the area of elevation be as great as one-tenth of the surface, the deviation will amount to $3^\circ 17m.$ We may therefore conclude that a single geological change of large amount is competent, on certain assumed conditions, to produce an alteration in the position of the pole of from 1° to 3° of latitude. It will be understood, however, that this is the greatest possible result, obtained only under the most favorable conditions of the problem. If the earth be quite rigid, the redistribution of matter in the shape of new continents could never cause a displacement of the pole from its initial position of more than 3° . But if the earth have the power of readjusting itself periodically to a new figure of equilibrium it is possible that the effect may

* "On Possible Displacements of the Earth's Axis of Figure produced by Elevations and Depressions of her Surface." By the Rev. J. F. Twisden, M.A. *Abstracts of the Proceedings of the Geological Society*, No. 331, February 21, 1877.

* "On the Influence of Geological Changes on the Earth's Axis of Rotation." By George H. Darwin, M.A. *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xxv. No. 175, p. 328. See also *Nature*, Feb. 22, 1877, p. 360.

be cumulative, and the pole may therefore have wandered as much as 10° or even 15° from its primitive position. During the original consolidation of the earth there must have been great instability in the geographical position of the poles.

In connection with this interesting subject it should be borne in mind that Sir William Thomson, at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association held last autumn, admitted it as highly probable that the earth's axis of rotation may have been in early periods of geological history far distant from its present geographical position. The subject has also been recently discussed by the Rev. Professor Haughton, whose results, however, are not yet published.

It is always of interest to the philosophical geologist to note the existence of strata indicating a transition from one formation to another. These "passage-beds," as the president of the Geological Society pointed out a few weeks ago in his anniversary address, are by no means to be regarded as curious anomalies, but rather as natural links in the chain of evidence as to the continuity of geological phenomena. In Bohemia geologists have long been disputing over the age of certain strata in their coal-fields, whether they are Carboniferous or Permian. Probably this question is best answered by not referring them definitely to either formation, but by regarding them as passage-beds from the true Carboniferous to the overlying Permian strata. The evidence on this subject has lately been laid before English readers by Dr. Ottokar Feistmantel,* who is well qualified by a minute acquaintance with fossil botany to offer an opinion on the age of the plant-bearing beds.

Without entering into details which are of only local interest, we may remark that the coal deposits of Bohemia consist of two groups of strata, the lower of which is unquestionably Carboniferous, since it contains remains of both animals and plants which are recognized as true Carboniferous species. But the upper group of beds contains, in addition to seams of ordinary coal, a bituminous shale known as "gas-coal;" and this shale is characterized by a fauna differing from that of the lower coals and suggesting Permian

affinities, yet the associated plants are decidedly of Carboniferous types. The animal remains, consisting of amphibians, fishes, and arthropods, have been carefully studied by Dr. Fritsch, of Prague, whilst the associated plants were specially worked out by Dr. Feistmantel when in Bohemia. It appears from the evidence of these naturalists that Carboniferous plants were contemporaneous with a Permian fauna, and that no strict line of demarcation can therefore be drawn, at least in the Bohemian coal-basins, between the true Carboniferous and the overlying Permian rocks. As the gas-coals thus form passage-beds between the two formations, they have been fitly termed "Permo-Carboniferous." Such an association of a Carboniferous flora with a Permian fauna will remind palæontologists of the interesting commingling of organic remains in the famous Lignitic group of the Western Territories of America, where a Tertiary flora is found in company with a fauna of Cretaceous type. Every discovery which tends to bridge over a gap between two formations, and thus break through the old-fashioned notion of abrupt transition from one order of things to another, is a clear gain to the philosophy of geology, and as such deserves mention in these notes.

It is not long since Dr. Feistmantel was appointed to a post on the Geological Survey of India in succession to the late Dr. Stoliczka. Yet the new palæontologist has already managed to get through some good work in his special domain of fossil botany, and has addressed himself to one of the vexed questions in Indian geology — namely, the determination of the age of the great plant-bearing or coal series.* If coal is found in a country, and found of good quality, it does not much matter commercially what its age may be, but scientifically the question is one of great interest. The age of the Indian coal-bearing beds and their correlation with the coal series of other countries are subjects which have frequently been discussed, one of the latest contributions to the discussion being a valuable paper by Mr. H. F. Blanford, read a short time ago before the Geological Society.†

* "Geological and Historical Notes on the Occurrence of a Fauna, chiefly of Permian Affinities, associated with a Carboniferous Flora in Gas-Coal in the uppermost Portion of the Bohemian Coal Strata." By Ottokar Feistmantel, M.D. *Geological Magazine* (Trübner & Co.), March, 1877, p. 105.

* "Kurze Bemerkungen über das Alter der sog. älteren kohlführenden Schichten in Indien." Von Dr. Ottokar Feistmantel, in Calcutta. *Neues Jahrbuch für Mineralogie u. s. w.*, 1877, Heft ii., p. 147. See also *Geolog. Mag.*, November, 1876.

† "On the Age and Correlations of the Plant-bearing Series of India, and the former Existence of an Indo-Oceanic Continent." By Henry F. Blanford, Esq.

Mindful of the vagueness attaching to the expression "plant-bearing series," Dr. Feistmantel prefers distinguishing the strata in question by Mr. Medlicott's term, the *Gondwana system*. The upper part of this series is divisible into two groups, the younger of which is referred to the Oolites and the older to the Lias; in other words, the Kachh and Jabalpúr series are of Oolitic, and the Rájmahál series of Liasic age. The lower part of the Gondwana beds is likewise separable into two groups—the upper or Panchét, and the lower or Dámúdá series—both of which, according to the author, may be referred to the Trias; the Panchét group belonging probably to the Keuper, and the Dámúdá group to the Bunter. It is the Dámúdá beds which contain most of the valuable deposits of coal in India, and this coal has sometimes been regarded as Palæozoic, either Permian or Carboniferous, chiefly on the ground of the supposed resemblance of its flora to that of certain coal-bearing deposits in Australia. Dr. Feistmantel, however, after a careful comparison of the flora of the Indian with that of the Australian coal, concludes that such a correlation is untenable, and that we must rather seek the representatives of the Indian coal-plants in the Triassic beds of the continent of Europe. If then the evidence of fossil botany is to decide the question we must admit that most of the Indian coal was formed about the time when the New Red Sandstone was being deposited in this country.

When a shower of rain falls upon the ground it dissolves more or less of the soluble constituents of the soil, and carries them sooner or later to the river, whence they are ultimately borne out to sea. Held invisibly in solution, these dissolved impurities are apt to escape notice, and have consequently received from geologists less attention than has been bestowed upon the solid impurities which are visible by the turbidity which they impart to the water in which they are mechanically suspended. Whilst therefore we have had many estimates of the quantity of sedimentary matter abraded from the land and carried to the sea, but little has been done towards determining the amount of mineral matter removed in a state of chemical solution. Yet as a geological agent the one is as worthy of study as the other. The question has therefore

been recently attacked by Mr. Mellard Reade,* who has based his calculations mainly on Dr. Frankland's elaborate analyses of river waters, published in the sixth report of the Rivers' Pollution Commission.

Mr. Reade's first problem is to estimate the total quantity of solid material removed in the course of a year, by the solvent action of rain, from the entire surface of England and Wales. For this purpose he takes the mean rainfall of the country as thirty-two inches. It is notable that the variation of rainfall in different parts is not found to affect the aggregate quantity of dissolved matter to anything like the extent that might have been anticipated. True, the hilly districts of the west, in Cumberland, Wales, Cornwall, and Devon, intercept a large quantity of rain; but it must be remembered that these collecting-grounds are composed of old rocks, ranging from the Cambrian to the Carboniferous, and that such rocks are to a great extent insoluble, so that the rivers which drain them are comparatively pure. On the other hand, in the southern and eastern counties, as in the Thames basin, the rainfall is much less than in the west; but then the rocks generally belong to Secondary or Tertiary formations, and are tolerably soft and soluble. A kind of compensation is thus established, the total quantity of solid matter carried off in solution in a given time being much the same in one river as in another. Roughly speaking, it may be said that where the rainfall is greatest the solubility is least; where the rainfall is least the solubility is greatest.

It is needless to follow the details of the calculation by which the author is finally led to the conclusion that about 8,370,630 tons of solid are annually removed in solution by the rivers of England and Wales. Distributing the denudation equally over the country, the total area being fifty-eight thousand three hundred square miles, we obtain a general lowering of the surface to the extent of '000077 of a foot in a single year; in other words, it would require 12,978 years to reduce the surface of England and Wales by one foot through the solvent action of rain alone.

Fewer data exist for extending this interesting inquiry to the continent of Europe, and fewer still when we pass to other parts of the world. But, mak-

Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, vol. xxxi., No. 124, p. 519.

* "On Geological Time." Presidential Address to the Liverpool Geological Society. By T. Mellard Reade. Liverpool, 1877.

ing the best of available data, and proceeding on the principle that "nature, on the whole, averages the results," Mr. Reade feels justified in assuming provisionally that about one hundred tons of rocky matter will be dissolved by rain from every English square mile of the solid surface of the earth in the course of a year.

All this dissolved matter, however far it may be transported by rivers, ultimately runs down into the sea. If then, as commonly supposed, the sea contains only what has been washed out of the land, the results previously attained may help us to form some crude idea of the length of time which has been needed to give the ocean its present composition. Not to be irksome, we may pass over an array of figures and a number of provisional assumptions, in order to reach conclusions of general interest. These conclusions are, that it would take, in round numbers, twenty million years to accumulate the quantity of sulphates of lime and magnesia contained in the vast bulk of the ocean, but only four hundred and eighty thousand years to renew the carbonates of lime and magnesia; with reference, however, to the latter constituents, it must be borne in mind that a vast quantity of carbonate of lime is constantly being removed from sea water for the supply of the hard parts of shellfish, crustaceans, corals, and other marine animals, and consequently the amount calculated as present in the ocean is far from indicating the total quantity which is poured into it. But what are we to say of the chlorides, especially the chloride of sodium which is the prime constituent of sea water? The ocean contains so much of this salt and the rivers usually so little, that we are driven to conclude from the author's calculations that it would take two hundred million years to renew the chlorides in the ocean!

During the voyage of the "Challenger" the specific gravity of the sea water was determined daily by Mr. J. Y. Buchanan. Over one thousand eight hundred samples were thus examined, representing a wide range of localities and very various depths. It is obvious that these determinations are of great interest, since the density of the water may be taken approximately as an index of its saltiness. If, therefore, we lay down upon a chart the results of the investigation, some idea may be formed of the distribution of salt in the ocean. This has been done by Mr.

Buchanan, who submitted his results to the Royal Geographical Society at their meeting on the 12th of March.

Great care was taken to secure accuracy in the determinations, and it is believed that the results obtained may be relied upon to the fifth place of decimals. As temperature has a great effect upon the density of a liquid, due care was taken to eliminate errors arising from this source. The samples taken from great depths were stored in the laboratory for four-and-twenty hours, in order to attain to the temperature of the atmosphere before examination.

The highest specific gravity was found in the Atlantic, where the water in certain areas was so concentrated as to have a density varying from 1.0275 to 1.0280. On both sides of the area of heavy salt water, the density fines off, and becomes lowest in the equatorial region, where it is reduced to about 1.0260 to 1.0265. The areas of maximum density coincide with regions of dry winds; it is clear that if the wind blow from a cold to a hot zone, it becomes comparatively drier as its temperature rises, can consequently take up more moisture; hence such a wind sweeping across the ocean tends to concentrate the water beneath, and the greatest density was therefore found where constant dry winds prevailed. In this way the trade winds produce two regions of concentrated water; and as the trades are more developed in the Atlantic than in the Pacific, we find the areas of greatest density in the Atlantic. On the other hand, winds which blow from hot to cold climates soon get saturated, and, evaporation being then diminished, the water below remains comparatively dilute. A heavy rainfall also produces dilution of the water. Nor is the effect of ice to be ignored in this inquiry. During the formation of ice the water which separates in a solid form contains but little salt, and therefore the water left behind in a liquid state becomes comparatively concentrated.

Looking at the general results of Mr. Buchanan's inquiry, we observe two great zones in which water is concentrated by cold, one in the Arctic and the other in the Antarctic regions; then there are two areas in which concentration is effected by the trade winds, and here again one is situated in the northern and one in the southern hemisphere; between the cold areas and the regions of the trades are two intermediate zones with fresher water; and finally between the two belts of the trade winds there is a zone of dilute

water corresponding with the region of calms, the equatorial water being in fact the freshest in any part of the ocean.

Every antiquary is familiar with the peculiar change which glass suffers when long exposed to atmospheric influences or buried in moist ground. The surface frequently becomes iridescent, and exhibits a marked tendency to exfoliate, or peel off in delicate scales. Even those who are not antiquaries must have been attracted by the beauty of this iridescence, commonly exhibited on the surface of the so-called lachrymatories and other ancient vessels frequently found in Roman sepulchres. Glass exposed to ammoniacal exhalations will likewise become iridescent; and brilliant examples may not uncommonly be seen on panes of glass in the windows of stables. The chemical nature of this alteration is, however, by no means well understood. It may therefore be worth while to call attention to some communications on the subject recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences.*

A curious incipient change exhibited by glass, while retaining its transparency, has been detected and investigated by M. de Luynes. The surface of the glass in question appears on casual examination to be unaltered; but viewed under proper incidence of light it exhibits striations, and when slowly heated the exterior exfoliates. If placed in hot water, the liquid penetrates the fissures, finding its way from the circumference towards the centre of each scale, the edges of which thus become raised while the centre may remain fixed. This experiment indicates the way in which the surface of glass may naturally peel off. Had the glass under examination been exposed to atmospheric influences so that its disintegration could have proceeded naturally, it is obvious that moisture penetrating the fissures would have thrown off thin flakes, such as we see in ancient specimens. The scales loosened from the glass by artificial means were analyzed, and their chemical composition compared with that of the unaltered portion; in one case the scales contained 77·8 per cent. of silica, whilst the glass from which they were taken yielded only 65 per cent.; in another case the scales gave 78·4 per cent. of silica against 68

per cent. in the unaltered glass. This comparative richness in silica appears to be due to removal of alkalis from the original glass during its decomposition. Such an explanation is quite in accord with the results obtained by MM. Frémy and Clémandot in the paper about to be noticed.

For many years past these investigators have studied the properties of glass—one of them in the chemical laboratory, the other in the manufactory—and have already published interesting results in connection with the famous Venetian product known as aventurine glass. Their present paper deals chiefly with the artificial production of iridescence on the surface of glass. They find that by exposing certain varieties to the action of water containing fifteen per cent. of hydrochloric acid, under the combined influence of heat and pressure, the surface may be caused to acquire a beautiful iridescence which, unlike that on ancient glass, does not scale off, but remains adherent, thus permanently giving the glass much the appearance of mother-of-pearl. Many varieties of glass lend themselves with readiness to this treatment, whilst others remain unaffected. Here then is a test which may possibly admit of practical application in selecting glass for certain uses in the arts. However beautiful the iridescence may be, it is clearly undesirable that glass used for domestic purposes should be thus decomposed. For although the alteration to which we have referred has been brought about under exceptional conditions of temperature and pressure, there is no doubt that it would proceed to a limited extent even under normal conditions. Hence glass which is found to be easily acted upon should not be employed for bottles intended to hold acid liquids, like wine.

Although the electric conductivity, or power which different substances possess of transmitting electricity, has been determined with considerable accuracy in the case of metals and some other solids, it has been found much more difficult to extend the investigation to liquid conductors. One important source of inaccuracy is introduced by the phenomenon termed *polarization*; that is to say, when a current of electricity is sent through a liquid, the metal plates between which the current passes become coated with the products of decomposition of the liquid, and this so-called "polarization of the electrodes" produces a diminution of current. Mercury being a metal is an excellent conductor,

* "Recherches sur l'irisation du Verre." Par MM. Frémy et Clémandot. *Comptes Rendus*, No. 5, 1877, p. 209.

"Note sur certaines altérations du Verre." Par M. V. de Luynes. *Ibid.*, No. 7, p. 303.

but other liquids offer vastly greater resistance than that of the metals. Water, for instance, is known to possess very low electric conductivity, or, what comes to the same thing, a very high specific resistance. It is curious, however, to note the enormous difference in the results obtained by different experimenters on this subject. To take extreme cases, the electric conductivity of water, as determined by Pouillet, is about sixty times as great as that determined by Magnus; whilst other results lying between these extremes, but differing one from another, have been deduced by Becquerel, Oberbeck, Rossetti, and Quincke. With such discordant results on record, it is clear that Professor Kohlrausch has done good service by investigating the subject afresh.*

As it is known that the presence of even a minute proportion of foreign matter greatly affects the conductivity of water, every precaution was taken in these experiments to obtain the liquid in as pure a state as possible. The water was twice distilled with the utmost care, and allowed to come in contact with nothing but air and platinum. The apparatus in which the resistance was determined consisted of a hemispherical vessel of platinum, which served as one of the electrodes, while the other was a similar through smaller vessel placed within the first, but of course without touching it, the space between the two vessels being occupied by the liquid under examination. Precautions were also taken to avoid polarization, by which the resistance might appear to be affected. The conductivity of water, purified and tested in this way, was found to be about half as great as that determined by Magnus, and only one hundred and twentieth of that obtained by Pouillet. To show the great resistance of such water, we may remark that silver conducts electricity almost a billion times better. If the water be allowed to remain for some hours in the platinum vessel, the conductivity of the liquid is considerably increased. When the water was condensed in a worm of silver instead of platinum, the conducting power was raised; and when glass was employed, it rose to five times that of the liquid condensed in platinum—a result attributed to the action of the water upon the glass and consequent contamination of the liquid. Rain-water collected in Darmstadt possessed a conductivity about

twenty-five times as great as that obtained with the purest water. Snow-water appears to be purer than rain-water, for its conductivity was found to be much less.

Whilst water is frequently classed among conductors of electricity, alcohol and ether have been regarded as non-conductors or as semi-conductors. It has been said, indeed, that water conducts two hundred and four times better than alcohol. Professor Kohlrausch, however, has found that in several cases commercial absolute alcohol conducted better than pure water; the conductivity of the spirit being, in fact, two and a half times that of the purest water.

In the course of last year no fewer than twelve minor planets were discovered, the last having been No. 169, named *Zelia*, which was detected on the 28th of September. With the beginning of the year fresh discoveries were made, and three new planets have already been announced from French observatories.* On the 10th of January M. Perrotin, of Toulouse, who detected *Erigone* a year ago, discovered the new planetoid No. 170; and the same body was found about ten days afterwards by Professor Peters, of Clinton, U.S. A planet, believed to be distinct from this, and therefore to be distinguished as No. 171, was discovered by M. Borrelly, of Marseilles, on the 13th of January; and the same observer detected another (No. 172) on the 5th of February.† Since attention was directed to the group of asteroids by the discovery of *Astræa* in 1845, so many of these minor members of the solar system have been found that additional discoveries fail to excite much interest.

From the observatory at Marseilles we have also the announcement of a new comet discovered by M. Borrelly on the 9th of February. It was soon afterwards independently detected by Herr Pechüle at Copenhagen. The comet presented the appearance of a round nebulous mass, with a small central nucleus, and an apparent diameter of ten minutes. It was nearest to the earth on the 18th of February, when its distance was about equal to that of the planet Venus when she is nearest to us. The spectrum of the comet was examined by Father Secchi, who found it to consist of three bands, so faint, how-

* "Ueber das elektrische Leitungsvermögen des Wassers und einiger anderer schlechter Leiter." Von F. Kohlrausch. Poggendorff's *Annalen*, Ergänzungsband viii., p. 1.

* "Découvertes des trois petites Planètes et d'une Comète, faites à Toulouse et à Marseille." *Comptes Rendus*, No. 7, 1877.

† "Observations de la Comète découverte par M. Borrelly." *Comptes Rendus*, No. 8, p. 336.

ever, that he was unable to fix their precise positions.

The recent appearance of a new German journal devoted to crystallography and mineralogy* is an event well worthy of note, not only for its own sake, but as significant of the position which these sciences hold in Germany, and which strikingly contrasts with their position in this country. To the English observer, accustomed to the scanty mineralogical literature of his mother tongue, it might have seemed that there was already in Germany a sufficiently large serial literature occupied with mineralogy and the cognate sciences. Need we point to the *Mineralogische Mittheilungen*, so ably conducted by Professor Tschermak, of Vienna? Is not the famous *Neues Jahrbuch* of Professors Leonhard and Geinitz largely occupied with mineralogical papers? And do we not find mineralogical researches recorded in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Geological Society, in the *Berichte* of the German Chemical Society, in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, and elsewhere? Yet, with all these publishing media open, Professor Groth has felt that there is room for a new journal devoted mainly to crystallography, and subordinately to general mineralogy. And no doubt he is right. Aided by some of the ablest mineralogists in almost all parts of the world, he has brought out an opening number which gives promise of a very high-class journal. In turning over its pages, however, the reader becomes uncomfortably conscious of the inconvenience of not having a settled system of crystallographic notation. The formulæ are, in fact, written in most cases in the two rival systems — that is to say, in the notation of Professor W. H. Miller, and also in the more popular notation which Naumann introduced.

It is clearly a waste of energy to have to express the same thing by two sets of symbols, written side by side, just as chemical formulæ are often written doubly, according to both the new and the old systems.

In calling attention to Professor Groth's new journal we have but performed a pleasing duty; to attempt its analysis, however, would carry us into technical details unintelligible to most readers. Notwithstanding the vast mineral wealth of Britain, mineralogy treated scientifically

has met with but little encouragement in this country; yet it is pleasing to observe that there are not wanting signs of an awakening to its real value. Indeed, within the last few months two new societies have sprung into being — the Mineralogical and the Crystallogical. Still there can be no question that to the English student the inorganic branches of natural history are far less fascinating than the biological branches. It is therefore to these sciences that we now pass.

Every one interested in the subject of spontaneous generation will remember that Professor Tyndall made, last year, a series of ingenious experiments in which he adopted the method of subsidence for purifying the air to which his putrescible infusions were exposed — that is to say, he placed the infusion in chambers washed on the inside with glycerine, and, before commencing the experiment, allowed the air to settle until a beam from the electric lamp revealed no motes in it. By these means all putrefactive germs falling on the bottom and sides of the chamber were caught by the glycerine, and infusions of various sorts — animal and vegetable — could be kept in the chamber for any length of time without showing the slightest tendency to putrefy. A similar set of experiments has recently been made by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger,* who, operating with the germs of known organisms, has been able to show the rate at which these living motes fall through the air, and the time after the expiration of which putrescible fluids, in a still atmosphere, are out of danger from their contact.

When a maceration fluid — such as an infusion of fish in water — is allowed to dry up, it forms a "light, hard, porous, papier-mâché-like mass," in which are contained, in incalculable millions, the germs of those organisms to which the putrefaction of the fluid was due. A cake of this sort was taken, derived from a fluid known to contain the germs of two forms of monad, the life-history of which Mr. Dallinger had worked out, namely, the "calycine monad" and the "springing monad." A small quantity of the powder from this cake was dried at 150° F., a temperature 15° above that required to kill the adult form, and was then diffused through the air of a Tyndall's chamber. In this chamber were placed vessels containing a putrescible fluid, some open, some covered with lids which

* *Zeitschrift für Krystallographie und Mineralogie*. Unter Mitwirkung zahlreicher Fachgenossen des In- und Auslandes herausgegeben von P. Groth. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. No. 1, 1877.

* *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, December, 1876.

could, by a simple mechanical contrivance, be removed without disturbing anything else. Twenty-four hours after the exposure of the open basins to the mote-laden atmosphere, the covers of the others were removed, and everything was left for a certain time, after which first the open and subsequently the remaining basins were examined. It was then found that in those which had been exposed to the air from the first the calycine monad occurred in every drop taken from every vessel, and the springing monad in two-thirds of the drops examined. In the vessels which had not been exposed until the air had settled for twenty-four hours, the calycine form was wholly absent in three vessels out of four, and in the others occurred only in four drops out of thirty, while the springing form flourished in every vessel.

The reason of these facts is very curious and very interesting. The calycine monad is a giant of its kind, being about one nine-hundredth of an inch in length, while the springing monad is not longer than one three-thousandth of an inch. The germs of these naturally bear some proportion to the size of their parents, and, consequently, the minute particles of protoplasm which constitute the spores of the calycine monad were some ten times as heavy as those of the other, and had nearly all fallen and impregnated the fluid in the open basins before the covered vessels were exposed. Mr. Dallinger put the matter to a further test. There is one monad, the "uninflagellate" form, upon which many of his observations had been made; this in its adult state is about one four-thousandth or one forty-five-hundredth of an inch in length, and its spores are so small as actually to be invisible with the highest powers of the microscope. Dust from a dried cake containing these spores was mixed with some containing the comparatively gigantic calycine form, and the former experiment repeated. It was found that nearly all the calycine germs had fallen in twenty-four hours, all in forty-two hours, for vessels exposed after the lapse of the last-named time contained not a single calycine monad, while every drop taken from them swarmed with the little uninflagellate form.

Mr. Dallinger has thus shown most conclusively that whenever a putrid infusion dries up there will be found a powdery mass containing spores which every breath of air will diffuse far and wide, and that some of these spores are so minute as to require two days to fall a few inches in a perfectly still atmosphere, so that the dis-

tance to which they could be carried, and to which they could spread contagion, is practically unlimited. The bearing of this on the germ theory is obvious enough.

Some months since, the spontaneous generation controversy arrived at an important crisis. Results of the most conflicting character had been obtained by different observers, and a settlement of the question seemed further off than ever. But, about the middle of last year, Dr. Bastian earned the gratitude of biologists by narrowing the point at issue, and giving, for a time at least, a definite direction to future experiments. He announced, at the meeting of the Royal Society on the 15th of June,* that he had discovered the precise conditions under which living organisms were infallibly produced in certain putrescible but sterilized organic fluids. If this supposed discovery were a real one, its importance could hardly be over-estimated; for if once the conditions requisite for development of life *de novo* in an organic fluid were ascertained, it would be but one step further to imitate those conditions in a manufactured fluid of known composition, and thus to gain some conception of the way in which the first germs of life may have originated on the earth. The theory of evolution would thus be complete at one end of the scale of being, and would receive a confirmation of its truth which "none of our enemies would be able to gainsay or to resist."

The needful conditions for the spontaneous development of life in boiled organic fluids are, according to Dr. Bastian, the neutrality or slight alkalinity of the fluid, or its maintenance at a tolerably high temperature (115°-120° F.). He placed his putrescible fluid (urine) in glass retorts, into the necks of which he introduced a small sealed glass tube drawn out to a fine point and containing enough potash solution to neutralize the fluid, the potash having been previously heated to the temperature of boiling water. After the introduction of the potash tube the retort and its contents were subjected for some minutes to the boiling temperature; the neck of the vessel was sealed during ebullition, and, after cooling, the potash was liberated by a shake sufficiently violent to break the capillary tube.

Under these circumstances Dr. Bastian found that in every case the fluid swarmed

* *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, 1876, vol. xxv., No. 172.

with bacteria after a longer or shorter time; while no organisms were developed if it remained acid, or if an excess of alkali had been added. Even under these latter circumstances, however, a copious development of bacteria was insured by keeping the fluid at a temperature of 122° .

This is Dr. Bastian's case. But it will be observed that he failed to "mak sicker" in two important points: in the first place there was no proof that the fluids in question would not have developed bacteria without the addition of the potash; and, secondly, the potash was heated only to the temperature of boiling water, a temperature which, though amply sufficient to kill adult bacteria, has been proved, in many cases, to leave their germs unslain. It became essential, then, to repeat the experiments, allowing the fluids to stand sufficiently long, before adding potash, to make it tolerably certain that no organisms would be developed without the addition of the alkali, and to heat the potash to a temperature considerably above the boiling-point of water, so as to insure the complete destruction of the most enduring microphyte germs.

Experiments with these necessary precautions have lately been made by Professor Tyndall and Dr. W. Roberts, of Manchester, and their results seem to demonstrate, conclusively enough, the fallacy of Dr. Bastian's conclusions.

Dr. Roberts's experiments* were conducted in the same manner as Dr. Bastian's, with one or two important modifications. In the first place the tube containing the proper quantity of potash for neutralization of the fluid was heated, in an oil bath, to a temperature of 280° F., 68° above the boiling-point of water; secondly, after the flask containing the boiled fluid with its contained potash tube had been hermetically sealed—of course during ebullition—it was allowed to stand in a warm place for a fortnight, and thus prove its complete sterility. The potash tube was then broken, and the flask exposed to a temperature of 115° , and afterwards to one of 122° ; that is, the fluid was exposed to the very conditions which, according to Dr. Bastian, are most potent in inducing spontaneous generation. Nevertheless every one of the flasks was found to be absolutely sterile. It must be observed that not one of the essential conditions was altered—potash is no

more affected by the temperature of 280° than by that of 212° ; the putrescible fluid was only boiled, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, for five minutes, so that its composition could have been in no way altered, and yet the results obtained were, without exception, negative.

In Professor Tyndall's* experiments the same course was adopted, except for the fact that the potash was heated only to 220° F. instead of 280° . Again the results were negative. Professor Tyndall, as usual, brings forward a "cloud of witnesses" to prove his position, and says: "The experiments have already extended to one hundred and five instances, not one of which shows the least countenance to the doctrine of spontaneous generation."

Similar results have been obtained in France by M. Pasteur, and once more there seemed to be some promise of a settlement of the difficulty, when Dr. Bastian communicated to the French Academy the results of further experiments in which he had heated his potash to a temperature above that prescribed by his opponents and for a longer time, and, under these circumstances, he always obtained a copious development of bacteria.

Thus, then, the matter now stands with regard to this particular experiment, and the question seems to have become one of experimental ability between the upholders of the two opposing views. There are, however, certain facts recently brought forward by Professor Tyndall, which throw a very important light upon the possible cause of such extraordinary discrepancies.

It is a well-known fact that dried peas resist the action of boiling water for a much longer time than green peas—that in fact, the latter are reduced to a pulp in a space of time hardly sufficient to soften the former. Professor Tyndall† found that an infusion of old hay was much more difficult to sterilize than one of fresh hay, and that, while a few minutes' boiling sufficed to kill all germs in the latter, those contained in hay a year or two old resisted the action of heat for a very long time. He naturally concluded from this that the almost infinitely minute germs of microphytes may, in just the same manner as peas, become dried and hardened, and so able to oppose a long and obstinate resistance to the action of heat.

* *Loc. cit.*, p. 457.

† "Preliminary Note on the Development of Organisms in Organic Infusions." *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xxv., No. 177.

* *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xxv., No. 176.

Assuming, then, as it seems one is bound to do, that germs may and do undergo this excessive induration, one is able to form some conception of the difficulty of sterilizing a fluid in which, as is certainly the case in very many instances, veteran germs occur, and to appreciate the ingenuity with which Professor Tyndall has overcome the difficulty. He finds * that frequent applications of a low degree of heat, applied at intervals, have a far greater sterilizing effect than a single application of a very high temperature.

A given fluid may contain germs of all ages. If this fluid is boiled for a considerable period, all those of recent formation will be killed at once, while those of considerable age will only be just sufficiently softened to enable them to germinate subsequently. If, on the other hand, the fluid is first heated for a short time — and a fraction of a second is often sufficient — the recent germs will be killed, and those a degree older so softened, that, after a period of latency, they are ready to germinate. Heat now applied for a short time will kill these, and fit a third set for growth; and the same course may be adopted for successive crops, until even the hardest and driest germ is killed. It was found that a fluid which was not rendered barren by boiling for an hour was completely sterilized by this process, although never heated up to the boiling-point, and although the whole time of heating did not amount to five minutes; and even the infusions which had given Professor Tyndall most trouble were, without exception, rendered permanently barren.

Many years ago an ingenious tale appeared in one of the magazines, the hero of which had a theory to the effect that the last object seen by a dying person was imprinted on the retina, and could, by suitable means, be photographed, and so preserved. His researches on this subject and his final success were detailed with great appearance of truth, and in the end he discovered the murderer of his sister by recognizing in a chance-met stranger the original of the portrait he had, years before, obtained from the eye of the victim. It is curious how prophetic this seemingly wild fable has turned out to be of a wonderful discovery made within the last few weeks.

A short time since Franz Boll observed

that the retinas of all animals, instead of being white or greyish, as was supposed, were of a beautiful purple-red hue. Boll supposed that this color was destroyed during life by strong light and restored by darkness, and that it invariably disappeared, forever, a few seconds after death.

Since the publication of Boll's results, the subject has been investigated in great detail by Kühne,* who has arrived at conclusions the importance of which can hardly be too highly estimated. He found, first of all, that although the sight-purple (*Sehpurpur*) disappears within half a minute after death in bright sunlight, yet that in gas-light it remains unaltered for twenty to thirty minutes, and in the dark, or when exposed only to the yellow light of the sodium flame, for twenty-four to forty-eight hours — after the time, in fact, at which decomposition has set in. The color, moreover, exists only in the layer of rods and cones, and although discharged by high temperature and by certain reagents, it remains unaffected by others, such as common salt, alum, and glycerine, and is also unaltered when the retina is spread on a glass plate — of course, in yellow light — and allowed to undergo complete desiccation. Furthermore, when a retina was spread out on glass, partly covered by strips of tinfoil, and then exposed to light, it was found that the otherwise bleached membrane retained its beautiful purple color wherever it had been protected from the action of light by the tinfoil. In other words, there was impressed upon it a *positive photograph* of the strips.

It was now necessary to decide the question, How is the sight-purple renewed in the living animal after being bleached by light? The retina from one eye of a frog was removed and placed on a glass plate; an equatorial section was made of the other eye, and its posterior half was exposed to light, under the same conditions as the removed retina, until the latter was completely bleached. The second retina, still in its natural relations to the other coats of the eye, but presumably with its color discharged, was then taken into the sodium chamber, removed, placed on glass, and again brought into ordinary daylight. The purple colour was found to be perfectly restored. From another eye the retina was removed in such a way that some black fibres of the underlying choroid coat still adhered to it; it was then

* "On Heat as a Germicide when Discontinuously Applied." Read before the Royal Society in February.

* "Zur Photochemie, der Netzhaut." Gelesen in der Sitzung des naturhistorisch-medizinischen Vereins zu Heidelberg den 5 Januar, 1877.

spread out on glass and exposed to light. The bleaching effect was less marked when the choroid was left. Still more instructive is an experiment in which a portion of the retina was removed from its natural position until bleached, and then carefully put back, so as to be once more in contact with the choroid; when removed after a few minutes it was found that the sight-purple was completely renewed. It is thus proved that the restoration of the sensitive pigment is the special function of the choroid, the hexagonal cells of which, extending for a short distance between the rods and cones, continually sensitize the latter, as they become bleached by light.

It follows from this that, as Kühne observes in a subsequent paper,* normal vision is only possible while a constant balance exists between the bleaching of the rods by light and the purpurogenous action of the retinal epithelium. If, therefore, this balance were destroyed by a prolonged exposure to light, it should be possible to obtain a *permanent optograph* of a luminous object; and this Kühne now set himself to accomplish, devoting his attention to the eyes of mammals, in which the purple-forming function of the choroid ceases a few minutes after death.

A rabbit was fixed at a short distance (1·5 metre) from a square hole, of thirty centimetres in the side, in a window-shutter; its head was covered for a short interval with a black cloth, the cloth was removed, and the eye exposed to the light of midday for three minutes. The animal was then instantly beheaded, the eye removed in a chamber lighted by the sodium flame, and placed in a solution of alum. On the second day the retina was removed, and was found to exhibit, on a rose-red ground, a white image about one square millimetre in size, almost quadrate in shape, and with its edges sharp as if drawn by a ruler!

Naturally Kühne was not satisfied with this single experiment, decisive as it was, but a week after its publication brought out a third communication, in which even more beautiful and astonishing results are described.† A rabbit was treated in the same manner as the last, except that it was placed a short distance from an entire window, and not a hole in the shutter: in this case the whole image of the window

was accurately photographed — the panes white, the crossbars red and sharply defined. It was found also, as might have been expected, that a better image was obtained from the eye of a rabbit just killed than from one actually living, it being difficult in the latter case to overcome the regenerating action of the choroid on the sight-purple.

Lastly, Kühne tried the simplest method of optography: the head of a rabbit was cut off, and, without any preparation, held for ten minutes under the middle of a large skylight. After the usual treatment with alum, the retina was examined, and on it was seen the perfectly sharp image of the skylight, with every pane and crossbar accurately reproduced, and, at some distance, a smaller image of the second skylight of the room, the light from which of course fell obliquely into the eye.

To summarize — the essential conditions of vision are essentially photographic: the purple layer of rods and cones is altogether analogous to a sensitized plate, the color of which is discharged by light, but, during life, immediately renewed by the layer of epithelial cells in contact with it. And thus a great stride has been made in bringing the mysterious processes of life within the grasp of ordinary chemico-physical laws. Much yet remains to be done; the realm of things settled is still but an

isle of bliss

Midmost the beating of a steely sea;

and it will be a long time yet before the desirable, though perhaps somewhat dreary, state of things comes to pass, when the biologist may, according to his temperament, sit down and weep that he has no more worlds to conquer, or sing his *Nunc dimittis* at having no more problems to settle and no more battles to fight.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CRISIS APPROACHING.

WHILE Oswald went about the streets so lightly, and thought so pleasantly of his prospects, another mind, still more agitated than that of Cara, was turning over and over all he had done for the last five or six weeks, and all that he might be about to do in the future. Agnes in her convent, with all her routine of duties —

* "Vorläufige Mittheilung über optographische Versuche." *Centralblatt für die med. Wissenschaften*, 1877, No. 3.

† "Zweite Mittheilung über Optographie." *Centralblatt*, 1877, No. 4.

with the little tinkling bell continually calling her to one thing or another, to matins or even-song, to "meditation," to this service or that, to choir practice, to dinner and tea and recreation — carried a tumult of fancies about with her, which no one, except perhaps Sister Mary Jane, guessed. Oswald would have stood aghast could he have seen into that little ocean of excited feeling, where the waves rose higher and higher as the hours went on, and sometimes a swelling tide almost swept the thinker herself away — though indeed he would have been so unable to understand it that the inspection would probably have taught him little. How easily he took all this, which was so tremendous to her! and that not only because of the difference between man and woman, but because of the fundamental difference in temperament, which was greater still. Agnes had known but little that was lovely or pleasant in her life. Her rectory home was neither; her father and mother and brothers and sisters were all vulgar and commonplace, struggling for existence, and for such privileges as it contained, one against another, and against the world, each grumbling at the indulgences the other managed to secure. The parish and its poor — and its rich, who were not much more attractive — had been all the world she had known; and the only beings who had crossed her horizon, who were not struggling like her own people, in the sordid race of existence, to get something, whatever it might be, were the sisters in the "house," and such a gentle retired person as Miss Cherry, who was not fighting for anything, who was ready to yield to any one, and whose mild existence was evidently not pervaded by that constant recollection of self which filled up all the life of the others. This was what had brought the visionary girl into the "house," which was sordid, too, in its details, though not in its spirit. Then there had been suddenly presented to her, just as she settled down to the work of the house, an image of something new, something more spontaneous, more easy in generosity, more noble in liberality than anything she had ever encountered. What did it matter that this type of nobleness was a handsome young man? Visionary Agnes, in the daring of her youth, saw no harm, but rather a beautiful fitness, in the fact that this revelation of the ideal should have all that was best in externals as well as in more important things. He had stopped short — no doubt with all the brilliant world, which she did not know, wait-

ing for him, arrested till he should rejoin it, to carry the wounded child to the hospital. He had left those mysterious glories of life, day after day and week after week, to go and ask for little Emmy. How wonderful this was! The devotion of Sister Mary Jane, the loving-kindness of Miss Cherry, faded before such an example; for they had not the world at their feet as this young paladin evidently had.

This was how the first chapter of the story came about. It opened her eyes (Agnes thought) to nobleness undreamed of, and for the first few weeks the universe itself had grown more bright to her. Could it be possible, then, that in "the world" itself, which the sisters had abjured — in that splendid glorious "society" which even ascetic books spoke of as something too full of entrancements and seductions to be resisted by any but the most heroic, there were still opportunities of living the highest unselfish life, to the glory of God and the comfort of man? When Agnes found that this ideal hero of hers had thoughts less exalted in his bosom, that so small a motive as the wish to see herself and talk to her had something to do with his devotion to the orphan, her visionary mind received a shock. Probably, had Oswald's enthusiasm been for another, she would have been permanently disquieted by the discovery; but there is something strangely conciliatory in the fact that it is one's self who is admired and followed. Such trivial emotions detract from the perfection of an ideal character; but still it is a much more easy thing to forgive your own lover than any one else's. And the more he sought her, the more Agnes's heart, in spite of herself, inclined towards the man who could be thus moved. The ideal stole away, but so insensibly, in rose-colored clouds, that she had not discovered the departure of her first admiration and wonder before something else stole in. It was not all goodness, nobleness, Christian charity, perhaps, that moved him; but what was it? Love, which in its way is divine too. Only after this altogether new influence had made itself felt did doubts appear, making a chaos in her mind. Were his sentiments as true as she had first thought? Was it right to counterfeit goodness, even in the name of love? Was not, after all, the life of the sisters, the life of sacrifice, more noble than the other smiling life, of which he was the emblem? Was it not a mean thing to go back from that, and all one's high thoughts of it, to the common romance of a story-book?

Might not this romance lead back again to those vulgar beaten paths out of which Agnes had supposed herself to have escaped? And, ah! was it true after all? this was the refrain which kept coming back. Was it love and not levity? Was he seeking her seriously, in honor and truth; or was it possible that he was not noble at all, seeking her only for his own amusement? These thoughts shook Agnes to the bottom of her soul. They were like convulsions passing over her, tearing her spirit asunder. She went on with her work and all her religious exercises, and nobody found out how curiously unaware of what she was doing the girl was; living in a dream, performing mechanically all outside functions. Who does know, of those who are most near to us, what is going on in our minds? And not a calm sister, not a little orphan in the house, would have been more incapable of comprehending than was Oswald—to whom it would have seemed impossible—that anything in the world could produce so much emotion. Not only was it incomprehensible to him, but he could not even have found it out; and that his conduct should move either Agnes or Cara to this passionate suffering was an idea out of his grasp altogether. He would have been astounded, and more than astounded, had he been able to see into these two strange phases of unknown existence, which he could not have realized; but yet he was interested as warmly as his nature permitted. He was “in love;” he was ready to do a great deal to secure to himself the girl he loved. He was ready to proceed to the most unmistakable conclusions, to commit himself, to blazon his love to the eyes of day. Perhaps even the sense that it was in his power to do this, without waiting for a key-note from any one else, had something to do with his perfect calm.

After this, however, the departure of Emmy brought a new phase to the strange wooing. There was no reason now why Agnes should go out alone; and watchful Sister Mary Jane, who was not satisfied with the shape the affair was taking, exercised an undisclosed surveillance over her young disciple. Things of “the world,” like love and marriage, are out of the way of professed sisters, Anglican or otherwise; but Sister Mary Jane had long recognized that Agnes Burchell had not a “vocation,” and she was a woman, though she was a sister, and had a soft spot in her heart which would have made her not inexorable to an incipient romance. But why didn’t he ask me about her friends?

Sister Mary Jane said to herself. This seemed to her the test by which Oswald was to be known, and he had borne its application badly. Accordingly she watched over Agnes with double zeal, scarcely letting her out of her own sight. Some one was always ready to accompany her, when she went out; and even in the daily procession of the schoolgirls Agnes was never left alone. Here, however, Oswald was just as much in advance of everything Agnes could have thought of, as she was in advance of him in intensity of feeling. Nothing could exceed the cleverness, the patience, the pertinacity with which he baffled this attempt to shut him out from her. He would not be shut out; he haunted the neighborhood like the air they breathed. The door seemed never to open but he was within reach, and Agnes never went to a window without seeing him. He passed the procession as it went demurely along the street; he was present somewhere when it came out, and when it went in; whenever Agnes was visible he was there. This might have been the most intolerable persecution, enough to drive the victim crazy; but oddly enough it did not produce this effect. On the contrary, the sense of his constant presence near her, watching her perpetually, became like an intoxication to Agnes. She went about more and more like a person in a dream. To feel that when you lift your eyes you will most probably see a handsome face full of tender interest, anxiously waiting to secure your answering glance, and beautiful eyes full of love and eagerness watching you wherever you go, is not a thing which produces a very displeasing effect upon the mind of a girl. He could not approach her directly, had not a chance of speaking to her; but he never gave her time to forget him. The excitement of this pursuit delighted Oswald. It would have pleased him, even had he been much less truly touched by genuine love than he was, so far as that love can be considered genuine which springs from the sudden impression made by a fair face, and which has no foundation (to speak of) of personal knowledge or intimate acquaintance. As this, however, is what is called love by the great majority of the world, we need not apologize for Oswald’s sentiment, which was quite real and very engrossing. But it suited his character admirably to carry it on in this way. He enjoyed the sensation of foiling all precautions, and conveying by a glance, by the taking off of his hat, by his mere appearance, as much as other

men do by chapters of more practical wooing. Agnes, after a week or two of such treatment, began to forget all her doubts, and to feel herself floated upwards into a visionary world, a kind of poetical paradise, in which the true knight worships and the fair lady responds at a saintly distance, infinitely above him yet beneath him, half angelic yet half parasitic, owing to his worship the greater part of her grandeur. She made a little feeble resistance, now and then saying to herself that she did not know him, that he did not know her; asking herself how could this interchange of glances and the dozen words they had spoken to each other form any foundation for "friendship," which in the trouble of her mind was what she chose to call it? But such arguments do not count for much in the mind of a girl who feels and knows that all her comings and goings are marked by adoring eyes, that some instinct guides her lover across her path whenever she leaves the shelter of her home, and that his love is great enough to encounter perpetual fatigue and trouble, and to make him give up his entire leisure to the chance of seeing her. If it ever gleamed across her mind that he might have found out an easier way by making love to her parents, and that this would at once have delivered them both from all possibility of misunderstanding, the idea faded as quickly as it entered, driven away by the next appearance of Oswald's reverential salutation, his eager glance, his apparently accidental presence. Sister Mary Jane very seldom went with the procession, and it was not etiquette to talk of what was seen or heard outside, and the superior of the "house" was so occupied as to be beyond the possibility of gossip. So that she did not hear of the daily appearance of the intruder. Sister Catherine was short-sighted, and very much taken up with the demeanor of the girls. If she remarked him at all with her dim eyes, she took it for granted that he lived in the neighborhood and was going to his occupation, whatever it might be, when the girls went out for their walk. "I don't keep up the practice of recognizing the people I knew in the world," she said on one occasion, seeing somebody taking off his hat. "Never mind whether it was for you or for me; it is best to take no notice — unless, indeed, with real friends." But she did not mention the incident to the superior, and Agnes, though she trembled, said nothing. The daily encounter was like wine in her veins. It intoxicated her with a curious

dreamy intoxication of the spirit. Her head was in the clouds as she walked, and she did not know which was real — the curious life which she passed like a dream in the house, or that glimpse of freedom and light and sunshine which she had abroad, light in which he stood enshrined like the young Saint Michael in the painted window. By degrees that moment of encounter became the principal fact in the day. Who was she to resist this fanciful, delicate worship? and Agnes did not know that it was to him no visionary, reverential, distant worship, but the most amusing and seductive pursuit in the world.

It was evident, however, that this could not go on indefinitely without coming to some conclusion. A few weeks stole by; Oswald did not tire, and Agnes grew more and more self-absorbed. She struggled, but ineffectually, against the sweet, strange fascination which rapt her out of the vulgar world altogether, in which she still went on mechanically doing her duties, very good to the children, very submissive and sweet to the sisters, caring for nothing so much as to sit still in a corner and muse and dream when her work was done. Agnes felt herself a very unsatisfactory person all these weeks. She was ashamed to think how little her heart was in her work, although she did it to all appearance more dutifully than ever. All her little disquiet was over. She bore the dullness of routine like an angel, because of this visionary refuge of dreams which she had; but with all this outward sweetness Agnes felt that in her early days in the "house," when her heart rebelled at the details, but was warm as an enthusiast's in the spirit of the place, she was more true than now. Now she was patient, docile, gentle with everybody, and when she had an opportunity of quiet would stroll into the little rude chapel with its bare walls — for what; for prayer? She had gone there to pray for strength many a time when her patience was nearly at an end before; but now what visions stole unwittingly yet too sweetly upon her dreamy soul, what words imagined or remembered kept echoing in her ears! Poor Agnes, how happy she was and how miserable! Good Sister Catherine, short-sighted and dull, wondered over the young teacher's growth in grace, and whispered to the superior that a great work was going on, and that their young helper would soon devote herself as they had done, and join them altogether in their work. But Sister Mary Jane, who was wise, shook her head.

She saw something in the dreamer's eyes which did not mean devotion. And oh, how guilty poor Agnes felt when, stealing out of chapel where her prayers had so soon melted away into those musings, she encountered the blue eyes which Oswald had thought too beautiful not to be merciful as well! Agnes trembled daily to be asked, "What are you thinking of?" What was she thinking of? how could she tell any one — much less Sister Mary Jane? It was shameful, terrible, to carry such thoughts into such a place. How she had fallen off from the first fervor, the early enthusiasm of self-devotion! to what was that devotion now turned aside? Alas! alas! But, all the same, in external matters the change was for the better. The more pious of the girls thought her a true Agnes, fit votary of the saint who bears the lamb. They hoped she would keep that gentle name and be Sister Agnes when she was professed.

Thus Agnes got an altogether fictitious reputation while Oswald carried on his wooing; and summer came, and the long evenings grew more and more akin to dreams. Oswald did what few men of his class would do for love or anything else — went without his dinner, evening after evening. In the hot days the girls had their walk later; and, as soon as he found this out, love and the excitement of pursuit and the determination to succeed, persuaded him, between them, to this sublime point of self-sacrifice. After a while he was rewarded. And this was how it came about.

It was June; the summer had expanded until the days were almost at their longest, and, as the season had all through been a very warm and bright one, everything was in its perfection of summer beauty. Oswald had seen the school procession trip in one evening by the door of the "house," leaving behind all the lovely glow of a summer sunset. He turned round and walked away towards that brilliant western blaze with a sigh; twilight was in his face, which the golden light caught aslant and glorified. It was getting on to the wistful moment of the day when the excitement of the sun's departure is over, and Nature, too, sighs in exhaustion and gentle sadness; and it was the wistful moment for the lover, his lady just disappeared out of sight, and the impossibility of following her, speaking to her, getting any point of connection with her, overwhelming his mind. Was this how it was always to be; never to get any further; never to do anything but wait and gaze and salute

her as she passed; was this to be all? Rather indeed this for her, than anything with another! But yet the days were long, and it is dreary always to wait.

When there suddenly appeared against the blaze in the west a black poke-bonnet, the ugliest of its kind. He pricked up his ears and quickened his steps. How he could think it might be she whom he had just seen to disappear at the convent door, I don't understand; but his heart began to beat and his steps quickened as if by magic. Nothing short, however, of a novel adaptation of the great Indian juggling trick could have brought Agnes there. She was, on the contrary, safe in the "house," superintending the girls who were getting ready for tea, with the sweetest angelic smile upon her face. The girls were hot from their walk, tired and troublesome and noisy; but Agnes bore with them like a saint — did not hear them indeed, having retired into her private chapel and place of musing. But if it was not Agnes, if indeed it was some one as unlike Agnes as could be conceived, Agnes herself could scarcely have been so desirable to meet. It was the old porteress of the "house," the lay sister who had several times accompanied her on her expeditions to the hospital. A sudden inspiration came to Oswald. There could be nothing improper in addressing her, a perfectly safe person to whom his interest in little Emmy could bear nothing but the most natural and genuine aspect. He hastened up to her with anxious looks and asked how the little patient was, and if any news of her had been received at the "house."

"Oh, bless you, sir, yes!" said the lay sister; "she's been very bad, but now she's better. She won't be a long liver, that child. She's very delicate, but come when it will the little lamb is prepared. She is the piourest child I ever came across."

"Do you mean to say she is dying?" said Oswald, alarmed in spite of himself.

"Oh, no, sir! Some time, I make no doubt, but not now; but she has been that delicate — you could blow her away with a puff of wind. So she has never come back. Indeed, I hear the teacher of the third division, that's Miss Burchell — you've seen her — the one as always went to the hospital —"

"Oh, yes, I have seen her!"

"Delicate too, sir. I'm not easy deceived, and I saw in a moment as she was not fit for the work."

"Is she ill?" said Oswald, all tremulous

and excited, feeling disposed to rush forthwith to the "house" without rhyme or reason, and carry her off.

"Oh, no, sir; not at all! But Sister Mary Jane, she's the superior——"

"Yes, yes; I know."

"She thinks that she'd be the better for a change, and so, as she wants to send some more children to the sanatorium, she's made up her mind to send her, for she'd be a deal the better she says of a little sea air herself."

"Ah!" said Oswald, "*she* who is going to the sanatorium is Sister Mary Jane?"

"Not at all, sir, oh no, the one that is going is Miss Burchell. Sister Mary Jane is the superior, and she thinks it will do her good and take off her thoughts."

"Ah, I see," said Oswald gravely. "When does Miss Burchell go? you might ask her from me to remember me to little Emmy; when does she go?"

"To-morrow, sir. I am sure, sir, you're very good to think so much about such a little thing as that; but she *is* a dear little thing. I have understood, sir, that it was you that paid for her going——"

"That is a trifle, sister——"

"Oh, I am not called sister," said the portress, blushing with pleasure, "I am not a lady like the rest. I am only in the "house" to open the door and to do the chars; but if I was the superior I could not be more interested for little Emmy. Bless you, sir, she is the piousest little thing! And thank you, sir, for your goodness to her; that child's prayers will bring down a blessing on you."

"Amen!" said Oswald, himself feeling much more pious than usual. "I want it badly enough——"

"And I'll tell Miss Burchell to give Emmy your love——"

"On second thoughts," said Oswald, astutely, "it will be better not to say anything about it. The sister superior might not like a stranger to send messages."

"That is very true," said the lay sister, perceiving all at once that she too might have come in for a rebuke; and after this she ran on into sundry communications about Sister Catherine, who was newly arrived and not quite up to the work. "For them that know such ladies as Sister Mary Jane and Miss Burchell is naturally particular," said the portress.

"Very naturally," said Oswald, with fervor. He asked her to put a sovereign for him into the poor-box at the chapel door, and then sent her off well pleased, while he turned back in great haste to prepare

for his going. Here was his opportunity at last.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

It was a beautiful morning in June when Agnes started from the "house" with her little charge, who was going to the convent sanatorium at Limpet Bay. She scarcely knew so soon as the portress did, who had thus fortunately warned the eager lover, for Sister Mary Jane had thought it best to screen Agnes from all risks, and informed her only upon the day before the expedition.

"You want a little change; it will do you good," the sister superior said, pinching the girl's pale cheek. "I thought we should have had to send you home; but a little breath of sea air will do you good."

"Oh, I do not require to be sent home!" Agnes said, with a sudden flush of fright. To go home was far from being what she desired. Indeed, she did not quite like to leave the "house" and the girls' procession even for one day. The pale little girl who was her companion was excited and noisy with joy; but as she took her seat in a corner of a second-class carriage Agnes felt less exhilarated than depressed, though there was a curious jumble of feelings in her mind. The motion was pleasant, the fresh air—after the languid breezes of London—revived and refreshed the country-born girl. Ah! green fields still looked just so, the birds sang as of old, only there was something in the breeze and the sunshine and the birds which she never had known before—something, which suggested a want, a void, and yet a hope. She would not say to herself what that void was, but yet felt that it was strange, looking out from the window of the carriage, not to see one face which she always saw when she looked out. Very strange—and yet, when she reminded herself, so much more strange, would it have been had she seen it. It was quite early when they started; the fresh morning lights, still so soft in their early brightness, caught the dews lying still here and there in the corners. The child prattled on for an hour or so, then got tired, and leaned her head against Agnes, and went to sleep. Agnes was glad. It saved her from the necessity of answering, and allowed her to plunge into all the sweet enchantment of dreams. There is a time in most lives when one's own thoughts are more entertaining, more absorbing, than the highest fiction, and

when poetry is nothing to the vague glory of musing which envelopes the young soul like an atmosphere of its own. This was what Agnes had come to now. She supposed she was thinking, but she was no more thinking than the pale child, whose soft little sickly cheek leaned up against her shoulder with such confiding ease. The child slept, being sick and weakly; the girl dreamed, being young, and feeling the sweetness of life to her very fingertips. There was nobody to disturb them, nothing but the wind of their rapid going, the rush of motion, the vision of green fields and trees flitting past, the clouds in the sky sailing over them. In such circumstances even a dusty railway journey grows poetical. The black poke-bonnet and the conventual cloak did not make it less so, though, alas! they made those thoughts, when she suddenly woke up to a consciousness of them, very guilty and dreadful to Agnes. But for this morning at least, once in a way, she had escaped from the duties of life, and the soft haze which crept over her seemed more allowable during this interval in which it was evident she could do nothing else. She had her duty with her in the shape of the little invalid by her side, to whom Providence had sent this soothing medicine of sleep: then was not Agnes free? Something as subduing as sleep itself, and more sweet than dreams, brought a film over her soft eyes. It was only a second-class carriage on a dusty railway, but one wonders if in any human paradise ever dreamt by poets there could be anything more sweet.

In the same train there was another traveller by no means sharing in this soft trance of enchantment. Oswald, you may be sure, was travelling first-class. His morning dress had all the easy perfection which belongs to an English gentleman's morning toilette; he was the very impersonation of that simple luxury which pleases our insular vanity, which costs the utmost possible with the least possible show. And he was delighted with his adventure, with his own cleverness in bringing this adventure to so prosperous a point, with the chance of seeing Agnes and having her to himself; but anxious, and turning over a hundred plans in his mind as to how he was to manage it all.

Limpet Bay was a very small space on the banks of the Thames, just where the river becomes sea, and had to be reached by a branch from a junction whence trains only went at very awkward hours. This was why it had been necessary to start so

early. The question was where and how he was to show himself, so as not to alarm too much the shy object of his pursuit, and at the same time to take full advantage of this propitious moment. Oswald's mind was busy with this subject all the way to the junction. He had no time for the dreams which wrapped Agnes in a delicious stillness of thought; he had to debate this important question with himself. If he showed at once, she might think it right to shut herself up in the sanatorium until the time came for her return. Even if she did so he had still all the chances of the journey in his favor, but these were limited, and subject to interruption; whereas, if he kept concealed, who could doubt that Agnes would stray out upon the sands, or to the little pier, or about the low rocks on the beach to taste the salt breezes coming strong and cheery over the sea? He resolved at last to deny himself, and trust to this after certainty, notwithstanding that the temptations to premature self-discovery were strong. Fortunately the carriages in which they were seated, went through, and there was no change made at the junction, which must have betrayed him; and there he sat, his heart beating, his mind exhilarated and in lively action, pleased with himself and his plans and his prospects, as well as delighted with the thought of so soon meeting her. It was an emotion altogether different from that of Agnes—less poetical, less spiritual, less entrancing. He knew what he wanted, and would in all probability get it; but what she wanted was that vague infinite which no soul ever gets, in this universe at least. To him the moments when he should have met her, when he should have persuaded her into saying anything or everything that a shy maiden could say, when he should carry her off triumphantly and marry her, and make her his own, were all quite distinct, and better than this moment, when he held himself in leash, waiting and impatient; but to her would any moment ever be equal to that hour of dreams? Thus they swept along, each alone, characteristically occupied, making progress, conscious or unconscious, out of the sweet preface and overture of existence into life.

It came about as Oswald had foreseen. The day was one of the loveliest days of early June, the foliage still fresh in its spring livery, the earth still downy in soft green of the springing corn and softer velvet of the grass; the daisies and buttercups, simplest of delights, were still a wonder to behold, the wild roses sweet on

all the hedgerows, lighting up the country with delicate flushes of color. Then as they neared the sea came the greyer greenness of the downs, soft undulations, yellow stretches of sand, surrounded by the blue glory of the salt water, broken and cheerful with white wavelets, not big enough to trouble anything save in elvish mischief, the nearest approach to laughter that is in nature. The red roofs of the village, the fishing-boats, even the half-built chaos of a marine parade, by means of which Limpet Bay meant to tempt visitors one day or other, were beautiful to Oswald as they approached, and wove themselves like a picture into Agnes's fancies. Her little charge woke, and was clamorous with pleasure. Was that the sea? were those the sands where Emmy went to play? were these brown things rocks? Her questions were innumerable. A sister of the same order, a mild-eyed woman, made half-beautiful by the close white cap and collar, which threw up the healthful tints of her face, met them, and conducted them to the sanatorium, or convalescent-home of the sisterhood, which rose, with its peaked roofs, in the semi-ecclesiastical cottage-Gothic which Anglicanism has appropriated to itself, a little apart from the village. Oswald, watching anxiously from his window, kept himself out of sight till the little party had gone with their boxes and baskets. He was the only first-class passenger who had come that day, or for many days, to Limpet Bay, and the population, so much as there was, received him with excitement. It seemed possible that he might be going to stay, and what a success for the place to have a gentleman — *a gentleman!* — so early in the year. Two or three loungers volunteered to show him the inn, others to carry his things, though he had nothing to carry, others to guide him to the port. A *bourgeois* family might be more profitable in the long run, but it is not so exciting to the imagination as a gentleman — a real gentleman, generally supposed to be a creature to whom money is absolutely indifferent, and whose pockets are full for everybody's benefit. He shook them all off, however, and went through the village to the sands, where he sat down under a rock to wait. There was nobody there, not even little Emmy and her convalescent companions, nothing but a boat or two on the shore, a fisher-boy or so, half in, half out, of the water. And the little waves leaped and laughed and gurgled, and the big ones rolled softly in with their long hus-sh on the warm sands. Scenery there

was none to speak of — a blue sea, a blue sky, the one flecked with wavelets, the other with cloudlets; a brownish-yellow slope of sand, a grey-green shoulder of velvety mossy down, a few low, fantastic rocks, a rude brown-red fishing coble: yet with what a sense of beauty and pleasantness those nothings filled the mind! mere air and sunshine and summer sounds, and simplest life — nothing more.

Oswald sat and waited, not very patiently, behind the bit of rock. Sometimes he forgot himself for a moment, and mused almost like Agnes, but with thoughts more active. If he could but get her into one of those boats and take her out upon the blue silence of the sea, where no one could interfere with him, no one interrupt his love-tale, not even her own scruples! Now the decisive moment of his life (he said to himself) was at hand. Never again would he have such an opportunity — everything must be settled to-day. It was the last day of this sweet clandestine romance which pleased his fancy so much more than serious wooing. After this it would be necessary to descend to the precautions of ordinary life, to see her family, to ask the consent of her father and mother, to arrange horrible business, and fall into the groove like ordinary men. But to-day! was there not anything wild, adventurous, out of the usual jog-trot, that they could do to-day? Her dress was the chief thing that restrained Oswald. He could have carried off a girl in the habiliments of ordinary life, could have persuaded her into a boating expedition (he thought), in defiance of all the conventional rules of society; but a girl in a convent dress, a girl in a close cap and poke-bonnet! She only looked the fairer for that rim of solid white which made the warm tints of her complexion tell so powerfully; but the cap was a visible sign of separation from the world which daunted the boldness of the youth. Nevertheless the laughing brightness of the water and the tempting nearness of the boat made Oswald restless. He called the owner to him, who was stolidly lounging about, from time to time looking at his property, and hired it, then sent for a little basket of provisions from the inn, enough for luncheon. Was it possible that he might be able to beguile her to go out with him? He went back to his rock, and sat, with his heart beating, to wait.

Before long a little band of the small convalescents came trooping on to the sands. Oswald felt that he was lost if he was discovered by these small women, or

at least by Emmy, who was among them, and he stole round to the other side of his rock, hiding himself till they passed on. There was a little donkey-chair, with two who were still invalids, tenderly driven along the smooth sands by the mild-eyed sister whom he had seen receiving Agnes at the railway. They went on, passing him, to a further point, where shells and seaweed were to be found; and the voices and laughter of the children sounded sweetly from that distance upon the fresh breeze from the sea. If they had been nearer he would not have found them so musical. Finally there appeared a solitary figure in black robes, intercepting the light. She was gazing at the sea, so that Oswald could not see her face. It seemed to him that he knew her step though it was noiseless; that no one could mistake her; but still it was not absolutely certain it was she. She came along slowly, her footsteps altogether undirected by her eyes, which were fixed on the sea. It was not the maiden meditation of the poet. Her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away. She had kept behind, happily, while the sister took out her little band, and now came alone, moving softly over the long stretch of beach, now and then stopping to look at the sea. It was during one of these pauses that Oswald rose from his place of partial concealment, and went along the sands to meet her. His steps were inaudible upon that soft footing, and it was impossible to say what influence it was which made Agnes turn round suddenly and meet him straight, face to face. The start she gave made every line of her figure, all shrouded in the black cloak, tremble. She uttered a little cry unawares, and put up her hands in alarm and wonder. You would have said he was the last person in the world whom she expected to see, — and yet she had done nothing but think of him every step of the way as she came along, — and the last person she wished to see, though even the thought of him, which accompanied her wherever she went, made the world a changed place to Agnes. But to be thinking of an individual whom you believe to be far off, and entirely separated from you, and then to turn round and see him at your elbow, is startling, even when the sentiment is less intense than that which was in the girl's mind.

"You are surprised to see me," he said, hastening to her side.

"Yes," she said; "very much surprised." Then trying to regain her composure, "I did not know — it is a coincidence — this is such a very quiet place —"

"Very quiet, and how lovely! I have been sitting under that rock (Agnes turned round to look at it) waiting for you."

"Waiting — for me!"

"Why should I make believe," said Oswald; "or why should you wonder? What should I come here for but to see you? to watch over you at a distance, and — I confess it, though it may seem selfish — to speak to you when I could find an opportunity —"

"Indeed, indeed!" she said, clasping her hands, "you ought not — you must not! I have said so before."

"Do you think it likely," said Oswald, with fine seriousness, "that I should have followed you like your shadow for so long, and leave off all at once, without explanation, without reason? Agnes, here we are safe and quite out of the reach of interruption. Here you may listen to me without shocking — yourself, or any one. Hear me first. The poorest beggar in the street you will give a hearing to, why not to me. Let me tell you everything. Let me ask you what I *must* ask — let me know my fate."

"Mr. Meredith," she said, speaking very low and quickly, "these are not words to be used to me. I — I do not know you —"

"Not know me!" he repeated, with ingenuous wonder.

"I mean — of course I have seen you a great many times. Of course I — but I ought not to know you," she went on, with a little vehemence. "I have — nothing to do with you."

"How unkind, how unkind you are!"

This reproach silenced her. She gave him a hasty look, with a sudden, half-supplicating movement of her hands.

"When a man loves a woman," said Oswald, with anxious art, "they are almost always strangers to each other. Do you blame him if he takes every means to introduce himself, to try to get her to know him, to believe in him, to reply to him? You are not at home; not in circumstances to allow this. What could I do? I would have brought my mother; but I told you what happened to us, and the trouble my mother is in. And, besides, pardon me if I had a hope that you, who were not a common girl like others, would understand me, would let me speak without all the vulgar preliminaries — We are not like two nobodies, two butterflies of whom no one knows anything," he said, with a vague flourish of trumpets.

Agnes made him no reply; she was without words. Indeed, she was a little

overawed by this explanation — “not like two nobodies, of whom no one knows anything.” Who was he? what had he done to lift him to the rank of those whom other people knew?

“At all events,” he said, after a pause, “will you not give me my chance now? We are here, with no one to say a word, nobody to interfere with us, no one to think we are doing wrong. Let me have my chance now. If you condemn me I promise to go away, I shall have no heart to trouble you longer,” he said, in a pathetic tone, which made poor Agnes tremble. Had she the heart to condemn him? Oh, how little he knew! She yielded, saying to herself that it was the shortest way; that anything else would be foolish; and gave her consent, without looking at him, with a grave little movement of her head. He led her to the rock where he had been sitting waiting for her, and where she now followed him without a word. How their hearts were beating, both of them, though all was so still! She sat down on the smooth rock, he half kneeling on the sand by her side. The soft summer air surrounded them, the sea, dropping out of its morning smiles, fell into a hush of listening, and stilled everything about that the tale might not be disturbed. “Hush—sh,” said the soft, long waves as the tide stole in. A few soft clouds flitted over the sun, softening his midday radiance: the hush of noon fell upon earth and sea. And there Agnes sat, throned in that momentary judgment-seat of her womanhood, with his fate, as he said, in her hands. The words had a deeper meaning than Oswald thought of. The fate of other lives hung on that decision — of her own more than of his. But neither of them thought of that. Would she accept him? it was incredible that she could refuse him. This was the real conviction in his heart; and yet he trembled too.

Neither of them knew how long they sat there, while Agnes on her throne listened — trembling, blushing, weeping, hiding soft gleams of sympathetic looks, keeping back kindred confessions that stole to her own lips. She heard the story of Oswald's love. It did not lose in the telling, and yet it was true. Though his poetry was not of a very elevated kind, as the reader knows, it gave him a command of words, it gave him skill enough to know how that story should be told. He paused for no instant reply, but went through the record from beginning to end. Never had the girl heard such a tale. Romance, even

in books, was little known to her; she had been brought up upon matters of fact; and, lo! here was a romance of her own, poetry living and breathing, stealing the very heart out of Agnes's bosom. She resisted as long as she could, hiding her tears, hiding the quivering of her mouth, keeping her eyes down that no chance look might betray her, marshalling all her forces to do battle against this subtle influence. After all, those forces were not great: devotion to her work, but, alas! for weeks past the insidious foe had been undermining her walls, whispering of other duties more natural, more gracious, pointing out all the defects in that work to eyes which could not refuse to see them; regard for the prejudices of conventional life, the want of proper introduction, etc., a formidable horror to the girl's inexperienced mind, and yet with no real force in it, for had not she, too, broken the bonds of society? Eventually the strength ebbed away from her as she listened. Last of all her routed forces took refuge in the last yet frailest citadel of all — her dress. It was that, too, that Oswald had thought of. In the absence of all real objections to this mutual understanding this little barrier of *chiffons* erected itself. How could she in that garb of self-sacrifice choose personal happiness, her own way, and all the brightnesses instead of all the sadnesses of existence? This thought gave her a little temporary strength.

“Agnes,” he said, with agitation, “those wretched children are coming back again. I must go away unless you will acknowledge and receive me. Agnes! think; can all this go for nothing, all this chapter in our lives? Can it end and be as if it had not been? Oh, look at me! Speak to me! Don't say no with your voice. I will not believe it. Let me see your face —”

She turned to him slowly, her mouth quivering, flashes of flying color going and coming, her eyelids — which she could not lift — heavy with tears, every line in her face moving and eloquent with feeling. “What can I say?” — her voice was so low and hurried that he had to bend forward to hear her — “in this place, in this dress. Is it right? Oh, why should you ask me? What can I say —”

“Look at me, Agnes!”

With an effort, as if she could not help it, she slowly lifted her eyes. There were two great tears in them, oceans of unspeakable meaning, veiling yet magnifying the truth below. One moment, and then she covered her face with her hands. There was no more to say.